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September, 1921—February, 1922

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THE BOOKMAN

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE EIGHTEEN-NINETIES?

By Richard Le Gallienne

With Sketches by Will Coyne

THAT each generation has little "use" for the generation preceding it has gone without saying since "the sad world began", though so broad a statement should not, of course, be made without recognition of the fact that the pick of the youth of each younger generation have proved an exception to this rule. While realizing the necessity of their doing something different from their fathers, of providing the "perpetual slight novelty" necessary to all human growth, they have not always felt that their own contribution was of more importance, or that their elders were merely "tedious old fools" to be kicked out of the way with ill-bred derision. In every new generation there have been found young men who combined new ideas and new methods with a sensible and even grateful recognition of the old, young men who knew the masters when they saw them, and were

not at all ashamed to sit at the feet of their elders, with a respect that was far from superstition. Even today there are such young men, no few of them indeed, who are doing, or preparing themselves to do, the really constructive work in literature and all the arts; but they have been and still are, in a lessening degree, so out-shouted by a host of vulgar charlatans, cranks, and barbarians,—not all by any means "young",—mere Bolsheviks of the arts, that the encouraging fact of their vigorous existence is not sufficiently known.

The slogan of this horde of tiresome "jazz" megalomaniacs is "Down with the Past". Like Caliph Omar, they would burn all the books published prior to the twentieth century, preserving but their own or those of a few friends; like that Italian fool Marinetti, they would cast the beauty of Venice into the lagoons, and gen-



Ernest Dowson

erally introduce a campaign of "frightfulness" against the classics, and all arts whatsoever tainted with tradition.

This general madness, which seems to have overtaken all lands, like some mediæval epidemic, is too huge and massive an idiocy to be treated within the limits of a brief article. Here our concern is merely with a minor Anglo-Saxon literary manifestation of it, taking the form of a modish dilettante superciliousness toward all things Victorian—except perhaps Victorian furniture—and, particularly, a quite feminine ferocity against the "eighteen-nineties". No really "man-sized" writer has come out strongly to head this vague revolt, which, indeed, has found no authoritative voice, but has, however, managed to disseminate it-

self through a multiplicity of small coterie magazines which few can understand and no one buys. It possesses no creative or critical representative person of any importance, and it has proclaimed no new, or beautiful, or even novel ugly thing. It is made up of the protozoa of mutual admiration, of undersized, poorly vitalized, and underbred creatures, that strive to make a standard of their own smallness, and achieve whatever effects they occasionally achieve by wearing some rag or tatter of the robe of a dead giant which they have divided among them. All they have, they have stolen from the writers they decry—even their affectations. The creative vitality and versatility of the Victorian age in every direction admits of no discussion; and we can afford to smile at some of the absurdities of its great ones with Lytton Strachey, realizing that the point of view of the valet has seldom failed to be amusing, but has never been of importance. It is on a par with uncovering one's father's nakedness. The cleverness of such writers as Mr. Strachey amounts to little more. The misbehavior of puppies against the Pyramids—well, who cares?

That the Victorian age was very smug and very proper, that it was more sentimental than we are, and that its economic brutality was more "camouflaged" under missionary effort than ours—though really that is doubtful—or that it had many faults of hypocrisy, self-righteousness, and bad taste, from which, of course, we are free, may be readily admitted. But the great Victorian was the first to make and push home that admission—and an era that produced Wordsworth, Tennyson, Morris, Rossetti, Swinburne, Meredith, Carlyle, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Darwin, Huxley,

Dickens, Thackeray, Hardy, Tyndall, and Newman, not to speak of a Bernard Shaw, has surely no need to defend itself against an era which seems to have reached its apogee in the painful travail of G. K. Chesterton—whose wit always suggests the presence of the skilled obstetrician, and trained nurses in the wings. My feeling for Mr. Shaw has always been this side of idolatry, but, really, when I think of Mr. Chesterton, I am almost passionate to kiss the hem of the sacred Jaegers.

But the quarrel of our young "Georgians"—absurdly so called—is only generally with the Victorian era, and its particular animus is somewhat curiously directed against "the eighteen-nineties". Curiously, I say, for several reasons. Leaving out so old-fashioned an expression as ingratitude, is it not strange that our "Georgians" should deny recognition to those very men who in that frightfully remote period, thirty years ago, made just that fight against "Victorianism" which they talk about, and so completely won it that there is absolutely no need to reopen the question. It was those men of the eighteen-nineties who sowed the seed of every kind of freedom of which we now are reaping the whirlwind. Personal irresponsibility, sexual outspokenness and indiscriminate sexual indulgence, political chaos, parlor anarchy, defiance of parents, the sentimental upbringing of children, mockery of authority and all forms of seriousness, the denial of the religious instinct, the flexibility of the moral law—and the general absurdity of everything that made for restraint or control, not to speak of law or order: this glorious harvest which we reap in a general saturnalia was sown seriously enough by some well-meaning men of the eight-

een-nineties, and by some perhaps not so well meaning. That young girls "check" their corsets at dances, and generally bedeck or bedrape themselves in the public streets after the manner of courtesans, is due to the well-meaning efforts of certain writers and artists for "The Yellow Book"; and generally speaking, the world we live in at the moment has been created by three men: Aubrey Beardsley, Oscar Wilde, and Bernard Shaw. That this should be so, that the art of Beardsley dominates to weariness all contemporary decoration, and that Wilde and Shaw, through the medium



Francis Thompson

of innumerable editions, as well as the theatre, dictate the morals of the very youngest of the young generation, is hard to reconcile with the contemptu-

ous attitude of certain literary youths toward the eighteen-nineties. Here alone is a debt to that era of which our modish young men and maidens in their gay licentiousness are probably unaware.

Apart from these delightful Master Demoralizers of the eighteen-nineties, there are certain poets and essayists whom (considering the scorn of the period) one is surprised to find constantly in the hands of the most youthful readers. Some of these writers are still alive and prosperous—for the legend that all the men of "the Yellow



Audrey Beardsley

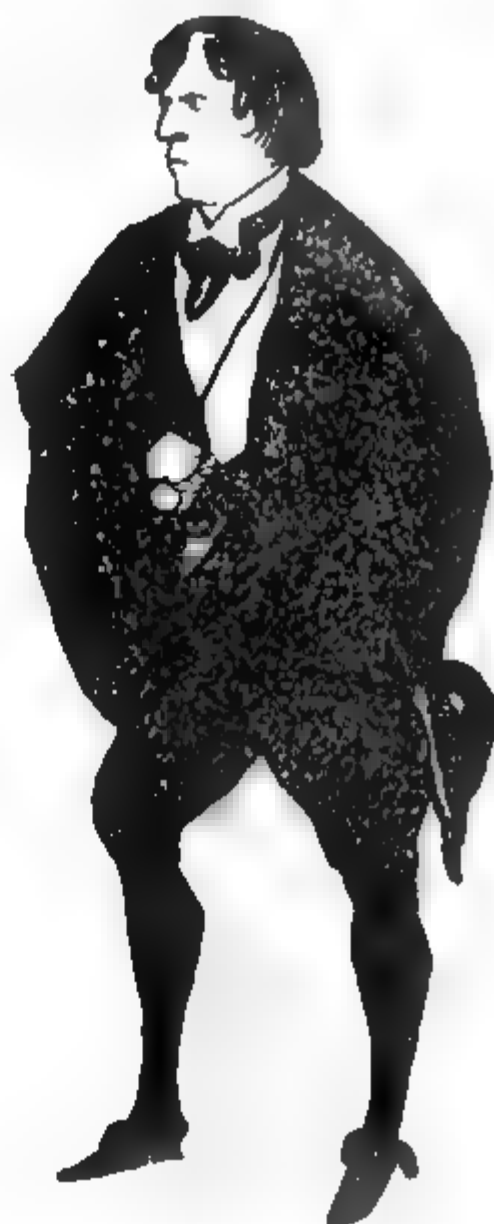
Book' period" died of drink is merely a pretty fancy. If any figure is typical of "the eighteen-nineties", it is certainly Max Beerbohm. Yet has any

book been so taken to the young bosoms and narrow chests of our young as his recent "Seven Men"?—while it will not be denied that the gaiety of nations still hangs upon his cartoons. Arthur Symonds is still the critic whose word is law to the youth of 1921, as it was to some of the youth of 1890, while his master Walter Pater—the most potent influence of the period—is still the Faultless Writer, sharing with the antediluvian yet over-young George Moore the laurels of prose. A writer so prehistoric as Thomas Hardy is still very much the fashion; particularly for his poetry, which is, indeed, the very latest mode. There is, I believe, felt to be a certain unholy alliance between his muse and the muse that knows not Parnassus, and particularly scorns the Isle of Wight. I suppose no one reads William Watson any more, except my faithful self; and the poet of "Marpessa" and "Herod", "with their glories", is momentarily eclipsed by men whose names fame will never have upon her lips. Yet Francis Thompson and Lionel Johnson and John Davidson are so alive that their young English successors, although they lecture pontifically to the innocence of America, and amass its dollars, seem dead and gone beside them. And W. B. Yeats. The young moon, with all her magic, is not younger than he, nor nearer to the hearts of the dreaming young. He too, it must not be forgotten, is a remnant from "the eighteen-nineties". And what poet since his day has written a lyric so unforgettable as Dowson's "Cynara"? Then there is Joseph Conrad. Who is there to compare with him today—except his imitators? Mr. Galsworthy too, and Mr. Hewlett. They also belong to the same "backward and abysm

of time" and yet the nineteen-twenties strive in vain to match them.

It is quite possible, and should be probable, that the nineteen-twenties are about to do something different from, and greater than, the eighteen-nineties. How grateful one would be if they did! So far, however, they bring us for the most part nothing but the eighteen-nineties run to seed. And such good work as stands to their credit is minor and imitative. You may say that there is a great deal of it. There is, indeed, as Major Pond used to say, "a high degree of low ability" in abundance. There is plenty of clever, and nice and "amusing" work being done. Let that be granted. But little of it is individual, and mostly all the "original" work being done is a combination of insanity and impudence. England has one or two men one respects, such as John Drinkwater, D. H. Lawrence, and Ralph Hodgson, and America has Amy Lowell and Edgar Lee Masters. The "Spoon River Anthology" is, by all odds, the one really original book that the twentieth century has produced in the English language.

That there is a revolt against the spirit of the eighteen-nineties deserving of respect I am well aware: a serious spiritual and moral reaction such as one might look for, with the pendulum swung so far in the other direction. The gospels of "paganism", the joy of life, and the worship of beauty, preached by the men of the eighteen-nineties, provoked a needed rebellion against the hypocrisy and prudery of the Victorian era. They cleared the air of an immense deal of cant, laughed and danced out of existence no end of smug and "respectable" superstition, and liberated many joyous activities of humanity which had long been enslaved by a Puritanism which, thanks



Oscar Wilde

to them, whatever momentary recrudescence in the form of blue laws it may enjoy, can never lay its cold and clammy hand on the heart of human life again.

How that revolt had been prepared for by grave destructive thinkers, and apocalyptic men of science, so long and thoroughly prepared for as to be inevitable, might well occupy a more learned pen, and more space than I have at my command. But I suggest that some ingenious and endowed professor demonstrate, as, of course, he could so easily do, by way of a diversion from his more weighty labors, how Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer were directly responsible for the gay disintegrating wit of Oscar Wilde. Certain beliefs and habits of

mind insincerely held had to go, that other beliefs and habits of mind sincerely held might take their place. The shell of what we call "faith" had to be destroyed, that a larger and deeper faith might come



William Sharp

into being; and insincere morality had to be ridiculed that a truer morality might be acknowledged and adhered to. The men of the eightennineties, consciously or unconsciously, helped us to shuffle off the mortal coil of sham faith and sham morality. They went, of course, to extremes, as must always be the case, and their young disciples today have gone to further extremes they did not anticipate or desire.

We all remember Pater's solicitude

lest the postscript of his "Renaissance" might have an undue, disastrous influence on younger minds, not sufficiently equipped by experience to apply his doctrine as he meant it to be applied. His fears were justified in some tragic careers, while the basic truth of that doctrine remains unimpeached. The time has now come to correct the errors of those eightenninety gospels of freedom and pleasure. And there is, as I said, a reaction in progress among the best elements of our younger thinkers and writers to make that correction, and readjust our attitude between liberty on the one hand and license on the other. While not abandoning our gains for a more "human" humanity, it has become necessary for some strong reaffirmation of certain "Eternal Verities", forgotten awhile, to be made—some such reaffirmation as Wordsworth made in his "Ode to Duty"; and the really new world of today, as opposed to the mere old-fashioned "modernists", is beginning to cry out with that great old poet (whom these "modernists" and "futurists" declare was no poet at all):

Me this unchartered freedom tires.

Rupert Brooke, in one or two noble sonnets, gave expression to his weariness with the gospel of pleasure carried to one of its conclusions. Yet a sound philosophy is not disproved by its unwise devotees; and readers of Pater's "Marius the Epicurean" will not be unmindful of the solemn ending of the chapter which tells of Marius reaching Rome, and hearing "as the rich, fresh evening came on...all over Rome, far above a whisper, the whole town seeming hushed to catch it distinctly, the lively, reckless call to 'play', from the sons and daughters of foolishness, to those in whom their life was still green—*Donec virenti canities*

abest!—Donec virenti canities abest!" "As for himself", says Pater, "slight as was the burden of positive moral obligation with which he had entered Rome, it was to no wasteful and vagrant affections, such as these, that his Epicureanism had committed him."

Whatever writers or group of writers are to make those forcible reaffirmations and readjustments, and inspire and inaugurate that new Age

of Faith which is surely upon us, does not yet appear. But that they are already with us, though yet voiceless and unseen, we need not doubt. Certainly, however, it is not those shadowy shapes of art and letters who so lamentably mimic the men of the eighteen-nineties whom they decry, the decadents of the third and fourth generation, the mere marionettes of the arts.

NEWS NOTES OF PORTAGE, WISCONSIN

By Zona Gale

II

NORTH STAR

HIS boy had stolen some money from a booth
At the County Fair. I found the father in his kitchen.
For years he had driven a dray and the heavy lifting
Had worn him down. So through his evenings
He slept by the kitchen stove as I found him.
The mother was crying and ironing.
I thought about the mother
For she brought me a photograph
Taken at a street fair on her wedding day.
She was so trim and white, and he so neat and alert
In the picture, with their friends about them—
I saw that she wanted me to know their dignity from the first,
And so she brought me this picture, at their best.
But afterward I thought more about the father.
For as he came to the door with me I could not forbear
To say how bright and near the stars seemed.
Then he leaned and peered from beneath his low roof,
And he said:
There *used to be* a star called the Nord Star.

A BROWSE AMONG THE BEST SELLERS

By Archibald Marshall

I HAVE been asked to write about half a dozen novels said to represent a new development in American fiction, all of which are now being widely read. I do so from my own point of view, as representing, however inadequately, the Victorian tradition, which seems to me to provide standards by which all fiction can be judged, even when it most departs from them—perhaps the more easily when it does most depart from them. This does not mean that one does not recognize an occasional new note in fiction, nor that one is in any way hostile to it nor even that the note of the old novelists is always to be preferred to that of the new. The greatest novelists have always sounded a new note, and will always continue to do so; and the lesser novelists will always follow in their wake. Not even the greatest would write quite in the same way if they could be transplanted from their time to this. Their excellences, let us hope, would be the same, but their imperfections would be less; for there is not one of them without some imperfections, which experience and criticism have made apparent.

I think, if you take the work of any novelist of established reputation, whether new or old, you will find that the salt in which his books are preserved is their narrative interest. There is always a story of some sort, a recognizable progression, a climax. I can think of no novel that has lasted of which this is not true. But it is equally true that nobody will read the

same novel twice only for its story. It must have other qualities, so many in variety and range that it would seem always possible to use one or more of them as they have never been used before, and thus to gain an impression of doing something entirely new. It is for these qualities, whatever they may be, that we reread a story; and yet, but for the story, they would lose half their purpose. Kipling has used his great powers of observation and presentation in his travel books, but what pictures remain in the memory from them compared with those with which he has painted and enlivened his stories? He is a born storyteller, and all his gifts of observation are used at their happiest when they illustrate his stories.

Now a story remains a story all the world over and at all times, and everybody will recognize it as such. Though everybody may not like the same kind of story. Probably, at this time of day there are no new kinds of stories to tell, but only new ways of telling them, and that is all that anybody looks for when there is talk of a new movement in fiction. But I would demand as a first condition in estimating a work of fiction, that it contain a recognizable story. It seems, from past experience, that almost any kind of story will ingermenate a great work of fiction, but that some kind of story is necessary.

As I understand it, the new movement in American fiction, of which these half-dozen books are offered to

examples, lies in a concentration of the actualities of the life of to-day chiefly upon life as it is lived in American cities or small towns apart from the great centres of power. For want of a better word, we still call culture. I will accept for the moment, proceed to the examination of the six novels, and then come to some conclusion about them.

But I can only use the standard have indicated above, by which we all novels can be judged.

The criticisms I have heard passed of "Main Street" have had chiefly to do with its credibility or otherwise as a picture of the life it portrays. Whether or no it is an all-embracing picture of life in a small prairie town is not capable of judging, any more than we can judge of whether "Huckleberry Finn" is a true picture of Mississippi life a generation ago, or "Laurel Bette" a true picture of life in a French provincial town a generation before that. In each case, I should be inclined to trust the author, who is told to the point of view from which he sees his subject. In "Main Street" the question is of somewhat more importance than usual, because in the short preface the author seems to confine his subject to an exposure of the civilization of the small American town. But the Gopher Prairies of perfect civilization are to be found all over the world, even in the great cities of the Old World, where they congregate and follow strange paths of progress and of ethics undisturbed by the larger life that lies all about them. Carol Kennicott might well have been absorbed into the half-baked community of which her husband was a member if they had lived together in London. The difference would have been that she would have escaped from it by

walking round the corner instead of by going from Gopher Prairie to California or Washington.

This would have been the larger, the universal subject—the reactions of a woman of a wider experience and a keener intelligence to the narrow self-satisfied existence to which she was expected to conform. Sometimes the book does seem to be about that; sometimes it seems to be about the by now rather tiresome sexual actions and reactions of a marriage not more unsuitable than the ordinary. Both of these would have made a story, if Mr. Lewis had had them before him as his central idea. But he has told us what his central idea is, and the weakness of his book is that it doesn't make a story, but only creates an atmosphere.

The appreciation with which I read the first half of "Main Street" was of the keenest. There is observation, wisdom, humor, great skill in producing desired effects—all the equipment, as it seemed, of a gifted and experienced novelist. The skill, indeed, is so great that it carried me right through every word of the book, some time after I had given up hope of the greater things toward which such gifts seemed at first to be dedicated. If the aim is only, or chiefly, to portray the meanness of life in a particular kind of community, known to many but not known universally, I don't see how it could be much better done; and at first the pleasure of exploring a strange form of civilization, presented in such closely observed detail, and with such art, is enough. But it is not enough, if nothing is to come of it but still more detail—not enough, that is, for a novel. There is no progression. Carol Kennicott remains at the end much as she was at the beginning, and her successive revolts have little dramatic quality in them. One has

lost interest in her. Her husband is a finely conceived character, but just fails of the accent that would have made him stand out in all his real strength and all his superficial littleness. One of the very best things in the book is the speech of Mr. Blausser, at the banquet inaugurating the "campaign of boosting". I don't suppose I shall ever read "Main Street" through again, but I shall read that speech again. It represents the extraordinarily agile quality of Mr. Lewis's great talent, which is always in evidence in his dialogue, and is never quite lost at any time.

I ploughed conscientiously through half of "Moon-Calf", and then gave it up. I was mildly interested in the account of Felix Fay's childhood, boyhood, and adolescence, as long as I thought that it was leading me up to something; but the sudden realization that a series of apparently unrelated episodes, with no deeper meaning to them than what I could find than what appeared on the surface, was all that was offered to me as a work of fiction, made it no longer possible to continue with them. I had exactly the same experience with "Zell", which was the next of the batch that I took, except that the characters in "Moon-Calf" were not unsympathetic, and those in "Zell" were intolerably so. In both these books, to judge by the informative matter printed with them, there is some design, but in neither was there any trace of a design as far as I went with them, which, as I have said, was rather more than half way. There are qualities in each of them deserving of respect, and I do not quarrel with their popularity. I suppose they are true to the life they depict, and that there are enough people in this country who would get their pleasure from them by recognition of their surface

truth. But in either case the scene is essentially unattractive, and insistence upon its details is not enough to carry the interest of a stranger.

In "Miss Lulu Bett", the scene is still that of the small town with its confined ideas and its half-inarticulate speech, but the depression lifts; for here are human souls, in whose workings one can find something to which universal experience responds. There is nothing new in the main idea of the story, which is that of the household drudge who finds release in marriage when she is past her youth. But there could hardly be a more striking example of the value of a story as the string upon which all the scattered pearls of sympathy and observation are strung to make them a coherent whole. This book is a good deal less than half the length of those hitherto noticed, but it is all there—the littleness, the sterile hopes and ambitions of a community set apart from the great currents of life. You are made to see them because the author stands aloof, and uses her gifts of irony and humor and sympathy, and an admirable artistic restraint in setting her scene and presenting her characters. With the others one seems to be forced into participation with the ugliness of life, even a little to be soiled by it. But nothing is common or unclean if it is shot through with the qualities of humanity. Lulu Bett, washing her dishes, wearing her bedraggled clothes, is a sympathetic figure. And one does want to know what is going to happen to her. That is the value of a story: that the reader should be carried on by it.

Booth Tarkington is past master in the art of telling a story. I doubt if there is any living novelist to excel him in the manipulation of his material so as to get the height of narra-

tive interest from it. The point of interest in "Alice Adams", for the purpose of this article, is that he has forsaken the path of romanticism which he has followed so successfully and for so long, and here puts himself into line with modern realism. He has taken as his subject the manoeuvres of a very pretty girl to hold her own in a society to which her parents' means are not adequate, and to provide herself with a husband of superior standing. It is not an inspiring subject, and the author's realism has made it a painful one. He shows us no respect for his heroine until the very last page, when we see her, with all her machinations frustrated, plunging courageously into a new life. "Alice Adams" is a far more damaging indictment of the meanness of life in a provincial town than any of the others, if we are to take the heroine and her unspeakable brother as representative of it. But experience forbids us to do so, and Mr. Tarkington himself has provided one or two characters which, if equally emphasized, would have created exactly the opposite impression.

Mrs. Wharton's "The Age of Innocence" seems to have been added to the list as an afterthought. It has little in common with the rest, unless her engaging picture of life in New York fifty years ago is to be considered as typifying the narrowness of provincialism. I should not take it so. It may be old-fashioned compared with the life of today, as the social life of fifty years ago might seem old-fashioned in any capital city of the world, or not, according to the manner in which it was treated. But to read this novel after some of the others is like coming out of the scullery into the drawing-room. I don't mean only that its characters are gentle people instead of half-barbarians, for many

novelists can make the society of ostensible gentle-people uncleanly, and many others have made the kitchen the cleanest and most attractive room in the house. It is not, at any rate, the fact that she writes about people of high social quality that makes the charm of Mrs. Wharton's novel. She writes about the people she knows, which is the best thing that any novelist can do; and if she writes about rather a narrow circle, so did Jane Austen, and made immortal stories about it. And she goes deeper into essential humanity than any of the others, who are engaged chiefly with the surface of things.

That is the sum of my criticism of this new school, if it is a new school. "Main Street" seems to me to have far more excellences than any of the others, but it is engaged chiefly with the surface of things, and designedly so. It sets out to show the littleness of a certain state of life, and it succeeds. It is an indictment. But it is not a very powerful indictment, because nearly everything is left out that would redeem the most unattractive community from utter meanness, and the very people who are held up to derision would feel instinctively that there was some idealism at work among them of which account should have been taken. It would anger rather than set them toward improving themselves. As for the people to whom such a scene is quite unfamiliar, it may be said that a little of it goes a long way, and that there is too much of it, and not enough of what lies beneath it.

But is it a new school? If it is to be taken as merely intent upon the incidents and accidents of daily living as they exhibit themselves in certain modern communities not universally

known, it may be called so, but it is a school with no future. One may be interested in one book, if it is well enough written, showing how very unpleasant certain groups of people can be in the mass, but why should one want to go on reading of how unpleasant they are? If we are to consider the scene in which most of these novels is laid as a background to stories of recognizable human character, upon which it peculiarly reacts, then we can accept it, but not as anything particularly new. Hardy's characters react to their rural English surroundings, with which he deals in the most careful detail, and there are innumerable novelists to whom the scene seems more important than the life set forth upon it. But in a novel the scene can gain importance only from the life,

and the life is not a succession of small phenomena without any deeper meaning, but the great stream which flows beneath all surface happenings, wherever they may be placed.

"Poor White" came to me some days after I had written the above; but, since I have had it and read it, I cannot leave it altogether out of account. Here is the American scene, as striking and as vivid as that of any of the others, but kept in its proper place as the background to a strong and moving story of human life, and so gaining greatly in effect, and immeasurably in meaning. If fiction in the suaver Victorian tradition has to yield place to work as fine and direct as this, those of us who practise the difficult art need have no fears for the future.

VISION

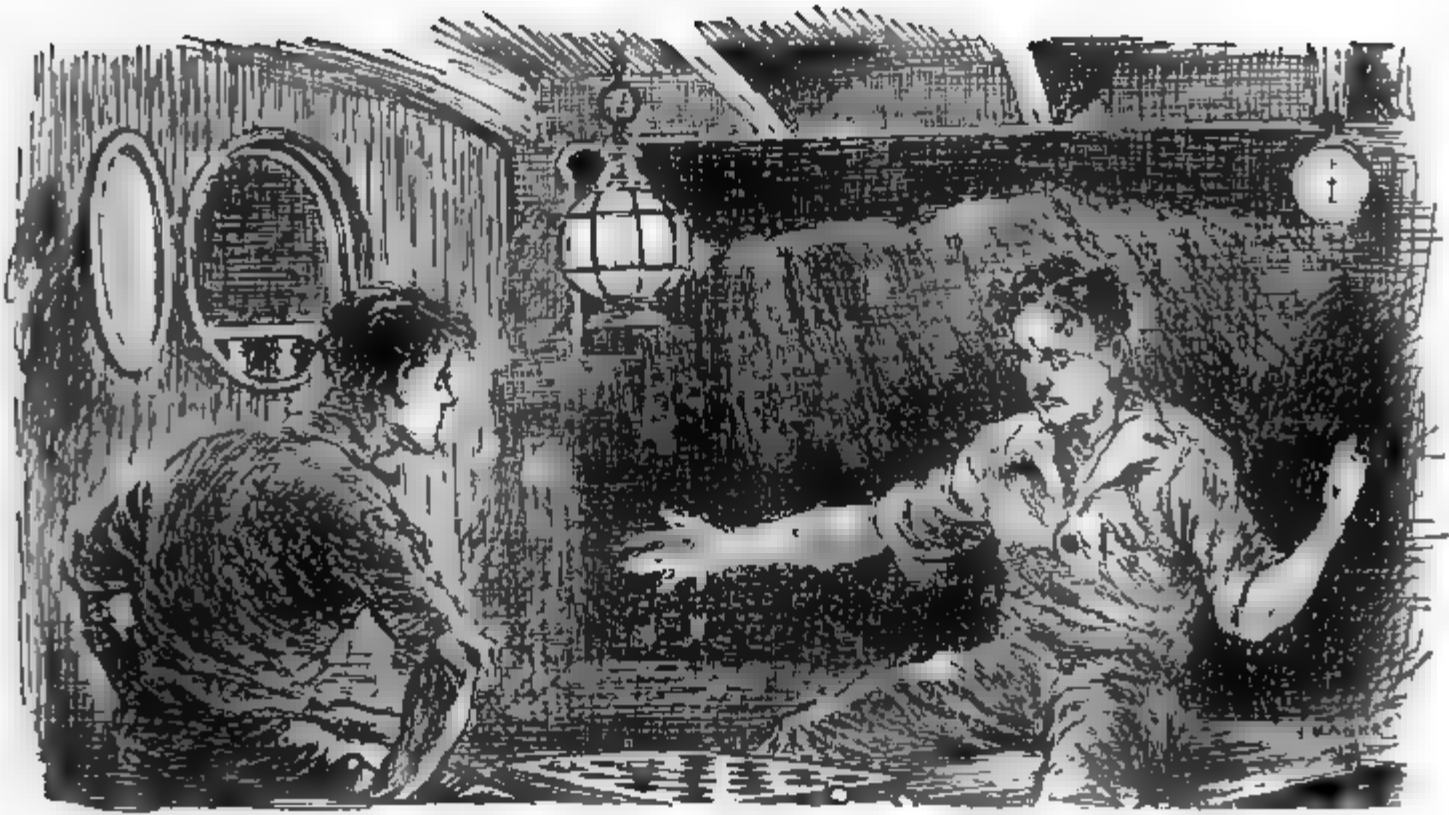
By Jessie B. Rittenhouse

I CAME to the mountains for beauty
And I find here the toiling folk,
On sparse little farms in the valleys,
Wearing their days like a yoke.

White clouds fill the valleys at morning,
They are round as great billows at sea,
And roll themselves up to the hill-tops
Still round as great billows can be.

The mists fill the valleys at evening,
They are blue as the smoke in the fall,
And spread all the hills with a tenuous scarf
That touches the hills not at all.

These lone folk have looked on them daily,
Yet I see in their faces no light,
Oh, how can I show them the mountains
That are round them by day and by night?



FAITH AND JACK LONDON

By Henry Goodman

With Sketches by Joseph Franké

TO HELL with those damn fools up there! They've got all the light they need. That's all that's necessary for them. We're a bunch of dirty, lousy dogs as far as they care!"

It is true the light was dim. Fore-castles are not built on palatial lines, nor to pander or indulge the occupants. Besides, seamen are not supposed to be playing checkers after hours, nor are they ordered to read. Naturally the light provided in the fore-castle was not designed to abet either of these desires.

So that Joe Hodgins, who had just quit his watch as lookout and who was now intent on the game he was playing, was made wroth by the poor light. His sombre eyes, filled usually with a deep seriousness, were shot with burn-

ing anger. He appealed to Roman, his opponent at the game, a short, heavy-set young man in the late twenties.

"Roman, my boy, keep off the sea." With an impatient move Hodgins brushed the checkers off the board. "I can't play, boy. My eyes get queer when I look at those splotches. Christ, if they'd put a decent light in here, you might read for a change, eh? Got some books with me—stole 'em from a library—Robert Chambers, Tolstoy."

"Tolstoy, hey?" Roman asked in wonder. But then Hodgins's eyes were those of a man who had read much and who had gazed knowingly on beauty. They were warm, temperamental eyes, even though the white cataract in the left was a blind stare in your face.

Roman was curious about Hodgins, but he said nothing. He would not disturb the wistfulness that seemed suddenly to have fallen upon the sailor before him, shrouding him in distance and unwonted moodiness. Instead he studied Hodgins; the scarred, sickly yellow face; the eyes that had lost their angry fires and were now dim fanes in which walked figures he could not see; the nose long and straight, with nostrils delicately modeled; the long thin lips that were flat over the weak, vacillating chin.

Who was this Hodgins, this able-seaman who had surprised him early one morning by his graceful and deeply sincere recitation of "Flanders Fields"? What manner of man was this who, in a hasty summing up of the authors he liked, ranged in one gallery Robert W. Chambers and Tolstoy; Service and Kipling and Browning and Rex Beach, Tennyson and Longfellow and Bret Harte, and to cap the climax, included "brother Will Shakespeare"?

Roman, watching Hodgins, wondered why the seaman should have warned him, so earnestly, to stay off the sea. Could it be that Hodgins had suffered some cynical experience on shipboard to blind him to all the stirring beauties that were the free reward of all who would use their eyes and hearts?

Even now, thought Roman, even here, the fo'c's'le stuffy as it is; the ship slow as she is, all are part of the poignant beauty of the night. As he thought, his eyes staring out of the port hole at sea and rounded, deep sky, Roman listened to the heavy, even tread of the lookout on the forecastle head. The night, dark and with a heavy mist blurring the few stars, made the lookout's work particularly exacting. From side to side the look-

out walked, his feet crashing down in heavy, regular succession on the steel roof over the heads of the crew. In his mind's eye Roman could see Tom, muffled up in his oilskins, as he stopped for a moment to gaze ahead from the port and then from the starboard side of the ship.

High on the bridge the bell struck the half hour.

There came the stumbling of the lookout's feet as he hurried to the bell on the forecastle-head. The forecastle bell boomed its swinging, echoing call: "Dong, dong." Tom's voice, high-pitched and drawn-out, called: "All's well, sir."

Roman was quick to take the cue.

"Hodgins," he said, "there's the good word for you. 'All's well, sir.' Man alive! Just think of it. Here we are—a crew of thirty-two souls, thirty-two humans—with hearts and hopes and all sorts of secret desires and plans and ambitions. Here we are, in the night on the open sea. If a storm should come up; if a sudden pulse should quicken its course in the sea; if a derelict should loom up in the night—and it's a dark night, too—we are as good as done for. Yet we put one pair of eyes up there at lookout and we get into our bunks, and some of us", he pointed to the sleeping men in the bunks, "sleep the sleep of the righteous. Faith, man, that's what it is. Faith in the feeling, the instinct, that we are in the palm of Him, or Someone, who sees all and knows all. He will look after us."

"Hell with that stuff. Come off it, son," was Hodgins's rejoinder. Hodgins stood up. His tall, loose frame towered over Roman. He stretched his long arms out, spat on the forecastle floor with an angry twist of his lips, then sat down again. For a minute he looked in silence at Roman,

studying the sober face, the dark quiet eyes, and the firm, curving lips.

"Look here, Roman Faith—that's damned piffle. The reason those guys sleep as they do is they don't give a damn whether they get up or not. I don't give a hang whether I live or die."

"You talk of faith, do yuh? Well, listen! You sound like a man that's read and heard of things. I don't know why you are here. Like as not some love affair—eh?—girl thrown yuh over. It don't matter: stay off the sea's what I got to tell yuh. Stay off! Don't make another voyage, see!

"Now then, since we're talking, let me tell you what I'm doing here." He stopped to look at Roman with a close, penetrating look. The cataract eye was white in the dimness of the fore-castle.

"You've read Jack London, eh?"

"Why, of course. 'The Call of the Wild', 'The Sea Wolf', and", Roman answered until interrupted by the swift, excited, vibrant voice of Hodgins. Hodgins's fingers closed tight on Roman's wrist.

"That's it... 'The Sea Wolf'. And for reading that book and believin' it and trustin' in it, I've paid with ten years of my life."

Hodgins's voice, resentful and passionate, was loud because of the crescendo of intensity which carried it.

From a bunk in a far corner came the protesting, angry voice of Pete Frandsen who had been awakened from sleep.

"Hey dere, for the Loard's sake, Hodyens, caint you let a fallo sleep?"

"Shut your trap, Swede, or just go plumb to. Get me!"

And disregarding Frandsen's protest, Hodgins turned back to Roman.

"I've been ten years on the sea;—ten years tryin' to get away from it.

I've been on every sort of dirty hulk: British limee, freighter, tank, passenger. I've been ordinary and I've stoked; I've been at the wheel as quartermaster and now I'm back just a plain A.B. I've left the damned ships at Galveston and Genoa, at Singapore and Havana and Liverpool and Havre and London. And each time I'd made up my mind to stay off and each time I had to come back."

In the silence of Hodgins's pause Roman heard the snoring of the sleepers in the bunks and a soft liquid tapping, as of playful fingers, on the plates of the ships. Out of the corner of his eyes, set on Hodgins, he could see the long legs of Tony overflowing the cramped space of his bunk. Mexico's round body, a blurred, yellow hill underneath the blankets, quivered with the dull shaking of the vessel. The smoke of Hodgins's cigarette swayed and spread in tenuous fibres close to the ceiling. Now the throbbing of the engines became audible and mingled with the soft, liquid tapping of the calm sea on the other side of the steel plates.

"You wonder why?" said Hodgins looking into Roman's questioning eyes. "I've a kid sister to support. Had to support her since my first trip in quest of Mr. Jack London's heroic 'Sea Wolf'. When I got back I found my parents had died, both of 'em. There was the kid to take care of and only me to do it. I'd left college—yes sir, C. C. N. Y. to be exact—after I read about the 'Wolf'.

"I just couldn't keep going to class day in, day out. Nothing happenin'—and me layin' awake nights dreaming about the sea and Wolf Larsen and all the wild adventures. So one day I went down to the docks on Water Street and signed up on a British lime-juicer. Never let the folks know

about it. No, had no quarrel with 'em. They were just too respectable for me. When I came back they were gone. I had no trade; I couldn't tackle any job; and there she was, needin' someone to pay for her keep.

"I've asked myself many times," Hodgins said, half in soliloquy. "Maybe I didn't try hard enough on shore. Maybe I coulda found a job. But you know a sailor is always a good-for-nothing to folks ashore. Soon as they found I was a seaman they just cut me loose. All you got to do is tell a guy you're a sailor. He knows you booze and you go in for women and you're too damned much on adventure to be worth a damn.

"So back I went to sea, hoping always I'd get off at some place. And here I am yet. And as for Jack London—that stuff about these seamen being great guns—the master-men dope don't go, as far as I know. The officers are mostly just damn hard guys. They don't know a hell of a lot and think you're a fool if you read a book.

"Many's the time I'd've given something if I could get killed. That's why I went to war. I haven't the nerve to do it myself. There's that kid and she wants to go to high school now."

Hodgins laughed in a queer way. His lips rolled back and the cataract eye swung toward Roman.

"And then," he continued, "the funny thing is the grip of the sea. I was a teamster in one of my getaways. Spring came on. The air was kinda

softening and sweet. I thought of the way the sea-wind was blowing. I had to get away from shore. I left the team and wagon on the street. I had my seaman's ticket and signed up once more. Here I am again, a lousy dog in this hole. Roman, my boy, don't make a next trip. Just get off and stay. And now, *s'il vous plait*, as we'd say at college, let's turn in."

A wave of sympathy flooded Roman; sympathy for Hodgins in the vortex of his chaotic desires and failures, in all the extremities of passion which he had never known how to direct in one limpid channel.

"You've been through a pretty rough mill," he said to Hodgins, who was climbing into his bunk.

"Yes. But what the hell's the good of it?" Hodgins was silent a moment. A sudden wind was blowing the sea against the ship's sides and from the rails along the forecastle-head came the wail of the flying wind. It was a clear voice, but the language was the impenetrable secret of the sea.

"Just listen to that; just listen. That always gets me," Hodgins said with quiet feeling. Roman was silent.

High on the bridge "four bells" sounded.

The stumbling steps of the lookout broke the silence in the forecastle. The bell on the forecastle-head boomed in answer.

The lookout called in the night: "All's well, sir", and a distant voice, curt and sudden like an officer's command, answered: "All is well!"



THE RETURN TO THE QUIET NOVEL

By Maurice Francis Egan

PUBLISHERS probably understand the psychology of the crowd, as well as the psychology of the individual; theatrical managers are notoriously deficient in this knowledge. Augustin Daly once said that a play might be of absorbing interest in the reading and at the rehearsal, but turn out on the first night to be a terrible bore, even to those who believed in it. "The costume drama", said a distinguished manager, "is done. You cannot get up a particle of interest in romance when it wears great hoopskirts and periwigs; and as for the drama of southern life, it is dead." This was said in Mr. Daly's time too; but how many costume dramas, and how many southern stories have been out on the stage successfully since 1880? There will always exist lovers of the historical drama and the historical play and, even in greater numbers, of the novel of quiet life; the more exciting the times become, the more a certain number of human beings turn to the quiet novel and to poetry. Who would have said five years ago that publishers would welcome verse instead of treating it as a thing beloved by the elect but despised of the people?

Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife" and Charles Reade's "It is Never Too Late to Mend" and Whyte-Melville's racing stories, and "Elsie Venner" by the great Doctor Holmes, and "all the sensations of our youth" including "Ishmael" or "Out of the Depths" by the good Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth, are forgotten. Who now remembers

a delectable romance by Pierce Egan, Jr.—"Lady Violet; or The Wonder of Kingswood Chase"? Many novels of "contemporaneous human interest" and tumultuous violences have passed away; but Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" and, in a lesser degree, "The Warden" of Anthony Trollope, will never pass!

In the beginning of the war, when everybody in Europe was bewildered, amazed, horribly troubled, I took refuge during the few quiet evenings left to me in the novels of Anthony Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant. Now Mrs. Oliphant is not to be despised; not even Trollope himself has done better in his clerical novels of English life than she, in the "Chronicles of Carlingford", of which "Phoebe Jr." is one of the best. Mrs. Oliphant's novels are unequal, largely because she wrote too often against time—"Blackwood's Magazine" seemed to be a great sponge which absorbed everything she produced. Sometimes, like Trollope in "Phineas Redux", she makes the quiet greyness of her atmosphere lurid with a murder or two; but one takes this as one takes the melodrama of "The House of Merrilees" by Archibald Marshall, as an excusable affliction.

It was astonishing to discover how many of my English-speaking colleagues, during the war, took to Trollope. The quiet novel seemed to have disappeared, and one grew weary of Mr. Wells and all the New School when they began to preach. It seemed to the average intellect that people who knew so much ought to have prevented the

war, and one became terribly bored by sociological problems, even when charmingly considered by Viola Meynell, whose devotion to the New Thought and the New Method could not conceal her genius. But after all, your novel reader wants what he *wants*; sometimes it is a great fat muffin, like "Alice-for-Short"; sometimes a really strong drink, like "The Prisoner of Zenda" or "The Master of Ballantrae". There is no use arguing with him; and when he wanted something quiet, nothing quiet seemed to be forthcoming. The English reader almost seemed inclined to return in despair to Miss Mitford's "Our Village", the American hauled out the books of Sarah Orne Jewett and Nora Perry; but he did not want short stories, he desired above all things acres of comfortable quietness.

None of the novelists seemed to be quiet enough. Suddenly came J. E. Buckrose with "The Gossip Shop" and "The Matchmakers" and "The Silent Legion", and then, just as suddenly, Archibald Marshall was discovered. He was just what we all, hardened novel readers, wanted. Here were peaches and cream — Devonshire cream; people with no brains to speak of (or, at least if they had brains, they never spoke of them); young ladies to whom Bernard Shaw would be incomprehensible, Wells repellent, and Arnold Bennett merely an educational study in modern style; they are granddaughters of Trollope's Lily Dale, grandnieces of his Duchess of Omnium, and near relatives to all those Squires and Squireesses who live in the very comfortable houses which Mrs. Oliphant delighted to build.

To Dr. William Lyon Phelps we owe an authoritative command to read Archibald Marshall's novels. It is curious how interest in a comparatively

unknown book grows. The professional critic does not, as a rule, discover it first; it is read by somebody of sympathy and taste, who recommends it to somebody else, and the interest waxes. I had just finished, as an invalid, my twenty-fifth course of Jane Austen's novels. I found no comfort in Mrs. Humphry Ward; Arnold Bennett, after "Clayhanger", gave me no consolation; I had finished every book I could find of the soothing Buckrose, when one day a very interesting lady said, "If you want to understand *my* husband you must study Squire Clinton." "Who is Squire Clinton?" I asked. "Marshall's Squire Clinton, of course," she said; and a few days after this "The Squire's Daughter", "The Eldest Son", "The Honour of the Clintons", and "The Old Order Changeth" arrived by post. After this I was not compelled to go, as a last resort, back to Miss Mitford's "Our Village". I at once made the acquaintance of the delectable Squire Clinton, whom every discriminating person ought to know. He is one of the most exasperating persons in literature, yet he is so intensely human and so true to life that you are compelled to return to his company, and—this is a very great compliment to his creator—you find yourself inventing murderous things which his wife, being a good Englishwoman of the old school, ought to say, but never does! He permeates the four novels I have mentioned, which ought to be read in succession.

As I always read everything written by Doctor Phelps, I naturally discovered his brochure on Marshall. It was delightful to find such an authoritative corroboration of a reason for my own pleasure in Marshall's works, though I objected at once to his assumption that Mr. Marshall is either the successor, the reincarnation, or the

successful imitator of Anthony Trollope. One might as well compare roast beef and Yorkshire pudding with a glass of Pontet Canet '93, with chicken à la Marengo and a drop of Château Yquem! It cannot be done! Mr. Marshall is really like nobody but himself; but one of the first conventions of the critic is the tradition of comparison. When Mr. Marshall tries to be anybody else, as he does in "The House of Merrilees", where he attempts an impossible bit of melodrama, or in "Upsidonia", a theme which Mr. Howells alone could treat with success, he fails. It has occurred to me that in the quest for the quiet novel I should have found "The Lady of the Aroostook", "Their Wedding Journey", "The Rise of Silas Lapham", near at hand; but after all, Mr. Howells's novels are not quiet novels; their pictures of an unquiet mental life, while sure to be ranked among the classics, are restlessly American. In moments of stress and trouble some of Mr. Howells's heroes might be driven to whisky,—but never to tea; and a quiet life without the regular relays of tea is impossible!

Mr. Marshall has not the solidity of Anthony Trollope. There is no novel in all this delightful set that ranks with "The Warden" or "Barchester Towers" or with "Phineas Finn", until we come to the useless murder of Mr. Bonteen—Trollope was not good at murders. One might as well compare Marshall with Miss Austen, which would be absurd, for Mr. Marshall cannot avoid, when he paints a bore, making us feel the boredom of the bore, whereas Miss Austen makes us enjoy bores. If one must make comparisons, one may use Mrs. Oliphant at her best; this, however, gives no real light on Marshall's position as a novelist. In the first place, he is true to the life he knows. Intolerant people, filled with

the New Thought, say that the life he presents is such a useless life that it will soon be as extinct as the Dodo. Fortunately, Mr. Marshall does not think so; and in "The New Order Changeth" he shows us that beautiful and well-ordered lives almost free from restlessness though not free from anxieties, may still be led in England, with money, and not land, as a basis. This is a view which Anthony Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant and, above all, the master, Thackeray, would never have taken.

Anyone who knows English country life, who has had the pleasure of being with intimate friends in the houses of any county of England, cannot fail to be delighted with the truth of Mr. Marshall's pictures. He is never satirical; he is never hard, or *glacé*, as Mrs. Ward frequently is. He has few touches of high spirituality, it is true. Even Monsignor Benson of "The Sentimentalist" and "The Conventionalist", who hated the unmystical character of his countrymen, would find great difficulty in inducing any of Mr. Marshall's characters to accept the ecstasies of Saint Teresa or Francis Thompson. Mr. Marshall's clerics have forgotten the Oxford movement; they are keen for the retention of the Church Establishment because it preserves their livings; they have no theological ardor except in the case of the wonderfully portrayed Mrs. Prentice, in "Exton Manor", or of Mrs. Merrow.

Mr. Marshall has none of Anthony Trollope's rage against the inequality of the poor parson, as compared with the rich one (Trollope had been brought up among poor parsons); and Mr. Marshall, being nothing of a preacher himself, does not idealize the character of his delightful bishop, or of the various clergymen who ornament his pages. His small gallery of

clerical portraits is carefully studied. One is tempted to wish that he had introduced a poignantly spiritual contrast to these gentlemen who evidently feel that the world cannot go altogether wrong so long as the Established Church of England remains. This, however, might be asking too much of an author whose value consists in his power of portraying what he sees rather than what he feels. And from this point of view Mr. Marshall is eminently satisfactory.

Some of the serious-minded critics declare that Mr. Marshall's range is too limited, that he knows nothing of real life outside of his own tight little island and the gentry of its counties; that he must have an idle mind because he evidently rather likes people who are credited with leisure because they do not spin. This is said by the earnest admirers of the modern intensely activist movement—which, however, will pass before it can destroy all the beauty in the world. That Mr. Marshall does understand phases of character which are not purely English is shown especially in his treatment of the Frenchman, the Marquis de Lassigny in "Abington Abbey". Grafton, in that novel, is a thoroughly English father of a very different type from Squire Clinton, but with some of his idiosyncrasies. Lassigny is in love with Grafton's daughter Beatrix. Grafton is determined to break off the engagement, for Lassigny is everything which Grafton detests: he is French; he is a Catholic, though this seems to count only incidentally; he is not so virtuous as Grafton assumes, with some conceit, all Englishmen in the social position of the Marquis are;—in a word, Lassigny is not English.

Permit me to give the interview—page 211—between Grafton and the Marquis. Lassigny says:

"In my own country—but you must remember that I am only half French—one makes love, and one also marries. The two things don't of necessity go together. But I have known England for a long enough time to prefer the English way."

This was exactly the opening that Grafton wanted, but had hardly expected to be given in so obvious a way.

"Exactly so!" he said, leaning forward a little, with his arm on the table by his side. "You marry and you make love, and the two things don't go together. Well, with us they do go together; and that's why I won't let my daughters marry anybody but Englishmen, if I can help it."

Lassigny looked merely surprised. "But what do you think I meant?" he asked. "I love Beatrix. I love her with the utmost respect. I pay her all the honour I can in asking her to be my wife."

"And how many women have you loved before?" asked Grafton. "And how many are you going to love afterwards?"

Lassigny recoiled, with a dark flush on his face. "But do you want to insult me?" he asked.

"Look here, Lassigny," said Grafton again. "We belong to two different nations. I'm not going to pick my words, or disguise my meaning, out of compliment to you. It's far too serious. You must take me as an Englishman. You know enough about us to be able to do it."

"Well!" said Lassigny, grudgingly, after a pause. "You asked me a question. You asked me two questions. I think they are not the questions that one gentleman ought to ask of another. It should be enough that I pay honour to the one I love. My name is old, and has dignity. I have—"

"Oh, we needn't go into that," Grafton interrupted him. "We treat as equals there, with the advantage on your side, if it's anywhere."

"But, pardon me; we must go into it. It is essential. What more can I do than to offer my honourable name to your daughter? It means much to me. If I honour it, as I do, I honour her."

"I know you honour her, in your way. It isn't our way. I'll ask you another question of the sort you say one gentleman ought not to ask of another. Should you consider it dishonouring your name, or dishonouring the woman you've given it to, to make love to somebody else, after you've been married a year or two, if the fancy takes you?"

Lassigny rose to his feet. "Mr. Grafton," he said, "I don't understand you. I think it is you who are dishonouring your own daughter, whom I love, and shall always love."

Grafton, without rising, held up a finger at him. "How am I dishonouring her?" he asked with insistence. "Tell me why you say I'm dishonouring her."

Lassigny looked down at him. "To me," he

lowly, "she is the most beautiful and the best girl on earth. Don't you think so?" "I thought you did."

ton rose. "You've said it; it's her," he said more quickly. "If she loses it as she will lose it with her youth,—she is gone. I'm not going to let her in for that disillusionment."

Ignacy was very stiff now, and entirely uncomfortable in manner, and even in appearance. "I thank you, Mr. Grafton, for having misunderstood your point of view. If it is a Puritanism for your daughter I fear I am out of the running. I withdraw my application to your hand."

The mother of the discarded Marry makes an attempt to set things right.

She fails; and most English people, but very few who are French, sympathize with Grafton's point of view. The conversation occurs in "Grafton Abbey", page 263.

Ignacy hasn't brought to Europe to marry a title, one of our girls are. It was a chance I had."

I was in love with my husband, and married life was all I could wish for, as long as it lasted. It would be the same, I feel sure, with your daughter."

ton smiled at her. "If we are to talk directly," he said, "and it's no good talking all if we don't—I must say that, as far as I can judge, American women are more sensible than English. They adapt themselves here to our ideas, when they marry American men, and they adapt themselves to English men, whose ways are different from ours."

I don't think an English girl could adapt herself to certain things that are taken for granted in France. I don't think that a girl like your daughter should be asked to. She wouldn't be able to do it. It would be a great shock to her if it happened. She would certainly have to blame her father if she were made to do it by it. I don't want my daughters to be made for anything."...

I have said, one should begin the series with "The Squire's Daughter"; and if one begins the series, one will be obliged to go on. Take the beginning of the first chapter in "The Squire's Daughter". Squire Clinton says: "I recollect the time when young women going to a ball were a big load for any carriage. You may say what you like about crinolines, but I have seen some very pretty ones in them in my time."

You settle down for a contented hour, after that! Callers would be unwelcome!

"The Greatest of These" contains some good pictures—not only sketches. Mrs. Merrow, the wife of the evangelical clergyman, and Mrs. Prentice can never rank near to Trollope's peerless Mrs. Proudie; but they have a place of their own. Mrs. Merrow is not the socially downtrodden "dissenter" of the Victorian novels; the non-conformist is a different person now. She is rather a haughty lady, not at all awed by the rank of the wife of the rector, Lady Ruth, who is altogether charming—she was a daughter to the Earl of Hampshire, and a temperamental inability to comport herself as the wife of a busy clergyman was regarded indulgently for the sake of the title! And Gosset!—the sanctimonious, overbearing, hopelessly very low middle-class Gosset! You must know him if you want to appreciate the character of his opponent, the Radical Morton, whose daughter "goes wrong". Now Morton's state of mind would be incomprehensible in a Victorian novel; Morton would have been greedy and unscrupulous, or melodramatic and pathetic. It is an uncharitable thing to say of any man, but since Morton evidently believed that his daughter would "go wrong" sometime, it seems as if he was rather pleased that the son of the sanctimonious Gosset should have been the cause of it. Young Gosset behaves well; he rushes to the rescue of the damsel he has compromised. Morton is against him. "'e's been brought up in a religious 'ome, 'e 'as," he says ironically.

"I'll make her a good husband," said the boy with downcast eyes. "I shan't forget what she has to go through because of me. I'll look after her. I'll make her a good husband."

"And my girl's the girl you'd choose to marry,

even if there 'adn't been this little mistake between you?"

The boy was silent.

"Well, you don't seem to speak up very ready. Looks almost as if, now you'd 'ad your fun, you was wantin' to pay for it, 'cos you think you ought, not because you want to."

There was no answer.

Morton threw his cap on the table, and stuck his hands in his pockets.

"Now I'll tell you what," he said, looking at all three of them in turn. "There ain't going to be no marriage between the daughter of Jim Morton, Esquire, bullder's foreman, and the son of Mr. Snivelling Psalm-singing Gosset. It's me that don't 'ave it, not you. My girl's made a slip, and she'll 'ave to pay for it; and what she can't pay for I'll pay for 'er. I don't want your dirty money, you Gosset! You can save it up for the missionaries. You're a canting 'umbug; that's what you are."

"If you'd acted as I knowed quite well you wouldn't act when I come in, I'd never 'ave said another word against you. And you'd 'a come off just as well, too, for I never wanted no marriage, and never meant to 'ave none neither."

"I'll pay for the girl's confinement," said Gosset doggedly, "and towards the upbringing of the child."

"No, you won't. You won't pay nothing. You've 'ad your chance of be'aving like what you pretend to be, and you've chucked it away. You ain't going to set yourself right by paying money. The child's going to be born in my 'ouse, and it's going to live in my 'ouse. I dessay I shall take to it. I'm fond o' kids, and it won't make no difference to me that it wasn't born in 'oly wedlock. You'd like to bury it out of sight; but it won't be buried out of sight. You'll often see it about, when it grows a bit; but there's one place you won't see it, and that is in your 'umbuggin' chapel!"

The Reverend Mr. Mercer is in strong contrast to the amiable husband of Lady Ruth, who was a gentleman and tried to be a gentlemanly "priest"; Mrs. Prentice, wife of the other vicar, the Reverend William Prentice, is of the species of the obnoxious Mr. Mercer, with whom one may be angry and sin not.

"Bacon, my dear," said Mr. Prentice, uncovering the dish in front of him.

"No, thank you," said Mrs. Prentice, in a tone that meant more than her words. It was the season of Lent, and Mrs. Prentice was fasting on a principle of her own, and liked it to be known that she was doing so.

Mr. Prentice helped himself apologetically from the dish. He, also, was fasting on a

principle of his own, which did not involve the loss of his morning bacon. He had to keep up his strength.

We must not forget Lady Manserge, —a lady with an honest heart, a tendency to cockney English, and a past on the variety stage, which, in spite of the testimony of novelists who do not know their subject, hunting society in an English county is very willing to forget. She is worthwhile. But what is the use of introducing the readers of THE BOOKMAN to this group of persons, if they will not continue the acquaintance? Such a perfunctory introduction is like the mere crackling of thorns under a pot! You must know Young George and Jimmy and the Pemberton girls and Virginia, the American (who is acceptable to her "in-laws" because she is not *too* American), and Turner, the novel reader—the enviable novel reader—and Maximilian Browne, his friend; and you must love the goodness of the evangelical Dr. Merrow, and hear the snubbing of the Reverend A. Salisbury Mercer! And when you have finished *all* Mr. Marshall's books—excepting "Upsidonia" and "The House of Merillees"—you will object to any new system of sociology, whether founded on the fourteen propositions or not, which is to deprive the world of an atmosphere in which the most strenuous ought to delight. If the late war is to bring about the abolishing of the English country family and of the well-kept lawns and the screens that keep the breezes from blowing out the alcohol lamps under the tea kettles on those lawns in summer, and the extirpation of the foxes,—we owe the Germans even a more deadly grudge! Let Shaw and Chesterton and the rest of the uneasy go, and even Lloyd George! —provided we can keep our Marshall and the life he depicts!

Of Mr. Marshall's recent books "The Clintons and Others" is not a collection of short stories, but a notebook of fragments of novels that might be written. "Kencote" approaches more closely to what a short story ought to be; "In that State of Life" and "A Son of Service" afford happy glimpses of novels that would have charmed us. As it is, they are *sorbets de surprise* that merely whet our appetite for another novel. And Mr. Marshall's world is full of people we should like to know more of. As somebody said of Trollope, "As long as English society exists, he will remain inexhaustible".

"Sir Harry" is really a love story, an idyl of spring and innocent youth and purity. It is as thoroughly English as all the other novels of Mr. Marshall, and therefore it will please his inveterate admirers who would cease to be devoted to him the moment he failed to give them the atmosphere which they like. It lacks something of the humor of the best of the other novels; at times it touches dangerously near romance, which we do not at all want from the pen of Mr. Marshall. It is good, but it is not his best; however, it cannot be said to show any real lack of his charming qualities. With the stroke of a pen one might reveal the plot, which is not at all complicated but is determined, as it should be in a good novel, by the relations of the dramatis personæ to one another. Mr. Marshall is certainly one of the first of the "quiet" novelists, but there is no very modern novel which has a finer scene, pregnant with feeling which is anything but quiet, than that in chapter 26, when "Lady Brent Speaks". The constant reader of Mr. Marshall's novels approaches a new one from his pen with a fear that it may be inferior to its predecessors;

"Sir Harry" is not inferior, but only different.

"The Hall and the Grange", Mr. Marshall's very latest novel, is a return to his best manner, which he seemed to have lost in "Sir Harry" and "Many Junes". It is satisfactory to those among his confirmed admirers who cannot have too much of the types he has made his own. One enjoys the quietness of the countryside all the better because the war is over, and the petty struggle between the hall and the grange, which brings out the characteristics of some very real English gentlefolk, occupies the foreground of the story without being dwarfed by great events. It is the novel of Mr. Marshall which, in spite of an entirely new treatment, reminds one most closely of Anthony Trollope. There is a flavor of "The Vicar of Bullhampton" about it; but there is no character quite so good in it as Trollope's Reverend Frank Fenwick; all the English characteristics which Trollope knew so well how to depict are in evidence here. Lady Eldridge and her sister-in-law are better done than any of Trollope's women. To the leisurely reader they will be a constant pleasure; and, though one may look on the assertion as almost sacrilegious, there is something in the recent shocking announcement of a modern young person that she finds these two ladies more charming than any woman drawn by Miss Austen. In fact, her words were these: "Miss Austen has nothing on Mr. Marshall when he describes quiet English women!"

This is going too far; but it is a very modern tribute to a novelist whose genre pictures are delightful additions to our gallery of English portraits.

THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM

Extracts From the Novel by Stephen Vincent Benét

(Continued from the July Bookman)

SUCCESSION OF DAYS—1905

THE skinny minute-hand of the white-faced clock over Major Stelly's desk in the big assembly room hitches slowly from numeral to numeral. Philip looks up at it again from the glare of naked electric light that floods over his cramped little desk. Fifteen minutes till recall from study period and he is so sleepy already that his eyes feel as if they had been washed with sand. He turns to the back of the geography for relaxation—what other lessons he has had to prepare are done. Tangier—imports, machinery—exports, silks, gold-dust, and cinnabar. *Cinnabar*. Golly, what a name! He whispers it roundly, tasting it over his tongue. Morocco—imports, machinery—exports, leather and sackcloth. Sackcloth and ashes are in the Bible, but I suppose it doesn't matter what kind of ashes. Siam—imports, machinery—exports—must be white elephants—white elephants—big—whi-te—e-le-phants—

Philip pulls up his head just as it is about to drop to the desk lid and tries to shake the heavy drowse out of it by one quick toss as a swimmer shakes off water. It's no good. He is smothering under sleep, and he mustn't, he mustn't go to sleep. Major Stelly caught Fat Clark sleeping ten minutes ago and gave him an hour and a half on the beat. An hour and a half sentry-go with a Civil War musket six feet high.

Now he's sitting up there at his desk—a little grey wrath of a retired army officer with the sour eyes of a biting horse. Ten years of teaching at Kitchell Military Academy have left him with the restraint of a hanging judge and the ingenuity in small cruelties of a Jesuit Inquisitor. The great, hushed legend of the school is of "the time when Woozy Fisher knocked him out". . . . Philip catches his glance for a moment and looks away quickly. The clock hand jumps. Four minutes gone.

Madagascar—imports, machinery—don't they ever buy anything but machinery? A picture of thousands of brown, sleek natives cavorting with howls of joy about the vast bulk of a McCormick reaper, forms fantastically in Philip's mind. Too hot there to want other things, probably. Too hot even to handle the machinery. As hot as this room.

The air is breathless and weighty over Philip—the air is smoky with heat and the smell of pine and spilt ink and boys. Philip takes a long sucking breath and his will surrenders suddenly, without any warning. He looks stupidly at the flagellating, harsh light on Fat Clark's open History on the next desk. He feels as if he were being pleasantly suffocated under great pillows and bolsters of sleepy warmth. And then he doesn't feel or think at all.

Vague discomfort—swift pain—he can't breathe—he can't breathe at all—he is choking. He opens his mouth and eyes with a gasp—a sharp finger and thumb are gripping down on his nose. Major Stelly swims cloudily into vision as he forces up his thick, drugged eyelids. Major Stelly's hand is pinching his nose. The whole room chirrup and swirls with muffled laughter. Major Stelly's voice coughs dryly above him.

"Three hours on the beat tomorrow, Sellaby. Report from me to the Sergeant of the Guard."

He lets go of Philip's nose and turns to look for the laughter. It stops as if it were blown out like the flame of a candle. Then the little tin-godly man is satisfied and his footsteps crackle back to his desk again, leaving Philip to tender examination of his nose.

Out of the cool night that drifts and whispers like snow against the stuffy squares of hot windows, expected and clear and sudden, comes the brief falling call of a bugle. For an instant it fills the sterile air, drooping wistfully, a blown flower of silver spray.

"Tenshun!" coughs Major Stelly. "Sergeants, take command of your squads!"

"Sellaby," says Major Stelly, bronchially, "I have decided to make you a sergeant."

"Yes, sir." Philip stands at the ideal Manual-of-Arms position of attention, stomach cramped into his back, hands flat at sides, chest out.

"Ah—I'll be frank with you, Sellaby. For quite a time—in fact, for the first year you were at Kitchell—Dr. Kitchell and myself were a bit anxious about you. You didn't seem to get on with the other boys."

"No, sir?" The query is surreptitiously acid.

"No, but lately—you've developed. You've been (tck!) forgetting all that nonsense—doing your drill smartly—like a soldier, like a soldier, sir. So now, we have decided to give you this chance—"

Philip's posture holds stiff and correct, but his mind drifts off from the little coughy man in front of him. He sees himself as he was when he first came to Kitchell, a scared atom of an "only child", to be kicked around and chucked into corners like Froggy Stillman's books. Now he has improved—he has the age and the muscles and the bag of dirty stories that will keep him from being bullied at all, that may even permit him to bully someone else. A fierce cramped hatred runs through him at the bullies and his new chevrons and Major Stelly and the whole air of uniformed stupidity and disciplined nastiness that hangs over the school like gas above a marsh. Lord! If he could only get out of the place!

"And so, Sellaby, man to man, we believe in you," ends the Major. His hand goes out tentatively. Philip shakes it in silence, loathing the moist, froggy palm. Then he salutes and makes his about-face perfectly. Major Stelly believes him righteously overcome with emotion.

In his room alone that night, Philip writes letters.

"Dear Father:—

Major Stelly told me today that I am to be made a sergeant at next promotions. This brings up a thing (*crossed out*) a matter I have wished to write you about for a long time. Father, I have been at Kitchell two years and I hate it more than any other place in the world. (*Some erasures of false starts with initial I's.*) This may come as a surprise to you, but I mean it. As a favor, do not send me back after this year, which I can stick

out all right. I think I have a right to ask this now, as my being promoted shows that I am not effeminate (*inked over*) that I have been able to get some good out of the training, but not enough to warrant my staying longer. Father, the place is a dirty hell, that's all, and I—"

But here the page is torn right across its face. The writer rips his pen through the last sentence, crumples the sheet into a rag, tries a fresh one.

"Dear Father:—

The weather so far has been fine. I am trying out for track—the sprints—but am pretty rotten, I'm afraid. The coach says I should have come out earlier. We play Lick tomorrow in baseball and, believe me, I certainly hope we 'Lick' (*careful quotation marks*) them as we ought to. Tell Mother the cake was fine. I need some socks. I have lost my allowance two weeks running now for minor sins, nothing to worry about. (*Sketch of a small and very impudent devil, labeled 'Sin, Minor, One'.*) I am having a good time. Oh yes, I meant to tell you, Major Stelly said today that they were to make me a sergeant next promotions. Love to dearest Mother and Aunt Agatha and everyone. And now I must close. As ever, dear Father,

Your affectionate Son,

PHILIP."

Room 642 in the St. Francis is grey with evening. Philip, who has been taken out of school for a dentist's week-end and the theatre with his mother and Sylvia, tries his tongue over the new filling in a molar and hopes it won't fall out, this time. Lucia has gone off shopping, leaving Philip with some new dollar bills and the instructions to tea Sylvia and himself to any extent, when the former

arrives at the hotel. So Philip, back early from the blowpipes and pecking drills of dentistry, has devoted the last half hour or so to rehearsing his father's lordly indifference with waiters.

"The check, please?" he says to himself for the dozenth time. "Oh yes—" then the hand goes carelessly to the pocket, as to an acknowledged United States Subtreasury of wealth. But the telephone birrs sharply before he has completed the motion of extracting many hundred-dollar notes.

"Miss Persent wishes to speak to Mrs. Sellaby," a detached voice says in his ear.

"Oh—Oh yeah. Well, Mrs. Sellaby's out. This is Mr. Sellaby, Mr. *Philip* Sellaby, Jr. Please send Syl—send Miss Persent up right away, please."

"Very well, sir." The voice is smoothly amused.

Philip wishes to all the tuxedoed gods of books of etiquette, that Lucia had not left him here alone. Still, Sylvia wasn't so bad at camp last summer—for a girl, and a girl cousin at that.

But when Sylvia arrives, she is utterly startling. He is used to her in khaki bloomers, with her hair done up in one long corn-husk rope. Now she appears in pink ruffles that spread like rose petals, she is dressed with the superfluous perfection of a doll in a Fifth Avenue toy store, and her manners while verging on the simpering, overwhelm him with a sense of their completeness.

"H'lo, Syl," he says bluffly, shooting his hand at her. "Glad t'see you. What do you want for tea?"

"How do you do, Cousin Philip." She takes his hand high up in shaking it, making it feel much too large and too carelessly cleaned. "It is very nice indeed of you to think of tea. But where is your mother?"

"Ah, she went out to do some shopping. She'll be back soon." With an effort, "Shall we—shall we have tea downstairs?"

"I'm not sure that Mother would like me to." This is merely a prim pawn of conversational chess, played to be taken, but Philip knows nothing of gambits and hastily takes her at her word.

"All right," he says with extreme relief. "We'll have it up here." He turns to the phone. "This is room 642, Mr. Sellaby," he begins. "Will you—"

A precise little titter from Sylvia reddens him up to his ears. "Haven't you forgotten to take the receiver off, Cousin Philip?" she says in an edgy giggle....

Half an hour later, things are better. Sylvia has spilled marmalade on her sleeve, said "darn!", and shattered her pose of young propriety. Philip is emerging out of his mist of hot embarrassment. His voice is full of excitement and English muffin.

"Just wait till we get up there next year, Syl," he rattles, jabbing the points home with a sticky fork. "Father says we're going to Freel's Peak, *sure*. Gosh, and it's a two week pack trip there and back and we'll take three burros for the lot of us. Won't that be swell?"

Sylvia nods frantically.

"Great!" she murmurs, examining the empty cream jug. "I hope they let me come, Phil. But they think they want to ship me to a girls' camp. Girls' camp!" She forgets herself utterly and makes sounds as unrefined as they are expressive. "Can't you see it, Phil? A bunch of talky *girls*?"

Philip rises, nearly upsetting the tea table. He is hearing of a deliberate atrocity.

"Oh, gee, you mustn't let them do that, Syl! Why if they want to do

that— Why it's a crime, that's what it is, it's a dirty crime!"

He waves his arms with the clumsiness of great feeling.

"Say Syl, if *I* can do anything about it—" he starts harshly. Her hand lies in front of him on the chair arm, helpless, soft, a bit jammy. He takes hold of it without in the least knowing why. "If I *can*, you—you tell me," he ends weakly. The whole pulse of his heart seems to beat for a second in the hand over Sylvia's hand. She is trembling faintly, but in control of herself—this has almost happened before, several times, but not with people known like Phil. She looks up at him swiftly, being conscious of the fact that her eyes are beautifully full of tears. Their lips meet once, almost casually, gulls calling to each other across white spray, then settle to a very definite kiss with the swift determination of thirst. It only takes about thirty seconds till Sylvia cries.

Philip feels as if the room were falling to pieces about him, like broken eggshells.

"Syl, Syl, I didn't—I never meant—I never will again—Oh Syl, for God's sake stop crying!" he stutters, unconscious he is repeating one of the favorite lines of all emotional actors, he is so desperately scared and in earnest.

"What did you *do* it for then, you, you *boy*? What did you *do* it for? I didn't mean you to kiss me! I just wanted you to be nice!" through Sylvia's tears. She, too, doesn't know that she has picked up the cue in Philip's speech as neatly as a star in a demonstrative second act.

"I don't know! It's all your fault, you made me!" An outburst of furious sobs. "Oh no, no, darn it, damn it, you didn't make me! *Quit crying!* I wanted to—I—"

Again the noise of the telephone.

Philip shakes Sylvia violently, kisses her again, tries to express rage, shame, sin, unutterable feeling and despair in one great flopping gesture that merely gives the impression that he is trying to dislocate his arms, and rushes to answer it. It is Lucia this time, and a voice as pleasant and sane as brook water.

"Is Sylvia there?"

"No, yes. Yes, mother, she's here."

"What's the matter, Philip?" A little laughter. "Have you and she been fighting again? She's your guest, you know."

"Oh, yes—oh yes, yes, yes," with extreme emotion.

"It must have been a fight. Never mind. I'll be right up. Have you children left me any tea?"

She rings off before he can answer. He turns back ferociously to Sylvia.

"Now for Pete's sake, Syl—" he begins.

But her weeping has been turned off like a tap. She is sitting up. She is rubbing her cheeks with her handkerchief.

"I am quite all right, thank you," she answers with icy repose. "Quite all right. Please speak to me as little as possible."

When Lucia finds them, Philip is as blasphemously and completely puzzled by the whole affair as Adam was after his first sharp taste of Eden greening. Sylvia gives her aunt-by-courtesy a little-girl kiss with entire composure, a small, correct, and figgily supercilious Eve.

1909

Graduation—continual dress-uniforms—polished swords—white gloves, soft as well-soaped skin, your thumb kept over the spot in one of them—the long echoing floor of Assembly Room waxed to velvety slipperiness for the Senior Dance—girls—Sylvia in faint blue and shrouded silver, the delicate eager throb of her feet retreating before yours—music, now nervously barbaric, now young and full of exquisite, useless tears, slow long spoonfuls of honey-on-ivory. "Pinky" Kitchell—"Handing On The Torch"—"now quit yourselves like men!"—all the throaty emotion of Graduation Sermon, as sham and evident as false hair on a dressing table. Everything with a certain hurried unreality about it, like a movie run too fast over its screen.

A sense that something is ended, something definite, though nobody

seems to know exactly what. A desperate sense that hereafter things will be different, ordered and consecutive, clear and purposeful and efficient, like the autobiographies of bank presidents in twenty cent magazines. Old hatreds, old violences, old ardors washed away in twenty-four hours by a tide of kindly, sentimental "good feeling"—hard, emotional handshakes with old enemies instantaneously reconciled because both of you are leaving "the old school". Major Stelly, "Sellaby, you are one of the boys we are proud of . . ." Parents, little and big, obtrusive and meek, full of secret comparisons of their own sons with other people's sons, and that not to the disadvantage of the former. It all ends—it is as suddenly gone as foam down a freshet—and Philip's neat, strapped trunks come home with the shards and rag-bag remnants of six years of life in-

side them, done up in labeled, brown-paper parcels, heaped away in a disorderly muddle of letters and reports and scrawled-over dance cards and old copies of the "Kitchell Weekly Bayonet". Life is closing in on Philip, overtaking him with the sprint of a crafty miler in the stretch. Well, *that's over!*

A month later—and Tahoe and a sense of expanding, delicious freedom, tangible as honey on pancakes, connected somehow with a new equality

in his father's talk and not having to account either to him or a first sergeant for any long idle minute of the enchanted day. The happiest summer he has had, a summer as clear and glowing as light through a piece of unflawed amber. Money in the pockets of loose comfortable clothes and a whole great fifteen months to chuck away as he likes, like pennies to a crowd of small boys—for Lucia is a little anxious about his eyes, and he is not to enter Yale till fall after this.

1911

Winter on the white South California beaches. The shells of abalones, murky purple, the white shells of sea snails, so pure, so sculptured, they might have been cut for an altar screen. Philip riding surf with Phil, both so shakingly weak in laughter at their own half-drownings that they can hardly stay on their shooting, slippery planks in smooth water. Lucia untroubled as the sea or the sun, a second youth of the sea come upon her, combing her heavy hair as she sits on a sunny, beast-like rock, a strayed maternal immortal seeming to share in the vagrant peace and calm incertitude of the whole fluctuating world of green swells and dripping foam. Sylvia in a sun-bitten, short bathing suit, the brown swimming child of sea-sound and a mermaid, as beautiful and sexless a thing as the flight of a gull over waves. And in the crystalline hours before night's large stars, when evening departs with the languid magnificence of an argosy and the sky seems made of clear colors and dreams and the single cries of birds, Philip, lying beside the brimstone sparks of a driftwood fire, drinks in with every

breath of his body, this saturating and exhaustless life. Yes, and curled so beneath a wrecked and flying twilight once, he half-sleeps and imagines an insolent vision....

The neat door of a very modern office. Three names on the frosted glass in gold, "Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos"; and below in large capitals, "PRIVATE". Philip nevertheless turns the knob and goes in. The chamber within is tremendous, labyrinthine, cut up like some vast bagatelle board into a crisscrossing series of small stone covered and open mazes with green plants growing oddly in some of them. From the mothy vagueness at the far end of the room—if indeed it has an end, for Philip can see no wall there—comes the slumbering dark sound of continuously falling water, water that chuckles and chokes over worn out stones. Three women are seated at desk chairs—their backs are to Philip and they do not turn as he enters—each one has the mouth of a maze before her and they are intent on some sort of game with little colored balls. At the side, a small, inhuman creature

keeps score with figures that Philip cannot read.

One of the Fates will take a ball up in her palm—all the balls have some faint individuality of tint or pattern and are heaped in huge baskets beside the chairs—examine it and pass it to her sisters. They may mark it with tools that they have by them, blow upon it, rub it on their sleeves, in the end return it. Sometimes the Fate inserts it in her maze alone, sometimes with others; after each has been swallowed up, all the Fates listen and watch together unmovingly. Philip can hear the click and slither of the balls as they rush down the roofed passages, can see them spot the maze with color for an instant, collide with other rushing balls perhaps, then vanish again into the gaping rambles of the board. Some fall through sudden holes without a sound, there are others that circle and circle and do not get free. But the Fates watch steadily with eyes that never blink, till a faint plopping sound, the sound of a light thing dropping into water, ends their fixity. Then they all start slightly, and the creature makes his tally, and the game begins all over again as before.

Philip does not like the quietude of the Fates. At first they seemed merely aunt-like, they and their faces grey as ice, but their unwearying absorption in the clueless game and the re-

current tiny splashes of the colored balls as they fall and are swept away by darkling water, wears at his mind like the scraping of chalk on a blackboard. There is a continual icy fingering on his spine. He grows stiff with the terror of nightmare. The Fates continue their sport, the balls roll softly....

The Fate in the middle has passed a ball to the others. They have sent it back, one has scratched at it with a needle. Now the middle Fate holds it up, dubiously, poised between finger and thumb. It is veined with purple like a chintz, it is a pretty ball. Philip looks at the Fate and finds he cannot move. It is his ball she is holding.

Philip fights the air with his hands, he rushes forward.

"Stop!" he says through the fog of dream that weights him like mail. "Stop! Stop! Give me it! Give me back my ball!"

The calm Fate stirs and opens her thumb and finger. The ball clicks into the maze, Philip can hear it slurring over little bridges, down polished shafts of marble, racing and gathering speed....

He is awakened by Sylvia kneeling beside, tickling his ear with a long feather of dry seaweed.

"Supper!" bawls Phil from the porch. "Come and get it, Philip! Come and get it!"

THE FEMININE NUISANCE REPLIES

MY dear Mr. Hergesheimer:
Your article in "The Yale Review" for July on "The Feminine Nuisance in American Literature", in which you claim that all that is cheap, meretricious, and flamboyant in American literature is the direct result of the fact that our writers cater almost exclusively to a feminine public which batters on this unhealthy diet, has stirred me to unwonted action; for the first time in my life I am moved to lift up my voice in clamorous protest against a magazine article. I myself am a peculiarly flagrant example of the Feminine Nuisance, cast for the double rôle of great reader and small writer, and in both capacities I send up a stricken and outraged cry. Ungrateful Mr. Hergesheimer! Do you in candor believe that your own royalties are derived from the masculine portion of these United States? Do you in truth visualize all the readers of those official dispensers of sunlight and virility, whom you pillory so blithely and cruelly, as golden ring-letted and snowy fingered, hammock swung and chocolate fed? Do you sincerely maintain that the tired business man, the tired professional man—well, the tired average man—turns scornfully from these to James Branch Cabell and your own pages of gold and iron and ivory? In truth, and in good truth, you have turned traitor to a more loyal constituency than you deserve.

You say that ten thousand women read a novel to one man. I cannot guess from what mysterious source you procure these figures that at once accuse and acquit your sex, but do you plead

that that solitary masculine figure invariably draws a copy of Conrad or Hardy from his pocket? Look closer at the title—doesn't it say something about "The Girl from Forked Rivers" or "The Man in the Closed Room"?

But let us abandon the "average reader", male or female. Here are two reasonably well-educated citizens, sophisticated and intelligent. Not literati, but distinctly literate. Your well-bred woman of thirty or so, her highly successful husband of thirty-five. Which of these will have read James Stephens's "The Crock of Gold", Conrad's "Lord Jim", Turgenev's "Smoke"? The man with his shrewd and highly-trained mind, or the pretty lady with idle hands and long-lashed eyes? It is not vastly to our credit, I admit. Your sex has purchased leisure for us, in which we are at liberty to turn what brains we have to pleasant ways, leaving our liberators chained to heavy tasks, skilfully and honorably discharged. But they—our fathers and our husbands—they have given us twelve hours a day in which to play, and we have found flowers and fruit in many gardens where their feet are too tired to follow, and somewhat ungraciously and ungenerously we have wailed to all who would listen that these kind barbarians have scant love of flowers and fruit. Given the grace of the unburdened hours that they have bestowed on us, they might have used them to far better purpose; but as it stands, they turn a somewhat lacklustre eye on our pæans to the threaded grace of Henry James, the dark splendor of D.

H. Lawrence, the tonic stir and swing of William McFee.

There is a third class of feminine novel readers, and I have yet to encounter its exact masculine equivalent. Its members are highly trained in a very specialized field—the field that we intolerably refer to as culture. Professionally, they are neither writers nor critics, but they come perilously near to being professionals on one score. Reading with them has ceased to be a diversion—ceased to be an occupation—it has become, to all intents and purposes, a vocation. Some of them are college bred; many have trained their minds in French gardens and Italian courtyards—all of them could pass an examination on any writer of distinction, past, present, or, in some cases, future! Some of them write papers for clubs; most of them don't. I have met hundreds of them—thousands undoubtedly exist. They can chatter lightly and convincingly of "La Révolte des Anges" and Chekhov's letters and Max Beerbohm's "Zuleika Dobson". I know of at least one who had William Hudson on her book shelves before Mr. Galsworthy told her about him—to whom Samuel Butler was an old story when he was a new one to Mr. Shaw's reading public; who had a bright blue copy of Mr. McFee's "Aliens" when "Casuals of the Sea" was an unknown quantity; who had three or four plays of Sem Benelli's well thumbed before the voices of the Barrymores or Lucrezia Bori were heard in the land. I honestly believe that the average well-wrought and well-conceived novel of the present day would die unwept, unhonored, and unsung if it were not for the unwearied fervor of these same maligned ladies. Mr. Mencken and Mr. Nathan would in all likelihood turn their faces from them, shuddering—but they are the

ones who read Mr. Nathan and Mr. Mencken.

Men of the same intellectual calibre, leisured or harnessed to work, do not read the modern novel of the better class. They are fearful of experimenting with strange food and strange drink; they turn eagerly to the dishes in which they are sure of finding good sturdy meat, to build and sustain their mental fibre. You will find them bending over Bryce's "Modern Democracies" and Wells's "The Outline of History"—stirred and enchanted by O'Brien's "South Seas" and Strachey's "Queen Victoria". If they are genuinely bookish (and how many under sixty will you discover who are that?) they will read anything from Pater to Pepys, from Æschylus to Addison, rather than risk a modern novel. They are never sure whether those strange viands will taste sweet or bitter on the tongue—they have no heart to experiment with them, and if you catch one investigating, ninety-nine times out of a hundred he will protest that a woman gave him the book. I do not think that I am overestimating the case when I say that the only class of men who consistently read modern novels of the better sort, are those who write them, or write about them, or market them. They are an infinitesimal number, after all—and they are matched by at least one woman for every man. Do you think that that handful of men could keep any novel afloat if it were not for the support of thousands and tens of thousands of women? Do you think that it is men who pay two dollars for the privilege of reading "Tono Bungay" or "Java Head" or "The Dark Forest" or "Lord Jim"? I'll warrant that the booksellers could tell a different tale.

As for the writers, I know of no

group of masculine authors who deal less in manufactured sunshine or specious sweetness and light than the large group of women who are now at the head of their profession in England and America—Ethel Sidgwick, Willa Sibert Cather, Rebecca West, May Sinclair, Edith Wharton, Katharine Fullerton Gerould, Dorothy Richardson, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Clemence Dane—I take the names at random; there are at least a score more. They face life in varied ways—some nerveracked and tense, some graceful and ironic, some lusty and ruthless, some shadowed and mysterious, some bitter and defiant—but unquestionably they all face it, with scant truckling to any public thirsting for spurious joy and the conventional happy ending. When someone once remonstrated with Billy Sunday that in bullying his public as he did he was rubbing the cat the wrong way, he retorted, unimpressed, “Well, then, let the cat turn round!” And nearly all of these women have certainly bade the cat turn round!

You say that you are speaking largely of our devastating effects on the “best sellers”, which you condemn as a class unsparingly, and us for having called them into existence. I invite you to cast an eye on page 463 of the July BOOKMAN—“Fiction in Demand at the Public Libraries”. We women, ten thousand of us to one man, are presumably the guilty wretches who do the demanding; let us see on what cloying sweets we clamor to be fed. Ten books are listed, “Main Street” leading. Parlous little sweetness and light there. Ethel Dell’s “The Top of the World” would undoubtedly fall under your strictures; that and Locke’s “The Mountebank” are British products, however. So is Rose Macaulay’s “Potterism”, which

one would scarcely think designed for a public aching for more Pollyannas. Zane Grey’s “The Mysterious Rider” I have not read, but surrender. Dorothy Canfield’s “The Brimming Cup” we might find debatable ground. But the remaining four are not open to criticism on the grounds of swaggering virility or insipid cheerfulness. I present “Miss Lulu Bett”, “The Age of Innocence”, “The Sisters-in-Law”, and “Moon-Calf”. Three of these are by American women. Out of these ten “best sellers”, six are unquestionably remote from your strictures. If this is the worst monster that we female Frankensteins are capable of creating, I contemplate the result with a resignation that borders on satisfaction.

You hold that editorial policy and literary output is controlled and corrupted by the fact that our writers write for women—that that fact necessitates bad writing, false values, unsound and meretricious conclusions. Well, I have good cause to doubt it. I know of one magazine—a “woman’s magazine”—with a really enormous circulation throughout the middle classes of America. If these women can be nourished on the kind of literature that they find between its covers, then I contend that intellectually they constitute no ailing or diseased body. They are fed sound stuff—and they have not turned from it. It has given them in the last year two novels, one by Booth Tarkington and one by Mrs. Wharton, which, though they are “best sellers”, have not compromised with the irony and pathos of life in their conclusions. One deals with the aristocracy of a past day, the other with the democracy of the present; they show us a world seen from vastly different angles, but they both show it to us sufficiently unsparingly, for all their untimely reticence on the subject

of Freud. They do not assure us that we will live happily ever after; but they assure us that one may preserve decent manners over a mess of very bitter pottage, and that unwilling compromise may be high tragedy, and unwilling courage, high romance.

This magazine has no policy. Its stories may be long or short, gay or tragic, simple or sophisticated. I am not speaking from hearsay; it has accepted three of my own that are widely different in conception and execution. They have only one feature in common—a so-called unhappy ending. In its pages you will find tales by Maxwell Struthers Burt, Hugh Walpole, Wilbur Daniel Steele, May Sinclair, and innumerable others who are most assuredly not writing down to any public. The back of it is filled with fashion drawings, but I think that any writing that you could do would not seem out of place in its first pages. Yet this is undeniably a "woman's magazine".

Here are a great many words, and the pen is slipping from what you so aptly characterize as my "nimble, white, and predacious" fingers. I was galvanized into action by the sheer arrogance of your title—it was intended to galvanize, wasn't it? I am not holding any brief for the feminine intellect, though I had thought that that was safely clear of debatable ground; but I hold, unrepentant, a brief of many pages when you so flatly condemn feminine taste in novels. Through no virtue of our own, we

women have had the leisure to batten on novels from our childhood; they have been our daily bread, and we are amply able to sift out the chaff from the wheat that goes to form our nourishment. A large portion of the feminine novel-reading public leans to western stories, to detective stories, to love stories, pure and simple—possibly you find them too pure and too simple. But the *entire* masculine novel-reading public, with the exception of the writing class, leans there too, and leans there heavily. The salvation of you and your fellows, who strive to make books compact of beauty and truth and strangeness, lies in the hands of a large and discriminating group of women who both buy and read novels. Once having read your article, it is vastly to our credit that we do not open those "nimble" fingers, and let you slip through forever. But being women, we won't. We'll laugh a little, not very happily, and slip out and buy your next book and read it and love it, lingering over the pages—though sometimes we'll forget to turn a page, remembering those other pages in which you wrote us down as cheap and dangerous nuisances. But we'll read you to the last word, never fear; and perhaps, when we are through, if we're simply fantastically lucky, we may be able to pass you on to a man—and perhaps—oh, perhaps, perhaps—we may be able to persuade him to read you.

Very sincerely,

FRANCES NOYES HART

LITERARY PORTRAITS: SIX

OLIVER HERFORD

OLIVER HERFORD'S principal recreation is avoiding public banquets and dull people generally, and associating, quite impersonally, with himself. To this diversion—an occupation that appears to be a continuous performance in tranquility—he has devoted a lifetime, sharing it in common with a select body of more or less intelligent beings, who derive comfort from the contact. The last administration is now remembered only on account of one of Mr. Herford's stories, which a Mr. Wilson became habituated to repeating in public. A proper form of prayer, for the use of Bishops and other clergy, and all persons devoutly and spiritually inclined, would be: "O Lord, while we deprecate the hideous immoralities of Prohibition, we still thank thee that Oliver Herford has not gone dry."

Thos. Wilson.

AN OUTLINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

By Donald Ogden Stewart

With Sketches by Herb Roth

CHAPTER IV

THE SPIRIT OF '75: LETTERS OF A MINUTE MAN

In the Manner of Ring Lardner

FRIEND Ethen—

Well Ethen you will be surprised O. K. to hear I & the wife took a little trip down to Boston last wk. to a T. party & I guess you are thinking we will be getting the swelt hed over being ast to a T. party. In Boston.

Well Ethen if you think that why you will be a 100 mi. offen the track because Ethen I and Prudence aint the kind that gets a swelt hed over being ast any wares like some of are naybers up here when they are ast any wares so you see Ethen even if we had been ast any wares we wouldnt of had no swelt hed. On acct of being ast any wares.

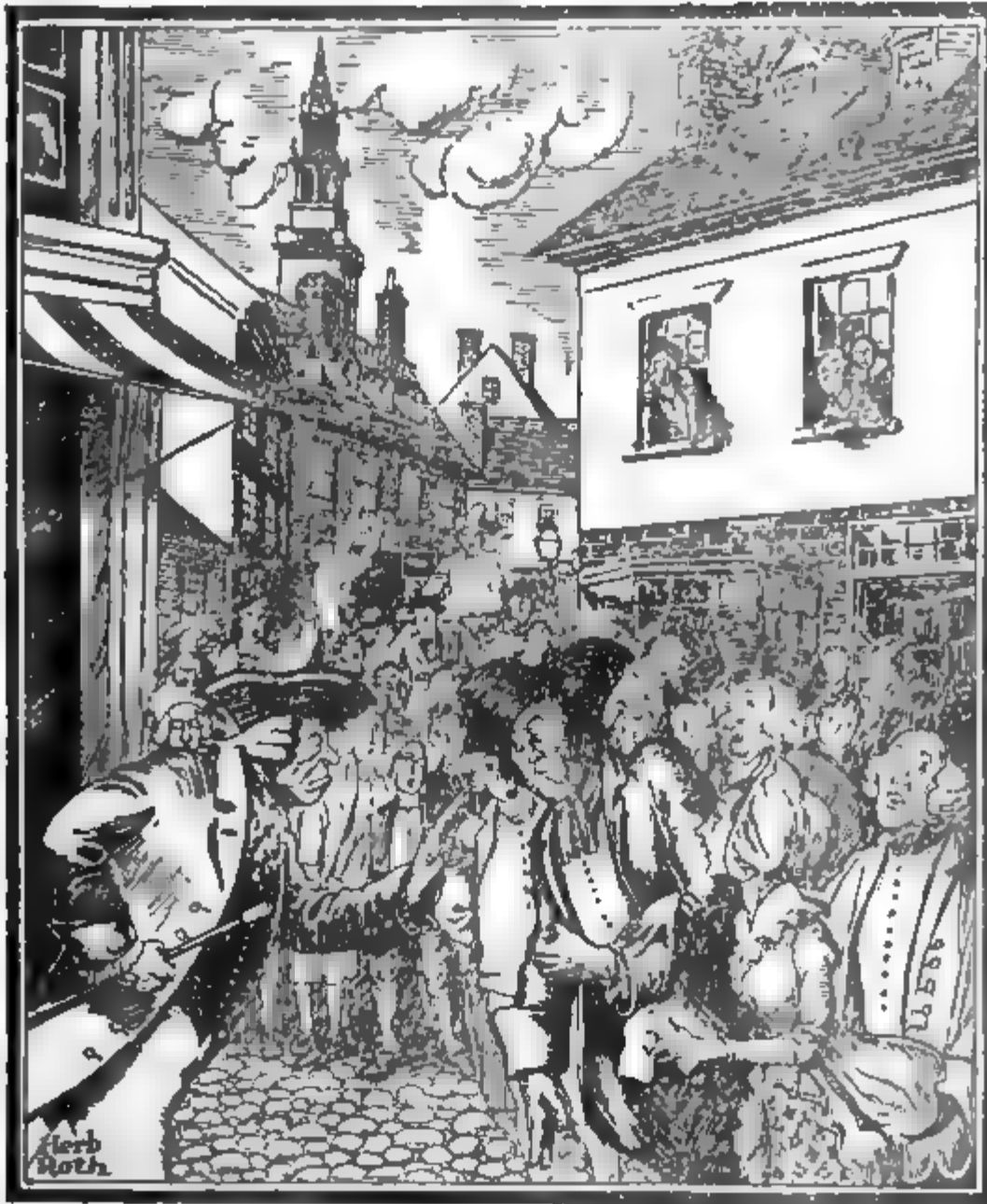
Well last Thurs. I and Prudence drove old Bessy down to Boston Bessy is are horse see Ethen which is about 13 mi. from here Boston I mean Ethen as the crow flys only no crow would ever fly to Boston if he could help it because all the crows what ever flew to Boston was shot by them lousie taverin keepers to make meals out of Ethen I never tast it nothing so rotten in my life as the meals they give us there & the priceis would knock your I out. 3 shillings for a peace of stake

about as big as your I, and 4 pence for a cup of coffy. The streets aint the only thing about Boston thats crook it. Them taverin keepers is crook it to I mean see Ethen.

After supper I & her was walking a round giving the town the double O when we seen that Fanny Ewell Hall was all lit up like Charley Davis on Sat. night & I says to Prudence lets go inside I think its free and she says I bet you knowed it was free al right before you ast me & sure enough it was free only I hadnt knowed it before only I guess that Prudence knows that when I say a thing it is generally O. K. Well Fanny Ewell Hall was pack jam full of people & we couldnt see nothing because there was a cockide stiff standing right in front of us & jumping up & down & yelling No T. No T. at the top of his lunges & Prudence says well why dont you take coffy or milk & for Gods sake stay offen my foot & he turns to her & says maddam do you want T. & slavery & she says no coffy & a hot dog just kidding him see Ethen & he says maddam no T. shall ever land & she says no but my husbend will in a bout

1 min. & I was just going to plank him
1 when the door behint us bust open
& a lot of indyans come in yelling
every body down to Grifins worf there

ton swelt heda nothing & I guess if
they had ever seen a real indyan they
would of known better than to laff.
Well I and Prudence follered the



"Fanny Ewell Hall was pack jam full"

is going to be a T. party only Ethen
they wasnt indyans at all but jest wite
men drest up to look like indyans & I
says to a fello those aint indyans & he
says no how did you guess it & I says
because I have seen real indyans many
a time & he says to a nother fello say
Bill here is a man who says them aint
real indyans & the other fello says
gosh I dont believe it & they laffed only
the laff was on them Ethen because
they wasnt real indyans & that is only
tipical of how you cant tell these Bos-

crowd down to Grifins worf & them
indyans which was only wite men
drest up clumb onto a ship there &
begun throwing the cargo into Boston
harber & I says to a fello what is in
them boxes & he says T. & I says well
why are they throwing it away & he
says because they do not want to pay
the tacks which is about as sensible
Ethen if I was to rite a lot of letters
& then as fast as I rote 1 I would tare
it up because I did not want to pay
for a stamp. Well I says somebody

ought to catch h—ll for this & he says are you a torie & I seen he was trying to kid me & I says no I am a congregationalis & a loyal subject of king Geo. Rex & he says o I thought you was a torie & a lot of fellos who was with him give him the laff because he hadnt been abel to kid me. Well after a while he says the indyans seem to be about threw & I says yes only they aint indyans & the laff was on him again & he seen it wasnt no use to try & kid me & Prudence says come on lets beat it & on the way home I says I bet them Boston birds will feel small when they find out that those wasnt indyans at all & she act it like she was mad about something & says well they cant blame you for not trying to tell them & its a wonder you didnt hire Fanny Ewell Hall while you was about it & I says o is it & I might know youd get sore because I was the 1st to find out about the indyans being wite men in disgised. & she says yes I suppose if somebody was to paint stripes on a cow you would make a speach about it & say that you had discovered that it wasnt no tiger & I wish I had been 1 of them indyans tonight because I would of loved to of beened you with a Tommy Hawk & I says o you would would you & she seen it wasnt no use to argue with me & anyway Ethen nobody would be fool enough to paint stripes on a cow unless maybe they was born in Boston. Well Ethen thats the way it goes & when you do put one over on the wife they want to hit you with a Tommy Hawk with best rgds.

Ed.

Friend Ethen—

No matter what a married man does in this world he gets in wrong & I suppose if I was to die tonight Prudence would bawl me out for not having let her know I was going to do it

& just because I joined the minit men the other eve. she has been acting like as if I had joined the Baptis Church & I bet you are saying what in the h—ll is a minit man. Well Ethen I will tell you. The other night I says to Prudence I think I will drive over to Lexington to get Bessy shodd. Bessy is are horse see Ethen. Well she says you will do nothing of the kind because all you want to do in Lexington is get a snoot ful & if you think I am going to wate up all night while you get boiled well you have got another guess coming. She says the last time you had Bessy shodd the naybers are talking about it yet & I says do you mean because I & Charley Davis was singing & having a little fun & she says no because nobody wouldnt call that singing & do you call it a little fun when you brought Bessy up stares with you to show me how well she had been shodd at 3 A. M. in the morning answer me that which is only her way of exagerating things Ethen because we didnt bring Bessy only as far as the stares & I only did it because Charley had been drinking a little to much & I didnt want to irritate him because the way to handel drunks is to not irritate them they are only worse only you cant tell a woman that & they think the way to handel drunks is to look him in the eye & say arent you ashamed of yourselves which only irritates him the moar. Well I says I am not going to half no horse of mine going a round ½ shodd al the time & Prudence says well I am not going to half no husband of mine going a round ½ shot al the time & I says I will not go near Charley Davis this time because I have lernt my lesson & she says al right if you will promise to not go near Charley Davis you can go & when I got to Lexington I thought I would stop in the taverin



The "Boston T. Party"

a min. just to say hulloh to the boys because if a fello doesnt stop in the taverin to say hulloh to the boys who are just as good as he is they are liable to say he has a swelt hed & is to proud to stop in the taverin to say hulloh to the boys. Who are just as good as he is. Well I didnt have any i dear that Charley Davis would be there because I had told Prudence I wasnt going to go near him & just be-

cause I said that I cant be expect it to sneek into toun like as if I was a convick can I Ethen. Well the taverin was crowd it & they had all got a good start & the long & the short of it was that the 1st person I seen was Charley Davis & he says hulloh there pink whiskers you are just in time to join the minit men which is only a nicked name he has for me because my whiskers are red brown. No I says I

cannot join anything tonight fellos because I must go right back home & he says if you dont join the minit men now some day you wont have no home to go home to & I says what do you mean I wont have no home to go home to & he says because the Brittish are going to burn down all the homes of we farmers because we will not sell them any food but first you had better have a drink. Well Ethen a fello dont like to be a sissey about taking 1 drink does he & then I says now fellos I must go home & then a couple of more fellos come in & they said Ed you wont go home till we have brought you a drink & elect it you to the minit men will you & I said no but I must go home right after that. Well then we got to singing & we was going pretty good & after a while I said now fellos I must go home & Charley Davis says to me Ed before you go I want to have you shake hands with my friend Tom Duffy who is here from Boston & he will tell you all about the minit men & you can join tonight but look out or he will drink you under the tabel because he is the worst fish in Boston & I says sure only I have got to be going home soon because you remember what hapend last time & I would like to see any body from Boston drink me under the tabel & bet. you & I Ethen if that fellow is a fish then my grandmother is the prince of whales & let me tell you what hapend. After we had drank about 4 or 5 I seen he was getting sort of wite & I says well Boston lets settle down now to some good steddy drinking & he says listen & I says what & he says listen & I says what & he says do you know my wife & I says no & he says listen & I says what & he says shes the best little woman in the world & I says sure & he says what did you say & I says when & he says you have

insult it my wife the best little woman in the world & he begun to cry & we had only had a bout 1 qt & wouldnt that knock you for a cockide gool Ethen, only I guess you arent surprised knowing how much I can holt without feeling any affects. Well I was feeling pretty good on acct. of drinking the pride of Boston under the tabel & not feeling any affects only I was feeling good like a fello naturely feels & the fellos kind of made a lot of fuss on acct. me drinking him under the tabel so I couldnt very well of gone home then & after a while Charley Davis made a speach & well comed me into the minit men & so I am a minit man Ethen but I cant exackly explain it to you until I see Charley again because he didnt make it very clear that night. Well after a while we woke the Boston fish up & we all went home & I was feeling pretty good on acct. it being such a nice night & all the stars being out & etc. & when I got home I said Prudence guess what hapend & she says I can guess & I says Prudence I have been elect it a minit man & she says well go on up stares & sleep it off & I says sleep what off & she says stop talking so loud do you want the nayers to wake up & I says whos talking loud & she says o go to bed & I says I am talking in conversational tones & she says well you must be conversing with somebody in Boston & I says o you mean that little blond on Beecon St. & Ethen she went a 1,000,000 mi. up in the air & I seen it wasnt no use to try & tell her that the reason I was feeling good was on acct. having drank a Boston swelt hed to sleep without feeling any affects & I bet the next time I get a chanct I am going to get snooted right because a fello gets blamed just as much if he doesnt feel the affects as if he was brought home in a stuper & I was just kidding her

about that blond on Beecon St. Some women dont know when they are well off Ethen & I bet that guy from Boston Tom Duffy I mean wife wishes she was in Prudences shoes instead of

bell Collins who has owed me 2 lbs. for a yr. & $\frac{1}{2}$ well Ethen it never ranes but it pores & you can be glad you are liveing in a nice quiet place like Philly.



"I joined the minit men"

her having married a man what cant bolt no more than a qt. without being brought home in a stuper. Best rgds.
Ed.

Friend Ethen—

Well Ethen this is a funny world & when I joined the minit men last mo. how was I to know that they called them minit men because they was libble to get shot any minit. & here I am riteing to you in a tent outside Boston & any minit a canon ball is libble to knock me for a continental loop & my house has been burnt & Prudence is up in Conk Cord with her sister the one who married that short skate dum

Well the other night I and Prudence was sound asleep when I heard some body banging at the frt. door & I stuck my head out the up stares window & I says who are you & he says I am Paul Revear & I says well this is a h—ll of a time to be wakeing a peacei-ful man out of their bed what do you want & he says the Brittish are comeing & I says o are they well this is the 19 of April not the 1st & I was going down stares to plank him 1 but he had rode away tow wards Lexington before I had a chanct & as it turned out after words the joke was on me O. K. Well who is it says Prudence Charley Davis again because you might as well



"He says I am Paul Revear"

come back to bed if it is & I says no it was some Boston smart alick trying to be funny & I guess they are soar down there on acct. what hapend to thier prize fish up here last mo. & are trying to get even do you know a Paul Revear & she says yes there was a boy at school named Paul Revear who was crazy about me was he dark well Ethen if all the fellos she says has been crazy about her was layed end to end they would circum navygate the globe twicet & I says no he was yello & that had her stopt so we went back to sleep only I couldnt help laffing over the way I had slipt it across. About Revear being yello. Well along a bout A. M. there was a lot of gun firing tow wards Lexington & Prudence grabed me & says whats the

shooting for & I says probably that fello Revear who was so crazy a bout you has got funny oncet to oft ten & it will teach them Boston doodes a lesson. Well Ethen I was wrong for oncet & the firing kept getting worse & I hitcht up old Bessy & drove over to Lexington Bessy is are horse & Ethen there was the h—ll to pay there because the g—d d—m Brittish redcotes had marcht up from Boston & had fired on the Lexington fellos & Charley Davis had been shot dead & a lot of the other fellos was wooned it & they said you had better get your wife to the h—ll out of your house because the g—d d—m Brittish redcotes are coming back & they will burn everything along the rode the ——— I guess you know what word goes

there Ethen & I was so d—m mad at those g—d d—m Brittish redcotes on acct. shooting Charley Davis dead that I said give me a gun & show me the ——— who done it & they says no you had better get your wife to a safe place to go to & then you can come back because the ——— will be along this way again the ———. Well I drove as fast as I could back to the farm & somebody had already told Prudence what had hapend & as soon as I drove into the yd. she come out with my muskit & hand it it to me & says dont you worry about me but you kill every d—m redcote you can see & I says the ———s has killed Charley Davis & she says I know it & here is all the bullits I could find. Well when I got back to Lexington the redcotes was just coming along & Ethen I guess they wont forget that march back to Boston for a little whiles & I guess I wont either because the ———s burnt down my house & barn

& Prudence is gone to stay with her sister in Conk Cord & here I am camping in a tent with a lot of other minit men on the out skirts of Boston & there is a roomer a round camp that to morrow we are going to move over to Bunker Hill which is a good name for a Boston Hill Ill say & Ethen if you was to of told me a mo. ago that I would be fighting to get Boston away from the Brittish I would of planked you 1 because they could of had Boston for all I cared. Well Ethen I must go out & drill some more now & probably we will half to listen to some Boston bird makeing a speach they are great fellos for speaches about down with Brittish tirrorany & give me liberty or give me death but if you was to ast me Ethen I would say give me back that house & barn what those lousie redcotes burnt & when this excitement is all over what I want to know is where do I get off at.

Ed.

A PRINT BY HOKUSAI

By Florence Kilpatrick Mixter

○ F what avail
 The tiny winds that call
 To the indifferent sea? To ships a-sail
 The twilight's silver pall
 Whispers of night
 Without one ripple stirred.
 But on the shoals three fishermen in white
 Are watching... They have heard....
 How still the ships!—
 So soon to feel the breath
 Of winds that rush to meet the sea's cold lips
 And fill the night with death!

MURRAY HILL'S GALLERY OF PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK, *August, 1921.*

MY mother did not raise me to be a publisher. I was thinking the other day how the devil it came about that what George Moore (or is it Stevenson?) calls "the romance of destiny" cast me into the publishing business, where I have knocked about these many years. And, musing on, I surveyed in retrospect the several famous publishers I have had the opportunity of knowing. It had not, somehow, occurred to me before what an exceedingly piquant contrast they are one to another, these gentlemen, leading figures in the business in this country, personages who shape the character of the nation's reading. I found that I entertained myself very well with reviewing in my mind divers matters related to my connection with, in succession, four great American publishing houses.

When the world was young Brentano's was on Union Square, at the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street. Scribner's was just below Twenty-second Street on Fifth Avenue. Dodd, Mead just below Scribner's. Putnam's and Dutton's next door to each other half a block west of the Avenue on the uptown side of Twenty-third Street—a rich pageant of fashionable shopping then. The Flatiron building was among the wonders of the world. It was the thing to dine at Martin's, on Broadway at Twenty-sixth Street. And a youth could raise a thirst.

That was the piping time when I struck the "town". I wore a heavy black tape to my glasses and the best suit of clothes I had been able to get

in Indiana. I had a good deal of extra heavy underwear in my trunk, as my family expected it would be pretty cold in the winter along the Atlantic seaboard. I had never seen anything of the kind that approached in lavish magnificence the "free lunch" of the metropolis. Nor had I ever conceived of such a paradise of periodicals as the magazine department of Brentano's.

I was an "art student". The kernel of life was the classes at "the League" (the Art Students' League of New York), in the Fine Arts Building on west Fifty-seventh Street. The most illustrious man in the world was, of course, James McNeil Whistler. The most glamorous figure in America was certainly John H. Twachtman. The most enviable young man in the country perhaps was Walter Appleton Clark. The uppermost tip of "the Great White Way" was the Pabst building, on the site of the Times building of today. One never went out from one's boarding house after six o'clock in the evening in those days without being "dressed". It simply wasn't done, one understood, in *New York*. The quintessence of feminine charm, also an art student, (from Ohio), lived in the winters on Thirty-third Street a few steps from the Waldorf. James J. Corbett had a "place" on Herald Square. When the world was young.

The art student business was a very pleasant and not at all an onerous occupation. And a very superior and very jolly place indeed to be of an afternoon was the Hotel Grenoble, on Seventh Avenue across from Carnegie

Hall. You always mentioned, in referring to it to the uninitiated, that that was the place where Kipling stopped. The part of the hotel of course where one so frequently was of an afternoon was the room called the café. It was there that the "3 Club" held its meetings, on the days (Tuesday and Friday of each week) that Mr. Twachtman came up from his quarters in town at The Players to give a criticism to his class at the League.

The place of Twachtman in American painting is now quite secure. He is, in the literary term, a classic. His works, none disputes, do honor to our best museums. In the auction rooms his canvases, when they appear, now claim a golden price. Not uncommon is it today to hear him spoken of in quarters of authority as the finest landscape painter we have had. Indeed, in all reference to him in critical writing, increasing deference is paid to his name. His career has become a legend. And, with poetic truth it may be said, snow is more beautiful now upon the bosom of the earth than before he lived and painted it. And more beautiful to many must be the sight of fair New England hills, white houses in a cluster, small boats upon the water, and frozen pools.

A little man of about fifty, sharply pointed Van Dyke beard, greying hair worn in a bang, always a white cravat, a bit brusque in movement, somewhat (gleefully I suspect) Mephistophelian in general effect. A paragraph purporting to be an advertisement printed in the "cart-a-log" of the 1899 exhibition of the Society of American Fakirs "takes off" very well the humorous savagery of the most animating instructor ever (it may fairly be held) at the League. This reads:

FOR SALE. The entire outfit of a very young art student. Includes 1 portfolio (nearly new), several sheets of clean Michelet paper, clothes pins, kneaded rubber, plumb bob, 12 in. ruler, piece of clean chamols and a box of charcoal (only one stick used). Can have entire lot very cheap. Good reasons for selling (see J. H. Twachtman). Inquire at office of League or Plumber Shop on Ninth Ave. near 812 St., between 12 and 12, on any day but Saturday.

Adv. 12 t.

"First student stand up," was the way Mr. Twachtman was wont to begin his criticism. "Very bad!" most likely was his opinion of that palpitating student's drawing. "Second student stand up," he would say. "Worse," probably his comment. "Third student. Still worse! No improvement whatever! Everybody go back to a block hand." ("Block hand", a plaster cast of a human hand with all detail eliminated; the simplest subject for beginners to draw.) Then Mr. Twachtman would quickly pass into the tobacco smoke of the next alcove. Sometimes young ladies of delicate sensibility would be left in tears. There was, in truth I remember, one very pretty young person who was kept at a block hand for so long a time, and who wept so much, that at length in despair she married an automobile manufacturer and divorced art forever.

He was known (behind his back) as "Johnnie" to the 3 Club. We called ourselves that, we three bosom cronies, one J. Flagler MacRae (whither has the wind blown him away?), Walter Jack Duncan, and I. We decorated (by hand) our stationery with a letter-head design, a sort of coat of arms, a red stein beside the figure three—such rollicking lads were we. Somehow the group of us had found singular favor with the master. In due form and by unanimous vote we elected him honorary member of the Club.

From quarters of distinction has come abundant testimony of the quaint, human qualities of this American master. But in the memoir of John Twachtman that ought to be written a page should be the story of the obscure and humble Club which he honored and charmed, rapturously inspired, and in dark hours sustained in spirit, and which has found no way to place in reverence and affection a little wreath to his memory. Had this little conceit, the idea of such a page, been introduced at one of the meetings of the Club, our honorary member, I think, would have pointed upward his Mephistophelian beard and over it have twinkled down with glee at the Club. And than this little jest in his life, his honorary membership in the 3 Club, perhaps nothing better could be adduced to illustrate the simple, boyish character of his nature. In order for a member to buy a drink at a meeting of the Club, when the honorary member was present, it was necessary that a motion to that effect be formally proposed, seconded, and unanimously carried. He would not countenance any offhand procedure in the matter. Such a motion, however, invariably was unanimously carried.

Some people do not remember this. Where the big Brunswick building now is, with Brentano's in one corner of it, extending the length of the block on the east side of Fifth Avenue between Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh Streets, was in the days of which I write a row of brick structures of three stories or so, containing on the ground floor tiny shops. One of these was a bookshop, in which frequently exhibitions of drawings were held. I found in one of my scrap-books the other day a card issued by this little place, which read:

You are invited to an exhibition of poster drawings by Walter Jack Duncan and Murray Hill, pupils of the late John H. Twachtman.

The Book Shop of
Doubleday, Page & Co.
219 Fifth Ave.
New York.

Till April 30, 1903.

Where are the literary journals of yesteryear? Out of the number of monthly periodicals that used to be, devoted wholly to the field of books, only THE BOOKMAN has survived. There, among others, was the Putnam magazine "The Critic", edited for long by Jeanette Gilder. And "The Reader", published by Bobbs-Merrill. Scribner's had "The Book Buyer", which later became "The Lamp". It was by way of "The Lamp" that an "artist" became a bookseller.

Joseph H. Chapin was then, as now, art editor of "Scribner's Magazine". He had done a number of very discerning things in the service of American periodical illustration. He it was who first "discovered" Walter Appleton Clark, one of the most gifted and technically accomplished of American illustrators. Walter Jack Duncan and Murray Hill were thinking it was about time that so perspicacious an art editor discovered them—J. Flagler MacRae was a painter, and thus above magazines. And so one day I dropped in on Mr. Chapin with a portfolio of our wares. The upshot of the interview was that a set of our drawings was selected for reproduction in "The Lamp". That evening two young men went forth arm in arm to patronizingly look over the great city they had conquered.

The blow was terrible. We nearly sank down upon the floor of the Scribner store. We had counted all the minutes of all the days up to the date of publication of that issue of the magazine, the epochal number of "The Lamp". We had made a triumphal

march to Scribner's to buy a number of copies, copies for ourselves and copies to send "home". Trembling with exultation we opened the pages. ...Under Duncan's drawings it was stated that I had drawn them; under mine that they had been drawn by him. Someone in Mr. Chapin's department, in making up the magazine, had made an awful slip. Life was poisoned.

Well, time went by. I saw Mr. Chapin occasionally, and he seemed like a man who suffered deeply from a consciousness that he had done me a criminal wrong. But I had far other worries now. I no longer "dressed" for the evening. Indeed, those evening clothes were in the keeping of a gentleman who conducted an establishment on lower Eighth Avenue and who described himself on his sign-board as "Uncle Ben". I refreshed myself not at Martin's nor the Grenoble but from a domestic tin bucket. A philanthropist invited me for a week-end in the country; upon my return to my lodgings I found my things in the hall.

And so one day I dropped in on Mr. Chapin again. The upshot of this interview was that I obtained a position as retail salesman in the Scribner store. I had, you see, been bred to no business; I certainly could not say that I had cultivated "business habits"; but I knew a good deal about books—I thought. I knew Lamb, and Hazlitt, and Sterne, and Thackeray and—that sort of thing. The first book I dealt with in the way of business was a copy of "The Care and Feeding of Children". It was to be a stop-gap job I had thought, a thing of perhaps a few months; I remained a book clerk for about six years. And I unlearned a great deal about books.

The life of a book clerk is not what

it was in my day. Pretty soft now, it seems to me. Stores, the fashionable stores, at any rate, close on Saturdays throughout the summer, not merely half a day but all day. Five o'clock closing all the year round. And where is the "Christmas rush", so celebrated in my time? It used to begin toward the end of November, and steadily increase in volume and violence until the evening of December twenty-fourth. During the last week another customer could hardly have been fitted into the store with a shoehorn, until one inside had got out. "Can't you wait on me next, please?"—for weeks afterward the sound of this would ring in my ears like a species of delirium tremens. You were "open" until nine at night; you got a dollar "supper money"; and then you stayed until eleven or so laboring at a reconstruction of the stock laid in devastation. I was reminded at a recent convention of booksellers of a highly entertaining incident (as the *raconteur* says) of the last night of my last "Christmas rush". When it was over I invited an exhausted fellow worker around the corner to have some refreshment. He was an estimable young man whose life happily had not much acquainted him with the etiquette of the bar room, but he had evidently picked up some knowledge of this from hearsay and reading. Doubtless amid the din of the place he did not hear me distinctly. I raised my glass. "To hell", I said, "with Christmas!" He bowed gravely and in a very polite voice replied: "The same to you." All in all, however, it was a pleasant life enough. I am glad I was a bookseller then. The old booksellers are like the old actors: they learned their trade in a hard school.

I had a very interesting view from the side lines of the literary world.

Mr. Burlingame, who had been editor of the magazine since its beginning, was editor of "Scribner's" then. Portly, ruddy, a rich blue-black beard, gracious, immaculate in attire—I do not think I have ever seen a more highly polished figure of a gentleman. I viewed him with deep admiration as a spectacle of consummate "finish". One day, having come down from his office above for only a moment, he was crossing the store on his way back to the elevator. He moved magnificently. His wearing no hat doubtless it was, which gave rise to the idea in the mind of the shabby figure that reeled in just then that he "belonged" in the retail department. The scarecrow that had entered certainly didn't belong there. He swayed about on his feet for an instant and then staggered across the floor and confronted Mr. Burlingame. "You," he quavered; "you th' floorwalker here?"

The first literary adviser to a publishing house I ever beheld was W. C. Brownell. I regarded him as omniscient. The calm, unconscious nobility of his presence, the classic sculpture of his head and greying beard, the philosophic detachment of his bearing, suggested to my mind a somewhat confused blend of Socrates and Marcus Aurelius. His volumes "Victorian Prose Masters" and "American Prose Masters" I read as the stone tablets of the law. And I have not ceased to read them now as the very wise commentary of a full, disciplined, and beautiful mind on human life. Innumerable times a day he would stroll in and out. He would move up and down the sidewalk to smoke—smoking being outlawed in the building. Or stand for long periods of time gazing in at the window display. But I do not believe that at the end of the day he could have told you a thing that

was in the window. I felt the distance between us to be so vast that it would be something almost blasphemous for me to attempt to speak to him. Until one sultry afternoon when he was sitting on the elevator man's stool waiting for the car to descend. A small messenger boy came along en route for upstairs with a telegram. "Hot day," remarked Mr. Brownell to him very pleasantly. So a bit later I ventured to ask him if he had read a new book which had interested me greatly. "No, is it good?" he asked with as much simplicity as a stenographer. And the friendly relationship which developed between us has been to me something like always having the spiritual support of access to a set, let's say, of Montaigne.

Coming down the flight of marble steps at the rear of the store leading from the august sanctums above I see (in memory) a group of figures. Charles Scribner, Arthur Scribner, Mr. Brownell, Mr. Burlingame, and Robert Bridges, then associate editor, now editor of the magazine. On their way out to luncheon. At the Century Club, usually. As a rule, back methodically at the end of an hour exactly. A noble avenue between neat book-laden tables stretches to the front door of the store. Down this wide aisle they come very slowly, rather solemnly. Suggests somewhat to the impish fancy, this spectacle, some sort of ceremonial procession. Uniform expression on their countenances of contemplative detachment from their surroundings. Very quietly, very neatly dressed, all. Charles Scribner, head of the house, a man (then) of about—well, in the neighborhood of fifty, I should say. Of medium size, grey mustache cropped short, fine aquiline nose drooping slightly over it. The face of a finely bred New

Yorker and man of the world. Manner decidedly reserved. General effect that of a cultivated, traveled, conservative, substantial, effective (perhaps shrewd) man of affairs who might have something to do in a directing way with banks or railroads. The five gentlemen before me are all men of middle age or a bit more. If I were held to three words in an attempt at rendering a succinct impression of the group, I should say that the effect in general was that of very high respectability.

Mr. Scribner pauses at the end of one of the tables and asks a nearby clerk, who immediately springs to immensely respectful attention, for a copy of a recent book which he names. The clerk returns, with somewhat the manner of a culprit about to be sentenced, and reports that that book is at present out of stock. Again, and still a third time, Mr. Scribner asks for a book—a book which by some chance happens at the moment not to be in hand. (Though don't I know how large that stock is!) George Whitworth, the buyer, appears looking very distraught. Mr. Scribner says nothing for a moment. Is an Olympian whirlwind about to burst with destruction upon the staff? Then, with a flicker of amiable cynicism playing across his features, Mr. Scribner remarks: "This is a deuce of a book store."

Then, on a day, I went out from that book store and did a little of this and a little of that. Librarian, professional philanthropist (with the Russell Sage Foundation), trade journalist, book reviewer, literary editor, traveler in foreign parts by turns I was. And at length found myself asking Harry E. Maule how was the book publishing business out at the Country Life Press at Garden City. It

happened that at the moment they were rather in need of somebody to do a little publicity and other editorial chores.

At the desk in front of mine was a very large, very round, barrel-like young man, of ruddy hue and with the instantly friendly manner of a Newfoundland dog. His jovial bulk was further emphasized by pronounced bagginess of his English-cut clothes. He sometimes arose while dictating to his stenographer and stood with one foot planted upon the seat of his chair. In this position it was observable that his trousers had been repaired. I felt it a very amiable service when this burly and rather humorous-looking young character took me in charge at half-past twelve and guided me to the lunch room for employees, over a garage a short distance away on the Doubleday grounds. He said his name was Morley. He had been a Rhodes scholar. This was his first job. He was very much excited over a novel that in the form of English sheets had just been submitted to the house for American publication. Its title was "Casuals of the Sea", and the author one William McFee. He, this Morley, smoked a pipe continually. He had the wholesome and stimulating quality of a clean strong breeze. We quickly got into the way of walking over together after the day to the neighboring town of Hempstead, where we both lived. And of stopping in for an evening glass at the place of George D. Smith, whose front room was lined with noble barrels and casks, on the main street of the village; quarters given over now, alas! to dealing in agriculture implements. It was a romantic, and somehow altogether fitting thing that George D. Smith was the name also of the champion dealer in rare books. I became a member of another very ex-

clusive club, a very exclusive club indeed, the Porrier's Corner Club. We two were the only members. Porrier's Corner was a public house opposite one corner of the Doubleday property. Chris sold a poem now and then to a magazine. He also had a slender manuscript story about a book caravan, written sometime before. He submitted it to his employers. The house felt, I understood, that it need not lose very much on a small edition of the book, and published it. The bagatelle was called "Parnassus on Wheels".

Who is that tall, loosely swinging figure, wearing a large black slouch hat, I see coming in in the morning? There are some rings, or something like that, swinging by cords from the ceiling (for what purpose I do not know). As he comes along this mustached gentleman boyishly punches at them with the tip of his rolled umbrella. It is Russell Doubleday, head of the editorial department. In the course of the day I see two gentlemen apparently skipping and romping across the floor. One is "F. N. D.", otherwise Frank N. Doubleday, founder and head of the firm. Large, hearty, jovial, very broad shoulders, darkish drooping mustache, complexion much sun-tanned. Somewhere around fifty, but in outstanding effect suggesting an overgrown, bouncing boy. Having more fun than anybody. Laughing much, and as a man laughs who is accustomed to laugh in the open air. Has his arm around the other figure—Ernest Thompson Seton. Radiating an air of jestful enjoyment, of oldtime countryside sociability kind of thing. And a spirit such as this, of democratic youthfulness, seems to pervade the atmosphere of Doubleday, Page and Company.

A thunder storm, I remember, was coming up that afternoon. Morley

and I had parted at the door of Browne's Chop House. He had fared from Garden City to become an editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal". I had fared to Indiana and back and was for the present on my own. He had told me I ought to go around to see Mr. Doran. I stepped into a hallway to avoid the torrent of rain. Should I go round there and see about that job? I wasn't particularly impelled to. But I had said I would; and if I didn't, then Chris would be nagging me as to why I hadn't. Mr. Doran was in but seemed to be exceedingly busy. After three years' association with him I should now be astounded to hear anybody say that Mr. Doran was in but did not seem to be exceedingly busy. Finally the door of the corner office was flung open and a very striking gentleman swept toward me. I was somewhat startled to be received with so much dash. He looked at me with such a beaming brightness of eye that he appeared to be all lighted up inside like a cathedral, and invited me in. Tall, straight as a rod, athletic in effect, every line of his face and figure speaking a most pronounced electric vigor, dapper, Norfolk suit sharply pressed, spats, neatly barbered shock of greyish (rather than grey) hair, grey mustache cropped almost flat with his lip, a bit of an imperial. A sport hat hung on his hat rack and several sticks stood beneath. He was smoking a gold-tipped cigarette. I stated my business. He sat for a time looking straight at me without speaking. For such a length of time indeed that I began to feel that there was little danger of my obtaining a job here, and I shouldn't have to go to work right away after all. Then very suddenly he said: "When can you begin? Let's begin! Let's begin!" I turned up in the morning rather ahead of office hours. But two persons I ob-

served were before me; one a colored gentleman who was doing a little dusting, the other, Mr. Doran. I stayed somewhat late that evening attempting to get hold of things. As I passed out through the deserted and darkened floor I saw through the frosted glass in his door a light going full tilt in the office of Mr. Doran. Well, he remarked one day when I had spoken apologetically of my being a little late that morning, of course he did not expect me to keep the hours that he did. For a time he did not look to be as well as ordinarily. No, he observed, for several days he had not been "taking the hurdles of life" as well as usual. Certainly a man, to use an expression of his own, to "train with"!

I had been going every once in a while with Joyce Kilmer up to dinner at the Authors' Club. I enjoyed particularly there the ceremony of Watch Night, held on New Year's Eve. And the meeting which opened with a program of reminiscent talks. And the charming spirit of boyish larkishness which prevailed among the oldtime members of the Club. Among the notable figures of literary history which gathered at these meetings none took my fancy so much as the veteran publisher Henry Holt. Always among the first to arrive. Always beautiful in evening dress. Always smoking an excellent cigar. Always the centre of sociability. And, as the morning crept on, the throng thinned to a half-dozen or so incorrigible Authors'-Clubians, and the number of lights began to be reduced, among the last to go home. Delightful indeed were the pleasant-ries of his speeches. I remember his pausing in one of his talks to ask the gentleman who had preceded him if he remembered when he was sixty years old. "No," Mr. Holt remarked, "I

don't suppose you can remember that far back."

I had played again the rolling stone. A friend of mine invited me to the Harvard Club for lunch, where I met a very tall and aristocratic-looking young man who appeared to know all there was to know about smart boats, horse racing, boxing contests, and duck shooting, and who seemed to be very active as best man at weddings: Elliot Holt, referred to by his father in the "Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor" as his "sporting son". And it fell out that shortly after this I joined the staff of Henry Holt and Company.

Here in the heart of New York's theatrical district, at the centre of the smartest-dressed swirl of life in town, a gentleman of eighty-two, the most scholarly of our publishers, mounts every day or so to his offices on Forty-fourth Street. Tall and erect, a figure of charming dignity, his highly distinguished countenance bearing the impress of long, long years of intellectual thought and association with the very best of society, his silver hair parted in the back in the fashion of a vanished day, crowned by a large, quaint derby hat with a flat top, comes Mr. Holt. Editor for the last seven years of the "Unpopular", later "The Unpartizan Review", and (in all that that mellow term used at its best, implies) a man of letters. The founder of this venerable, sterling house. Now only lightly active in the business of his firm, which is vigorously carried on into the spirit of a new time by younger men. Roland Holt, the elder son, goes forth happily to greet him, saying: "There is my dear old gentleman." It is thus every day that he comes. And he pauses at the door of his office to receive an affectionate salute on the cheek from his younger son, Elliot. MURRAY HILL

BROADWAY, OUR LITERARY SIGNPOST

By Kenneth Andrews

With Sketches by the Author

THERE is always an atmosphere of reverence as the faithful gather at a "Follies" show. There is the affable spirit of kinship which one finds at big football games and other pleasant annual rites where everyone's anticipation is sharpened by the reflection that there are hundreds of dismal souls outside who would like to be present. When the curtain goes up there is, on the stage, an air of serenity and dignity as befits a National Institution. There is no noisy striving to whip up enthusiasm, no reaching out over the footlights. A "Follies" show is like a Follies girl, a bit disdainfully conscious of her charm, accepting your admiration as a matter of course. We have the feeling, as the numbers follow one after the other, that what we see has been selected and arranged to express one man's idea of what is beautiful and what is funny. Everything has been toned to meet a distinctly personal taste. This, we are sure, is one secret of Mr. Ziegfeld's success. He merely pleases himself. He hopes you may also be pleased, as a connoisseur, taking you about among his treasures, hopes hospitably that you may care for the things he likes.

Mr. Ziegfeld has ridden his hobby for a number of years, and his sense of the beautiful is fully conceived. It is a voluptuous beauty that he fancies—the beauty of bold, rich color and lovely bodies. In his current exhibit he illustrates "The Legend of the

Cyclamen Tree" with two pictures. The first, done in pale gold and blue, gives his idea of what Persia should have been like in the twelfth century. The second is a desert scene with vivid sky and a huge splash of scarlet tapestry. Ben Ali Haggin contributes two of his exotic tableaux. There is a picture called "The Bridge on the Seine", in heavy shades of blue. And so on. Some of the pictures are interpreted in song, some are not; but in every case the appeal is to the eye. Mr. Ziegfeld prefers to appeal to the eye also when he wants you to laugh. So this year we encounter Charles O'Donnell, the silent piano tuner, who becomes hopelessly entangled with a stepladder without saying a word. William C. Fields (who does funny things much better than he says them) finds himself in a characteristic predicament. This time he tries to get off to the country, by subway, with his wife (Fanny Brice), his two infants (Raymond Hitchcock and Ray Dooley), his victrola, his guitar, his bird cage, his fishing outfit, and the other things people take with them when they go to the country on the subway.

Other "Follies" have been more tuneful, others have been much funnier, but none has quite achieved the beauty of the present one. And it is beauty—beauty for its own sake—that Mr. Ziegfeld seems to care most about in his chef d'œuvre. When we consider that he makes his sleek, overfed

public care about it also, he almost assumes the dignity of a Force.

"Shuffle Along" is not quite like any musical show anyone ever saw before. The difference does not entirely arise from the fact that every member of the company is a lady or gentleman of color. It lies deeper than that. It has something to do with the abandon of the lithe dances, the quite artless effervescence of the jazz. At first it seems to be the melody of cotton fields and levees in the moonlight; but, as the show goes on, it seems, in some way, to grow more primitive. Without being at all aware of it, these performers, most of whom are amateurs, create an atmosphere that is curiously indefinable. They try to be professional; but when the jazz is going and they are shuffling along they cannot be anything but themselves, full of a spontaneous sunniness that is alien to Broadway.

It is true the book of the show is pretty bad, much worse than it has any right to be. It might well have had something of the flavor of a negro yarn by Octavus Roy Cohen or Hugh Wiley, but it hasn't. It does not seriously hamper Miller and Lyles, however, for these two are naturally funny men, and theirs is the mellow humor that comes only from the heart of Darkyland. Miller, the Mayor of Jimtown, asks Lyles, his Chief of Police, how to spell *cat*. After a moment of labored thought the Chief asks, "You mean one o' these yere everyday,

walkin' round cats?" They ponder over it and worry it along as two darkies could—as two darkies would. "Seems to me like anyone oughta could spell *cat*," says the Mayor. "Yeah, ef they could spell *anything* they could spell *cat*." The boxing match which

they stage later in jazztime is one of the funniest things of its kind since George M. Cohan's jazzed version of the trial scene from "Common Clay". It is launched with another bit of typical negro repartee. "Why I's the boy dat was born wif boxin' gloves on," says Lyles. "An' it looks to me like you was gwine to die dat same way," replies Miller, and the fight is on.

It was a brave attempt on the part of these negroes to take the little things they care about and make an entertainment for white folks. It is remarkable that they succeeded so thoroughly—and in an out-of-the-way concert hall that nobody ever heard of, with scenery that might have been discarded by the last traveling troupe to appear in the place, with costumes that might have been made by the ladies of the chorus between rehearsals. If you are at all worried about the negro problem you should see "Shuffle Along", and hear them croon "Bandana Days". It will tell you as much about the negro's soul as any tract ever issued by Tuskegee.

There is a surprisingly well-sustained point of view in "Snapshots of 1921". It is the point of view of the clown who, in the medicine show days,



LEW FIELDS

This veteran of many musical comedies adds his ingenuous smile to "Snapshots of 1921". Now that the war is officially ended he has resumed his former dialect.



WILLIAM C. FIELDS

Whose career in the "Follies" has been one hopeless predicament after another. This year he tries to take his Hoover family to the country on the subway, but doesn't get very far.

used to follow the magician saying, "Here, I'll show you how he did that." The laudable purpose of the evening's discussion is to expose a number of the simple shell games practised by light-fingered playwrights, song writers, and others on the too willing public. The same public that pays to see the demonstration will sit enraptured this winter before the same little shell games; but that is not the fault of DeWolf Hopper, Lew Fields, Lulu McConnell, and the others who toil conscientiously through the hot summer nights to show us how we are fooled.

The cycle of murder plays which seared our emotions last season are, for convenience, grouped under the adequate title, "Who Done It?" In a short sketch the process by which the thrills in these plays are concocted is demonstrated. It seems an absurdly easy way to earn one's living. The sketch is excellent burlesque; but we suspect that the real joke of it is that it was lifted bodily out of one or another of the plays we took seriously last winter. A few problems of life

outside the theatre, such as the housing shortage, are taken up and treated in the gentle spirit of railleury made familiar by Mack Sennett. The menace of "convulsionist art" is touched upon by DeWolf Hopper; and, while the topic has been overdone, it provides Mr. Hopper with a thought-provoking line. He is reminded, after the convulsionist artist has displayed some of his work, that everyone must live. "Yes," he replies, "but in his case do you think it's necessary?"

The burlesque of "Clair de Lune" is almost as bad as the play itself; and the song number which purported to tell what had become of the chorus men who played opposite the original "Florodora" sextet seemed a waste of time, although there may be people in this big world who are interested in what becomes of chorus men. Perhaps the best that can be said of the music is that it is easy to forget. On the whole, however, "Snapshots of 1921" is amusing, though a bit boisterous about it; and it makes some of



DOROTHY WARD

A personable belle from the 'alls of London who came over last spring, with her blonde beauty and attractive voice, and plunged into "The Whirl of New York".

Broadway's hallowed traditions seem as inconsequential as they really are.

We may imagine the solons of the Winter Garden, while making their plans for the summer, taking council together and asking themselves if they were not, perhaps, overdoing the extravaganza sort of thing. They may have reminded each other that the public has grown to like some sort of story in its musical comedies. Such "plays with music" as "Maytime", "Buddies", "Apple Blossoms", and others had proved very popular. The Winter Garden, as always, wished to give the greatest possible pleasure to the greatest possible number. It might be well to add a story to the lavish spectacle which would constitute the next Winter Garden show. It might be better to take some story which had already proved appealing to musical comedy audiences. Indeed, why not revive some old favorite, the very name of which would awake sentimental memories? "Florodora", at the Century, had done well. These fine old masterpieces should not be neglected. The Winter Garden had a duty to perform in helping to preserve the splendid traditions of the American stage.... We say, some such conversation *may* have taken place in the Shubert offices.

Then, we may fancy, the manuscript

of "The Belle of New York" was turned over to several Winter Garden librettists for a bit of refurbishing. Some reliable song writers were commissioned to put a little more snap into the music. A company well grounded in Winter Garden traditions was assembled; and the "entire production was staged under the personal supervision of Mr. J. J. Shubert". As rehearsals went along it was deemed wise to omit a portion of the original here to make room for a song about the blue law crusade. Here the spirit of the old classic might be brought out by the singing of Kipling's "Mandalay". This would provide an opportunity for a magnificent special drop, and the sort of oriental costumes which Winter Garden patrons had been taught to expect. Here a bit more of the text might be sacrificed to enable Al and Harry Klein to introduce some up-to-the-minute gags. And, by all means, the girls must walk up and down the runway a few times with baskets on their arms. That tradition, of course, must be respected at all costs. Finally it was suggested that the title did not have quite the ginger that Broadway of today requires, so it was changed to "The Whirl of New York". Thus it came about that when the old favorite reached the stage at last it was just another Winter Garden show.

English Version by Amy Lowell

THE mist is thick. On the wide river, the water-plants float smoothly.
No letters come; none go.
There is only the moon, shining through the clouds of a hard, jade-green sky,
Looking down at us so far divided, so anxiously apart.
All day, going about my affairs, I suffer and grieve, and press the thought of
you closely to my heart.
My eyebrows are locked in sorrow, I cannot separate them.
Nightly, nightly, I keep ready half the quilt,
And wait for the return of that divine dream which is my Lord.

Beneath the quilt of the Fire Bird, on the bed of the silver-crested Love
Pheasant,
Nightly, nightly I drowse alone.
The red candles in the silver candlesticks melt, and the wax runs from them,
As the tears of your so unworthy one escape and continue constantly to flow.
A flower face endures but a short season,
Yet still he drifts along the river Hsiao and the river Hsiang.
As I toss on my pillow, I hear the cold, nostalgic sound of the water-clock:
Shêng! Shêng! it drips, cutting my heart in two.

I rise at dawn. In the Hall of Pictures
They come and tell me that the snow-flowers are falling.
The reed-blind is rolled high, and I gaze at the beautiful, glittering, primeval
snow,
Whitening the distance, confusing the stone steps and the courtyard.
The air is filled with its shining, it blows far out like the smoke of a furnace.
The grass-blades are cold and white, white, like jade girdle pendants.
Surely the Immortals in Heaven must be crazy with wine to cause such dis-
order,
The clouds, crumpling them up, destroying them.

THE LONDONER

Constance Holme and the "Vie Heureuse" Prize—Viola Meynell's New Novel—Are Englishmen Unromantic?—Romer Wilson—Claud Lovat Fraser's Contribution to Art—A Luncheon to Couperus—Theatre Notes—Sinclair Lewis in England—A New Hall Caine Novel—Summer Reading.

LONDON, July 1, 1921.

I SEE paragraphs everywhere, even in the American press, to the effect that Lytton Strachey is writing a biography upon the subject of Disraeli. There is absolutely no truth in this statement. No doubt the notion has arisen as the result of Strachey's brilliant treatment of Disraeli in the recent life of Queen Victoria. The subject of his next book is still undecided; and some quite other themes have been suggested. Meanwhile, "Queen Victoria" remains the most talked of book of the day, in both countries. It is being translated into various languages, and promises to achieve an international reputation.

* * * *

The recent award of the "Vie Heureuse" prize to a book by Constance Holme has drawn attention to a writer who has long had a sincere following among those who can discern merit before it is generally acclaimed. Miss Holme is the wife of a factor upon a northern estate. She is a cousin of Ralph Straus, a well-known figure in London literary circles, and her experience in the north of England has no doubt been of incalculable assistance to her in the extremely able novels which she has been writing steadily, with increasing success, during the last few years. It is pleasant to see recognition coming to a writer who among all others at this time owes less to the "booming" of friends than

any other. What success she has had is due entirely to the quality of her work.

* * * *

Viola Meynell has finished a new novel, bearing the title "Antonia". It breaks new ground, and is reported to me as being a book of considerable quality. Miss Meynell lives very quietly in Sussex, with her parents, and her work is written amid all the stress of ordinary daily employments. The home, her garden, and the quiet round of country engagements would not, one would think, stimulate a novelist in these days to works of a romantic character, and yet these are precisely the occupations which gave the greatest of English women novelists her emotional background. Not for nothing, therefore, has Miss Meynell been compared to Jane Austen. The new book finds material in the love of a girl for a foreigner of exceptional character, and the triangle upon which it is built is a rather unfamiliar one in its details.

* * * *

That which is foreign has always had a fascination for women novelists. It seems as though they found Englishmen too ordinary for romance. I wonder if this is really the case. Are Englishmen so unromantic? Is it not rather that they supply less of that easy dramatic interest than the superficially more demonstrative European? It is true that the Englishman has

made for many years a fetish of coolness in face of danger and the calls of his emotions; but there seems to be something unsatisfying about him as a figure in the newer romantic novel. On the one side we have the greatly travestied "strong silent man", who remains the idol of several sections of the novel-reading public; on the other there can be no doubt that foreign blood "gingers up" a conventional figure more than anything else. Of old the romantic hero was a Russian, as Russians were supposed to be so passionate. Then the Russian gave way to the Hungarian or the Italian. Now, apparently, we must learn to adore the Scandinavian.

It is to Scandinavia that Romer Wilson hurries us in her new romance, "The Death of Society". This book has been given the Hawthornden Prize for the best work of imaginative literature published during the preceding twelve months. I imagine that the award has this year been received with more general acceptance than before. Miss Wilson's book, although I do not think it the work of genius which it has been styled by a section of the press, has this to recommend it. It is definitely rebellious against a particular convention of novel writing. All that breaks new ground with sincerity is to be welcomed, and Miss Wilson has a genuine gift of pure imagination which one must eagerly welcome. When she has found a subject free from absurdity she will do fine work, and there are passages in "The Death of Society" which make it in my opinion the most deserving book issued during the period with which the prize committee had to deal. But it has absurdities, to which one must not blind one's eyes, and what I fear most is that the section of the press to which Miss Wilson owes her recogni-

tion may confirm her in precisely that defect in her work which should be guarded against. It is the choice of material for explanation.

Let me explain what I mean. Miss Wilson had a great *réclame* over "Martin Schuler" because it described Germany, a country which she had never seen. "The Death of Society" deals with a part of Scandinavia, which she has never seen. It is considered remarkable that she should describe countries which she has not seen. It is in fact remarkable. It is also much more remarkable that she should depict characters belonging to other nationalities. But what is this, compared with her great gift of describing beauties which she is not cleverly faking? Her talent lies in the gift of pure imagination, and whatever she writes must have value for that reason. I do not care, personally, where her characters live; but if she has, as I believe, a real gift, she can make an English villager as romantic as any foreigner. She has no need to employ the extravagant.

Miss Wilson lives in a little village in Wiltshire, right on the Wiltshire downs. I have been to that village, and I know its beautiful surroundings. They are enough to inspire any writer, and are remote from trains and tourists. What could be more delightful than a novel from Miss Wilson about a Wiltshire village? Nothing in the world.

* * * *

The death of Claud Lovat Fraser is a distinct loss to the world of the artistic theatre. Americans had an opportunity of glimpsing his work when "The Beggar's Opera" was recently brought across by Nigel Playfair. I do not know, of course, what impression it made; but I believe "The Beggar's Opera" did not please

the American public as much as it has done the English. Lovat Fraser was doing this for the London stage: he was getting pure color into it, and was doing so without that preciousness which has spoiled so much æsthetic work of a comparable kind. He must have loved color. It is true that his colors were those of the Noah's Ark, but what of that? He had, before his death, completed the drawings for an illustrated edition of "The Beggar's Opera", which is to be published by Heinemann. They will show how clean and straight his work was, but they cannot make clear how active and full of vitality Lovat Fraser was. For that we shall no doubt have to wait until later, when some further collection is made of his drawings for the theatre and for books.

The last glimpse I had of Lovat Fraser's work was on board Arnold Bennett's new yacht. When one sights this yacht one sees only its chaste lines and the rich blue of its external coloring. But step on board! The breath is taken away. Here are brilliant reds and yellows and greens and blues all in daring juxtaposition! And very fine they are, when one is used to them. At the first glance they are staggering. I insist that it is staggering to go to sleep in a cabin that is painted brilliant red and yellow, and to eat in a saloon that is a bold mixture of blue and apple green. But wait! After a short time the colors begin to satisfy. They compel one to admit their rightness. In remembering Bennett's yacht one remembers a rich feast of color, and the fact that it is pure color prevents it from ever being objectionable. Now a man who could rediscover pure color was of use to the world, too long devitalized with Liberty shades. There

is nothing like the parrot for satisfying one in the world of birds.

While Lovat Fraser designed, his wife, who I believe is an American by birth, executed. To see Mrs. Lovat Fraser, tall and beautiful, in a dress of her husband's designing, is a sight for sair eyes. And it was she who made many of the dresses for "The Beggar's Opera". They worked on the costumes together, and I can imagine no happier work than the common enjoyment of beauty and distinction in design can bring. I must repeat that the death of Lovat Fraser is a real loss. It is a loss not only to the theatre but to life, for these pure colors were just what we wanted. We still want them. They are essential to what H. G. Wells calls the salvaging of civilization.

* * * *

A luncheon was given in the middle of last month to Couperus, the Dutch novelist. Although several people were prevented from attending owing to their illness or absence from London, it seemed to be a very distinguished gathering. The Dutch Ambassador was present, and Stephen McKenna was in the chair. Other guests included some veterans—T. P. O'Connor, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Henry Arthur Jones, Sir Arthur Pinero, etc. W. B. Maxwell, among novelists, and Alfred Noyes, among poets, were also there. Louis Couperus made a short speech in English, in which he proposed the toast of English Literature. There seemed some hesitation upon the part of several present to rise and drink this toast. I suppose they thought they were too directly involved! It was a comical hesitation. Fortunately, the rules of the club at which the gathering was held forbade the publication of any report of the proceedings, and so there

were no speeches other than those of the chairman and the guest. It was thus a quiet and decorous affair, which gave pleasure to all who participated. Teixeira de Mattos and Thornton Butterworth, the translator and publisher of Couperus's latest work, were among the persons bidden to do him honor, and the tone of the proceedings was such as to assure him that we had a real appreciation of a genuine talent. On the previous evening a dinner had been given to Couperus at the House of Commons.

* * * *

With the production of "Abraham Lincoln" at the Lyceum Theatre, the largest and most "popular" of all West End theatres, it seems as though we were determined at last to show John Drinkwater that we value him. The truth is that the Melvilles, who run this house, are real sports, and that they have not been insensible to the possibilities of good plays for popular audiences. It is an excellent step, for the popular audience is the final test, and the taste of the people in England is better, as a whole, than that of the better-educated class. I foresee a good run for this play at the Lyceum, and if the experiment succeeds we may see other plays, unjustly excluded from the fashionable theatres, having their popular successes. There is no doubt that we are very snobbish, and a success for Drinkwater, following, of course, upon the great success which "Lincoln" enjoyed at the Lyric, Hammersmith, would be a welcome sign of reform.

Another dramatist who has great vogue in the United States—St. John Ervine—is at present at work upon a new play. Ervine, wise in his generation, is by the sea, enjoying the waves and the sunshine, and working when he has the right degree of inclination.

He is down in Devonshire, where there is plenty of sun and breeze, and I hear that he is bathing and sailing as though these things were not enviable by all less fortunate than himself.

* * * *

The other day a friend of mine was told by an American that American authors worked harder than English authors. This is an illusion. The real English authors work very hard indeed; but they have some sort of curious pride which makes them pretend not to do so. They sport and they talk, as though nothing were farther from their thoughts than work. But when it comes to the point there are few people who work harder. It must be borne in mind that writing is extremely hard work, and it is work which cannot be done continuously without consequent decline in quality and without actual physical exhaustion. When I look round at those of my friends who do not write, and those—I admit a much smaller number—who do, I know which of them are the workers. An ordinary man works from sun to sun (perhaps); but a writer's work is never done. This is an adaptation of an older saying, of less truth at the present time in its original application. And there is no harder worker than Ervine. The appearance of ease is deceptive. Moreover, ease of composition means very little. It means, at most, that a good deal of work is done before ever the writer sits down to his paper and pen. All the time Ervine is bathing he is really preparing for the later literary effort. And what a tonic bathing is! I know of nothing to compare with it.

* * * *

Near the place in Devonshire where Ervine is staying lives Granville

r, still occupied with the genedecoration and rearrangement delightful old house which he t some time ago. Still the ham-of workmen may be heard from ng till night, still the lawns are fect, and still is this whole "pron" a matter of as strenuous con-o Barker as that of any play he resented in the theatre. But in of this, he is engaged upon a new and he is also working upon a ook dealing with the art of the e. This may be called "The Possible Theatre"; and I should surprised to find that in Bar-opinion the only possible theatre lational Theatre, supported by a subsidy. If one glances at the es which are closed at the pres-ne, or which are offering for our ainment curious medleys which dy be regarded as stop-gaps, one s that something has got to be unless the theatre is to become a frost. Some plays are still mak-oney; but the majority are losing it or are just paying way. The chances for a good supposing a good one to be sud-written by an unknown author, very remote. That is why I feel delight at the several items of tic news which I have given

* * * *

clair Lewis, who is over here ow, has made the discovery that us make sooner or later: that it ossible to work in London. He en enjoying the sight of literary pseudo-literary London at play, has taken a house in the coun-work. It is in Kent, where the ome from, and he has been told he real hop-pickers have gone, at only duchesses in disguise ock at his door for water to boil

in their tea kettles. I hope he will be disappointed, and that a few of the genuine article will come along, for they are a much more interesting class than the duchesses. And I hope he will be able to keep the exact locality of his residence a secret from most people, for in these days of motor cars there are few homes so remote as to permit of uninterrupted work. It is a rare sight for us, this of a writer who has sold two hundred and fifty or sixty thousand copies of a good book, and we are making the most of Lewis.

* * * *

The new Hall Caine novel is shortly to be published, and Hall Caine is still among our biggest sellers. When a new novel of his is on the point of being published he takes a more than usually active interest in its production. Where most English authors sedulously pretend that they know nothing of such matters, Hall Caine actually adds to the life and energy of the publishers who have the honor of presenting him to an eager public. He goes to their office, and really lends a hand. For his age he is among the most active men I have ever seen, and his aid cannot fail to be of the greatest utility. It is so long since Hall Caine had out a new novel that this one will be something of an event. It is a remarkable thing that he and Miss Corelli were the first to prove the wrongness of a belief hitherto powerful, that publication of a novel in a summer month spelt failure. The truth is quite otherwise, although for ordinary purposes publishers still believe that there is no time like the late autumn. It is supposed that people spend the long evenings by the fireside, reading. I have never seen them doing this, but perhaps publishers themselves are in the habit of holding

books over the fire and spoiling the bindings in this way.

However, we have got so far as to make August quite a busy month, and one day it may be possible here, as it is in America, to make publication in May or June or July without setting our fathers' teeth on edge. I have certainly seen more reading in the summer months, at the seaside, than at any other time. But that is supposed here to be a matter of cheap books only. I don't believe it for a moment. I know that a few years ago, at Bournemouth, I realized that a

new novel by Ethel M. Dell had been published simply because every woman I saw was carrying a copy in her hand. You could have no better argument. But of course, Bournemouth is a bookish place—or rather it has been made so by the possession of a bookseller who knows his business and who thus knows how many copies of a book he can hope to sell. I refer to Mr. Cooper, who some years ago left London to buy the shop of Commin, in the Christchurch Road. If American visitors are in Bournemouth, they will do well to visit this shop.

SIMON PURE

THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Carl Sandburg

PUBLISHED between a picture of a caravan of mules going to Kurdistan on one page and an article on rice growing and the rainy season in the Philippine Islands on the next page, one finds in "Asia" for July the poem "Verses on a Painting of Wang-Tsai". The verses are by the Chinese poet Tu Fu, translated from the French of Marquis d'Hervey-Saint Denys by Elizabeth Titzel. This is a roundabout process wherein the original usually loses all its square corners and has its ears knocked off. Yet in this instance the translators should be handed a bun each because they either kept the breath of poetry in the original or they blew their own breaths of poetry into the translations. "The Fisherman" from the Chinese of Shi-

Tsen Tsu of the Sung dynasty translated by Sophia H. Chen and Francis de Lacy Hyde is a second, and "Berber Songs" translated by C. E. Andrews are still other specimens in the practice of poetry, appearing in the magazine called "Asia", worth several readings.

"Being an Armenian—an Armenian anywhere—gives one strange feelings," writes Aghavnie Yeghenian in "The New Republic". And he pens a paragraph in a prose article having passwords of poetry hidden in its pockets. The paragraph reads:

I go to a concert and the singer begins Mignon's passionate love song for her country, "Connais-tu le pays où fleurit l'oranger—? C'est là, c'est là, que je voudrais vivre, aimer, aimer et mourir." A desire to sob seizes my whole being. I want to run away from the

audience sitting there politely and smiling while they listen, they who cannot understand. I cry silently once again, "Is it nothing to you who have a country that I have none?"

Then we find Edmund Wilson, Jr. in "The New Republic" asking, "Is not Mencken's gloomy catalogue as much the poetry of modern America as Walt Whitman's was of the early Republic?" with the following block set in contrast to a catalogue passage from Whitman:

Pale druggists in remote towns of the hog and cotton belt, endlessly wrapping up Peruna. . . . Women hidden away in the damp kitchens of unpainted houses along the railroad tracks, frying tough beefsteaks. . . . Lime and cement dealers being initiated into the Knights of Pythias, the Redmen or the Woodmen of the World. . . . Watchmen at lonely railroad crossings in Iowa, hoping that they'll be able to get off to hear the United Brethren evangelist preach. . . . Ticket-choppers in the Subway, breathing sweat in its gaseous form. . . . Family doctors in poor neighborhoods, faithfully relying upon the therapeutics taught in their Eclectic Medical College in 1884. . . . Farmers plowing sterile fields behind sad meditative horses, both suffering from the bites of insects. . . . Greeks tending all-night coffee-joints in the suburban wildernesses where the trolley-cars stop. . . . Grocery clerks stealing prunes and gingersnaps and trying to make assignations with soapy servant-girls. . . . Women confined for the ninth or tenth time, wondering hopelessly what it is all about. . . . Methodist preachers retired after forty years of service in the trenches of God, upon pensions of \$600 a year. . . . Wives and daughters of Middle Western country bankers, marooned in Los Angeles, going tremblingly to swami seances in dark smelly rooms. . . . Chauffeurs in huge fur coats waiting outside theatres filled with folks applauding Robert Edeson and Jane Cowl. . . . Decaped and hopeless men writing editorials at midnight for leading papers in Mississippi, Arkansas and Alabama. . . .

Among the "Twenty-Four Hokku on a Modern Theme" by Amy Lowell, in "Poetry", are such pieces of wrought work as these:

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Each month THE BOOKMAN will select a group of poems from the American periodicals. These will be submitted to a prominent poet or critic who will choose from them "The Poems of the Month", though he will be free to add any others he may prefer. Carl Sandburg will act as arbiter for October. The complete list of poems selected will be found in the Gossip Shop.

VI

This then is morning.
Have you no comfort for me
Cold-colored flowers?

XII

As a river-wind
Hurling clouds at a bright moon,
So am I to you.

XIV

Down a red river
I drift in a broken skiff.
Are you then so brave?

XX

When the aster fades
The creeper flaunts in crimson.
Always another!

XXI

Turning from the page,
Blind with a night of labor,
I hear morning crows.

XXIII

Sweet smell of wet flowers
Over an evening garden.
Your portrait, perhaps?

XXIV

Staying in my room,
I thought of the new spring leaves.
That day was happy.

John Dos Passos has in "The Dial" a piece, "On Poetic Composition". As a title it has little invitation if not for its faint whiff of the ironic on second reading. In "The Grinnell Review" is a story translated from the Spanish, "The Scorpion of Brother Gomez". It appeared originally in "Casa Editorial Maucci", Barcelona. The aloof play spirit of it, the tossing of the colors of life, would almost place this brief tale among the best poems of the month. In "The Nation", Clement Wood has "Canopus", having to do with a man and a woman who fare forth into woodland by evening starlight. Just how "The Nation" should have taken this verse away from other editors on the lookout for it is a speculative mat-

ter. "Canopus" is a compressed Robert Chambers novel with a high percentage of what Norma Talmadge says is correctly designated "the love interest" rather than "the sex motive". The poem fitted into the columns of "The Nation" like a woman in a lavender hat at a Quaker meeting.

Concluding item: there were many other best poems in American magazines, periodicals, and newspapers within our allotted time—and our eyes missed a few—and this must be so from moon to moon.

VERSES ON A PAINTING OF WANG-TSAI

*What! Ten days to paint a mountain!
What! Five days to make a rock!
Why, yes! Your true artist doesn't like to be
hurried and tormented.*

*What does time matter to Wang-tsai, so long as
never a picture leaves his hands imper-
fect?*

*That fine view of Mount Kuen-lun and Mount
Fang-hu—*

*How well it would go in a great room in the
middle of a plain wall!*

*Here is the city of Pa-ling and Lake Tung-ting,
which empties its waters into the Japan
Sea:*

*Their silvered course goes into the distance as
far as eye can travel, until it mingles
with the empurpled line of the horizon.*

*Clouds wander through space like flying drag-
ons.*

*A man is there, in a boat; he is a fisherman,
in haste to gain the bay you see on the
shore—*

*The mountain torrents tell me so, and these
foamy waves and that wild wind.*

*What marvelous craftsmanship! Never has
any one carried so far the solence of
distance.*

*Ten inches of paper are ample to enclose ten
thousand leagues of land.*

*Who will give me sharp scissors that I may
snip off a piece of it?*

*I will content myself with the Kingdom of Ou,
with the land of Sung and half the great
river thrown in!*

Tu Fu
Translated from the French of Marquis
D'Hervey-Saint Denys by Elizabeth Titzel
—Asia

WOMAN'S SONG

These are the first born
Of the first people:
Topal, the grinding stone,
Kenhut, the wampum string,
Paviut, the knife.

When the Empty Quietness begot the Engender-
ing Mist

Then came the Sky man,
Came the Earth mother,
Who made the Grinding Stone,
Who made the Hunting Knife,
Who made the Wampum String.

Thus runs the song around;
Under what tribal change soe'er you find them
Where there are women,
There sits the Grinding Stone;
Where there are men,
There glints the Hunting Knife;
Where there are people,
There runs the Wampum String.
Thus runs the song around.

From "Songs of the American Indian" re-
expressed from the original by Mary Austin
—Harper's Magazine

ON POETIC COMPOSITION

There was a king in China.

He sat in a garden under a moon of gold
while a black slave scratched his back
with a backscratcher of emerald.
Before him beyond the tulipbed
where the tulips were stiff goblets of fiery
stood the poets in a row.

One sang of the intricate patterns of snow
flakes.

One sang of the hennatipped breasts of girl
dancing

and of yellow limbs rubbed with attar.

One sang of the red bows of Tartar horsemen
and the whine of arrows, and bloodclots on
new spearshafts.

Others sang of wine and dragons coiled in pur-
ple bowls,

and one, in a droning voice
recited the maxims of Lao T'se.

(Far off at the walls of the city
a groaning of drums and a clank of massed
spearmen.
Gongs in the temples.)

The king sat under a moon of gold
while a black slave scratched his back
with a backscratcher of emerald.

The long gold nails of his left hand
twined about a red tulip blotched with black,
a tulip shaped like a dragon's mouth
or the flames bellying about a pagoda of sandal-
wood.

The long gold nails of his right hand
were held together at the tips
in an attitude of discernment:—
to award the tulip to the poet
of the poets that stood in a row.

(Gongs in the temples.
Men with hairy arms
climbing on the walls of the city.
They have red bows slung on their backs,
their hands grip new spearshafts.)

The guard of the tomb of the king's great
grandfather
stood with two swords under the moon of gold.
With one sword he very carefully
slit the base of his large belly
and inserted the other and fell upon it
and sprawled beside the king's footstool;
his blood sprinkled the tulips
and the poets in a row.

(The gongs are quiet in the temples.
Men with hairy arms
scatter with taut bows through the city.
There is blood on new spearshafts.)

The long gold nails of the king's right hand
were held together at the tips
in an attitude of discernment:
the geometric glitter of snowflakes,
the pointed breasts of yellow girls
crimson with henna,
the swirl of river-eddies about a barge
where men sit drinking,
the eternal dragon of magnificence...
Beyond the tulipbed
stood the poets in a row.

The garden full of spearshafts and shouting
and the whine of arrows and the red bows of
Tartars
and trampling of the sharp hoofs of warhorses.
Under the golden moon
the men with hairy arms
struck off the heads of the tulips in the tulip-
bed
and of the poets in a row.
The king lifted the hand that held the flaming
dragonflower:
To him of the snowflakes, he said.

On a new white spearshaft
the men with hairy arms
spitted the king and the black slave
who scratched his back with a backscratcher
of emerald.

There was a king in China.

John Dos Passos
—*The Dial*

OBSERVATIONS OF HO-HEN

Spend two weeks, two years or two centuries
"away from the world," and, returning,
you will find it much the same.

There is always a murder, a robbery,
a fire and a man who proposes to be
The Deliverer of the People.

There are new names,
but the facts are old and familiar.

* * *

When the water fails and the young rice
dies fruitless in the paddies,
there is famine in the land—
because the people have become
dependent upon the rice crop.
But the forest folk, who cultivate nothing,
never know famine,
because there is always
another nut, another berry, another animal—
and no civilization to consume the waters.

Tubman K. Hedrick

—*Hit or Miss Column, The Chicago Daily News*

LOOKING EAST AT SUNRISE

In the half-light of the early morning, who's
this still abroad?

Plainly, one who should be well upon his
road by now...

Best give him warning....

Hurry you, hurry!—you who have not heeded
cockcrow. You who dally overboldly
where the twilight leaves unwillingly,
who linger in the valley where the frosty
grass greets daybreak coldly,—why so
loth to pass?

Don't be cheated, you who shun the sunlight,
by the wan light on the cheek of High
Tor; for his back is to the East, and
his face is to the moon that's going
down now in the West....

Day is toward. See! the brook pours glassy-
yellow, and the sun is reddening the top
twigs of the wood. Look on him and
you are done....

You who haunt the world that's gray-lit, don't
you know that we poor souls who wear
our bodies still, do ever what we may to
keep the two together? In the world
that's daylit, there is no place for the
bodiless....

Then back into the Underworld, back into the
Otherworld, while still the gates of
Heaven and Hell stand ajar: get you
gone, get you gone....

Belated ghost, Ill Spirit, pixy, nixie, elf, lepre-
chaun—whatso you are,

Day's upon you—save yourself!

Amy Murray
—*The Measure*

THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

Two Women Poets

THERE is a lyric beauty in some of Edna St. Vincent Millay's stanzas that seems to me almost unequaled in American poetry. "Second April" (Kennerley), her latest volume, is filled with it. She uses the simplest language, yet the cadences are so odd and she employs so curious a mysticism and so daring and impudent a philosophy, that she practically always succeeds in being original. Of her new books, I like "Second April" best, though the sameness of mood throughout all the poems in the volume becomes a trifle monotonous. "A Few Figs from Thistles" (Shay) is as gay as a giant purple thistle and as prickly. "The Lamp and the Bell" (Shay), recently produced at Vassar, is a remarkable study of feminine friendship. But I like Miss Millay when she is wilful and gay, when she pouts and races and riots. She is never more attractive than when she plays the hoyden, as in "Daphne" (from "A Few Figs from Thistles").

Why do you follow me?—
Any moment I can be
Nothing but a laurel tree.

Any moment of the chase
I can leave you in my place
A pink bough for your embrace.

Yet if over hill and hollow
Still it is your will to follow,
I am off;—to heel, Apollo!

The English poetess, Charlotte Mew, is as restrained as Miss Millay is buoyant. In "Saturday Market" (Macmillan) we have tightly packed stanzas in slow-moving rhythms, grim little dramatic studies, stories that are Hardy-esque in their homely bitter-

ness. In her longer poems Miss Mew is most impressive. "Madeleine Church" is poignant and stirring; a great psychological study. "In the Head Cemetery" is a stark and terrible lament. Always she is grave and poised. Practically never does she allow a lilting beat or a swift infusion of color to disturb the pounding of her rather ugly lines. This is a grey poetry of a reflective mind tempered by strong passion. It shows a large understanding of the psychology of womankind with a rare strength of thought and technique that is a masculine. Miss Mew is not an easy poet to read or to understand, but she is probably great. The following stanza, while not typical, seems to be fine indeed:

Oh! quiet Christ who never knew
The poisonous fangs that bite us through
And make us do the things we do
See how we suffer and fight and die
How helpless and how low we lie,
God holds You, and You hang so high
Though no one looking long at You
Can think You do not suffer too,
But, up there, from your still, star-light
What can You know, what can You see
Of this dark ditch, the soul of me!

The Soul of a Pacifist

CLERAMBAULT" (Holt) is a story of a man fighting against his country. He is the "one against all". Romain Rolland has created a figure of a French poet, convincing in spite of friends and the State that war is evil, with dramatic and emotionally almost lyric intensity. It is a difficult book, more portrait than story, with many pages of dis-

tion. To anyone who felt the war keenly, however, the old man mourning the death of his son, and persisting in his views even after family and friends have deserted him, will be worth knowing. Clerambault may cause much speculation. It would be interesting to know whether you and I would have been one of the many to throw stones and to jeer. Whatever we might have felt in the parade moments of war emotion, surely now we can find in Clerambault only a rather lonely, rather appealing, almost magnificent figure—the determined internationalist—painted masterfully, with strokes that are defiant, grim, and yet withal gentle.

Informative and Readable

WHAT shall we use as an outline for studying literature next winter at our club?" is a question that is often asked and has all too few replies. "The American Novel" (Macmillan) is one of the best answers. Carl Van Doren is an able critic, and a careful student. Incidentally, he writes well. This study of American fiction from before the Revolution to the present, is for most of its length excellent reading, and it is terse and compact. He gives us, not only the development of various periods, but biographical and critical studies of their more important figures. I like particularly the sketch on Herman Melville, and the more extended analysis of Henry James. It would be amusing to be blessed with enough leisure to sit down with this book and indulge in an orgy of collateral reading. I should like to skim over "Green Mountain Boys" again, and doesn't Hannah Webster Foster's "The Co-

quette" (1797) tempt you? It would be interesting to compare Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Main Street" with a more recent product. Yes, it is a suggestive book, and a rather stimulating one, a book worth studying because it will undoubtedly show that you really know very little of your native literature. There is a good bibliography and an index. If it were not so entertainingly prepared, one would be inclined to name it a superlative textbook. I can think of no way to become so quickly informed in regard to our fictional background as to read this study of Mr. Van Doren's.

Stars!

MOST books for children that attempt to establish pleasant methods of instruction or to devise elaborate mnemonics are hopelessly dull. In "The Star People" (Macmillan) Gaylord Johnson has succeeded, I think, in making the study of the sky entertaining, in spite of the fact, or partly because of the fact, that he makes a game of the whole matter. His drawings in the sand, his stories of the ways of the celestial folk, his exceedingly plain diagrams, should delight the parent or teacher who appreciates what a joy it is to a child to be able to find and name the more important of the heavenly bodies. Is there anything more entrancing than to hunt through the summer sky for a Dipper or a Bear? I've never yet been able to see the "Lady in the Moon", though her stupid mate is quite plain. Mr. Johnson's book is attractive and useful, and since it includes schemes for both summer and winter lessons, its value does not depend on the season.

Picnic Reading!

THE latest J. S. Fletcher novel is less a thriller than a puzzle. It is one of those cold analytical detective stories that can boast a couple of murders and never upset the reader's mood of contemplation. "The Borough Treasurer" (Knopf) is a clever portrayal of crime and character. The mystery of how Cotherstone and Mal-

lalieu, ex-convicts disguised, become treasurer and mayor of the town of Highmarket, requires careful watching to unravel. Mr. Fletcher has adopted a dry and unusual method of unfolding his plot that, together with an amusingly faithful picture of the small town fluttering in the face of murder, accusation, and trial, makes this a fascinating book of its kind.

—J. F.

MEASURE ME, SKY!

By Leonora Speyer

MEASURE me, sky!
 Tell me I reach by a song
 Nearer the stars;
 I have been little so long!

Weigh me, high wind!
 What will your wild scales record?
 Profit of pain,
 Joy by the weight of a word!

Horizon, reach out!
 Catch at my hands, stretch me taut,
 Rim of the world;
 Widen my eyes by a thought!

Sky, be my depth,
 Wind, be my width and my height,
 World, my heart's span;
 Loneliness, wings for my flight!

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

AN INTRODUCTION TO DANTE

By Arthur Benington

WRITING of Dante several years ago in "America", I asserted that no one not a Roman Catholic could really love the great poet; others may admire him with their minds, but it takes one soaked in Catholic doctrine and tradition to feel him with the heart and to make the constant reading of him an act of worship. Since then I have perused many recent books on Dante, some of them very good, but in all there was lacking just that spirit which means profound sympathy. The very latest study of Dante, however, comes from the hands of a Roman Catholic priest—the Very Reverend Monsignor John T. Slattery, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Watervliet, New York. A careful reading of it confirms that old opinion of mine.

And yet the book is not written for Catholics. It is the publication of a course of lectures delivered before the students of the New York State College for Teachers, Albany, in 1919 and 1920 and it bears a preface by Dr. John H. Finley—evidently written before he had read it—in which he says:

I invite others, and I hope they may be many, to make this brief journey [through the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* into *Paradise*] with us, not because I know specifically what Dr. Slattery will say along the way, but because whatever he says out of his deep and reverent acquaintance with the *Divine Comedy* will help us all who follow him, whether we are of his particular faith or not, to an appreciation of the meaning of this immortal poem, and make us desire to go again and again in our reading through these spaces of the struggles of human souls.

This is "Dante Year", the six hun-

dredth anniversary of Dante's death. Great preparations have been made in all civilized countries to celebrate the anniversary in a way that shall be worthy of the greatest of all poets. Here in America a National Dante Committee was formed, with Dr. Finley as its head, for the purpose of promoting and, so far as possible, coordinating all celebrations. Dr. Slattery is a member of that committee, and is also the active head of the Dante Memorial Association, of which the late Cardinal Gibbons and Dr. Finley were chosen as honorary presidents. The chief object of the association is to raise funds for the restoration of the Church of St. Francis, at Ravenna, where Dante prayed and worshiped in the evening of his life, from which he was buried, and where in a mausoleum adjoining the church his mortal remains have rested for six hundred years.

Dr. Slattery's book comes then at an opportune moment. Doubtless this year will see many more, for there remains still so much to be said about Dante, so much gold to be dug from that inexhaustible mine, that scarce a year passes without the appearance of some new study, and this anniversary year is a temptation to both writers and publishers. But I venture to predict that no better introduction to Dante than Dr. Slattery's will appear. In fact I have never seen another that is quite its equal.

Dr. Slattery begins with an outline sketch of the world as it was in Dante's day. Without at least a general idea of the life, the politics, the beliefs, the manners, the religion, the

learning, the literature of that thirteenth century—which James J. Walsh has called the “Greatest of All Centuries”—one would read Dante without understanding him. To have given a clear picture of that rich and crowded century in a little more than forty very readable pages, as Dr. Slattery has done, is a triumph in itself. In it, however, is one error—perhaps typographical—that ought to be corrected in a later edition; he writes of the defeat of the Ghibellines under Manfred (which took place in 1266) as “a few months before Dante’s death”, when, of course, he means before his birth. This introductory chapter is rich in quotations from the most illustrious historians and commentators, not all of whom, unfortunately, are cited by name.

Then follows a chapter on Dante, the man. It is concisely done—perhaps too concisely, for it presents the extraordinarily few facts that are certainly known about his life, unwinned from the mass of more or less dubious information given by Dante’s earlier biographers. It might have been better had the author at least informed his readers that these biographers are not always to be trusted: Boccaccio, who is really the best of them, was a romancer before he was a biographer! For instance, it is not altogether certain that the Beatrice of Dante’s poems was the daughter of Folco Portinari and wife of Simone dei Bardi; many critics hold that she was only an ideal woman invented by Dante to express a great allegory. They are probably wrong, but the fact that there is doubt as to the actuality of Beatrice should be mentioned in even the briefest of biographies. And the embassy to Rome? And the mission to Venice?...

The rest of the book is devoted to

the “Divine Comedy”, a chapter each to the “Inferno”, “Purgatorio”, and “Paradiso”. The author’s method is excellent; in each case he begins by presenting the general outline, its architecture, its meaning, the allegories embraced in it, the doctrines taught by it. Then he conducts the reader rapidly in the steps of Dante through the region: with Virgil through hell and purgatory to the point at which Beatrice takes the Roman poet’s place; with Beatrice through heaven to the throne of God; and with St. Bernard on the last steps of the voyage; pointing out the salient spots and the most interesting characters, citing the most beautiful passages in the translations of Norton, Grandgent, and Longfellow, like the guide of a party of Cook’s tourists visiting a foreign city for the first time.

Scholars may scorn such a way of studying the greatest poem ever written, just as we who have lived in Rome and speak Italian smile pityingly at the little flocks of American and English tourists being hurriedly shepherded through the Eternal City; but this book is not for scholars, just as personally conducted tours are not for those who know the language and have plenty of leisure; it is a necessary introduction to an eternal poem, so stupendous, so beautiful, so profound, that a lifetime does not suffice for its study, a poem which can be studied only in the language in which it was written. As such Dr. Slattery’s work is the best I know. May it lead many to delve more deeply into the enchanting mysteries of the epic, to thrill with the music of its words, to enter into its spirit and see with Dante the hideous horror of sin, experience with him the peace that comes of contrition, and at last be rapt with him into the

glory of the Divine Presence and stand face to face with God!

—Dante. By John T. Slattery. P. J. Kenedy and Sons.

HURRAH FOR THE BLUE LAWS

By Raymond Hitchcock

"If Plymouth Rock had landed on the Pilgrims, Instead of the Pilgrims landing on the Rock..."

—Sung by Mr. Hitchcock in the 1921 "Follies"

GUSTAVUS MYERS'S beautifully written book "Ye Olden Blue Laws" has won me over completely, and in my small way I am going to do all I can to bring the Blue Laws back again. I am on the side of Mr. Cooper—from Nashville—who, with twenty-five others and myself, is going to implore Congress to bring back the Blue Laws and darn quick. For that is the only way to save our nation from the unseen wrath of an unknown force that gets mad at the way things are going and kills millions of people, bringing misery, pestilence, and hate to crush the living until it is satisfied. But with the passing of a full set of improved 1921 up-to-date Blue Laws, we will bring peace and happiness, and the crowning thing of all, love for each other. Of course we will have to have a new set of political jobs. We must have the "Witch Finder"—I have a list of names of persons I want burned—and the tender or keeper of the pillory and stocks. I can keep them busy for months with people I know, and it would go far to create a spirit of love in them. We must beat the hell out of them till they come to us. When I say *us*, I mean us Blue Law insisters.

At the top of page 6 in Myers's book, there is the suggestion of a law to protect ministers against caustic

criticism. I'm for that strong! but I intend to have the bill read, when it reaches President Harding for signing, "ministers and actors", and no one will be allowed to throw anything, such as eggs or vegetables, at actors or ministers. That will be neatly put in the bill—joker-like. The new and improved Sunday laws will be something pretty! I will give in advance a few inserts of interest: "No Sunday travel. No Fords allowed on the roads Sunday. Parents with large families may wheel the Ford into the dining room and pretend they are out annoying people who are really going some place. Nothing but Rolls-Royces, Marmons, Packards, and their like will be allowed to run on Sundays."

This is a slight departure from the original Blue Laws, but not from the spirit that caused the laws to be passed. On page 38 Myers clearly points out that the Lord had blessed one class only. These chosen ones resented the fact that men and women of mean condition should garb themselves as gentlemen and ladies, so they passed a law prohibiting the wearing of gold or silver lace or buttons, points at the knees, great boots, and (in the case of women) silk or tiffany hoods or scarfs:—such things were only allowable to persons of greater estates. As we have no gold or silver laces to denote rich blessings, we substitute the automobile. No more will we pass the truck-load of happy children, and of tired mothers who have been penned up all the week in hot buildings or have spent nights watching over their brood of children sleeping on the sidewalks to escape the smothering heat of the tenement. Those people must stay in their places and never see the woods or feel the fresh air created by the Great Unknown. But oh! tired mothers and uncom-

fortable children, this is for the glory of the Lord and your happiness, because instead of going to the woods on Sunday, Jews, Mohametists, Catholics, Christian Scientists, etc. will be much better off going to the Blue Law church. What a lovely sight to see Hester Street being marched off to attend the Blue Law church. This is going to create a lot of love and avoid a revolution which we Blue Law folks feel is coming. Be it understood that we who make the Blue Laws and own Marmons, Packards, Pierce Arrows, and suchlike blessings, will be immune from the laws, thus carrying out the true spirit of "Ye Olden Blue Laws" so delightfully brought forward by Mr. Myers.

Ye Olden Blue Laws. By Gustavus Myers. The Century Co.

WHAT IS MAN ?

By Cassius J. Keyser

THIS book, by Count Korzybski, a Polish engineer, is a work of the gravest importance. In a fundamental way its scope embraces all of the cardinal concerns of mankind. Its appeal is, therefore, universal, which cannot be said of many books. Not to read it and to meditate upon the significance of its central thesis is to miss the best thought of our troubled times.

Of books that discourse about human nature there are many, new and old. Such, for example, is the "Pensées" of Blaise Pascal or the "Why Men Fight" of Bertrand Russell. Korzybski's book does not belong to that class of disquisitions. It is far more fundamental; or, as I ought in truth to say, it is fundamental and the others are not. Why do I say that?

Because in entering upon Korzybski's book the reader must be prepared to grapple with a fundamental concept and the concept is not only new, but it is immeasurably important, for it is a concept defining the greatest of known realities—the characteristic nature of man.

What is that concept? What is man? Of all the questions we can ask that question is supreme. For the character of human history, the present status of the world, the destiny of our human kind, all depend both upon what man really is and especially upon what man *thinks* he is. If for an answer to the question you go to the thought of the gone times or to the regnant philosophy of our own day, the answer you will get will be one or the other of two kinds. One answer is zoological—man is a kind or species of animal, the *bête humaine*; the age-old philosophical answer is mythical—man is a mysterious compound of animal (a natural thing) with something "supernatural".

Korzybski denounces both of these conceptions as being not only false but vicious, for they are, he contends, the great force, mainly responsible for the dismal things of human history and for all that is woeful in the present condition of the world. What, then, is the true conception of man? he asks our author, is to be defined in terms of time. Man is a "time-binder"—humanity is the timing class of life. Of the conception of man, which is not only not truly momentous, there is room for only the barest hint. Man is naturally endowed with a certain power, a certain kind of energy let us say, that is peculiar to him. What is that energy? It is the energy by which humanity grows in its infancy (a quarter or

million years ago), though it had neither knowledge nor tools nor precedents nor history nor traditions nor even speech, was yet enabled to do the most wonderful of all things—to *initiate*, I mean, and then to carry forward, the creative movement now called civilization; it is the energy that in thus producing civilization makes the achievements of the dead survive as living capital for perpetual increase and transmission to all posterity, so that, in the distinctive life of man, past and future are bound together in one single living growing reality—the eternal Now. Man is, then, a time-binder because time-binding capacity is not only peculiar to him—for animals have it not—but is, among man's distinctive marks, beyond all comparison the most significant one. It is thus clear that the life of man as man is *life-in-time*. The life of animals belongs to a lower dimension. Their most significant mark is their autonomous power to move about in *space*, enabling them to appropriate the natural fruits of many localities. Animals are accordingly defined to be "space-binders". And the plants are the "chemistry-binders" of the basic energies of the world. To say that humans are animals because they have some animal propensities is precisely like saying that a solid is a surface because it has some surface properties, and the blunder is fundamental; in the life of man it has been truly tragic.

The time-binding energies of man have been operating for perhaps 500,000 years but throughout the vast period their activities have been hampered and are hampered today in a thousand subtle ways by false conceptions of what man is, and so civilization has never been permitted to advance in accord with its natural law,

which is the amazing law of a swiftly increasing function of time. The nature of this law and a score of other momentous matters plead for consideration, but space is lacking and the reader must be referred to Korzybski's great book.

Manhood of Humanity, The Science and Art of Human Engineering. By Alfred Korzybski. E. P. Dutton and Co.

THE BACK YARD OF ALLAH

By Archie Austin Coates

WHEN an author has produced a widely read and lauded work, he sets himself a task which he must subsequently strain every capacity to perform, namely to equal or surpass past performances. With lamentable frequency he fails. Although Robert Hichens has proved himself by no means a one-book man, yet it is a far cry from the clean-cut strong workmanship of his "Garden of Allah" to his latest production, "The Spirit of the Times". He has, as it were, moved from the garden into the back yard and poked about with his pen in the debris he found there.

He has aimed to portray the present condition of the world since the war, but it is to be feared that he has only partially succeeded. What is really only plot enough for a short story has been taken and expanded at some pains to novel length by the laborious inclusion of inconsequential minutiae. His theme is great enough—the aimlessness and hopelessness of Europe since the conflict, its lack of moral fibre and stability. All Europe seems to be saying, "What's the use?", and we are invited to inspect in detail the acts and attitudes of some who have been

parted from their former grandeur by the war, to the end that we form some conclusion about the results of the late holocaust. It is difficult to sympathize, as Mr. Hichens apparently would have us do, with Russian nobility who, deprived of unearned and generally unmerited resources, are forced upon their own by Bolshevism. Here is a theme for a great book; Mr. Hichens has written it into a paltry incident of pseudo-romantic intrigue.

The noblewoman in the case, the Princess Anna Aranensky, instead of emulating her more admirable clansmen, who according to the press are seeking honest livelihoods in the Near East as waiters, chambermaids, manicurists, etc., has contented herself with living in a kind of sham luxury as a gilded derelict, in a smart Swiss hotel. She is "broke", but bluff and slowly accruing unpaid bills enable her to maintain life on the scale to which she has always been accustomed. Naturally a break must come sometimes, and the *deus ex machina* appears in the form of a sweetly optimistic British gentleman of middle age, who is successfully "vamped" by the lady to the tune of about thirty thousand dollars. The more heartless reader can only grin at this, when he reads that Derrick Merton left London for the Continent because he was bored and wanted something to kill his ennui. No doubt this swindle proved to impart the very thrill he wanted.

Mr. Merton, whose character is limned in a shadowy way by the author, manages to fall in love with the mysterious princess and is easily manoeuvred into purchasing her rope of pearls, which naturally turn out to be false. The lady cashes his check and disappears into the Far East, bound for India in the company of a hazy

red-bearded cave man, who we conjecture is either her husband or a religious fakir who has gained a hold on her Slavic mind. That is the tale, typical enough. O. Henry would have done it in 2,400 words; Mr. Hichens expands it to book length and takes the first five chapters to move the plot to the point where He and She meet and have a casual luncheon at the same table in a mountain inn.

If the spirit of the times is mainly lack of directness, decision, purpose, and efficiency, we wonder whether Mr. Hichens has not helped produce such an effect as much by shabby and hasty writing as by the presentation of detail. His prose is choppy and twisted in places; cumbersome phraseology and turbid thinking mark the first hundred pages especially. When he finally gets into his stride and reaches the big scenes, however, his old mastery comes forward again and he produces his effects swiftly and clearly. We grow really interested there, for his analysis of Merton's psychology when at length he confronts the princess and fails to denounce her, is worthy of a better novel.

A sharp bit of characterization, though in somewhat too high relief, is that of the Baroness Hausen, a Teuto-Russian companion of the princess. The baroness is flinty—cut-steel, embittered, and unnatured by her war experiences. We are not told just what these are, though various people in the tale hint at them darkly, so that we must assume that they were of the direst sort, to justify the adamant baroness. As it is, she runs through the story like a dark thread, always in the background, tainting the atmosphere with her presence.

Most of the minor characters are mere devices to carry along the plot, mere manikins of necessity. The

exception to this is the gentleman known as George Cockayne, deft-ribbed as "a very shrewd man of the world", and friend to Merton. In brief scenes he lives before us as idly as in a cinema. We may doubt his reputation for shrewdness; however, when we reflect that the principal evidence of that quality is a belief that one best avoids buy-ers from strangers—a caution of which we consider wisdom. That, in his uncanny knowledge that the world is full of parasites and cheats, appear to constitute his cleverness.

Spirit of the Times. By Robert Hichens. H. Doran Company.

LAND-LOCKED SHIPS

By Clement Wood

did not need this volume to make Lord Morton one of the old families in the poetic chorus. The published collection won one of the 1919 Lyric Society prizes; individual poems have received the awards of the Poetry Society of America and of "Contemporary", have starred the anthologies, stirred the lovers of poetry to admiration. Mr. Morton is one of the leading sonnetteers of today. He steers clear before the stagnant sargasso sea of verbiage, precious to the amateur-asphodel tribe of poetlings, and reaches rough breakers of rough modernisms, painful in more turbulent lyric sufferers.

The fault is an innate limitation in attitude. His work is fragile, emotional, dehumanized: life seen through a rose-window. Excessive placidity of phrasing is always

his, until it becomes a trademark, a monotony, a hurt. We gasp at the twilight loveliness of lines like:

There is a memory stays upon old ships,
A weightless cargo in the musty hold,
Of bright lagoons and prow-caressing lips,
Of stormy midnights,—and a tale untold.

They have remembered islands in the dawn,
And windy capes that tried their slender
spars,
The tortuous channels where their keels have
gone,
And calm, blue nights of stillness and the
stars.

He is most at home in his imaginative voyagings with land-locked ships; few of the other lyrics attain the dreamy splendor of these vistas of sea-voyagers in haven. "Transfiguration" and too many of its brothers are exquisite retellings of ideas and attitudes ancient as man's wonder at the Pleiades. There is no imitation; the old voices have been heard reverently, and their message altered. Only once or twice the rude jostle, the sudden darkness of the squall, the crash of the snapping spars, the horrid keen stab of unglossed reality tears through the delicate fabric, and we have:

But here: "Reported missing"...the type
fails,
The column breaks for white and angry seas,
The jagged spars thrust through, and flap-
ping sails,
Flagging farewells to wind and sky and shore,
Arrive at silent ports, and leave no more.

There is fresh human vision in "The Schoolboy Reads His Iliad" and "In a Girls' School", but the Olympic serenity is still here. The poet, to put it another way, thinks best of life today when it seems to him to be kin to what he thinks life was in ancient Troy,—the illusion of the "golden past". The reality of ancient cities was a blend of adulteries, meannesses, filth; today has bettered this. Mr. Morton's rank as a lyricist is high indeed; but too much unsuffering is insufferable. If

only his soul could meet a discourteous tornado! He looks through magic casements; but they open on the foam of seas more placid than life grants.

Ships in Harbour. By David Morton. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A GOLF CHAMPION'S NARRATIVE

By Ben Miller

THE wide world that follows the royal and ancient pastime, knows Chick Evans the golfer; only his friends know the man.

All golfdom should read this chronicle by one of its brightest stars. Here is no stale and unprofitable book on how to play golf, though a few pages at the end of the book are given to describing his golf shots. The main part of the book is autobiography. In simple phrase, with candor almost pathetic, it sets forth the childhood, youth, and early manhood of a lovable personality. The early environment, boyhood days, and first contact with golf are dwelt upon—the frankness and naïveté here are charming. There is no attempt at style but one catches something of the flavor of “Tom Sawyer” or “Huckleberry Finn” in these pages.

Evans was only eight years old when he first saw the game played and began caddying at the old Edgewater Club in Chicago. At sixteen years of age he gave up caddying to preserve his standing as an amateur. The lure of the links was strong upon this boy from the beginning, and his passion for the game and natural gift soon won him success. He came into national prominence at the age of nineteen by winning the western championship in 1909; since this event he has been in the forefront of American golf. His greatest success was achieved in 1916, when he won both the national amateur and the open championships of the United States.

Two chapters of his book deal with the golf matches for the Red Cross fund during the war, in which events he was the drawing card. He gave his time unsparingly, traveling many thousands of miles to engage in these exhibition matches, by which three hundred thousand dollars were raised for the Red Cross work.

Few other men in the public view have such a host of friends as has Chick Evans. And their friendship is founded on solid worth, so unconsciously revealed in this modest narrative. Our golf hero is of refined and cultured parentage, and right well has he kept the faith.

Chick Evans' Golf Book. By Charles (Chick) Evans, Jr. Reilly and Lee.

RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

THOSE who wish to maintain residence on this planet should learn by heart the facts presented by Will Irwin in "The Next War" (Dutton) and should never weary in stating them to those who will or who will not listen. Others had better emigrate to Mars or some such peaceful place straightway, because the "next war", when it occurs, will be one practically of extermination. For Mr. Irwin's facts are true—quite true. No one is more at home with his facts than he. Logically, relentlessly, entirely without sentiment or moralizing, he presents that picture until you are ready to agree that the next war really wouldn't pay. It will begin, not where the world war left off, but with the addition of intervening years crammed with intensive research in the business of killing. Mr. Irwin considers the subject of war in general from an economic standpoint, its effect on the race and on its participants, and proves that it has no possible value. His is a powerful book because it crushes every militaristic argument and finally, in spite of those who say that war cannot be eradicated, proposes a practical way to eliminate it.

Hopalong Cassidy and his two confrères shoot accurately; all Mexicans are bad, and virtue always triumphs. "The Bar-20 Three" (McClurg) in these respects is a typical wild west story. But the marriageable heroes having found their mates in earlier books of the series, a love plot is missing. By this and by a palpably western dialogue the book is better than the average of the species. Despite

the inevitableness of its triumphal ending Clarence E. Mulford's tale is always interesting.

The third volume of "Little Theater Classics" edited by Samuel A. Eliot, Jr. (Little, Brown) contains four plays, all adaptations from well-known classics of the stage. The first, "Bushido", is merely an episode lifted from a great feudal drama by the Japanese playwright, Takeda. It is tragically dramatic and has been acted with success by the Washington Square Players. The second is a fairy tale from Peele's "Old Wife's Tale", while the third is made up from parts of Shakespeare's "Pericles". The last, "The Duchess of Pavy", is an adaptation from Ford's "Love's Sacrifice". All of them have been tested by amateur performers and found adequate to their rather special requirements. There are full stage directions and explanations.

In "Kaleema", Marion McClelland's first novel (Century), the author deals with a section of life which is always colorful and interesting to the mass of people fated to follow the drab occupations of butcher, baker, doctor, undertaker. Kaleema (who is the heroine, and not a patent medicine or a river in Darkest Africa) is the star of a cheap theatrical company playing "one night stands" in the blizzardy towns of North Dakota. The author knows the life she is portraying, and paints it as she has found it: the soot and slowness of local trains; the discomfort and chill of the small-town hotels; the tarnished tinsel of the the-

atrical life; the expiring Camille getting into her shabby street clothes and haggling about her overdue salary with the harassed manager. Nor has she neglected to complete the picture. For she has sketched in the humor and the innate kindness of the "just folks" beneath the tawdry finery.

During the recent critical years of our national history, few Americans in public life have been subjected to more vigorous verbal assaults than Henry Cabot Lodge. That the venerable senator has not hesitated to return the blows is matter of common knowledge. In view of this wordy battle, his essay "The Senate of the United States"—the first in the volume of that title (Scribner)—is piquantly interesting. Illuminating is Mr. Lodge's clean-cut review of the Senate's origin and rights. Jealous of its prerogatives, he clarifies many things, notably the League of Nations issue between Mr. Wilson and the upper legislative body.

The other outstanding features of the collection are Senator Lodge's splendid tribute to Theodore Roosevelt delivered before Congress on the occasion of the death of the ex-president and the Pilgrim Tercentenary address given at Plymouth last year. The purely literary essays are in Mr. Lodge's customary graceful style. They constitute the plea of an ardent champion of the classics for true culture and breadth of vision as opposed to mere utilitarian knowledge.

Carolyn Wells makes excellent use of spiritism and the ouija board in creating an atmosphere of tense mystery, yet she does not allow her story to leave, even for a moment, the realm of things explicable by the most mortal of us. "The Come Back" (Doran)

is the story of a man who disappears in the Labrador wilds. In his youth a gypsy fortune teller had prophesied that he would some day go on a long journey and die a terrible death but would, in due course of time, return to his family. Of course, just as soon as you perceive that one of the first chapters is headed "The Prophecy", you know that the remaining chapters will be devoted to the fulfilment of that prophecy. But the explanation of that fulfilment will keep you guessing all the way through. Miss Wells is famous for her skilful manipulation of the mystery story and she certainly lives up to her reputation in "The Come Back".

Have you ever tried to wash a billy-goat with lye soap in a brook; or set a trap for crows in the corn; or gotten "turned around" half a mile from home, when it seemed in the middle of the forest? These are things that have not changed since Abraham Lincoln was a boy in Hodgenville one hundred years ago. "The Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln" (Bobbs-Merrill), the story of Lincoln's early life in Larue county, was handed down by word of mouth from Lincoln's onetime playfellow, Austin Gollaher, to J. Rogers Gore, then (twenty-five years ago) a reporter on the Larue County "Herald", and by him preserved until the present day. Told in the matter-of-fact words of the old man, with direct conversation and with photographs, it nevertheless reads like a fairy tale in its remoteness from daily life in New York. Precious, new-discovered bits of information abound. As a text for historical research the Gollaher-Gore manuscript would perhaps be of doubtful value; as a treasury of knowledge about the silent years between Lincoln's birth and his

appearance in the Springfield law office, its importance is profound, and the enchantment of it lingers.

"The Kingdom Round the Corner" by Coningsby Dawson (Cosmopolitan) is really not so bad as the publisher's notices would lead you to expect, though it is concerned with a search for happiness which you fear must inevitably arrive. The author evidences considerable restraint and insight and accomplishes some bits of great charm until he muddles things at the end. There is no moral law to prevent an author's marrying three heroines to three worthy men. Contrariwise. But it makes the cheery note of the bluebird sound somewhat shrill.

Viola C. White's first volume of poems, "Horizons" (Yale), has in it something which many first volumes lack: thoughtful work boldly done, lacking finish at times, but strong enough to assure the reader that Miss White is a poet—no mere dabbler in verse forms. She has learned much from the Greeks, and from Keats, Blake, and Browning, who have taught her a certain daring and the ability to use fine phrases in memorable ways; but she has her own originality, and her own philosophical flavor. She is not a poet of passing moods and emotions, and her success lies not in lyrics but rather in the longer and more reflective poems that give space for her thoughts and the opportunity to use her excellent descriptive phrases. Her work suggests that she has much to say, and that it will become clearer and more focused as her style develops. In this book she makes a worthy and pleasing beginning.

A New York millionaire's pursuit of an historic diamond necklace, the love

affair of a Red Cross nurse who was thirsting for adventure, and the experiment in piracy of a handsome art dealer who wanted to hunt pearls, are matters which Harold MacGrath juggles with practised skill in "The Pagan Madonna" (Doubleday, Page). The story is frankly intended for those readers who love the romantic lure of south seas, Spanish galleons, and the ends of rainbows. Fate, the Blind Madonna of the Pagan, aids the author in assembling his characters on the millionaire's yacht anchored off the coast of China. Perhaps the diamond necklace is there, also. Only time will tell. With the Byronic art dealer in charge of the "planted" crew, the owner of the yacht, his estranged son, and the nurse as prisoners, the craft sails forth into the oily calm of tropic seas, and romance and mystery walk the deck under the low-hung stars.

A pike does not sound like an alluring heroine for a book. But in "Grim: The Story of a Pike", translated from the Danish of Svend Fleuron by Jessie Muir and W. Emmé (Knopf), we find a great deal of personality and individuality in that cold-blooded lady fish. This simple yet dramatic tale of her life makes us smile over her vices and rejoice over her victories and her clever escapes. "Her scales gleamed with the rays of the sun and moon; and when, with the rapidity of lightning, she made a dart, it seemed like the twinkling of stars in the dark night of the deep waters." To be sure, "many a happy bridegroom had slipped down her throat"; but does anyone quite frown on Cleopatra? Dorothy P. Lathrop has drawn excellent illustrations for a book far out of the ordinary.

FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in July in the public libraries in the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
2. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
3. The Sisters-in-Law	<i>Gertrude Atherton</i>	STOKES
4. Galusha the Magnificent	<i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i>	APPLETON
5. The Kingdom Round the Corner	<i>Coningsby Dawson</i>	COSMOPOLITAN
6. The Shield of Silence	<i>Margaret E. H. Ruffin</i>	BENZINGER

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
2. The Age of Innocence	<i>Edith Wharton</i>	APPLETON
3. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
4. The Sisters-in-Law	<i>Gertrude Atherton</i>	STOKES
5. Alice Adams	<i>Booth Tarkington</i>	DOUBLEDAY
6. The Kingdom Round the Corner	<i>Coningsby Dawson</i>	COSMOPOLITAN

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
2. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
3. The Mysterious Rider	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
4. The Sisters-in-Law	<i>Gertrude Atherton</i>	STOKES
5. Moon-Calf	<i>Floyd Dell</i>	KNOFF
6. The Age of Innocence	<i>Edith Wharton</i>	APPLETON

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
2. The Age of Innocence	<i>Edith Wharton</i>	APPLETON
3. Moon-Calf	<i>Floyd Dell</i>	KNOFF
4. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
5. The Mysterious Rider	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
6. Miss Lulu Bett	<i>Zona Gale</i>	APPLETON

WESTERN STATES

1. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
2. The Rose Dawn	<i>Stewart Edward White</i>	DOUBLEDAY
3. The Enchanted Canyon	<i>Honoré Willsie</i>	STOKES
4. Growth of the Soil	<i>Knut Hamsun</i>	KNOFF
5. Sister Sue	<i>Eleanor H. Porter</i>	HOUGHTON
6. Moon-Calf	<i>Floyd Dell</i>	KNOFF

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
2. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
3. The Age of Innocence	<i>Edith Wharton</i>	APPLETON
4. The Sisters-in-Law	<i>Gertrude Atherton</i>	STOKES
5. The Mysterious Rider	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
6. Moon-Calf	<i>Floyd Dell</i>	KNOFF

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NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
2. Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	<i>Margot Asquith</i>	DORAN
3. The Americanization of Edward Bok	<i>Edward Bok</i>	SCRIBNER
4. Mystic Isles of the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
5. The Peace Negotiations	<i>Robert Lansing</i>	HOUGHTON
6. White Shadows in the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

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4. Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	<i>Margot Asquith</i>	DORAN
5. Mirrors of Downing Street	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
6. Now It Can Be Told	<i>Philip Gibbs</i>	HARPER

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4. White Shadows in the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
5. Mirrors of Downing Street	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
6. What Really Happened at Paris	<i>Edward Mandell House</i>	SCRIBNER

WESTERN STATES

1. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
2. White Shadows in the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
3. Mystic Isles of the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
4. Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	<i>Margot Asquith</i>	DORAN
5. The Days Before Yesterday	<i>Frederic Hamilton</i>	DORAN
6. The Americanization of Edward Bok	<i>Edward Bok</i>	SCRIBNER

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

Postwar Tendencies in French Literature

ONE day, during the Paris Commune of 1871, César Franck was writing music in his room when a sudden shooting made the air tremble. The regular troops were overpowering the communists and storming the city. César Franck went to the window, shut it with a gesture of impatience, and murmured, "It's too bad that a man cannot do his work in peace..." Then he went back to his table. That a battle might affect the inspiration of a prelude, a choral, or a fugue, did not occur to him.

Thought and violence do not develop on the same plane. So we must not be surprised if those men who had something to say in 1914, and were brutally torn away from their work by an armed invasion, have very much the same things to say today. The styles of Claudel, of Vildrac, or of Giraudoux have evolved probably less than they would have in six years of peace and literary concentration. War alone has not announced one great artist. A scientist, prominent in medical research, tells me that war has not even led to one great step in surgery. How could it fertilize literature? Our major artists have generally written their minor works about it. The only major work was accomplished by our soldiers—and as yet no commentary has been adequate.

Peace, and the new problems which are crowding today before French independent minds, will determine a vivid production of political, sociological, and ethical writings, peculiarly

significant because of the complex experiences of the French in the present years. Indirectly, this will react upon art and literature. But I shall not commit myself to prophecies. What we can examine today is the literary activity of these two years which have elapsed since the last gun was fired on French soil.

Living within French literary circles, it is not always easy to discern the leading and lasting tendencies. Every individual pretends to follow a direction of his own, and there is nothing to be compared to the nation-wide crystallizations of taste which regularly occur in America. The French are incoercibly different from each other, and that difference is their common characteristic. But viewed from a few thousand miles away, the principal modern tendencies can be brought down to three. First, the traditionalist and conservative, which is embodied in the French Academy, and has as its aim the preserving and cultivating of the classical qualities of the past national literature. Then the super-intelligent, refining, ambitious, musical, and esoteric art of the symbolists, with all those who proceed from Rimbaud, Laforgue, and Mallarmé. Finally the wide, social, human trend of inspiration, exemplified in poetry by the followers of Verhaeren and indirect disciples of Walt Whitman.

Before the war, these three tendencies were decidedly, angrily excluding each other. What may be the characteristic in postwar French literature is their reconciliation and in-

terweaving, for the production of new harmonies.

Ten years ago, the post-symbolist called the traditionalist an uncomprehending schoolmaster, the unanimist called the symbolist a hair-splitter, the academician regarded them both as dangerous maniacs who were jeopardizing the pure treasure of tradition. After hearing them all, one felt literature was divided among politicians, alchemists, and the dead.

Today, those who lead realize the limitations of academism, of verbal refinement, and of mass-inspiration. They try to combine the resources of these various orders, to sum up their possibilities, and as a reward, a new territory appears before them.

That new alliance of virtues hitherto unrelated and supposed to be contradictory, needs one quality above all—it needs intelligence. And French writers of the younger generation seem to consider intelligence as pre-eminent, before technique or sensibility (these two, of course, are taken for granted).

André Gide, who is responsible for the formulation of a good part of the young men's credo, wrote a few weeks ago that "in France, and in France only, intelligence always tends to get the best of sentiment or instinct". It also gets the best of the very rules it has imposed upon itself. No people are more critical of their *own* creeds, whether in literature or in politics.

This leads us to an hypothesis. The twentieth century, in France, may resemble her eighteenth and sixteenth (in England the seventeenth, in Italy the fifteenth) when intelligence was so high, so universal, and so free, rather than the French seventeenth, when our genius was brilliantly shut in upon itself and crystallized in but one of its aspects. I have always pre-

ferred the age of the French Renaissance and the religious wars, of Montaigne and Rabelais, to the *Grand Siècle* itself, and perhaps I am taking my wishes for reality in seeing in this new period the same qualities as in that feverish, many-sided, violent, luxurious, mystical, and above all clear-minded epoch.

Within each literary group, the leading writer of today is no longer the strongest exponent of the group doctrine. He is the one who most powerfully or cleverly joins that doctrine to some deeper and wider current, giving the group a more universal justification. Thus unanimists are turning to Luc Durtain¹. The lovers of classical perfection, of word magic and such forgotten lore, to Paul Valéry².

A young prophet of the new times, Henri Franck³, died too soon to have his clear and passionate visions fulfilled. But Valéry Larbaud⁴, André Salmon⁵, men of manifold forces dominated by intelligence, have developed fertile relations between formerly unconnected resources.

It is not the men who too easily realized some kind of unity in themselves, who are the leaders in literary art today. It is, strangely enough, the men who could not bring themselves to unity, who seem to express better a period in which there is no such thing as unity. Drieu la Rochelle⁶, Blaise Cendrars, Paul Morand, at different depths, are exploiting the whole world as their mine, and bringing the new ore to the surface. They are not satisfied with a fulfilment that would be only "subjective", or "collective", or

¹Le Retour des Hommes, Face à Face, etc.

²Introduction à la Méthode de Léonard de Vinci, Odes, etc.

³La Danse devant l'Arche.

⁴Barnabooth, Enfantines.

⁵Prikas, Manuscrit Trouvé dans un Chapeau, etc.

⁶Interrogation, Fond de Cantine.

just verbal. They grapple with everything coming within their reach. Their senses of logic, of taste, of power, of love are wideawake at the same time. And no longer can a writer be recognized who obtains greatness by sacrificing everything in every direction save one. That type of genius is now extinct.

France has had a revival of the adventure novel, of which Pierre Mac Orlan¹ is perhaps the most successful exponent, being an unusual product of irony, sensuality, and erudition. But the demand for adventure is *not* an outcome of the war, as is generally believed. (Jacques Rivière announced that revival in two remarkable articles in the "Nouvelle Revue Française" in 1914.) It is, rather, a desire for escape from narrow and self-centred formulæ, a desire to see all resources of literature at play in the same work. It is the wish for a field wide enough for every experiment, and the meeting in one and the same book of qualities which had always been cultivated separately, as if they implied a contradiction to each other—for action with analysis, geographic precision, with the quaintness of the unexplained.

I have said that war did not affect literary art, except in suspending literary work—or in ending the life of the writer. If that is influence, then of course war had a very great influence on literature. Still, I feel that I am not doing justice to those who tried, in some grave, quasi-religious manner, to voice the teaching that war had brought. A teaching which is contained in so few words! I think of Jules Romains in "Europe", of Durtain's invocation to the American dead on the battlefields, transcending the meaning of their now everlasting presence in French earth—

¹Le Chant de l'Équipage, etc.

...O dead men from the worlds, will you not meet each other under the ground?
Too many origins and spaces have met in our
soil

for it to stay limited and closed
belonging only to itself.

O dead men from the worlds, in this Europe
You have not finished your task...

There is a form of postwar inspiration which gave existence to fragments that are bitter and short as prayers for the unredeemed.

But are they "literature"?

PIERRE DE LANUX

In Remnant Austria

IT is peculiar about Austria. She has produced some of the most illustrious writers in German literature. A country that can boast of Walther von der Vogelweide, Franz Grillparzer, and Hugo von Hofmannsthal has no reason to fear comparison with the best. Yet there is no history of Austrian literature that is even remotely adequate. The subjects of the Dual Monarchy have allowed their more grasping brothers farther north to gobble up their creative writers and set them down in their histories of "German" literature irrespective of where they were born and solely because they wrote in German. But Arthur Schnitzler is as unthinkable in Berlin as Frank Wedekind would have been in Vienna. We appreciate the fact that "The Gentleman from Indiana" was written by a native of Indianapolis and that the author of "Beau Brummel" was born in Elmira. Tell me where you come from and I will have got a line on your literature.

The Austrians have of course known this without taking full advantage of it. There is evidence now that, having been reduced from a mighty monarchy of sixty million souls to a real-

istic republic of six million, they are beginning to realize that it pays to honor native talent. For on Sunday, June 26, they unveiled in the City Park of Vienna a monument to Johann Strauss the "Waltz King", composer of "On the Beautiful Blue Danube" and approximately five hundred other pieces of dance music to which more people have danced than to the works of any other composer.

Let us clear the decks then for remnant Austria despite the fact that other seemingly more important events have recently taken place in Europe. Let us forget, for the time being, that Mascagni and D'Annunzio have joined forces in the writing of a gigantic opera after the fashion of Richard Wagner's "Ring des Nibelungen" and based on Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered", that Oswald Spengler has brought out the second volume of his "Downfall of the Occident" under the title of "Cosmo-Historical Perspectives", that Gabriele Reuter has written a charming account of how she first became acquainted with Nietzsche, that Jean Dornis has just published a volume on the great poets of the war under the title of "Hommes d'Action et de Rêve", that Hermann Sudermann's new dramatic trilogy entitled "Das deutsche Schicksal" and dealing with Germany during the war has been vigorously endorsed by the unprejudiced, that Maurice Maeterlinck has finished his "Le grand Secret"—let us forget all these bookish events in favor of Johann Strauss whom Richard Wagner himself dubbed the "Waltz King" and at the performance of whose works no less an artist than Johannes Brahms—whom Wagner loathed—never failed to be present if humanly possible.

But Johann Strauss (1825-1899) did not write books. Why give him

space then in a magazine devoted to books? He did not dance, either, incredible as it may sound. But his whole life was an *Aufforderung zum Tanz* and millions of couples have responded. Consequently, he has been more written about in the Austrian press this summer than any other one man. He has become a literary subject just as he did in 1895 when the world celebrated his seventieth birthday. His life is the best of proof that if you wish to attain immortality you have to appeal directly to the masses or shoot clear over their heads, after the fashion of Dante.

As to the monument itself, we may be quite brief. The work of Edmund Hellmer, it represents Strauss standing, his violin under his chin, his body leaning slightly forward, his right shoulder raised, his left leg to the fore—you know that dance music is in the air. At the unveiling numerous addresses were made until the time came to lower the curtain. While this was being done, the great symphony orchestra of Vienna, under the direction of Arthur Nikisch, played the "Blue Danube" waltz and Austria, represented by thousands of her children, wept or rejoiced depending upon individual temperament.

As to the waltz, pagan Goethe tells in his "Sufferings of Werther" (1774) how he took an oath the first time he danced one. Victor Hugo, certainly not a prude, derided it (1830) as inimical alike to health and morals. Alfred de Musset could not see how a man could take a woman in his arms, swing around, and remain demure. Even Lord Byron wrote his "The Waltz" in which he made some rather strong remarks concerning this form of social amusement. When, in short, the waltz first became fashionable, and Vienna was the place, it evoked such

exclamations as "Shocking", "Quelle Horreur", "Unerhört", depending upon the mother-tongue of the indignant speaker. And today—!

Vienna has had still another spiritual rebirth: Rabindranath Tagore has been there and delivered an address. He himself said that no other country had given him such a reception. Whether he spoke English or Bengalese, but few understood his words while all seemed to grasp his message. The Austrians have made the following comment: we thought until the war ended that we were the chosen people of Europe. Now we see our fatal error. Here comes a man from hitherto unesteemed India with a message that contains no really new truth and yet we bow before him and adore him for what he said. He spoke of love and justice. It reminds us of the Holy Grail from which radiated both love and justice, and Parsifal's connection with it. And the legend says that it was eventually translated from arrogant and unbelieving Europe to India by the angels. Tagore was translated from Prague to Paris by an airship.

It is an ingenious interpretation of Tagore's visit. The Austrians have long been noted for their ability to sense the finer spiritual meaning of things. In a book just published in Paris, by Marcel Dunan, entitled quite simply "L'Autriche", the author gives an account of Austria as only a Frenchman can. After commenting on her history, commerce, natural resources, and present political status, he goes over to her art, science, and literature. Monsieur Dunan is neither a chauvinist after the fashion of Maurice Barrès nor a world spirit to the liking of Romain Rolland. He is just a Frenchman. And after studying Austria old and new he con-

cludes with a plea for Austrian as contrasted with German literature. It is a great plea and highly suggestive. A good history of Austrian literature would be beneficial today even to the inter-Allied politicians.

And Austria, that is, Vienna, has just gone through a great grief. Thaddäus Rittner, novelist and dramatist, forty-eight years old on May 21, is dead. Though a Pole by birth, he came to Vienna when quite young and, like Bauernfeld and Grillparzer, secured a position as government clerk. We have heard very little about him in this country for the reason, possibly, that he belonged to the school of Hofmannsthal and Schnitzler and was outshadowed by them. But his dramas, now realistic now romantic, have for years constituted an important part of the German-speaking stage and his novels have been widely read. He is said to have been one of the "finest men" that ever lived in the Austrian capital, reminding somewhat of Chopin in his personality and of Hans Christian Andersen in his feeling for the purely spiritual. His "Little Home", "Garden of Youth", and "Tragedy of Eumenes" are three of his best-known works. The man bore a certain resemblance to Clyde Fitch.

Vienna is a city of theatres the chief of which is the Burgtheater with a long and illustrious history, attended in its time by thousands of Americans who have come away edified and grateful. About a year ago a change in the management was made necessary and for a while it seemed that Max Reinhardt would be given the post. The government however wisely decided that Maestro Reinhardt was not the man for the place and Anton Wildgans was appointed. Herr Wildgans called the reporters around him the other day and told them of his plans for the

coming season. Aside from the old standbys without which a great European theatre is unthinkable, here are the novelties that will be played for the first time at the Burg: "Der Schneesturm", a tragedy by Otto Zoff; "Platz", a drama by Fritz von Unruh written during the war but impossible then because of its political teachings; "Himmel und Hölle", a tragedy by Paul Kornfeld that has been a sensation in Germany; "Spiegelmensch", a trilogy by Franz Werfel who is regarded as one of the most conspicuous figures in modern European literature (this drama is to be reviewed shortly in a New York magazine); "Kain", a mythical poem by Director Wildgans, and von Hofmannsthal's "Elektra".

Among classical works that will be performed for the first time at the Burg, however frequently they may have been given elsewhere, are: Heinrich von Kleist's "Penthesilea"; Goethe's "Stella"; "Coriolanus" and

"The Winter's Tale" by Shakespeare; "Don Carlos", "Die Räuber", and "Maria Stuart" by Schiller; Lessing's "Nathan der Weise", Grillparzer's "Jüdin von Toledo", and Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac".

And finally there are five plays that will be given in new setting: Thaddäus Rittner's "Tragödie des Eumenes" and "Garten der Jugend", Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar", Goethe's "Die natürliche Tochter", and Schnitzler's "Der einsame Weg".

These are a few of the plays that will be given in Austria's greatest theatre during the first half of the coming season. Never in her history did New York have such a program to anticipate. Europe has dubbed Austria "the impossible state". Politically the soubriquet may be correct. But to compete even with remnant Austria on an æsthetic basis is a gigantic undertaking.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

DANTE—1921

By Charles R. Murphy

OVER the vaults of pain and ice of our despair,
 In the green high forest where our hopes are new,
 In our place of prayer and dreaming where an angel
 Might still its wings before the face of beauty,
 There sings a voice of victory and battle;
 It is the voice of one who from deep earth emerging
 Through darkness became the lover of light;
 A pilgrim who found the light of faces in a star
 Because he, living, loved a woman, dead—
 And, from her lapsing, placed her with God
 For the sureness of her keeping—
 And who made the journey thither
 And almost remembered what he saw.

THE GOSSIP SHOP



Ben Hecht

Chicago seems to us so cordial a town that even the policemen's whistles have a coquettish tone! We found that we remembered very little from our seven-year-old residence but the general aspect of Lake Shore Drive and the green beauty of Lincoln Park. It's a good town, and so are the folk in it, particularly the literary folk. We were astonished to find John V. A. Weaver at Lake Forest, in a light grey golf suit, collecting the bon mots of débutantes at a beach party. By the way—an amazing thing—the Chicago flapper has given up the painting of batik and ornamental lampshades, and has taken to the writing of novels. One young lady who wore long pendant earrings and short green dresses is said to have attempted to rival the wisdom of a Shaw or a Wilde. Her conversation was appallingly difficult. This is a new variety of dancing partner. But it doesn't seem to make any difference how brilliant she may be; we step gaily on her feet just the same. The Chicago "Daily News" is even a more remarkable spot to spend an afternoon than Lake Forest. Think of it! Keith Preston, Henry J. Smith, Harry Hansen, Tubman K. Hedrick, Ben Hecht, Carl Sandburg—and more geniuses probably kept hid in some waste basket. Harry Hansen is as quiet in regard to his own exploits as ever. I always have a suspicion that there is a novel somewhere in the back of Harry's desk—but he doesn't tell you about it. Henry J. Smith is that al-

most impossible combination, a city editor who writes and is interested in literature. A book of Hedrick's verses is to appear this fall, as is also Keith's "Splinters". Keith still springs a new joke with a sly and not always repeatable twist every half second. Llewellyn Jones of the "Post", Genevieve Forbes of the "Tribune", jolly all of them. J. B. McEvoy of Voland's, the Reillys of Reilly and Lee, Quin A. Ryan (short, round, and most sociable)—they're jolly too. In fact, we are inclined to think that Chicago is the most jovial city in the world, and the warmest. But they have ice-cooled air in the moving pictures. The most distinguished of motion picture critics—none other than Carl Sandburg—took us to see the screen version of Donn Byrne's "Foolish Matrons". We humbly watched the picture with one eye, and the poet with the other, as he made careful notes on just why he liked or didn't like spots in this rather unusual performance. We liked Sandburg even better in his native surroundings—we found him more fascinating when he stopped us in mid-street, his coat off and flung over one shoulder, and explained the history of some great dark building which seemed, like Chicago and like himself, homely and yet eloquent of what growth and toil and progress. At last, we met Ben Hecht—met him in his armchair, trying to persuade a golden-haired daughter to sleep in spite of the heat, listened captivated to his stories and his analysis of people and things, while the most nice Mrs. Hecht played Russian music on the piano, which we weren't supposed to

hear but did—and enjoyed hugely. Hecht is agile, dark, slightly foreign in appearance. At times he is almost vitriolic in his conversation. After you've heard an hour of his talk, dramatized, vivid, planned probably and oh! so well planned, you can have little doubt as to whether or not you will read his first novel, "Erik Dorn". He's now working on another, "Gargoyles", which is to be filled, he tells us, with the sort of analysis that is usually done with the surgeon's scalpel. We found ourselves dizzy after an evening of this, but Gene Markey, rejoicing that his musical comedy written with Harrison Rhodes is to feature Charlotte Greenwood next season, drove us back to town. We rode along the drive (and were little short of arrested by a jovial policeman who entertained us, instead, with salacious stories) where only the day before we had strolled with Harriet Monroe while



Harriet Monroe

she told us of the habits of the beach bathers in a most entertaining manner. We had always been afraid of Miss Monroe—and we aren't any more. We saw her playing mother to a flock of nice young poets and we appreciate more than ever what she has done and is trying to do for American poetry. The assistant editor of "Poetry" is said to be coming to New York City. It is too good to believe, even though she told us so herself. She has sold several short stories of which she is apparently not proud, and is quite as charming as ever, though she didn't favor us by wearing an orange hat. We were disappointed

not to meet Henry Kitchell Webster, about whom we have heard so much but whose works we have yet the pleasure to read. However, we hear that he spent two weeks last summer with the circus, gathering material,



Keith Preston

so we know that we'd like him. He's a man after our own heart. By the way, we hear from Roscoe Peacock, the magazine man, that Pat Valdo, the great clown, still remembers us. We are deeply honored. Few men in the world do we respect more than Valdo, the boomerang thrower, the bookish clown. The literary consciousness and pride of Chicago is an inspiration. It seems to us that it is by just such a worship of local literary figures that the best writing can come from our many communities and centres. This is the sort of statement that H. L. Mencken would probably drop on with both feet, perhaps rightly so, yet as long as the various communities don't worship the *wrong* heroes, Mr. Mencken, why not? We had a good ramble among the Chicago bookshops and we want to talk about them later—of Mrs. Hahner and Miss Rice, of Will Solle, Mr. Kroch, and Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, of Fanny Butcher whom we didn't see, and of Katherine Sproehnle whom we did. However, the Gossip overreaches himself, and must desist.

Brock Pemberton has just come back from London and Paris with many amusing comments on the theatrical conditions there. He tells us that he didn't buy any plays; but he collected a lot of atmosphere. We think that Mr. Pemberton, who still looks like a good newspaper man even

though he has become a successful theatrical manager, is just about the most promising thing in our theatre. He claims that he'll never produce a play unless it amounts to something as a play,—and we hope that he'll live up to his resolve. The most interesting thing he saw while abroad, it seems, was the oddly grotesque and fanciful *Chauve-Souris*, a Russian vaudeville-dance-pantomime combination, with a sort of Russian Irvin Cobb named Nikita Batriff, as the interlocutor à la Hitchcock of the show. This is colorful and original. It is rumored that Morris Gest will bring it to America. Personally, however, we were so interested to hear news of Sidney Howard's play "Swords", that we didn't half take in what Mr. Pemberton had to say of English plays and the outlandish Swedish ballet. "Swords" is a mediæval melodrama in which Mr. Pemberton is presenting Clare Eames shortly. Bobby Jones has done the scenery. Sid Howard is already well known to BOOKMAN readers and we are very happy, because we've read this play and we can't wait to see the third act. It's great stuff, we think. It outjests "The Jest". When we saw Mr. Pemberton he was filled with anecdotes of Howard in London, Howard in Venice, Howard, the carefree young globe-trotter; but, where is Howard? His play going into rehearsal, and no author! On our desk is a letter. The stamps are Spanish. "Having one last fling in Madrid," it reads. "But I'll be back when you get this!"—only he isn't. However—the combination of Pemberton, Howard, Clare Eames, and an Italian melodrama that shivers the timbers seems unbeatable. We're willing to bet on "Swords", as much as anyone can ever bet on a play before it's put on, and we wish Mr. Howard

Godspeed for his first New York production, and Mr. Pemberton success for his second season in the theatre.

One of the most unusual magazines issued in America is Bernhardt Wall's "Etched Monthly". Some idea of its sumptuousness can be gathered from the price of one subscription, which is fifty dollars a year. Both the subject matter and the illustrations are etched by Mr. Wall on rich paper, with a touch that is delightfully individual. In the May number we liked particularly his portrait of Joyce Kilmer, his picture of the Poe Cottage, and a most engaging and informal bit of a hansom cab. Scarcely a page of this magazine but tempts framing, save for the fact that as a whole it is so distinctive and rare. It is issued from James F. Drake's rare book shop.

It is interesting to find in the announcement of lectures at the Fabian Summer School, Godalming, Surrey, England, that along with J. D. Beresford, Robert Lynd, H. W. Nevinson, A. Clutton-Brock, and Gerald Gould, Mary Austin delivered a lecture, on August fourth, on "Social Life and the Community Theatre in America". We should have liked to step into the auditorium at Prior's Field to hear what she had to say, and what the Fabian audience thought of it. However, when all America seems to be running to Europe, someone must stay at home. Guess we're elected.

If Sinclair Lewis stays in Europe long enough, what legends will not grow up about him? How quickly we make and break our heroes! We saw Jack Johnson in a box at the theatre the other evening, and the crowd neither cheered him nor mobbed him.

However, here's a rather delightful letter from Marion Kells; only it reminds us of when we were red-headed, too, and were called "red-head ginger bread" and chased home from school because a thoughtless family had provided us with a too elaborate "dicer". Still, knowing "Red" Lewis now, it's a bit hard to believe that he never played baseball! "Going out from Seattle to the coal-sooted town of Issaquah", Miss Kells writes, "the conversation of the mine doctor and his wife, crowded next to us in the stage, was overheard." Thus:

"Got a new book today, Dad,—written by a man from your home town."

"What book's that?"

"'Main Street', by Sinclair Lewis. Everybody's talking about it."

"What! Doc Lewis's son from Sauk Centre—Doodle Lewis?"

"Yes, do you remember him?"

"Do I? He was in my class—sat in the next seat from me."

"What sort of fellow was he? Would you ever think he'd do anything famous?"

"I should say not—red-headed, lanky fellow—always slumped down in his seat—didn't seem to see what was going on about him. Everybody knew him, but you couldn't say he had any friends—didn't seem to care for any. Kids shouted, 'Here comes Doodles! Hello, Doodles!' whenever he appeared. He never took any interest in marbles or ball, or any of the things we other fellows did."

The doctor laughed—"One funny thing about him—used to go around repeating parts of Greek plays and old myths to himself, in an heroic tone. Let's see that book. I bet Doodles put the old town on the map."

Lord Northcliffe has been among us, or rather has flitted past us, delighting in travel, hustling from London to the Pacific to study Japan and Australia "at first hand", as he puts it. He left London on July 16 and by August 6 he was steaming out of Burrard Inlet on his way to Honolulu. From the moment the liner in which he crossed the Atlantic hove in sight he was besieged by interviewers, in true American fashion, and bom-

barded with the most inconsequent queries on topics ranging from Ireland through women's dress to Zionism. It was natural for newspaper men to pay much attention to a prince of their kind, and Lord Northcliffe is certainly that. Moreover, he appeared to enjoy it all, as M. Perrichon would have done. But there was little time for anything else but interviews, so that his passage resembled in state somewhat that of the prince of Wales, for example, without the genuine glamour. He played golf at New Rochelle with his New York correspondent; Melville Stone gave a dinner for him; and for most of one day he stood in a suite in the Hotel Gotham to receive, chiefly, "young writers". Among these proved to be Clinton Tyler Brainard, Joseph Medill Patterson, James Watson Gerard, William Waller Hawkins, a deputation of women from the Columbia School of Journalism, and a man desirous of parting with 150,000 acres of timber for paper pulp. And then he was off to Toronto and the west, via Washington, a small hat perched as ever on his large head (without a grey hair at fifty-six), something aquiline in his large-cheeked face and leonine in his big body, trailing behind him H. Wickham Steed, editor of the London "Times", who looked with imperial beard like the villain of an Oppenheim romance, pleased to be dragged abruptly from his desk to go a-globe-trotting, that most agreeable if exhausting of study-pastimes.

There was an excellent series of lectures at Columbia University this summer on the aspects of modern literature. The novel was represented by Zona Gale, very bored but with the efficient air one recognizes in the reporter. Robert Frost was supposed to

t poetry but spent an hour in his subject gracefully (John looking very much like a rum-runner with a rakish mop-plaster on his chin, introduced last). Augustus Thomas was so sure that the drama was not good—very august was he indeed (he said he read the reviews and his family liked "Liliom"). Samuel Lord Crothers came in a new suit, proud to be the preacher in the church where Emerson held forth. Edwin Lefevre spoke on the art story and convinced everybody was a stock broker. John L. Lowes spoke on mediævalism, and couldn't escape looking and talking like Eames with "South Wind" fame. Brander Matthews—but you all know him: he looks like what John Farrar will look like when John Farrar looks like what Dr. Matthews is. Ellery Sedgwick came to tell us how good "The Atlantic" is, and all the girls thought he was a dear. There were many others, but ye dear ed. says we've said too much already.

Thomas A. Boyd imparts the following news (delightful to all versifiers): i. e., that St. Paul is the mecca for poets. It eats 'em up, apparently. When we visit St. Paul, we must turn poet, and wear a flowing tie or two, though Johnny Weaver has recently affirmed in his famous column that poets no longer look like poets and are simply human beings, and that we personally (God save the mark) look like "an undergraduate on a lark", whatever that may mean! However, it's fine to hear from St. Paul. If it's all true—it sounds pretty good.

A few days ago I was splashing around in the yellowish water (the same water that often becomes deep blue in the magazines) of one of the small lakes that have made Minnesota famous, when the fact struck me that St. Paul

prefers poets and poetry to novelists and novels. I should feel guilty indeed if I kept such a revolutionary bit of news from the many intelligent people who read your excellent magazine. I shall strive to prove my contention in this manner:

Laurence Curran Hodgson, our present mayor (God rest his soul), was elected to the high office he now occupies by virtue of the poetry he has written. While "I write better poetry than my opponent" was not one of his campaign slogans, it might as well have been because it was through his verse that he so securely fastened himself in the hearts of his constituents.

Then there is Bob Cary, who has just returned from New York where he has been marketing his poems in the newspapers, "The Century", and Frank Harris's magazines. I believe he is better known in St. Paul than is Scott Fitzgerald, and yet Bob has never published a book in his life.

When Carl Sandburg was here last winter the Auditorium was packed to hear him. The press liberally devoted a half-column to his arrival and equal space to a report of his guitar-strumming and his folk songs. He was entertained fulsomely by "the right people", who thought his steel-rimmed spectacles and his queer motoring cap—though he never motors—"just the quaintest things imaginable".

But W. L. George came to St. Paul unheralded. After he had stopped at The Hotel for a few days without anyone apparently knowing it, he departed for our sister city, his dignified exit being singularly free from any newspaper oaf's questioning. To get even, no other reason is discernible, he praised Minneapolis's gawky flour barns as "reminding him of the mosques of Sancta Sofia".

Sinclair Lewis is sneered at or spoken of with bare tolerance by at least half of St. Paul's populace conversant with literature, though his delightful camaraderie has won him many friends.

Books of poetry that keep the shelves in our public library from looking lonely, are a marked "two week" or "seven day books". Not that overwhelming enough?

Witter Bynner writes that he is coming St. Paul in the fall. I predict there will even be standing room, so eager will St. P. be to hear him!

"If Winter Comes" is the first that A. S. M. Hutchinson has written since 1914. Now, however, his publishers tell us, he is already turning out another one. Well, if it's any like "The Happy Warrior", we are glad to see it! Hutchinson was serving as an officer in France during the war. Before that his exp

had been varied. He was born in India, the son of a British general, was a medical student, magazine editor, journalist, and novelist. Apparently, now that the war interval is over, he has settled down again to the serious business of story writing. We shall read the latest with much interest!

The Nebraska state legislature recently made John G. Neihardt state poet laureate. "This western poet", writes Elizabeth Palmer Milbank, "was born near Sharpsburg, Illinois, in 1881 and was reared in Missouri; but he was graduated from the Nebraska Normal School and in 1917 he had conferred upon him the Litt.D. degree by the University of Nebraska."

Neihardt, though the poet laureate of Nebraska, is at present living in the Ozark Hills of Missouri, getting atmosphere for a new book of poems. For seven years now he has been patiently and steadily working on his American Epic Cycle. This is to deal wholly with aspects of our western history during the first four decades of the nineteenth century, and all the scenes will be laid in the region between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains. Neihardt once went the length of the Mississippi River in an open boat, and many of the experiences of this trip are pictured in his poetry. It will take this western poet more than a decade to complete his task. But there are many compensations for what seems to a very minor bard, an almost heroic dedication to the muse. One of them is that the Omaha Indians, among whom Neihardt has lived for years in order that he might learn their language and customs, have given him the affectionate name of "The Little

Bull Buffalo". Think of being called anything so splendid by anyone!

This summer, the fashion in writer's workshops seems to be garages. We understand that William Rose Benét is putting the finishing touches on his novel in a galvanized iron heat-box at Scarsdale. This is because he's so popu-



lar with his three delightful children, whenever he is seen about the house. A nice domestic novelist. Then, just before he left town, Raymond Weaver told us that he was going to spend the summer in a garage—or was it a bungalow?—or is there much difference, anyway?—working on the last chapters of his biography of Herman Melville. We found Mr. Weaver in his room at Columbia University, surrounded by cards and card catalogues, busily writing. He told us that all his days had become just stretches of pen-wielding, broken only by the meal hour. The biography should be a delightful one, for it not only offers great possibilities for entertainment in the thrilling adventures of the wild author of "Moby Dick" but it gives a chance for a study of a remarkably rich and unusual personality. Weaver tells us that he has been poring over a considerable body of material, access to which has been granted by the Melville family: letters, journals, legal documents, a bulk of unpublished manuscripts. Of this last, there is a sea novel, finished in 1891, the year Melville died, a dozen sketches and sea stories, and two volumes of poetry. It should be a curious and fascinating addition to the growing literature of the South Seas.

"The Greenwich Villager" is a new weekly newspaper issued from Frank Shay's Bookshop. It's a vivid little sheet—at least the first three numbers have been so. We called on the sandy-haired friend of Masefield and McFee last night, to find him, as usual, excited over the works of Edna St. Vincent Millay. He is to publish a book a month this year—at least a book a month! And his window displays continue to be original and entertaining.

We're not sure that we always agree with the editorial expositions of Frank's paper; but there's a lot to be said for Greenwich Village as a place of residence, in spite of Paul Elmer More and bobbed hair. Here's part of a comment Frank published in his first number defending the environs of Fourth Street against a bitter critic!

It is true that Greenwich Village is an anomaly. To the pseudo-artist it is a Sargassan Sea, a cess-pool of lost effort and alluring but unkept promises. To the sincere student of art or literature it is America's greatest proving ground, a place where ideas can be discussed and, if worth while, elaborated, and, if not worth while, jettisoned.

Let us get to the root of the lure of the Village. In all this great United States it is the only place a person can sport a stocking with a hole in the heel, and an idea. Elsewhere both are taboo.

The home town of Eddie Guest, Henry Aikman, Harold Waldo and others, is more than the centre of the automobile industry. True, it cannot yet be called a literary centre; but Kenneth Laub of the Detroit "News" has one of the best newspaper book sections in the country, and Mary Humphrey a very lively sheet in her Sunday Magazine of the "Free Press". Delightful offices they both have, with interesting people in them. Some of them more than interesting, in fact. Such splendid homes as Detroit newspapers have: mural panels, art de-

partments fashioned after the manner of ancient print shops in Antwerp, and, will you believe it, the "News" is so extremely gorgeous and proper in what is said to be the finest newspaper building in the country, that the file room known by honest newspaper men as "The Morgue" has the new name of "Scraparium"! However, the conviviality of the force itself more than makes up for the formality of the housing. Eddie Guest is even jollier and more human than his very homely and fireside-like verse. He is short, gay, and bubbling over with cordiality. He took me down to meet the Reverend William L. Stidger in a Ford limousine that Mr. Ford gave him, and radiated energy and enthusiasm every inch of the way. It would be worth being a "popular" poet and selling a quarter of a million copies (thereby being sure that, like Martin F. Tupper, you will not go down to posterity), to be so genuine and honest and happy an individual as Eddie Guest. We like the Detroit Boat Club—but we can't tell stories of parties given for ourselves. However, we understand that the nice newspaper people of Detroit (and they certainly are nice), having met each other for the first time the other evening at a certain dinner, are now going to form a press club. If they do, we'll consider that there's some reason for our living even in this impossible hot weather. In Detroit, too, was Jessie Bonstel with her stock company. We saw a performance of "Adam and Eva", with our own dramatic collaborator in the cast, and the thoroughly charming Sylvia Field as Eva. Why doesn't Miss Bonstel try a stock company in New York City? She always has wanted to do so, she tells us, and she thinks it would pay. Why doesn't someone find her a theatre? Everyone tells us that stock

in New York is impossible. Why? When Detroit, Buffalo, Indianapolis jam their respective stock theatres in the warmest weather, why can't we have stock on Broadway? Well, we expect an inflooding of manuscripts from Detroit and if we don't get them we'll be seriously disappointed. Oh yes! We like the Institute of Fine Arts in Detroit, too—its French paintings particularly, and its cordial and youthful curator, Mr. Poland. Detroit book stores?—well, more later; but, here's many many thanks to that exceedingly gay lady, Mary Humphrey. Also, in passing, Detroit is justly proud of "Zell" and looking for more things from Henry Aikman. While the town of Birmingham claims Harold Waldo with a display window of "Stash" and a blurb about the hometown author.

Hazel Hall of Portland, Oregon, author of "Curtains", a book of poems, is a shut-in. But from her wheelchair she probably has a wider outlook on life than many a person who is able to get about. During the past two or three years her poems have appeared in "The Century", "Harper's", "The Dial", "The Nation", "Poet Lore", "The Yale Review", and other magazines. And the first number of "The Measure" contained a contribution from her. William Stanley Braithwaite selected three of Miss Hall's poems for his anthology of magazine verse for 1920. We quote "Blossom Time", which gives a good idea of the beauty of conception and the light and airy quality of her verse:

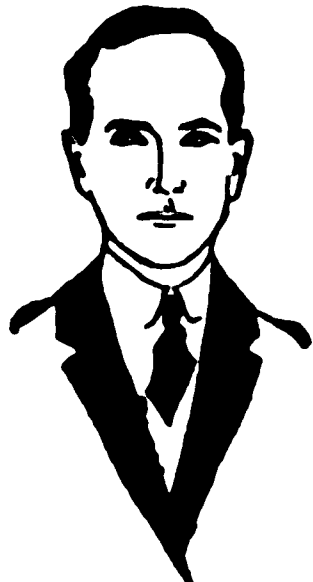
So long as there is April
My heart is high
Lifting up its white dreams
To the sky.

As trees hold up their blossoms
In a blowing cloud
My hands are reaching
My hands are proud.

All the crumbled splendors
Of autumn and the cries
Of winds that I remember
Cannot make me wise.

Like the trees of April
Fearless and fair
My heart swings its censors
Through the golden air.

Richard Washburn Child bears the title, Honorable, and is even now in Italy where he is the new American Ambassador. We have seldom seen (or felt) a warmer evening than that which John O'Hara Cosgrave provided for the dinner given by writers and editors to Mr. Child a few nights before he sailed. However, the refreshments were excellent, and Mr. Child urbane, pleased, and apparently looking forward with zest to undertaking the charming of Italy. We saw Harvey O'Higgins for the first time and admired him for his courage in wearing a palm beach suit, or was it black and white checked? He is a gay person, with a nice laugh. Edgar Sisson of "McClure's Magazine" talked about Child as a fiction writer; Martin Egan of J. P. Morgan and Company described him as a traveler; Porter Emerson Browne (who is, by the way, a jovial rotund person who might easily step into the bandit part in his own "Bad Man") told of Child as a would-be playwright and collaborator; C. J. Rosebault told of his work during the war; Arthur Benington talked of the Italy Mr. Child should expect to see; and Heywood Broun sketched him as editor of "Collier's". Everyone, with the exception of Mr. Broun, was extremely dignified, and no one stuck to the subject. Mr.



Richard
Washburn Child

Broun, in spite of the heat, was, as usual, clever. It was a warm banquet, but a good one, and it closed fittingly with a telegram from the President.

Answers for our literary questions must be submitted by September twentieth. State whether or not it was necessary to look up the answer. The best three replies will receive a book prize. (Any book in "The Editor Recommends".) The questions were submitted by Marion M. Swan of Upper Montclair, New Jersey, and Miss Swan also wins the only prize that we can with any justice award for the contest in the July number. Apparently the questions were most abstruse. We apologize. After this we'll make 'em easier.

1. What English divine had three daughters distinguished in literature?

2. What is the form of a modern American masterpiece centring about the romances of two famous English historical characters, and who are these characters?

3. What now famous bit of writing called forth by the Spanish-American war would be a bracer for a boy falling through lack of resourcefulness to accomplish a given mission?

4. In what twentieth century biography has a nineteenth century apotheosis suffered a collapse?

5. From whom came the famous bon mot, "What has posterity done for us that we should consider posterity", and under what circumstances?

6. Supply the missing names in the following list of great lovers:

_____ and Mrs. Dunlop

Abelard and _____

_____ and Madam Hanska

Nelson and _____

_____ and Lady Mary Montagu

Botticelli and _____

_____ and Esther Johnson

Chopin and _____

7. Place the following: Mrs. Proudle; Miss Matty; Lily Bart; Clem Sypher, "the friend of humanity"; Countess Gruff-a-nuff; "Emily"—a hen!; Mr. Salteena; Nellie Bly; Mr. Puff; Clara Middleton; Prince Florestan; "The Midge".

Here are the answers to the questions in the August number!

1. William Blake wrote lyrics on the tiger and the lamb, "Tiger! Tiger! burning bright", and "Little Lamb, who made thee?".

2. Mr. Wopale's great-aunt's granddaughter was Biddy in Charles Dickens's "Great Expectations".

3. Hannah More wrote "The Bas Bleu". Some of the members of Mrs. Montagu's circle were Lord Lyttleton, Burke, Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hannah More, and Fanny Burney.

4. Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes was the famous detective story hero who was supposed to have ended his career by being thrown from a cliff. He bobbed up again, serenely, however.

5. Richard Adam Locke's "Moon Hoax" and Edgar Allan Poe's "Balloon Hoax" were two famous American newspaper hoaxes. Poe's name was really connected with both; for he at first believed that Locke had stolen the idea for the Moon story from the poet's own "Hans Pfaall", the first instalment of which had already appeared in "The Southern Literary Messenger" when Locke's version started in the New York "Sun".

6. The quotation on the art of dancing is from "The Spectator" of August 25, 1712, and was written by Richard Steele.

Among the June magazines the poems which we found seemed to be mostly by well-known persons: "A Letter", Robert Hillyer (Harper's), "Twenty-Four Hokku on a Modern Theme", Amy Lowell (Poetry), "The Figurehead", Conrad Aiken (Century), "Looking East at Sunrise", Amy Murray (Measure), "The Four Kings", Karle Wilson Baker (Contemporary Verse), "Child Dancers", Louis Untermeyer (New Republic), "The Fugitive", William Rose Benét (New Republic).

The name of Edgar Saltus is associated in our mind with a series of letters in a picturesque hand, written tersely in a picturesque hand, couched in the courtly manner of a bygone day. "The writer has the honor to be your obedient servant,"—such phrases transported us back in imagination a hundred years. Yet Mr. Saltus's death, on July 31, took place little more than a month after his sixty-third birthday. His last book, "The Imperial Orgy", was published during the fall of 1920.

By

New Novel by the author of "Anne of Green Gables"

**RILLA OF
INGLESIDE**By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Of the many popular novels to appear this Fall, this new "Anne" book (the romance of "Anne of Green Gables" daughter) is the one for young girls of fifteen to twenty. Their elders will welcome it, too—it is a thoroughly wholesome, "nice" (without being namby-pamby) book in which people of all ages will find real satisfaction. Never published serially, it is especially suitable for gift making. \$2.00

Another novel, which in its rare understanding of women's true selves clarifies for other women their own experiences, is

THE WINGS OF TIMEBy ELIZABETH NEWPORT HEPBURN

Life is something more than falling in love with its attendant complications. Friendships, ambitions, work—all subtly influencing character and events—have to be taken into account. The heroine of this novel (whose joyous personality draws to her men and women alike) has a tender, satisfying romance, but her life is full to overflow with more than that. \$1.90

FOR ME ALONEBy ANDRÉ CORTHIS

A notable novel from the French, winner of the *Grand Prix du Roman* for 1920. Simply, eloquently, we are given a revelation of married experience by a young wife who tremblingly awaits her husband's confession that he has killed a man and yet fears still more to learn that he lacked the courage for the deed. \$1.90

**A CHILD
OF THE ALPS**By MARGARET SYMONDS

The daughter of the famous historian and critic, John Addington Symonds, writes this fascinating romance of the Alps and of Italy. She pictures skillfully the intense power of environment over certain natures, centering the interest in a beautiful and beauty-loving heroine. \$1.90

A LONDON MOSAICBy W. L. GEORGE

"I will not cut up and pickle London.....The secret of a city's explorations does not lie in a dutiful following of itineraries, but rather in a lover-like submission to its moods....." says the popular novelist in his *Prelude* to these brilliant, satirical sketches of London places and London people. Not a book, you see, for those who haunt London's museums, Baedeker in hand, but rather for careless wandering through London's less formal haunts. \$4.00

THE DOGS OF CHINA AND JAPAN**In Nature and In Art**By V. W. F. COLLIER

Lovers of art generally, but particularly students and collectors of Oriental Art, will covet this scholarly, careful work. Its author has made the study of local canine races his hobby during fifteen years' residence in the Far East and his findings are of incalculable importance to art lovers. Eight color plates and abundant illustrations in half-tone combine with the text to make a beautiful volume. \$12.50

OLD PLANTATION DAYSBy ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

If you share a true Southerner's love for his home land, these tales will give you utter satisfaction. They are stories you might hear over the glowing embers of a camp fire; adventures of the game trails of the South Carolina pinelands and the Santee delta swamps; delightfully human stories of leisurely, hospitable Southern life.

*Illustrated, \$2.50***THE FALL OF FEUDALISM IN FRANCE**By SYDNEY HERBERT

Research has proved that the French Revolution—usually considered purely from a political standpoint—also effected a great economic change. This book deals with the pleasant risings, which finally produced a complete agrarian reconstruction. Any one at all interested in economics, especially students wanting a supplement to college texts, will find the volume of great value. \$2.75

443 Fourth Ave. FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY**New York**



THE BOOKMAN

THE SINS OF BOOK REVIEWERS

By Henry Seidel Canby

Editor, The Literary Review

I HAVE known thousands of reviewers and liked most of them, except when they sneered at my friends or at me. Their profession, in which I have taken a humble share, has always seemed to me a useful, and sometimes a noble one; and their contribution to the civilizing of reading man, much greater than the credit they are given for it. We divide them invidiously into hack reviewers and critics, forgetting that a hack is just a reviewer overworked, and a critic a reviewer with leisure to perform real criticism. A good hack is more useful than a poor critic, and both belong to the same profession as surely as William Shakespeare and the author of a Broadway "show".

The trouble is that the business of reviewing has not been sufficiently recognized as a profession. Trades gain in power and recognition in proportion as their members sink individuality in the mass and form a union which stands as one man against the world. Professions are different.

They rise by decentralization, and by specializing within the group. They gain distinction not only by the achievements of their individual members but by a curious splitting into sub-types of the species. Law and medicine are admirable examples. Every time they develop a new kind of specialist they gain in prestige and emolument.

A reviewer, however (unless he publishes a collected edition and becomes a critic), has so far remained in the eyes of the public just a reviewer. In fiction we have been told (by the reviewers) of romancers and realists, sociologists and ethicists, naturalists and symbolists, objectivists and psychologists. Are there no adjectives, no brevet titles of literary distinction for the men and women who have made it possible to talk intelligently about modern fiction without reading it?

My experience with reviewers has led me to classify them by temperament rather than by the theories they

possess; and this is not so unscientific as it sounds, for theories usually spring from temperaments. No man whose eliminatory processes function perfectly ever is a pessimist, except under the compulsion of hard facts. No sluggish liver ever believes that joy of living is the prime quality to be sought in literary art. And by the same eternal principle, moody temperaments embrace one theory of criticism; cold, logical minds another. I identify my classes of reviewers by their habits, not their dogmas.

But in order to clear the ground let me make first a larger distinction, into mythical reviewers, bad but useful reviewers, bad and not useful reviewers, and good reviewers. Like the nineteenth century preacher I will dispose of the false, dwell upon the wicked, and end (briefly) with that heaven of literary criticism where all the authors are happy and all the reviewers excellent.

The reviewer I know best never, I profoundly believe, has existed, and I fear never will exist. He is the familiar figure of English novels—moderately young, a bachelor, with a just insufficient income in stocks. Oxford or Cambridge is his background, and his future is the death of a rich aunt or a handsome marriage. In the meantime, there is always a pile of books waiting in his chambers to be reviewed at “a guinea a page”, when he has leisure, which is apparently only once or twice a week. The urban pastoral thus presented is one which Americans may well be envious of—*otium cum dignitate*. But I have never encountered this reviewer in London. I fear he exists only for the novelists, who created him in order to have a literary person with enough time on his hands to pursue the adventures required by the plot. Yet in

so far as he is intended as a portrait of a critic, he stands as an ideal of the leisured view of books. There has been no leisured view of books in America since Thoreau, or Washington Irving. Even Poe was feverish. Our books are read on the subway, or after the theatre, and so I fear it is in London—in London as it is.

Coldly, palpably real is the next critic of my acquaintance, the academic reviewer. He does not write for the newspapers, for he despises them, and they are rather scornful of his style, which is usually lumbering, and his idea that 1921 is the proper time in which to review the books of 1920. But you will find him in the weeklies, and rampant in the technical journals.

The academic reviewer is besotted by facts, or their absence. The most precious part of the review to him is the last paragraph in which he points out misspellings, bad punctuation, and inaccuracies generally. Like a hound dog in a corn field, he never sees his books as a whole, but snouts and burrows along the trail he is following. If he knows the psychology of primitive man, primitive psychology he will find and criticize, even in a book on the making of gardens. If his specialty is French drama, French drama he will find, even in a footnote, and root it out and nuzzle it. I remember when a famous scholar devoted the whole of his review of a two volume *magnum opus* upon a great historical period, to the criticism of the text of a Latin hymn cited in a footnote! The academic reviewer (by which I do not mean the university reviewer, since many such are not academic in the bad sense which I am giving to the word) demands an index. His reviews usually end with, “There is no index”, or, “There is an excellent in-

dex". The reason is plain. The index is his sole guide to reviewing. If he finds his pet topics there he can hunt them down remorselessly. But if there is no index, he is cast adrift helpless, knowing neither where to begin nor where to end his review. I call him a bad reviewer, but useful, because, though incapable of estimating philosophies or creations of the imagination, he is our best guarantee that writers' facts are facts.

My acquaintance with the next bad, but occasionally useful, reviewer is less extensive, but, by the circumstances of the case, more intimate. I shall call him the ego-frisky reviewer. The term (which I am quite aware is a barbarous compound) I am led to invent in order to describe the phenomenon of a critic whose ego frisks merrily over the corpus of his book. He is not so modern a product as he himself believes. The vituperative critics of the Quarterlies and, earlier still, of Grub Street, used their enemies' books as a means of indulging their needs for self-expression. But it was wrath, jealousy, vindictiveness, or political enmity which they discharged while seated on the body of the foe; whereas the ego-friskish critic has no such bile in him.

He is in fact a product of the new advertising psychology, which says, "Be human" (by which is meant "be personal") "first of all." He regards his book (I know this, because he has often told me so) as a text merely, for a discourse which must entertain the reader. And his idea of entertainment is to write about himself, his tastes, his moods, his reactions. Either he praises the book for what it does to his ego, or damns it for what it did to his ego. You will never catch him between these extremes, for moderation is not his vice.

The ego-frisky reviewer is not what the biologist would call a pure form. He (or she) is usually a yellow journalist, adopting criticism as a kind of protective coloration. The highly personal critic, adventuring, or even frolicking among masterpieces, and recording his experiences, is the true type, and it is he that the ego-friskish imitate. Such a critic in the jovial person of Mr. Chesterton, or Professor Phelps, or Heywood Broun, contributes much to the vividness of our sense for books. But their imitators, although they sometimes enliven, more often devastate reviewing.

Alas, I am best acquainted among them all with the dull reviewer, who is neither good nor useful. The excellent books he has poisoned as though by opiates! The dull books he has made duller! No one has cause to love him unless it be the authors of weak books, who thank their dull critics for exposing them in reviews so tedious that no one discovers what the criticism is about.

The dull reviewer has two varieties: the stupid and the merely dull. It is the stupid reviewer who exasperates beyond patience the lover of good books. He is the man who gets a book wrong from the start, and then plods on after his own conception, which has no reference whatsoever to the author's. He is the man who takes irony seriously, misses the symbolism when there is any, and invariably guesses wrong as to the sources of the characters and the plot.

There are not many really stupid reviewers, for the most indolent editor cleans house occasionally, and the stupid are the first to go out the back door. But merely dull reviewers are as plentiful as fountain pens. The dull reviewer, like Chaucer's drunken man, knows where he wants to go but

doesn't know how to get there. He (or she) has three favorite paths that lead nowhere, all equally devious.

The first is by interminable narrative. "When Hilda was blown into the arms of Harold Garth at the windy corner of the Woolworth building, neither guessed at what was to follow. Beginning with this amusing situation, the author of 'The Yellow Moon' develops a very interesting plot. Garth was the nephew of Miles Harrison, Mayor of New York. After graduating from Williams, etc. etc. etc." This is what he calls summarizing the plot.

Unfortunately, the art of summary is seldom mastered, and a bad summary is the dullest thing in the world. Yet even a bad summary of a novel or a book of essays is hard to do; so that when the dull reviewer has finished, his sweaty brow and numbed fingers persuade him that he has written a review. There is time for just a word of quasi-criticism: "This book would have been better if it had been shorter, and the plot is not always logical. Nevertheless, 'The Yellow Moon' holds interest throughout." And then, *finis*. This is botchery and sometimes butchery, not reviewing.

The dullest reviewers I have known, however, have been the long-winded ones. A book is talk about life, and therefore talk about a book is one remove more from the reality of experience. Talk about talk must be good talk, and it must be sparing of words. A concise style is nearly always an interesting style: even though it repel by crudity it will never be dull. But conciseness is not the quality I most often detect in reviewing. It is luxurious to be concise when one is writing at space rates; and it is always harder to say a thing briefly than at length, just as it is

easier for a woman to hit a nail at the third stroke than at the first.

I once proposed a competition in a college class in English composition. Each student was to clip a column newspaper article of comment (not facts) and condense it to the limit of safety. Then editorials gave up their gaseous matter in clouds, chatty news stories boiled away to paragraphs, and articles shrank up to their headlines.

But the reviews suffered most. One, I remember, came down to "It is a bad book", or to express it algebraically, (It is a bad book)^s. Another disappeared entirely. On strict analysis it was discovered that the reviewer had said nothing not canceled out by something else. But most remained as a weak liquor of comment upon which floated a hard cake of undigested narrative. One student found a bit of closely reasoned criticism that argued from definite evidences to a concrete conclusion. It was irreducible; but this was a unique experience.

The long-winded are the dullest of dull reviewers, but the most pernicious are the wielders of clichés and platitudes. Is there somewhere a reviewer's manual, like the manual of correct social phrases which someone has recently published? I would believe it from the evidence of a hundred reviews in which the same phrases, differently arranged, are applied to fifty different books. I would believe it, except for the known capacity of man to borrow most of his thoughts and all of his phrases from his neighbor. I know too well that writers may operate like the Federal Reserve banks, except that in literature there is no limit to inflation. A thousand thousand may use "a novel of daring adventure", "a poem full of grace and beauty", or "shows the reaction of a

thoughtful mind to the facts of the universe", without exhausting the supply. It is like the manufacture of paper money, and the effect on credit is precisely the same.

So much for the various types of reviewers who, however interesting they may be critically, cannot be called good. The good reviewers, let an uncharitable world say what it will, are, thank heaven! more numerous. Their divisions, temperamental and intellectual, present a curious picture of the difficulties and the rewards of this profession. Yet I cannot enter upon them here, and for good reasons.

The good reviewer is like the good

teacher and the good preacher. He is not rare, but he is precious. He has qualities that almost escape analysis and therefore deserve more than a complimentary discussion. He must hold his book like a crystal ball in which he sees not only its proper essence in perfect clarity, but also his own mind mirrored. He must—... In other words, the good reviewer deserves an essay of his own. He is a genius in a minor art, which sometimes becomes major; a craftsman whose skill is often exceptional. I will not put him in the same apartment with reviewers who are arid, egoistic, or dull.

LIGHT LOVER

By Aline Kilmer

WHY don't you go back to the sea, my dear?
I am not one who would hold you;

The sea is the woman you really love,

So let hers be the arms that fold you.

Your bright blue eyes are a sailor's eyes,

Your hungry heart is a sailor's, too.

And I know each port that you pass through

Will give one lass both bonny and wise

Who has learned light love from a sailor's eyes.

If you ever go back to the sea, my dear,

I shall miss you—yes, can you doubt it?

But women have lived through worse than that

So why should we worry about it?

Take your restless heart to the restless sea—

Your light, light love to a lighter lass

Who will smile when you come and smile when you pass.

Here you can only trouble me.

Oh, I think you had better go back to sea!

AN OUTLINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

By Donald Ogden Stewart

With Sketches by Herb Roth

CHAPTER V

THE WHISKY REBELLION

In the Bedtime Story Manner of Thornton W. Burgess

JUST the day for a Whisky Rebellion," said Aunt Polly and off she ran, lipperty-lipperty-lip, to get a few shooting rifles.

"Oh goody goody," cried little Emily. "Now we can all shoot at those horrid Revenue Officers." For the collectors of internal revenue were far from popular with these kindly Pennsylvania folk. And Aunt Polly Pinkwood had often promised the chil-

dren that if they were good some day they would be allowed to take a shot at a Revenue Officer.

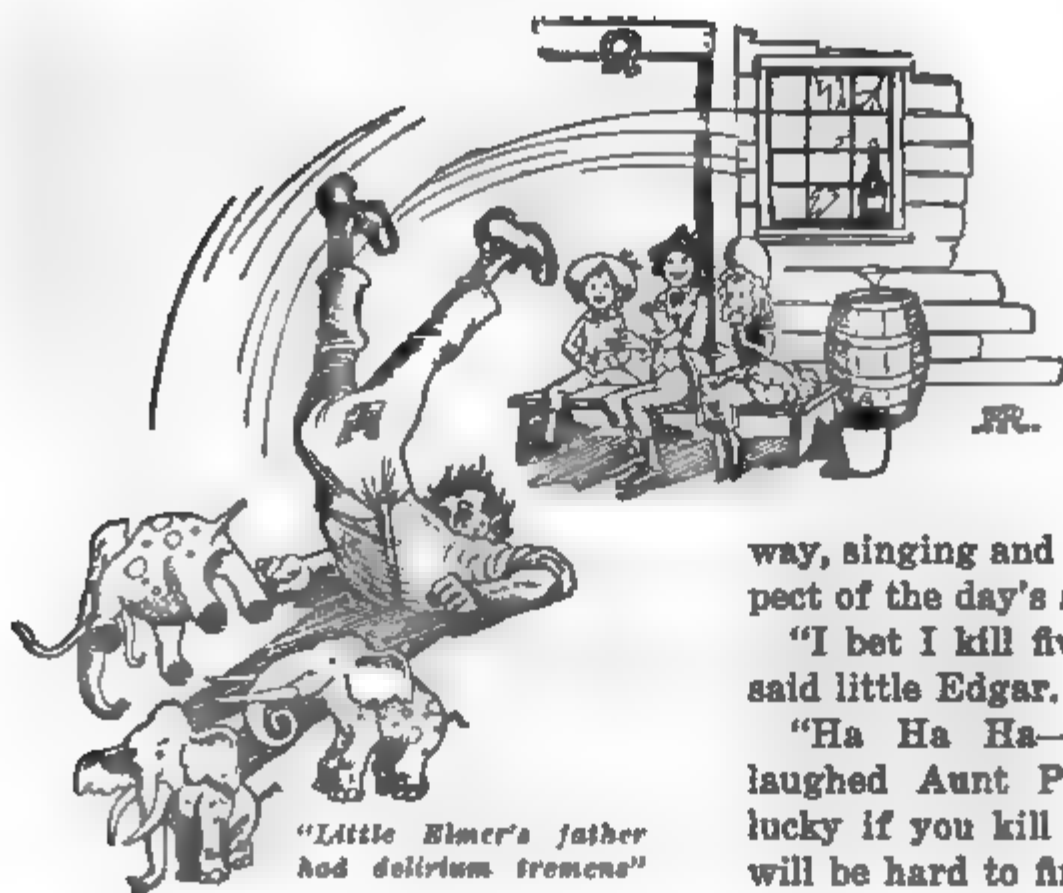
Soon she returned, bearing in her arms a number of bright shiny new guns. The children crowded around in glee and soon all were supplied with weapons except little Frank who of course was too young to use a gun and was given a two gallon jug of nice, old whisky to carry. Jed hitched up old

Taylor, the faithful farm horse, and as quick as you could say Jack Robinson the little ones had piled into the old carryall. Round Mr. Sun was just peeping over the Purple Hills when the merry little party started on its

way, singing and laughing at the prospect of the day's sport.

"I bet I kill five Revenue Officers," said little Edgar.

"Ha Ha Ha—you boaster, you," laughed Aunt Polly. "You will be lucky if you kill two, for I fear they will be hard to find today."



"Little Elmer's father
had delirium tremens"



"Bang" went little Ellen's gun

"Oh do you think so, Aunt Polly?" said little Elinor and she began to cry, for Elinor dearly loved to shoot.

"Hush dear," said Miss Pinkwood with a kindly pat, for she loved her little charges and it hurt her to see them unhappy. "I was only joking. And now children I will tell you a story."

"Oh goody goody," cried they all. "Tell us a true story."

"All right," said Aunt Polly. "I shall tell you a true story," and she began.

"Once there was a brave handsome man—"

"Mr. Welsbach," cried the children with one voice, for it was well known in the neighborhood that Aunt Polly had long been sweet on Julius Welsbach, the popular superintendent of the Sabbath School and the best whisky maker for miles around.

"Hush children," said Aunt Polly blushing in vexation. "Of course not. And if you interrupt me I shall not tell my story at all." But she was not really angry.

"And one day this brave handsome man was out making whisky and he had just sampled some when he looked

up and what do you suppose he saw?"

"Snakes," cried little Elmer whose father had often had delirium tremens, greatly to the delight of his children.

"No, Elmer," said Miss Pinkwood, "not snakes."

"Pink lizards," cried little Esther, Elmer's sister.

"No," said Aunt Polly, with a hearty laugh, "he saw a—stranger. And what do you suppose the stranger had?"

"A snoot full," chorused the Schultz twins. "He was pie-eyed."

"No," replied Miss Pinkwood laughing merrily. "It was before noon. Guess again children. What did the stranger have?"

"Blind staggers," suggested little Faith whose mother had recently been adjudged insane.

"Come children," replied Aunt Polly. "You are not very wide awake this morning. The stranger had a gun. And when the brave handsome man offered the stranger a drink what do you suppose the stranger said?"

"I know," cried little Prudence eagerly. "He said, 'Why yes I don't care if I do.' That's what they all say."

"No, Prudence," replied Miss Pinkwood. "The stranger refused a drink."

"Oh come now, Aunt Polly," chorused the boys and girls. "You said you were going to tell us a true story." And their little faces fell.

"Children," said Miss Polly, "the stranger refused the drink because he was a Revenue Officer. And he pointed his gun at the brave handsome man and said he would have to go to jail because he had not paid the tax on his whisky. And the brave handsome man would have had to have gone to jail, too; but fortunately his brother came up just at the right time and—"

"Shot the Revenuer dead," cried the children in glee.

"Yes children," said Miss Polly. "He shot the Revenue Officer dead."

"Oh goody goody," cried all. "Now tell us another story. Tell us about the time your father killed a Revenue Officer with an ax."

"Oh you don't want to hear that again, do you children?" said Aunt Polly.

"Oh yes—yes—please," they cried, and Aunt Polly was just going to begin when Jed the driver stopped his horses and said:

"This hilltop is as good a place to shoot from as I know of, Miss Pinkwood. You can see both roads, and nobody can see you."

"Thank you, Jed," said Aunt Polly giving him a kindly smile, and without more ado the children clambered out of the carryall and filled their guns with powder and bullets.

"I get first shot," proudly announced Robert, the oldest boy, and somewhat of a bully.

"Robert!" said Aunt Polly severely, and she looked almost ready to cry, for Aunt Polly had tried hard to teach the boys to be true knights of chivalry

and it hurt her to have Robert wish to shoot a Revenue Officer before the girls had had a chance. Robert had not meant to hurt Aunt Polly's feelings but had only been thoughtless, and soon all was sunshine again as little Ellen the youngest made ready to fire the first shot.

The children waited patiently and soon they were rewarded by the sight of a Revenue Officer riding on horseback in the distant valley, as pretty a target as one could wish.

"Now do be careful, dear," whispered Miss Pinkwood, "for if you miss, he may take alarm and be off." But little Ellen did not miss. "Bang" went her gun and the little merry Breezes echoed back and forth, "She got him. She got him", and old Mother West Wind smiled down at the happy sport. Sure enough, when old Mr. Smoke had cleared away there was a nice dead Revenue Officer lying in the road. "Well done, Ellen," said Miss Pinkwood, patting her little charge affectionately which caused the happy girl to fairly coo with childish delight.

Mary had next shot and soon all were popping away in great glee. All the merry wood folk gathered near to watch the children at their sport. There was Johnny Chuck and Reddy Fox and Jimmy Skunk and Bobby Coon and oh everybody.

Soon round Mr. Sun was high in the Blue Sky and the children began to tire somewhat of their sport. "I'm as hungry as a bear," said little Dick. "I'm as hungry as two bears," said Emily. "Ha Ha Ha," laughed Miss Pinkwood. "I know what will fix that", and soon she had spread out a delicious repast.

"Now children," said Miss Pinkwood when all had washed their faces and hands, "while you were busy

washing I prepared a surprise for you", and from a large jug, before their delighted gaze, she poured out—

"No dear," said Miss Pinkwood, pleased by the compliment, but firm withal. "Not now. Perhaps on the



"Aunt Polly had prepared delicious Bronx cocktails"

what do you think? "Bronxes," cried little Harriet. "Oh goody goody." And sure enough Aunt Polly had prepared a jug of delicious Bronx cocktails which all pronounced excellent.

And after that there were sandwiches and olives and pie and good three year old whisky, too.

"That's awfully smooth rye, Aunt Polly," said little Prudence smacking her two red lips. "I think I'll have another shot."

way home, if there is any left", for Aunt Polly knew that too much alcohol in the middle of the day is bad for growing children, and she had seen many a promising child spoiled by over-indulgent parents.

After lunch those children who could stand helped Aunt Polly to clear away the dishes and then all went sound asleep, as is the custom in Pennsylvania.

When they awoke round Mr. Sun

was just sinking behind the Purple Hills and so, after taking a few more scattered shots at Revenue Officers, they piled once more into the carryall and drove back to town. And as they passed Mrs. Oliphant's house (Aunt Polly's sister) Auntie Flo Oliphant came out on the porch and waved her handkerchief at the merry party.

"Let's give her a cheer," said Fred.

"Agreed," cried they all, and so twelve little throats united in three lusty "huzzahs" which made Auntie Flo very happy you may be sure.

And as they drove up before the Pinkwood's modest home twelve tired but happy children with one accord voted the Whisky Rebellion capital fun and Aunt Polly a brick.

NEWS NOTES OF PORTAGE, WISCONSIN

By Zona Gale

III

KILBOURN ROAD

IN June the road to Kilbourn is a long green hall,
 A corridor of leafage, pillared white
 By birches and with wild-rose patterns on the wall
 And all melodious with the fluid fall
 Or lift of red-winged blackbirds fluting mating cries.
 The very air
 Is visible, not by the light,
 Not by the shades that drift
 And dip, but by an essence rhythmic with the flood
 That flows
 Not in the sap, not in the blood,
 But elsewhere.
 And of that essence grows
 All men see in the air of Paradise.

He lay upon a little upland slope
 Deep, deep with grass.
 And when I saw his head above the green
 Where I must pass,
 The battered hat, the squinting eyes
 Blinking the westering sun, I felt a sting of fear—
 Alas, that in June's delicate demesne

A watching human face can teach one fear.
So then I spoke to him, gave him good day,
And seeing his gun said what I always say
Meeting a huntsman: Friend, I hope
You have killed nothing here.
He stared and grinned. And with his grin
I felt his trustiness. So, when
He scrambled down the bank and followed me,
I waited for him as my kind and kin.

He was a thing of seventeen. And men
Compounded in his blood had set him here
Wizened and humpbacked. But his little face
Held something of the one he was to be
In some eternity.
He talked as freely as a child. He'd shot, he said,
At a young woodchuck. Now his gun was broke.
I spoke
About a little kerchief made of lace
Lost on the road that day. He turned his head—
Did it have money in it, Lady?—with quick grace
Caught from some knightlier place.

And when I asked him what he read
He tried to rise to all my speech awoke:
A person give me a book a while ago.
O I donno
The name—the cover's off. I got, I guess,
Six pages done. Time the stock's fed
I get so sleepy I jump into bed.
...And with this for defense a rueful laugh.
I named the town, not two miles distant. No,
He hardly ever went there. Motion picture show?
His eyes lit. Several times he'd been.
War pictures was the best. He liked to kill?
He hung his head: No, but I never will
Shoot pups or kittens when they want me to.
War's different. ...School? He'd seen
Four years of that—well, four years, more or less.
Dad needed him—dad had so much to do.

So then I faced him and his need to live.
I put it plain: But you?
What do you want to do?
His answer lay within him ready-made.
He met my eyes with all he had to give:
I'd like, he said, to learn the artist trade.

Questioned, he told me bit by little bit.
He'd had a horse that died—he'd painted her.
He'd painted Tige, the dog. The pigeon house.
The fence that crossed the slough. The willow tree.
Would he let me see?
Oh well—they wasn't much. He couldn't stir
The paint right and he didn't have enough.
All that he'd done was rough.
I tried to spell his dream, to see if his face lit
At flame of it.
He only said: Mebbe I couldn't learn.
And his eyes did not burn.
(Perhaps, I thought, there's nothing here at all.)
Dad's going to have me paint the house, he said.
I questioned where he led.
Yellow and brown, he answered. And my fancy's fall
He must have fathomed in my face, for a slow red
Mounted and swept his cheek. His eyes sought mine,
His look was piteous with a kind of light:
I don't like that. They picked it out, he said. I wanted white.
...And all his tone was shame.
The craftsman wounded in his craftsman's right
In ways he could not name.

He took the crossroad. Where I saw him go
Wild feverfew made narrow paths of snow
Through the flat fields of dying afternoon.
Bravely in tune
With every little part as with some whole
A redwing answered to an oriole
And met a catbird's call.
The sun! The sun! The road to Kilbourn like a long green hall!
The very air a spirit like our own
So nearly shown
That one could almost see.
The veil so thin that presence was outrayed.
But all the great blue day came facing me,
And crying from the vault and from the sod:
O God,
I'd like, he said, to learn the artist trade.

IRISH POETRY

By Padraic Colum

With a Sketch by William Saphier

ONE of the characteristics of Irish poetry according to Thomas MacDonagh is a certain naïveté. "An Irish poet," he wrote, "if he be individual, if he be original, if he be national, speaks, almost stammers, in one of the two fresh languages of this country; in Irish (modern Irish, newly schooled by Europe), or in Anglo-Irish, English as we speak it in Ireland.... Such an Irish poet can still express himself in the simplest terms of life and of the common furniture of life."

Thomas MacDonagh is speaking here of the poetry that is being written today; of the poetry that comes out of a community still mainly agricultural, close to the soil, and with but few possessions. And yet with this naïveté there must go a great deal of subtlety. "Like the Japanese," said Kuno Meyer, "the Celts were always quick to take an artistic hint; they avoid the obvious and the commonplace; the half said thing to them is dearest." This is said of the poetry written in Ireland many hundred years ago, but the subtlety that the critic credits the Celts with is still a racial heritage.

Irish poetry begins with a dedication—a dedication of the race to the land. The myth of the invasion tells that the first act of the invaders was

the invoking of the land of Ireland—its hills, its rivers, its forests, its cataracts. Amergin, the first poet, pronounced the dedication from one of their ships, thereby dedicating the Milesian race to the mysterious land. Many poems since Amergin's time are dedications—dedications of the poet to the land, of the race to the land.

When the Milesian Celts drew in their ships they found, peopling the island, not a folk to be destroyed or mingled with, but a remote and ever-living race, the Tuatha De Danaan. Between the Milesians and the Tuatha De Danaan a truce was made with a partitioning of the country. To the Milesians went the upper surfaces and the accessible places, and to the De Danaan went the subterranean and the inaccessible places of the country. Thus, in Ireland, the Golden Race did not go down before the men of the Iron Race. They stayed to give glimpses of more lovely countries, more beautiful lovers, more passionate and adventurous lives to princes and peasants for more than a thousand years. And so an enchantment stayed in the furthest of European lands—an enchantment that gleams through the poems and stories of the ancient literature, and that has filtered into European literature through the lays of Marie de France; through the most memorable incidents in the Tristan and Iseult story; through the marvelous legend of the Grail, the germ

¹Literature in Ireland. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

²Selections from Ancient Irish Poetry. E. P. Dutton and Co.

of which came to French and German story-tellers from Ireland.

II

Anglo-Irish literature begins, as an English critic has observed, with Goldsmith and Sheridan humming some urban song as they stroll down an English laneway. That is, it begins chronologically that way. At the time when Goldsmith and Sheridan might be supposed to be strolling down English laneways, Ireland, for all but a fraction of the people, was an Irish-speaking country with a poetry that had had many centuries of cultivation. Afterward English speech began to make its way through the country, and an English-speaking audience became important for Ireland. At the end of the eighteenth century came Thomas Moore, a singer who knew little of the depth and intensity of the Gaelic consciousness, but who, through a fortunate association, was able to get into his songs a racial distinctiveness.

He was born in Dublin, the English-speaking capital, at a time when the Irish-speaking south of Ireland had still bards with academic training and tradition—the poets of Munster who were to write the last chapter of the unbroken literary history of Ireland. From the poets with the tradition, from the scholars bred in the native schools, Moore was not able to receive anything. But from those who conserved another part of the racial heritage, from the musicians, he was able to receive a good deal.

At the end of the eighteenth century the harpers who had been wandering through the country, playing the beautiful traditional music, had been gathered together in Belfast. The music that they were the custodians of had been noted down and published by Bunting. With Bunt-

ing's collection before them the Irish who had been educated in English ways and English thought were made to realize that they had a national heritage. Thomas Moore, a born song writer, began to write English words to this music. Again and again the distinctive rhythms of the music forced a distinctive rhythm upon his verse. Through using the mold of the music, Moore, without being conscious of what he was doing, reproduced again and again the rhythms and sometimes the structure of Gaelic verse. When Edgar Allan Poe read the lyric of Moore's that begins, "At the mid hour of night", he perceived a distinctive metrical achievement. The poem was written to an ancient Irish air, and its rhythm, like the rhythm of the song that begins, "Through grief and through danger", wavering and unemphatic, is distinctively Irish. Moore not only reproduced the rhythm of Gaelic poetry, but sometimes he reproduced even its metrical structure:

Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely
daughter,
Tells to the night star her tale of woes.

Back in 1760 MacPherson's "Fragments of Ancient Poetry Collected in the Highlands of Scotland" was published. That medley, unreadable by us today, affected the literatures of England, France, Germany, and Italy. In the British Islands eager search was made for the Gaelic originals. There were no originals. MacPherson's compositions which he attributed to the Gaelic bard Ossian were in every sense of the word original. And yet, as the historian of Scottish Gaelic literature, Dr. Magnus MacLean, has said, the arrival of James MacPherson marked a great moment in the history



Sketched by William Saphier

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

of all Celtic literatures. "It would seem as if he sounded the trumpet, and the graves of ancient manuscripts were opened, the books were read, and the dead were judged out of the things that were written in them." Those who knew anything of Gaelic literary tradition could not fail to respond to the universal curiosity aroused by the publication of MacPherson's compositions. In Ireland this led to the revelation of a fragment of the ancient poetry and romance. And now names out of the heroic cycles begin to come into Anglo-Irish poetry. "The words of this song were suggested by a very ancient Irish story called 'Deirdri, or the lamentable fate of the Sons of Usneach' which has been translated

literally from the Gaelic by Mr. O'Flanagan, and upon which it appears that the 'Darthula' of MacPherson is founded," Thomas Moore writes in a note to the song "Avenging and bright fell the swift sword of Erin". Slowly fragments of this ancient literature were revealed and were taken as material for the new Irish poetry."

After Moore there came another

*The Ossian of MacPherson (in Ireland Oisín, pronounced Usheen) was supposed to be the poet who had celebrated the lives and actions of the heroic companionship known as the Fianna. The Irish term for this class of poetry is "Fianaidheacht". At the time when "Ossian" was appealing to Goethe and Napoleon, the great mass of the poetry that was the canon of MacPherson's apocrypha was lying unnoted in the University of Louvain, brought over there by Irish students and scholars. Recently this poetry has been published by the Irish Texts Society (*Dunaire Finn*, the Book of the Poems of Finn, Edited and translated by Eoin MacNeill).

poet who reached a distinctive metrical achievement through his study of the music that Bunting had published. This poet was Samuel Ferguson. He took the trouble to learn Irish, and when he translated the words of Irish folk songs to the music that they were sung to, he created, in half a dozen instances, poems that have a racial distinctiveness. Ferguson had what Moore had not—the ability to convey the Gaelic spirit. Take his “Cashel of Munster”:

I'd wed you without herds, without money or
rich array,
And I'd wed you on a dewy morn at day-dawn
grey;
My bitter woe it is, love, that we are not far
away
In Cashel town, though the bare deal board
were our marriage bed this day.

Here is the wavering rhythm, the unemphatic word-arrangement, that is characteristic of Irish song. Callinan, too, gets the same effects in his translation of “The Outlaw of Loch Lene”:

O many's the day I made good ale in the glen,
That came not from stream nor from malt like
the brewing of men;
My bed was the ground, my roof the green
wood above,
And all the wealth that I sought, one fair, kind
glance from my love.

Ferguson's translation of “Cean Dubh Dilis” (Dear Dark Head) makes one of the most beautiful of Irish love songs; it is a poem that carries into English the Gaelic music and the Gaelic feeling; the translation, moreover, is more of a poem than is the original.

Sir Samuel Ferguson was the first Irish poet to attempt a retelling of any of the ancient sagas. He aimed at doing for “The Tain Bo Cuiligne”, the Irish epic cycle, what Tennyson at the time was doing for the Arthurian cycle, presenting it, not as a continuous narrative, but as a series of poetic studies. The figures of the heroic cycle, however, were too primitive, too

elemental, too full of their own sort of humor for Ferguson to take them on their own terms. He made them conform to Victorian rectitudes. And yet it has to be said that he blazed a trail in the trackless region of Celtic romance; the prelude to his studies, “The Tain Quest”, written in a heady ballad metre, is quite a stirring poem, and his “Conairy” manages to convey a sense of vast and mysterious action. It was to Ferguson that W. B. Yeats turned when he began his deliberate task of creating a national literature for Ireland.

With Sir Samuel Ferguson there is associated a poet whom he long outlived, James Clarence Mangan. Mangan was a great rhapsodist if not a great poet. He was an original metrical artist, and it is possible that Edgar Allan Poe learned some metrical devices from him.* The themes that this poet seized on were not from Irish romance, but were from the history of the Irish overthrow. And what moved him to his greatest expression were the themes that had a terrible desolation or an unbounded exultation—Brian's palace overthrown and his dynasty cut off; the princes of the line of Conn dying unnoted in their exile; the heroic chief of the Clann Maguire fleeing unfriended through the storm; or else Dark Rosaleen with her “holy, delicate white hands” to whom all is offered in a rapture of dedication. Mangan incarnated in Anglo-Irish poetry the bardic spirit of the seventeenth and eighteenth century, and the sigh that Egan O'Rahilly breathed “A mo Thir, A mo Ghradh” (O my Land, O my love), is breathed through all his memorable poetry. He had the privilege of creating the most

*Mangan published in the Dublin University Magazine, a publication which Poe could have seen in various places. Compare Mangan's use of repetitions and internal rhymes with Poe's.

lovely of all the feminine representations of Ireland, and in "Dark Rosaleen" he has made the greatest, because the most spiritual, patriotic poem in the world's literature. One has to describe the best of Mangan's poems as translations, although in doing so one is conscious of having to extend unduly the meaning of the word. For the impulse and the theme came to him through the work of another, and this not only in the case of the poetry that he took from Irish sources, but in the poetry that he drew from German and Arabic origins.

Mangan's poems were published in the 'forties. There was then a conscious literary movement in Ireland. It went with the European democratic movement, with the coming to consciousness of many of the European nationalities. At the time the Finns were collecting their Magic Songs that were to be woven into the enchanting epic of the Kalevala, and the Bohemians were making their first efforts to revive their distinctive culture. Among the minor European nationalities Ireland might have been thought to be in the best position to create a literature that would be at once national and modern, heroic and intellectual, for there was behind her an ancient cultivation and a varied literary production. Under the leadership of Thomas Davis a movement of criticism and scholarship was inaugurated—a movement that might have been expected to have fruit in a generation.

Then came the disaster of the famine—the double famine, for the famine of '47 followed on that of '46. The effect of this disaster (until 1914 no European people in two hundred years had suffered such a calamity) was a great rent in social life. How it affected everything that belonged to the

imagination can be guessed at from a sentence written by George Petrie. He made a great collection of Irish music, but in the preface to his collection he laments that he entered the field too late. What impressed him most about the Ireland after the famine was, as he says, "the sudden silence of the fields". Before, no one could have walked a roadway without hearing music and song; now there was cessation, and this meant a break in the whole tradition. What Petrie noted with regard to music was true for poetry and saga. The song perished with the tune. The older generation who were the custodians of the tradition, were the first to go down to the famine graves. And in the years that followed the collapse the people had little heart for the remembering of "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago". The history of Ireland since is a record of recovery and relapse from an attack that almost meant the death of the race.

III

That Ireland stirs so powerfully today means that a recovery has been made. There is a national resurgence, and as part of that resurgence there has come that literary movement, beginning in the 'eighties, which is generally termed the Irish Literary Renaissance. There are three writers who have each contributed a distinctive idea to this literary movement—W. B. Yeats, George W. Russell ("A. E."), and Douglas Hyde. The idea that Mr. Yeats has contributed is that of a culture that would be personal and aristocratic. Irish poetry, when he began his work, was in close alliance with political journalism. The Irish political movement had become parliamentary and argumentative, and this spirit had influenced the work of the

poets. Irish poetry, with some notable exceptions, was poor in form and impersonal in mood. Mr. Yeats, by devoting his artistic energy to the creation of subtle and beautiful forms, brought a creative idea to the younger writers. He preached to them continuously on the discipline of form. In his early volume "The Wanderings of Oisín" he opened up a fresh world for the poets of the new time. And soon he was able to convince them that they were most racial, most Gaelic, when they were disciplining themselves for the creation of exact forms. Gaelic poetry, as it was easy to show, had ever for its ideal the creation of highly wrought forms.

He insisted that personality was the root of poetry, and that the expression of opinion and of collective feeling was for the journalists and the political orators. Mr. Yeats is regarded as a mystical poet: he is not mystical, however, but intellectual, and the poems in "The Wind Among the Reeds" that have given him a reputation for being a mystic, are esoteric rather than mystical; they belong to the same movement that produced the French symbolists. The Irish mind is intellectual rather than mystical, but it is very prone to take an interest in what is remote, esoteric, and cryptic. Mr. Yeats, in Irish letters, has distinctly stood for the intellectual attitude.

But the poet who had been his comrade in the Art School in Dublin was really a mystic. This was George W. Russell who was to publish his poems under the initials "A. E." Like all mystics "A. E." is content to express a single idea, and when one has entered into the mood of one of his poems one can understand the whole of his poetry. In his three books of verse, and in his book on national eco-

nomics, "A. E." has stated his single, all-sufficing thought. Men are the strayed Heaven-dwellers. They are involved in matter now, but in matter they are creating a new empire for the spirit. This doctrine, which might form the basis for a universal religion, has been put into an Irish frame by the poet. "A. E." too has been drawn to the study of the remains of Celtic civilization. He sees in Celtic mythology a fragment of the cosmology once held by the Indians, the Egyptians, and the Greeks. And he alludes to Celtic divinities as if Lugh, Angus, Manannan, Dagda, Dana were as well known as Apollo, Eros, Oceanus, Zeus, Hera.

"A. E.'s" vision is not for all Irish writers who have come under his influence. But he has taught every one of them to look to the spiritual significance of the fact or the event that he writes about. Like the other two representative writers, W. B. Yeats and Douglas Hyde, "A. E." takes a large part in the public life of Ireland. He deals with the most practical of all affairs—agriculture, and he is one of the leaders of the movement for agricultural cooperation. He edits an agricultural journal, and he writes every week on economics and agriculture.

Dr. Douglas Hyde has written in Gaelic and in English; he has written poems, plays, and essays, but it is by his collections of folk poetry that he has most influenced contemporary Irish poetry. He came into contact with the Gaelic tradition by living with the farmers and fishers of the west of Ireland. The Gaelic-speaking population of Ireland had now shrunk to some remote and poverty-stricken districts along the Atlantic Ocean. But in them this poet-scholar was able to make a considerable gleaning. He

has published "The Love Songs of Connacht" and "The Religious Songs of Connacht", two sections of a great collection he has made, and the publication of these songs has been one of the greatest influences on the new Irish literature.*

Dr. Hyde, in translating these Gaelic folk songs into English, reproduced in many instances the distinctive metrical effects of Gaelic poetry, and showed how various interesting forms might be adopted by Irish poets in using the English language. But the collections were to have an influence over more than language and metrical form. The young Irish poets who had been brought up in a culture remote from their racial inheritance, were to find in these poems not only the racial spirit, but the character of their people and the distinctive features of their country; they were to find in them too an intensity and a moving simplicity—"The Love Songs of Connacht" became the breviary of many of the younger poets.

The attempt at the re-Gaelicizing of Ireland by the Gaelic League has had a powerful effect on Irish poetry. Padraic Pearse, one of the truest poets that Ireland has ever produced, wrote his poems in Gaelic, bringing a new material into Gaelic poetry. And the kernel of Thomas MacDonagh's book of creative criticism, "Literature in Ireland", is in this declaration:

*The influence has been exerted not only on poetry, but on the dialogue of the Irish drama as well. In making literal prose renderings of some of the songs he used the idiom and rhythm of the Irish peasant speaking English. Lady Gregory made use of the idiom in her versions of the old romances. Mr. Yeats praised Dr. Hyde's discovery and spoke of it to John M. Synge. Synge's rhythmic and colored idiom is very close to Dr. Hyde's prose versions of the Connacht songs. Here is a verse from one of them: "If you were to see the Star of Knowledge and she coming in the mouth of the road, you would say that it was a jewel at a distance from you, who would disperse fog and enchantment; her countenance red like the roses, and her eye like the dew of the harvest; her thin little mouth very pretty, and her neck of the color of lime."

The Gaelic revival has given to some of us a new arrogance. I am a Gael and I know no cause but of pride in that. *Gaedhal me agus no h-eol dom gur nair dom e.* My race has survived the wiles of the foreigner here. It has refused to yield even to defeat, and emerges strong to-day, full of hope and of love, with new strength in its arms to work its new destiny, with a new song on its lips and the word of the new language, which is the ancient language, still calling from age to age.

IV

Whether it has or has not to do with the prosaic issue of self-determination, it is certain that Irish poetry in these latter days is becoming more and not less national. But it is no longer national in the deliberate way that Thomas Davis would have it national, as "condensed and gem-like history".*

No, Irish poetry is no longer national in the deliberate or in the claimant way. But it is becoming national as the Irish landscape is national, as the tone and gesture of the Irish peasant is national. It is national in "A. E.'s" poetry—if not in those mystical reveries that transcend race and nationality, then in those impassioned statements in which he celebrates or rebukes the actions of some group or some individual; it is national in W. B. Yeats's poetry, in his range from invective to the poetry of ideal love; it is national in the landscape that Joseph Campbell evokes; in the bardic exuberance of language that James Stephens turns into poetry; in the delicate rhythms of Seumas O'Sullivan's lyrics and in the remoteness that they hold; in the hedgerows and the little fields that Francis Ledwidge's poetry images; in the dedication that is in Joseph Plunkett's, and in the high and happy adventurousness that is in Thomas MacDonagh's poetry.

*"National poetry... binds us to the land by its condensed and gem-like history. It... fires us in action, prompts our invention, sheds a grace beyond the power of luxury round our homes, it is the recognized envoy of our minds among all mankind, and to all time."

GEORGE ADE

By Thomas L. Masson

With a Sketch by Ivan Opffer

IN the introduction to "Ivanhoe" Sir Walter Scott, with the genial candor that was one of his most charming traits, laments that hitherto he has been unable to break away from the uninterrupted course of the Waverley novels. "It was plain, however," says Sir Walter, "that the frequent publication must finally wear out the public favor, unless some mode could be devised to give an appearance of novelty to subsequent productions. Scottish manners, Scottish dialect, and Scottish characters of note, being those with which the author was most intimately and familiarly acquainted, were the groundwork upon which he had hitherto relied for giving effect to his narrative." He then adds: "Nothing can be more dangerous for the fame of a professor of the fine arts than to permit (if he can possibly prevent it) the character of a mannerist to be attached to him, or that he should be supposed capable of success only in a particular and limited style." Indeed, Sir Walter was so much impressed by the truth of his observation, that he insisted upon publishing "Ivanhoe" anonymously, and it was only upon the assurance of its success from his publishers that he consented to the use of his name.

This danger has long been recognized by authors, and during the last half century—inspired quite possibly by the example of Sir Walter—British writers have quite largely succeeded

in overcoming the handicap. We have Mr. Kipling starting out as a writer of short sketches from India, creating a new vein of Anglo-Indian literature; but shortly breaking away from his environment and becoming a short story writer of universal appeal, a first-rank novelist, and the only poet who has voiced in rugged song the heart and soul of Imperial England. We have Jerome K. Jerome whose "Three Men in a Boat" and whose housemaid's knee fastened upon him the reputation of a professional humorist, suddenly turning into a dramatist of high order. There was Thackeray of "Punch", likewise a professional humorist and satirist, breaking bounds and becoming the author of "Vanity Fair"; and after him Du Maurier, who used to write his own jokes to his own drawings and who, leaving the conference table (they say in a fit of pique) built forthwith his "Trilby", surely a work of real literary art. Still more recently we have A. A. Milne, in the beginning a chance contributor to "Punch", rapidly achieving a reputation not only as a humorist and dramatist of the first rank, but as a writer whose breadth of vision is constantly increasing. There are numerous other examples in Great Britain of authors who have risen above their first reputations. Mr. Wells is a notable instance, for it would be difficult to say whether he is most preeminent as a



Sketched by Ivan Oppen

GEORGE ADAM

novelist, an historian, or a sociological psychologist; and whether Thomas Hardy is greater as a poet or a novelist is a question upon which his staunchest adherents are divided.

The literature of this country is, quite inevitably, built upon smaller lines than that of Great Britain; but the same struggle of our authors to rise above their first limitations has been going on here, as there. With less success. Mark Twain made the attempt in "Joan of Arc" which he published anonymously because he feared that his reputation as a humorist would detract from the dignity of his effort. The problem appears to be more difficult in America than elsewhere.

All things considered, by right of achievement and what one may term "intrinsic merit", our two leading humorists are George Ade and Finley Peter Dunne; yet neither of them has fully succeeded in breaking away from his single reputation. Mr. Dunne became widely known as the author of the inimitable Mr. Dooley: and henceforth nothing but the observations of Mr. Dooley would satisfy an eager public. Mr. Ade became known as the author of "Fables in Slang", and Mr. Ade is still known as the author of "Fables in Slang", although it must be said that as the creator of the comic opera "The Sultan of Sulu", "The College Widow", and other productions almost equally meritorious, his fame as a dramatist is closely allied to his fame as a fablist. Yet here the observation may be made, let me hope without offense, that if Æsop had not written his fables, it is probable that George Ade's reputation as an American humorist would have been none the less; but his reputation as a dramatist might easily have been less

if Gilbert and Sullivan's operas had not been written.

George Ade's fables are American fables. The form, granted, is very old, like hexameter verse or the ballade or the sonnet. But the form in this instance does not particularly matter. The point is that Ade is an American, which—in an American—gives one a great advantage. Ade was born in the middle of America: not exactly in the middle but enough to insure his being an American. He wasn't born near enough to the Atlantic coast to become an Anglomaniac, nor to take on too much eastern education to obscure his racial traits. It is probable that the mud of Indiana stuck to him long enough to charm him against foreign influences. Along somewhere in the middle of his life, after he had achieved fame, he traveled abroad: he went to Egypt. But it was then too late to spoil the quality of his jokes; their tang had become fixed.

George Ade, born in Kentland, Indiana, February 9, 1866, was educated at Purdue University. It probably did him less harm than anywhere else he might have gone. He succeeded in preserving his Americanism: he stuck to Indiana more or less, and learned to write at first in a very practical school—a Lafayette, Indiana newspaper office. Then, still an American, he flew to Chicago, and doubtless consorted with low spirits and plied his trade as a reporter and writer and served his apprenticeship. This leads me to observe that there would be nothing the matter with American literature if it were only permitted to grow up. If a man has native talent—a gift—he needs to have it protected from foreign influences long enough for it to stand upon its own legs! Otherwise it is crowded out and becomes merely

an echo. That is so often the trouble with our most energetic writers.

George Ade practised on his slang for a long time. It was something that came out of the American middle west soil, and to which he gave his genius, molding it to his purpose and producing things that as finished products could scarcely have been produced anywhere else. That is what constitutes his merit, his claim to be an American humorist of the first rank.

Of course, no writer can produce things like that without having qualities. Theodore Dreiser, for example, is in my opinion a great novelist—another American—but when Mr. Dreiser writes essays slamming his own country (its vulgarity, its crudeness, its banality, etc.), he charms me not nearly—no, not fractionally so much as Mr. Ade, who arrives at the same result (and so much more effectively) in his fables. Sinclair Lewis in "Main Street" has written a long novel to prove that the people who live on Main Street are drab and uninteresting—at least so I am told by those who have read it. Personally I do not care for Mr. Lewis's opinion of the people who live on Main Street, because I sense his book as an echo; and besides, George Ade supplies me with what I wish to know about these Main Streets. He has them all down: he hits them off: and he doesn't waste a lot of time over them either.

At this point it is perhaps as well to make a pertinent observation about humor. You may put it down here, as a mental note, that the right kind of humor is always in sympathy with the people it "takes off". George Ade does not hate the people he writes his fables about. He doesn't stand off and fire poisoned arrows into them and snarl at them, and hold them up to ridicule

by showing you how much he resents them. He doesn't resent them. He doesn't even go so far as to tolerate them. He likes them. He is one of them himself. They are his crowd. George Ade, born in Indiana, went to Chicago and learned the mechanics of his art. He went to Egypt, and looked it over, and left it where it was; came back to Indiana, bought a farm there, and lives there. In other words, George Ade is a plain American, a man of genius, living among his own people, putting on no frills. If you wish information about what has really been going on in America since, say 1900, get his fables and read them; you will come nearer to the truth there than in all the books on sociology and history that have been written during this period.

Personally, I haven't read Ade's fable of the two Mandolin Players for some years: but I know precisely what kind of bird the Players are, and I like to think about them. He did not make me hate or despise them—he only made me laugh at them. There are certain things inside of me that are just like the things inside of those two Mandolin Players of Ade's. I know they are there because I have been reminded of them: and I know there are also other things in various people of Ade's fables that are like the other things I have inside of me. Somehow I am not so ashamed of them as I was before I read the fables, because they have made me feel that we are all of us, east and west and north and south, a great deal alike: made up of about the same parts, in various combinations.

George Ade's reputation as a first-class American humorist (admitted it is along a certain narrow line) is firmly established, not essentially because he is a member of the National

Institute of Arts and Letters, but because he has sounded a genuine American note in a manner of his own. The real trouble with the majority of people who read him is that they don't take him seriously enough: that is, they don't study him; they don't realize, as I have already hinted, that if you want real information about America, real insight into American character, snapshots at the American animal in his haunts, so to speak, here is where to get it.

You are doubtless fooled because the fable is short, because it is offhand and slangy, and because it isn't always so funny as it might be. All that comes from a mistaken idea about the nature and quality of humor. Some people should never attempt to read anything humorous. It cannot possibly do them any good: it only makes them worse. It is amazing indeed to see how little attention is paid to understanding the reading of humor in our public schools. I venture the assertion that a really good piece of literary prose humor or humorous verse—a classic if you will—would meet with scarcely any appreciation by an average class of high school students. I know this because I have tried it.

It has been my experience that George Ade's fables are hard to read aloud to a group of average people (if there be such a thing). The reason is perfectly plain. These fables are high literary art, but not dramatic art, because the impact of the slang word is often just too late to produce the instantaneous effect necessary to the listener. This of course is not always so; but it is so often enough to make the reading of these fables anything but a certainty. Occasionally a clear-cut phrase will go home with telling effect, but generally speaking Ade's fables need to be lingered over

in silence: they are concentrated food, to be taken as a tonic, say one or two after a meal. It is quite natural also that they should not all be good or that some of them should be better than others. But in this respect, be not deceived. Your personal experience means much: you are sure to respond more to those things which reveal your own experience: so that if a certain fable appears to fall flat, it may easily be because that part of life has not particularly touched you.

They are in quite a large sense allegorical. You have to rise to the bait yourself. This is the beginning of one of Ade's fables:

Once there was an Indian who had
a Way of putting on all his Feathers
and breaking out of the Reservation.

Think of reading that aloud to a committee of eight or ten—say a Board of Education or a Board of Health. You would have to explain at once that Ade in reality was not talking about an Indian at all: that he might indeed be talking about the chairman of the committee himself. You would then have to make a personal appeal to the chairman, and ask him if he ever felt like an Indian, felt like putting on his store clothes, and sneaking out of the side door for the purpose of raising Cain. By this time you would be engaged in a controversy—which proves certain things which those who understand will already know, and those who do not understand can never be taught.

George Ade unites with the late Henry James the distinction of having achieved literary fame without benefit of clergy: that is to say without matrimonial aid. This is the only respect however in which they appear to have anything in common. Henry James scorned his native land—George Ade revels in his Indiana farm. Henry

James took himself seriously and wrote in a language that few understand. George Ade snapped his countrymen, living among them, doing them good by his presence. His slang is almost wholly his own: you see plainly where he gets it from: but he rolls it a little and fits it in and changes it to suit his plan. It is impossible to overestimate the unconscious effect of a George Ade upon a generation: a combination of naturalness, common sense, sympathy, rail-lery, tolerance. This word caricature, which gives us flashes of ourselves, as a corrective, is an asset for genuine democracy much more powerful than we have any idea of. The kind of humor which reflects American traits, which is rough in spots, dull in spots, but true in its essence and untainted by foreign influences—that is extremely valuable to us as a people: highly sanitary and educational. This kind of raillery, of frankness, displayed in our train of humorists—Josh Billings, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, George Ade, and other natives—came out of the original town meeting, a by-product of the process of self-government. It has helped to make of the American people—climatically nervous and daring—one of the most patient and tolerant peoples in the world. Our characteristic bluster and brag, the aftermath of the conquering of a new continent, plus the rawness and vulgarity that jar upon Dreiser so much—all this in its full uninterrupted swing doubtless is offensive; but a rough sense of humor—the capacity, so to speak, to “josh” oneself—has given us something as a corrective which will be a large help as we grow up into more “cultured” ways. Besides, I am not so sure that this America of ours is so crude a thing as the critics would have. Art

is not confined to any medium. In new forms it is misunderstood in the beginning, and it is quite possible that in a larger sense there is an art to the living of a national life by a whole people far beyond any particular form of art. The Greeks developed the highest sense of art in architecture, sculpture, philosophy, drama, but they broke down in the art of preserving themselves. It is possible that America is developing a soul—something hitherto thought superfluous in a Christian people.

It remains only to answer the question, why is it that American writers, and particularly American humorists, move along such restricted lines—never get beyond a certain point—in contrast with their British prototypes? Alexis de Tocqueville, a most acute observer, who wrote when this country was first forming, has declared that in a democracy the same attention cannot be paid to letters as in an aristocracy:

Most of those who have some tinge of belles-lettres are either engaged in politics or in a profession which only allows them to taste occasionally and by stealth the pleasures of the mind.... They prefer books which may be easily procured, quickly read, and which require no learned researches to be understood...above all, they must have what is new and unexpected.

In short, the American audience is too heterogeneous, too mixed and scattered, too much occupied with material excitements. St. John Ervine, a more recent observer, attributes our lack of literature to the so-called process of standardization:

Standardization means the destruction of individual preferences...it is not difficult to prophesy that the outcome of it will be sterility of the soul...a great literature cannot flourish in an atmosphere of imitation and suppressed personality, and unless America can somehow solve this problem of making a man's individuality grow and become vivid, there is slight

likelihood of her making credit for herself with an art or a literature to which the world will yield respect.

From this standpoint, if you will, the fault lies not with the individual himself, but in the nature of things. In the case of George Ade, it is not his fault, but that of the audience, and the audience is the country. Here is a writer of undoubted native genius, a national humorist who achieves celebrity as the author of "Fables in Slang" and there stops. In the midst

of a world upheaval, and a silent revolution in our own country that is producing astonishing changes in our body politic, we ask ourselves why no great writer arises, why no great satirist holds over us the whip of scorn, why it is that with so much material for the universal humorists, there is no universal humorist. The answer is that we don't want him. We have no time to listen to him. And unless we cultivate ourselves to feel the need of him, he will not grow up out of us.

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HIPPOLYTUS TEMPORIZES

By H. D.

I WORSHIP the greatest first—
(it were sweet, the couch,
the brighter ripple of cloth
over the dipped fleece;
the thought: her bones
under the flesh are white
as when sand along a beach
covers but keeps the print
of the crescent shapes beneath.
I thought: so her body lies
between cloth and fleece.)

I worship first, the great—
(ah sweet, your eyes—
what God, invoked in Crete,
gave them the gift to part
as the Sidonian myrtle-flower,
suddenly wide and swart;
then swiftly,
the eyelids having provoked our hearts—
as suddenly beat and close.)

I worship the feet, flawless,
that haunt the hills—
(ah sweet, dare I think,
beneath fetter of golden clasp,
of the rhythm, the fall and rise
of yours, carven, slight
beneath straps of gold that keep
their slender beauty caught,
like wings and bodies
of trapped birds.)

I worship the greatest first—
(suddenly into my brain—
the flash of sun on the snow,
the edge of light and the drift,
the crest and the hill-shadow—
ah, surely now I forget,
ah splendour, my goddess turns:
or was it the sudden heat—
on the wrist—of the molten flesh
and veins' quivering violet?)

THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

The anonymous discussion of personalities is sometimes ill-bred. On occasion it is even dangerous. Nevertheless, we are undertaking this series of discussions of American literary figures with a light heart and high hopes that we shall not be driven to stiffer weapons than words, and that we shall always, however piercing the criticism, remain good-tempered.

The author of "The Literary Spotlight" who hides so decorously behind our person is not one but many. We find ourselves a screen for practically every critic of note in the country; for, with something like glee, they have undertaken the analysis of contemporaries who are in many cases personal friends. It will be interesting to escape, for a moment, from the curse of log-rolling, to see what those who write actually think of each other. If you would speculate as to the source of any one article, we warn you that there has been a definite attempt at concealment of style. In some cases, indeed, there has been an effort to parody another man's manner. The spirit of the entire performance, while it has the essence of foolery, is yet a conscientious effort to present an honest judgment on the state of American letters by means of a somewhat close observation of its principal figures.

—J. F.

I: LOUIS UNTERMAYER

With a Sketch by William Gropper

HE was born in New York City, October 1, 1885, and is probably the least educated poet in America. His Alma Mater is the De Witt Clinton High School, from which, having flunked twice in geometry, he failed to graduate. He has been successful in concealing (1) his mathematical shortcomings from his business associates, (2) his middle name from the public. It was first intended to give him his mother's family name (Michael) but, yielding to a repressed romanticism, only the initial was kept. It was finally used for his middle name, which is Milton. He has never allowed it to appear in print.

He is five feet seven inches in height, stocky, inclined to take on weight because of an uncontrollable lust for sweets; is equally worried about the state of the world and the thinning of his hair; puns as often (and as atrociously) as Christopher Morley, and is as fussy about his neck-

ties as a Wall Street stockbroker. The absurd smallness of his ears is over-compensated by the prominence of his nose. He has a long slanting forehead, wears eye-glasses, and affects racy colloquialisms that are not suited to his temperament. The shape of his head is dolichocephalic.

Although he prefers Virginia mixtures, he smokes any and every brand of cigarette. However he cannot stand tobacco in any other form. Once a year B. W. Huebsch persuades him to finish a cigar, which he does with unhappy consequences. He has a collection of fourteen pipes which he has tried to "break in" without success.

He originally expected to be a professional musician; he wrote a few sentimental songs in the styles of MacDowell and Schumann at eighteen, and at nineteen his first printed poem (a fulsome sonnet to Nazimova) appeared in "The Theatre Magazine". Since



Sketched by William Gropper

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

then he has not composed a note. But he continually deplures the fact (to anyone who will listen) that his creative gift is not musical, and he still plays the piano creditably. His favorite method of entertaining guests is to play the accompaniments while his wife sings the less well-known songs of Brahms and Hugo Wolf, and he never tires of saying that he would rather have written the "little" Eighth Symphony of Beethoven than all the tragedies of Shakespeare.

He married a girl from the incredible town of Zanesville in 1907. His wife is Jean Starr Untermeyer, also a poet. They have one child, a boy, Richard, thirteen years old, who worships only two gods: Babe Ruth and Nikolai Lenin.

His work is full of absurd self-contradictions. He bangs the drum for all the modern tendencies, scorning anything that is even faintly "academic"; yet his own poetry is as orthodox in form as the most conventional of his *bêtes noires*. Similarly, as a critic, he occupies almost opposite positions. He exposed the "Others" group to derisive laughter both in his parodies and his articles in "The New Republic". Yet he wrote a more than friendly introduction to Maxwell Bodenheim's first book of fantasies. His chapter in "The New Era in American Poetry" on the intraverted music and morbidity of Aiken's verse was vitriolic and almost libelous; yet on this vehement critique was founded a close friendship, and he will rush to Aiken's defense if anyone on the "other" side attacks the blond hermit of South Yarmouth.

This grotesque inconsistency needs no psychoanalyzer. His exaggerated pugnacity is a shield; his belligerent attitude is what the Freudians would call a defense mechanism, a protection *against an inherent* sentimentality to

which he is always in danger of yielding. He is, like many of his race, highly sensitized, extremely adaptable, and hence open to any strong influence, subject to a succession of sudden attachments. Thus one finds him absolutely uncritical, even as a critic, of the work of intimate friends like Robert Frost and Carl Sandburg. Thus, also, one finds him, in spite of the abandon and more-than-suggested infidelities in "The New Adam", a fiercely monogamous husband, a possessive householder, a traditionally Hebraic parent.

His critical attitude leans heavily on the following terms: *banal, glib, technique, derivative, racy, indubitably, authentic, illuminating, acerbic, exaltation* (usually as opposed to *exultation*), *physical* (often accompanied by *as well as metaphysical*), *fulgent, inhibited, and neurotic*. His poetry, when it is most his own, seems to be ringing the changes on such favorite words as: *urge, flesh, red, triumph, fuse, wave, surge, fires, stark, rushing, energy, and abandon*.

He suffered from catarrh for several years, but after an incision of the nasal septum, now breathes without difficulty. He has never had a day's illness since he contracted chicken-pox at the age of five, hence his "Challenge" poetry, obviously influenced by Henley, is insufferably bouncing and muscular. However, he complains occasionally of seborrhea.

In the business world, which he entered at seventeen, he is known both as a designer and a manufacturing jeweler with radical tendencies. This is because he has espoused the cause of labor, is one of the contributing editors of "The Liberator", was connected with the trial of "The Masses" in 1918, and was one of the first manufacturers to come out for the forty-four hour week, closing his factory

(in Newark, New Jersey) all day on Saturdays. What puzzles his fellow manufacturers is the fact that his "socialistic ideas" seem to have been not only pleasurable to him but profitable to his partners.

He takes a perverse pleasure in posing, especially when he is among literary persons, as a satisfied merchant, a member of the Board of Trade, a capitalist, a lowbrow. Yet he regards the manufacturing of jewelry as a parasitic and essentially immoral trade, and, I have it on fair authority, is making plans to resign from his firm within a year. He hopes, he says, to retire to some farm in Connecticut, study for two years, travel for three more, and then settle down as—God save the mark!—a lecturer in some lesser university.

He has a sprawling, hodgepodge library of thirty-five hundred books containing most of the dramas and practically all the representative poetry since 1890. It also contains two shelves which he calls his Chamber of Horrors. Some day he intends to use this material in an anthology to be entitled "The World's Worst Poetry". He expects to insert, among verbal atrocities by James Byron Elmore ("the Bard of the Alamo"), Julia Moore (Mark Twain's "Sweet Singer of Michigan"), J. Gordon Coogler, and other queer fowl, some of the gaudiest banalities of Cale Young Rice, Robert W. Service, and George Edward Woodberry.

He is fond of books as books, but he is no bibliophile. The only first editions he ever collected were those of H. G. Wells, D. H. Lawrence, and (at twenty-one) Richard Le Gallienne. He will sell the last at less than cost. His only prized possessions are a first edition of "The Tinker's Wedding"

sent to him and autographed by J. M. Synge (he claims to have written the first American review of Synge's work), a manuscript notebook of unpublished poems by Siegfried Sassoon, and a Bible sent to him by H. L. Mencken which bears the legend "Property of the Hotel Astor" on the cover and is inscribed on the title-page: "To Louis Untermeyer, with the compliments of The Author".

He always eats too much and never has indigestion.

He is continually harping on "individuality", he derides "influences"; yet he is vastly tickled when anyone compares him to Heine.

He is a Jew by birth and by preference, yet some of his best friends are Jews.

He has published a dozen assorted volumes of prose and verse. Yet one of them has never been offered for sale in any book store. It appeared in 1917, a pamphlet of forty pages with illustrations, and was distributed anonymously. It was called "The Wedding Ring". It does not appear in any list of his works.

He likes to think of himself as a sardonic and even silent person; and yet he is effervescent to the point of continually bubbling over nothing. Once started on an enthusiasm, he will talk at any opportunity to any audience for any length of time.

A most aggravating and unreasonable combination. A poet, yet a practical business man; a passionate propagandist, yet a critic without any axes to grind; a reviewer who has made dozens of enemies, yet an anthologist with little prejudice or partisanship.... A creature mythical, fantastic, incredible—but nevertheless very much alive.

WHAT'S WHAT AMONG THE FALL BOOKS

*There is no pleasure in hard names for flowers,
Nor in acquaintance with their inner shape.
To ravish Beauty with dividing powers
Is to let exquisite essences escape.
At feasts within a flowery paradise
Parvenu Wit must yield his precedence,
Honours therein are for the nose and eyes,
For that old Esquisite, discerning Sense.*

—from "The Contemplative Quarry and The Man with a Hammer" by
Anna Wickham

ACCORDING to Miss Wickham's entertaining verses, we should be able to smell the quality of a book. One whiff of the binding, and the unerring nostrils of the good critic will have sensed its worth, its mediocrity, or its failure. What, then, of publishers' catalogues? What superhuman intuition can penetrate the weighty enthusiasm of the hired blurb-writer? Can one tell, for example, that a certain book announced for the fall by a reputable publisher as a serious and penetrating study of the war generation, is no more than a weakly written collection of melodramatic claptrap? Doubtless to be enjoyed by a certain public *as such*. Perhaps it is this book that has made me ill-tempered today. I shouldn't have minded reading advance proofs of it, if it had been called by its proper name; but whose nostrils would not resent, when a rose has been promised, the substitution of a skunk cabbage?

However, there is a long winter before us, and open fires in front of which to read, or even hall bedrooms and ruinous gasburners under which to strain our eyes. We must have books, and the fall gives us an unusually ripe list from which to choose; for difficulties with the binders in the spring brought many titles to a mid-summer or early autumn publication

and multiplied the influx of volumes to the reviewer's desk by a generous percentage. Which shall they be, then, these volumes to give our friends or to tuck away on our own shelves? I can mention only a title here and there; for everyone is publishing a book this fall. Everyone from the spread-advertised Dells, Stratton-Porters, Harold Bell Wrights, Curwoods, Norrises, Kynes, and Connors, to the collected Edward Arlington Robinson. Ever so lightly, then, must I touch, with an eye to the spots that seem high to me.

What novels to read first? Perhaps for an evening of romance, that gay and colorful yarn of Donn Byrne's, "Messer Marco Polo". For amusement, May Sinclair in a mood of fooling, with her "Mr. Waddington of Wyck", and Ring Lardner's "The Big Town". I've read advance proofs of "Ten Hours", an exquisitely written short novel by Constance I. Smith, a newcomer from England. It is a combination of the best in "Nocturne" and "Miss Lulu Bett", with a new twist that is distinctly Miss Smith's. Then there is "Beggar's Gold", because Ernest Poole is still strong in our affections for "The Harbor", and Sherwood Anderson's "The Triumph of the Egg". For youth and impudence we'll choose what they say is a most unusual first novel by an American young

man writing with a Paris background, Edward Alden Jewell's "The Charmed Circle". Ben Hecht's brilliant performance, "Erik Dorn", John Dos Passos's superb "Three Soldiers", and Joseph Anthony's "The Gang": three powerful, if provocative novels by young Americans that will cause much discussion and, any one of them, may be seen on the important lists of the coming year.

These, perhaps, I should choose first, but there are many others! Rose Macaulay gives us a better book than "Potterism" in "Dangerous Ages". Women, particularly, will like it, and discuss it. A satire on psychoanalysis, more amusing than penetrating; but extremely good reading. There is "Privilege" by an Englishman, Michael Sadleir, which is a leisurely story of the decadence of a powerful English family. There are two Walpoles, two Cabells, and two Maughams (due to the crowding of spring lists on fall), a Snaith, a D. H. Lawrence, a Bojer, a Galsworthy, a W. L. George, a Sheila Kaye-Smith, de la Mare's prose "Memoirs of a Midget", and "The Briary-Bush", sequel to Floyd Dell's "Moon-Calf".

Both Henry Sydnor Harrison and Jeffery Farnol are among us again after fairly long silences, Farnol with a swinging romance of the high seas, "Martin Conisby's Vengeance". A young editor of the New York "Globe", Robert L. Duffus, has a first novel, the title of which we once announced incorrectly. It is now called "Roads Going South", and is said to be of a very unusual character.

The Benét brothers both have novels appearing. Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Beginning of Wisdom" is probably obtainable by now and William Rose Benét's "The First Person Singular" follows later in the season. Their sister Laura, by the way, is appearing

simultaneously, with "Fairy Bread", a volume of lyrics. An astonishing family. Almost as astonishing as the Terhunes. I can see that I've failed to mention many of the most important names, such as Edgar Rice Burroughs and Magdeleine Marx (how I wish that the authors of the Tarzan books and of "Woman" would do a combination story), Edna Ferber, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Hamlin Garland, Phyllis Bottome, Dorothy Richardson, Dana Burnet, the Burts (husband and wife), the Norrises (husband and wife), Archibald Marshall, Nexö, Mrs. Rinehart, and Alice Duer Miller.

How valuable it may prove from a literary standpoint one might hesitate to say, but John Addington Symonds's daughter Margaret has written a story, "A Child of the Alps"; the wife of Senator Keyes of New Hampshire gives us "The Career of David Noble"; and Margot Asquith's extremely brilliant daughter, the Princess Bibesco, is to publish a collection of short stories.

Christopher Morley has collected and introduced a group of modern essays. There will be, too, his own "Plum Pudding" and, incidentally, a collected edition of his poems. But of all the essays, the three that most appeal to me are Logan Pearsall Smith's "More Trivia", H. M. Tomlinson's "London River", and William McFee's "Harbours of Memory". Among the American more-or-less followers in the path of Elia, there are Holliday, Benchley, and Broun, while for broader humor you can choose from Clarence Day, Jr., Irvin Cobb, Margaret Breuning, or Donald Ogden Stewart. "A Magnificent Farce, and Other Diversions of a Book-Collector" by A. Edward Newton, and "Silhouettes of My Contemporaries" by Lyman Abbott are two volumes that should be valuable and companionable.

Milne, Hudson, Beerbohm, and Lucas are all present with books of varying slimness, while H. W. Nevins departs from usual paths to discuss "Life, War and the Muses". For the younger generation in America, Burton Rascoe and Harold Stearns speak plainly, and "Fanfare" and "America and the Young Intellectual" will probably be much discussed.

Harry Franck's "Working North from Patagonia", and "Fairy Lands of the South Seas", the Hall-Nordhoff essays that have been appearing in "The Atlantic Monthly", and William Beebe's "Edge of the Jungle" are perhaps the outstanding travel books, though "Fountains in the Sand" and "Old Calabria", if they have even half the charm of Norman Douglas's novels, should be read. Then Ralph Stock's "The Dream Ship" sounds fascinating: a cruise over the globe in a small boat with adventures by the way. Sydney Greenbie and his wife Marjorie Barstow have written independently: the husband, "The Pacific Triangle", the lady, "In the Eyes of the East". One notes that they have different publishers. Curious or natural? William L. Stidger, Lewis R. Freeman, Julian Street, known in other fields, are represented this fall by travel: then, of course, we should not forget the burlesque Captain Traprock book interpreted by George S. Chappell. For literary fooling few performances have equaled "The Cruise of the Kawa".

In picking from among the general titles, there are so many varying interests to remember that I'm forced to rely on my own. Perhaps the most interesting title is "Civilization in the United States. An Inquiry by Thirty Americans". This is to be an attempt at a broad criticism of America in the manner of the eighteenth century encyclopædists. Among the contributors

are such persons as H. L. Mencken, Van Wyck Brooks, Katharine Anthony, Robert Morss Lovett, and Harold Stearns. Another collection of opinion is to be "American Indian Life" edited by Elsie Clews Parsons. H. T. Parker's musical reminiscences and portraits are to be called "Eighth Notes". For music lovers, too, is Roland's "Musical Journey to the Country of the Past".

Most of us know Wallace Nutting's delightful colored photographs with their old colonial atmosphere. His "Furniture of the Pilgrim Century" should be interesting. Every chess fan (and how many there are!) will want Capablanca's "Chess Fundamentals" and every aspiring writer will think that he wants Jean Wick's compilation of opinion from various editors called, "The Stories Editors Buy and Why". For those who are interested in the intimacies of great lives there are the Nietzsche-Wagner correspondence introduced by Mr. Mencken and the George Sand-Flaubert correspondence introduced by Mr. Sherman. The ambitious publisher apparently believes in the opposite poles of literary criticism.

If the season brings forth as many poor plays in book form as it already has on Broadway, we shall have a sad lot indeed; but there are some interesting promises. A third volume of adaptations from Stuart Walker's "Portmanteau Theatre", edited by Edward Hale Bierstadt, is forthcoming. James Branch Cabell's first play, given a production last winter in Richmond, is called "The Jewel Merchants". Montrose J. Moses has made a collection which has long been wanted and should prove most useful, i.e. "A Treasury of Plays for Children". There will be Sidney Howard's free verse play "Swords", Zona Gale's prize play "Miss Lulu Bett", with both her

original and her "Broadway" endings, John Drinkwater's "Oliver Cromwell", and Kenneth MacGowan's elaborate volume on the drama, to be known as "The Theatre of To-Morrow".

It is a courageous season for poetry. Why is it that more people do not buy verse? If everyone who talked about verses bought them, we would have a public for our poets. As it is, I can think of no adequate praise for what is comparatively a handful of folk who support the publication of verse. If two thousand people were to buy six volumes of good poetry a year, the publishers of those six volumes would think that a millennium had arrived. What a state of poetic affairs! Perhaps it is because poets are meek and do not know how to assert themselves. However, this fall, we are to have, apparently, many volumes from well-known poets: Margaret Widdemer's "Cross Currents" (she has published also a novel, "The Year of Delight"), John Masefield's "King Cole", a legend of old England with plenty of plum pudding atmosphere, Masters, and Jessie B. Rittenhouse, Robert Graves, and Padraic Colum. There will be the Chinese translations by Mrs. Ayscough and Miss Lowell, Elinor Wylie's first volume, "Nets to Catch the Wind", a new volume by Walter de la Mare, one by the imagist "H. D.", and "The Fifth Book of Horace", an amusing satire by Rudyard Kipling and—Graves. Zona Gale ventures into this field with "The Secret Way". Mrs. Untermeyer and her husband both have volumes in "Dreams Out of Darkness" and the new edition of "Modern American Poetry". From the recruits of the Chicago "Daily News" come two volumes—Keith Preston's "Splinters" and Tubman K. Hedrick's "Orientations of Ho-Hen". We very nearly forgot Don Marquis, who has two and

perhaps more volumes (one of short stories) included in the lists.

Children's Book Week is approaching. The spring lists were woefully lacking in titles for the young people. The fall brings forth many. I can mention only a few, and those from a sense of titles rather than from a knowledge of the books. Annie Carroll Moore, however, will discuss the complete juvenile list in our November number. For illustrated books there is Gordon Ross's "Baron Munchausen" and Wyeth's "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Andersen Fairy Book" and a Kate Douglas Wiggin abridgment of "Scottish Chiefs". Jessie Willcox Smith has illustrated George MacDonald's "The Princess and Curdie". Padraic Colum is always delightful, and "The Children Who Followed the Piper" sounds entertaining. "The Royal Book of Oz" is edited from material left by Mr. Baum. For boys there are "Daring Deeds of Polar Explorers" and "The Book of Cowboys", "The Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes" and wild animal tales by Mortimer H. Batten. For girls there are Abbie Farwell Brown's "Round Robin", Eliza Orne White's "Peggy in Her Blue Frock", and several titles by Olive Roberts Barton. I always like titles like "An Argosy of Fables" or "A Treasury of Indian Tales", and if it hasn't too much of the moral tone, "Good Stories for Great Birthdays" might be entertaining.

There seems to be no autobiography about to appear that is likely to supplant Asquith and Bok in popularity. Perhaps that is why a new and cheaper edition of the latter has just been issued. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's Diaries are announced. These should be fascinating reading but may not reach a wide audience. James L. Ford's "Forty Odd Years in the Literary

Shop" will contain a rich store of reminiscence from the former critic of the New York "Herald". A nice contrast is that between Moltke's autobiography and that of young Stephen McKenna whose memoirs, while doubtless colored with action, do not cover a full period of years. Then, too, we will have "The Notebook of Anton Chekhov". For biography, James Monroe, Roosevelt (by his sister), John Burroughs, Jack London (by his wife), Herman Melville, Whistler, Romain Rolland, Louise Imogen Guiney. These are only a few, and possibly Gamaliel Bradford's "American Por-

traits" should come under this heading.

For those who are entering on the state of matrimony is "The Small House" by Ernest Flagg; for those already married and others, Frederick Palmer's "Can We Stop War?". But as I look at this huge pile of catalogues before me, and the growing pile of books on my desk carefully marked, "To be read by J. F.", I sigh and wish you a most pleasant round of winter reading and turn, with a feeling of approaching insanity, to study Dr. Brill's new book on psychoanalysis.

—J. F.

THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Carl Sandburg

(July, 1921)

A DAY AS A WAGE

Just the clanking of switch engines down by
the station,

Just the quivering hum of a truck far away,
Just the murmur of fall and the soft respiration

Of the breezes this Sunday, this indolent day,

Just the branches above me caressing and kissing,

(And a lad out in front of me batting up flies
While two others are running to catch them
and missing,

Then are smoothing their hair and arranging
their ties)

Just a cloud or a twist of white smoke that is
drifting

Past the squares of brick houses mapped on
the hills,

Just the lid of black smoke hanging low, never
lifting

From that valley of tracks and disconsolate
mills,

Just the blue cigarette smoke perfuming my
fingers

That is gray when it floats from my nostrils
or lips,

Just a fancy or longing or something that
lingers

In my thoughts into which a regretfulness
slips:

Nothing else; nothing busy; no people come
scorning

One who loves to stretch out with the sun
on his cheek
In a world all his own on his own Sunday
morning
Which is his in return for the rest of his
week.

Keene Wallis
—*The Liberator*

THE SISTERS

The Martha-in-me filled her days
With tasks devoid of joy and praise:
She polished well the furniture;
She made the locks and bolts secure;
She trimmed the lamps with barren ease;
She rubbed the ivory of the keys;
She made the windows shine and glow;
She washed the linen fair as snow.

The Mary-in-me did not stay
At home, as Martha did, each day:
She held aloof like some wild bird
Whose music is but seldom heard.
My Martha felt a little shy
Of Mary as she passed her by,
And one day hid the cloth and broom
With which she garnishes my room.
When Mary saw, she paused and pressed
A hand of Martha to her breast,
And whispered, "We must learn to do
Our labors side by side, we two."

So have the sisters found delight
In doing fireside tasks aright:
Together they have come to see
The meaning in mahogany,
Which now they rub that there may pass
A pageant in its looking-glass;
They shine the windows that the bloom
Of earth be brought within my room;
The lamps are gladly filled and trimmed,
And virgin wisdom goes undimmed;
They polish the piano keys
In readiness for harmonies;
In bolting doors they've learned as well
To throw them wide for heaven and hell,
That all who will may enter there
To be the guests of grace and prayer.

Mary and Martha in sisterhood
Dwell in me as sisters should;
They fashion a garment and kiss its hem,
And my house is in order because of them.

Louise Ayres Garnett
—*The Outlook*

GROWING UP

Gee! But I wanted to grow up.
I wanted to put on longies
And smoke cigars
And be a man.
With a pay-day on Saturday.
I wanted to grow up
And have somebody to buy sodas for,
And take to the circus
Once in a while.

We all did, then:
Pat, who could throw any kid in town,
And Don, who went to the Advent church,
And said the world was coming to an end
In Nineteen-hundred,
And Brick Top and Eppie and Skin and Spider.

We all wanted to grow up
And become pirates and millionaires and
Soldiers and Presidents and
Owners of candy stores.
And all the time we were eating home-cooking
And wearing holes in our pants,
And talking Hog-Latin
And doing what two fingers in the air
Stood for;
And saving stamps
And making things we read about
In *The Boys' World*.

Do you know how to play mumble-de-peg,
And skim rocks
And tread water,
And skin the cat?
Do you know what a stick on the shoulder
stands for
And what "Comggerry wiggery meggery"
means?

Skin is running a wheat farm, now,
Up in North Dakota.
Pat's on the road
Selling something or other.
Brick Top never grew up, quite,
And was making darts for a kid of his own
When I saw him last.
And Spider is yelling his head off
About Socialism and the class struggle
On street corners.

Don was with the Rainbow Division when the
world ended.

Yesterday I heard a little freckle-face
Whistle through his fingers
And tell a feller called Curley
What he was going to do when he grew up.

Binny Koras
—*Rock Island (Ill.) Argus*

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Each month THE BOOKMAN will select a group of poems from the American periodicals. These will be submitted to a prominent poet or critic who will choose from them "The Poems of the Month", though he will be free to add any others he may prefer. Jessie B. Rittenhouse will act as arbiter for November and December. The complete list of poems selected will be found in the Gossip Shop.

CARTOONS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

I. MIRABEAU

You must have shocked your father when you
came,
Club-footed, pimpled. 'Twas for him as when
A gardener finds a crooked root to tend;
He feared the flower would stink and bring him
shame.
He did not want your morals to be lame
At least. It was the same old thing again...
Revolt has always claimed the best in men
And so you cried, "God damn the family
name!"

And yet how sad a thing it was for France...
You spent just half your strength to make
France free
And half in jail through women and the dance.
And at the cry, "To arms!" you did but see
A dearer challenge in a haughty glance,
Behind the throne the lips of Queen Marie.

II. THEROIGNE DE MERICOURT

You taught more economics than a tome
Contains, you women marching on Versailles.
You were not there to save a world, or try.
Your theory was the simple monochrome
Of hunger, black as crusts you ate at home.
And either you or Louis had to die.
That simpler thinker only blinked his eye
Like Nero fiddling in the flames of Rome.

And you, Theroigne, there where none had
grown,
Led forth a Reason: Women crying, "Bread,"
Plain women in the rain before a throne.
Assemblies talked; you knew not what they
said.
You taught us there that hunger is the stone
We bear or hurl till we or kings fall dead.

III. CAMILLE DESMOULINS

Immortal madcap of those thronging days,
We'll say with Mirabeau, "Dear boy Camille."
You wrote Youth's name on Paris; bitter steel
You slashed with, laughing suicidal praise.
Inconstant heart, so many feared your gaze!
Although sometimes across your page a peal
Of bells rang out, their terror did not heal;
They thought Medusa sang the Marseillaise.

Revolt is endless; children press the strife,
And I, here, hold the pen you threw away.
Success, Camille, is measured life by life;
A man, but not the race, may fail his day.
May I succeed as you, that loved a wife
And rang the tocsin of the Cordeliers!

Stirling Bowen
—*The Measure*

RAIN SONGS

Did you ever notice
How many songs
The rain knows?

One night
It sang on our umbrella
Like the kisses
Soon to be born:
"Honey-dear,
I did this for you
So you could press close to him.
Look in his eyes,
If you dare,
Honey-dear!"
Oh, I loved its song that night!

But now it tantalizes me
With sharp-glinting words.
"Ah", it sparkles,
"A little silk umbrella
Is the bitter symbol
Of women who know
No big black cotton ones
To snuggle under."

Did you ever notice
That the rain
Can be merciless?

Margery Lee
—*Live Storics*

THE OUTCAST

Into the valleys I flee, into the shadows;
But there is no peace, no sanctuary.
The hills, like elephants,
Shoulder noiseless through the clouds
And close in on me.
Where shall I hide from the tread of their feet?

I have overset the gods in the temples, and
there is none to protect me—
The little gods of jade with staring eyes,
The great gold and black gods with foolish
faces.

Tell me, little gods of the North and East, and
of the South and West.
How long shall my bones wait, lying on these
rocks,
To become as white as the broken plaster
Of the images in the temple?
Tell me, true gods,
Speak a swift word!—
For the clouds descend in a hot white mist of
wrath,
And through them stamp the elephants...
The terrible elephants...
Trumpeting...

Josephine Pinckney
—*Poetry*

THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM

Extracts from the Novel by Stephen Vincent Benét

(Concluded)

SNOW AND ELMS—"LIGHTS OUT, FRESHMEN!"

(1912—1913)

THE big blue scrapbook with the staring white Y, large as a football letter, glued on to the cover that Philip bought with such innocence and pride his third day at Yale and carefully left behind under a dead straw hat as a pitiful sop for his untipped janitor at the end of his freshman year, contained only two clippings at its fattest. One was the "News" account of the Freshman Rush and the other a thickly underlined Schedule of Courses. And Philip was not of the species that snapshots hangdog and consciously affectionate groups on the Senior Fence or treasures lightstruck films of forgotten baseball games and the stone-ax jests of fraternity "running" to delight the hearts of Class Book editors and mortify the friends thus permanently satirized past all swearing. So to him the recollection of the rapid, rich four years was like rummaging a sea-chest stowed away in an old attic—everything higgledy-piggledy, anyhow, and comfortable—ivory monkeys jostling worn brass sword-hilts, yellow love letters stuck away in a sprigged silk waistcoat, a white beaver hat full of rose-shells and elephant-chessmen and Chinese cash. And the attic smells of tar and old leather and honeysuckle—May morning drifts through the windows—the

air is as light and heady as white French wine—

So dancingly, so careless of order, the memories crowd on him—little square living colored pictures, diminished but burning-clear, take form and glow on the white blank screen of the mind.

...First classes in Lampson and Phelps; Al Osborn, a steep hill of uncomfortable chairs; the bone in his throat when he is called on to rise and recite. The Rush—the sweaty pink wrestlers fighting in torchlight—the weave and swing of the snake dance—rowdy sophomores, amused juniors, cool seniors, hatless and statuesque like wandering marble gods—all a mêlée of breaking song, processional lights, and cheers. Early mornings of Battell Chapel and its dim irreligious light with the whole sleepy college congregated together—his own class in the gallery observing that strange new entity, itself, with drowsy surprise and wonderment—two familiar faces in five hundred—the hiss of the s's in the Lord's Prayer as it runs through the kneeling crowd like wind through corn—the indecorous stam-pede toward the doors after the fleeing President when the seniors have bowed him out, that the "Record" irreverently caricatured as "The Passing of Arthur".

Then there were preliminary football games watched from the cramped hard benches of Yale Field under the cider-apple air and swept gold sunsets of October and early November—the smash of the two caterpillar-legged lines together like the impact of shocking pool balls on green, white-grid-ironed baize, with the little live blue dolls always breaking through, always gaining—lonely backs crouching taut before a trick play with the single will and hard eyes looking ahead of weathered knights in a tournament or seamen holding on to a bucking wheel—Bob Sailer, captain and all-American half, the yellow egg of the ball cuddled up in his arms like a baby, in a fox-footed thirty yard run through the whole Amherst team—the wrenched fierce face of a fullback, running back to his position after a javelin-thrust through tackle—yelped signals, strangely distinct in the clear breeze that came with the burnt-sienna decline of evening, and the stilt-like black H's of the goalposts flinging taller, dark shadow-capitals, on the ending battle that tore the careful sod to dirt and torn grass.

Philip took long walks in the weeping month before Easter when he dared consider leaving off fur gloves. He splashed about in unbuttoned galoshes through streets and under skies that were glutted with grey heavy glistening rain. The sopping walk crosswise across the campus from

“Osborn, that weird fantastic dream
in stone

Crouched like a squatting toad with
open lip

Or like a ferry-boat, banged, battered,
blown

Bumping a beaten nose into its slip”,
past Connecticut, under the draggled,
brown-sugar tower of Phelps with its
four green-rusty turrets that clear

night and a moon made shine like silver helms, was on uneven flags, glinting dead-leaf color with the wet. On Philip's left was the brown New Library, a square tall block, flanked on the Art School side by the squat Chinese-parasol top of Chittenden Reading Room, on the right by the four fretted spires of the Old Library that rose so blackly satisfying against the colored dome of spring sunset. In May and early June the Library ivies talked; musical over and over with the soft continual curring and whistle of birds. Mushroom-shaped, mushroom-colored Dwight Hall on the left again, on the right the red high honeycomb line of Lawrence and Farnam, slantingly ahead the grey hulk of Battell Chapel with its chiming, gold-handed clock—Miller Gateway and the great rocky mass of Durfee. All around the little patch of soaking earth and its trees and its statues ran the Fence, sacrosanct, covered with generations of initials. At the end of the path Wright Hall with its paved and hollow court and its two prim lions. Young melancholy in all its poignant satisfaction Philip had always from that three minute walk, when the ground was covered with rotten snow or bare, and the elms sighing and leafless. But when spring came—Connecticut spring as frail and intoxicatingly green-and-gold as the limbs of a Puritan girl turned oread—or rich autumn wandered the round calm hills and brown fields, shaking multitudes of scarlet and tawny leaves from the profusion of his wine-stained reeling cup—Philip found such happiness as is not given twice. He tried to put it down in rhymes often enough but knew each word that came to him fainter than the thing. But the map of the campus stayed in his mind—bitten there as an etching is bitten into a plate. He could remember it al-

ways, later, under every trick and pulsation of shade or weather, and it always brought with it peace and that sense of fed accomplishment that comes like sleep after hours of annihilating toil.

Other snapshots were his to remember too—Book and Snake tomb under April moonlight, serene as the face of Pallas, the Greek temple of a dream—the statue of Nathan Hale on the grass in front of Connecticut with red wintry sun like a libation on bronze shoulders, bronze throat, bronze eyes—the clamor of Mory's at mealtime, only needing the brassy flutter of a horn or a call for grilled bones to make it a coaching inn like Mr. Weller's where all the characters of Dickens could be at home and drink ale out of tobyjugs. Philip had the romantic eye and the wandering mind. They are priceless exhausting burdens in a practical world.

One more picture—Philip alone in his room on an idling May afternoon. He starts to read, but the letters stay letters. Starts to draw, produces three witless caricatures in five minutes and scratches them out disgustedly. Looks at his watch, decides it is too early for the movies and marches aimlessly for a while between bed and desk. All day something intense, something nameless has been working and fretting at his spirit like brewer's yeast. He wants something, something tremendous and unnamed, something outside of himself and bright and entire and huge. The want has grown fiercely painful now, it has taken possession of him completely; but the thing desired is so great and so external, it is as if he wished for the properties of the lens of a camera or an eye to be able to shrink the whole vast face of the moon into a little black-and-white pitted scene that vision and brain can understand. He

sits down at the desk, takes paper and pencil, stares at the wall. It dissolves, so intently does he gaze at it—wreathing bodies and eggs of smoke appear, grow clearer—out of the nebulous rolling world in front of his thought appears a lit, hard, definite form, a woman walking. It is Isis, queen of blue Heaven and the two Egypts; she is hooded in silver silk. Bells tinkle and jar as she walks, a multitude of throaty small golden bells. She stands before him motionless, the burning gems of her eyes lift to his gaze, she begins to sing. Behind her the Sphinx lies down like a lion asleep and there rise against the sky the three stiff horns of the Pyramids.

Philip drops his head on his left arm, his hand begins to make shuddering progress across the paper. "Isis" it writes and erases, then "Isis of the Sands", draws a line under it, hesitates doubtfully, but lets it stand.

"Measureless sand...interminable sand..."

The pencil shakes and crawls, the hand moves spiderwise, the letters form more carelessly....If he can only grip and paint clear what he sees with his eyes!...

".....the Sphinx alone
Couched on her forepaws, like a
sleepy hound
Under the weight of a caress of rock
And smiled her woman's and chimera's smile
Inexorably, drowned with the savage
dark.

The black tide filled the heavens up
and ceased.

A little tonguing flame ran on the
sand..."

Isis is speaking now—she has loosed the first of her veils and her voice sways and floats like a pennon of clouded red. The words swing into

lines, the lines inch down the page, slow and cautious at first, with many scratched out or written over, then swifter and more swift, untroubled, an effortless dancing, a streaming current. The daze of creation makes all Philip's body hot while its passion lasts. After an amount of indefinite time that has no division into minutes, the tide crests and turns to its ebb, the writing runs down, the shapes disintegrate, thin into wraiths, are nothing. Philip wrestles them back before him with a rasping effort of will, writes four quick lines in a strain like the last spurt of a sprinter, relaxes utterly and throws the pencil up to the ceiling. He then looks at his watch; it is six o'clock and he has been writing five hours without a break. He chuckles and shakes himself all over like a dog coming out of

water. After a while he starts to re-read his poem.

Tom Whitter, coming in about seven, finds him typing and cursing softly as he types.

"Hi, Tom!"

"Hi, Phil! Had dinner?"

"No."

"Why not, you silly idiot? Do you know what time it is?"

"Sure," with conscious pride. "I've been writing."

"Well, you look pepped-out enough. Come over and get a shredded or something."

"Wait a minute. I've got one more page to go. Oh, just wait till I show you this, Tom! It's good—I know it's good—I know it's damn good—damn good for me, any way—oh Tommy, it's the best thing I've ever done in my life!..."

"THE JUNIOR FRATERNITIES . . . ANNOUNCE THE ELECTION OF . . ." (1913—1914)

When Philip and Tom had exchanged the reformatory walls of Pier-son for the stuffy comfort of Durfee and discovered that all prints and pictures, however framed or hung, harmonized just as badly with the weak arsenic-green of their present quarters as they had with the tomato-bisque plaster of their former ones, the five junior fraternities started calling on sophomores.

The "calling" was a singular business—much heavy tramping up and down the entry stairs—appearance of a group of four or five tongue-tied or professionally affable strangers, each giving a mumbled name and a set firm handshake as he entered—ghastly spurts of forced talk of the "You fellows certainly live a long way up!" or "Pretty nice lot of pictures you've got

here" order—an obviously relieved departure after two minutes of such uneasy badinage and long stares, with consultations, sometimes cruelly audible, on the part of the calling committee as soon as their last man shut the door, and a general sinking feeling on Philip's part that he had ruined his chances with *that* bunch forever and ever as he and Tom dashed for a hidden Pot-Pourri to find out, by looking up as much as they could recall of their visitors' grumbled appellations, just what fraternity it was that had called.

"Hey Phil, that guy's name was Keating, wasn't it?"

"Keator, I think."

"Well, there's a Keating in Zeta and a Keator in Psi U. Remember any more of them?"

"Smith," doubtfully.

"Oh Lord, there are four Smiths and they're all different places. Call 'em Zete—if they are that makes three calls from them. Could you see their pins?"

"Not a chance. Now who were the crowd that skinny fellow named Wilkes ran with?"

Tom flutters the leaves obediently, another committee knocks and instantly enters—a Campaign Committee this time by their funeral derbies and the grim fixed grin on their mouths. Tom and Philip are caught red-handed but the former's kangaroo leap to sit on the incriminating book brings a roar of laughter that saves the situation. And so it goes.

After three such evenings Psi U, which Chubby Post has nicknamed "The Holy Ice House" since it runs to the pious athlete, prominent Christian, and impeccable parlor-snake, and has more fanatic internecine feuds and a larger proportion of men in senior societies than any of the others, decides that Philip is a good deal too queer for even its carefully preserved reputation for impersonal selection and it doesn't want the trouble of educating him up to Brooks, Frank's, and the Lawn Club Dances. Philip's senior friends in Deke have done their best, but the class has such a large number of pleasant liquorers and friendly muscular mammoths that it is like trying to gain for a singing-mouse the friendship and trust of a herd of respectable bull-elephants. Bete and Zete, Religion's Serious Call and the Sporting Life, the sacred and profane twins of college politics, trail on to the end but only to shake their heads.

Hold-off night, and the sophomore dormitories tense and sweltering as air before a thunderstorm. The silent or nervously chattering fraternity men with their carnations, blossoms

colored with fate, making bright spots up and down the entries and under the yellow lamplight by the Fence. The strain of the last ten minutes before seven, like the strain before the start of a crew race that makes graduates drum on their knees with white-knuckled fingers. The breathless jokes between men who are "sure", the executioner's quiet of the doubtful. Clustered chairs and a dumb small anxious crowd in front of the room across the hall where Deke, Psi U, and Zete are to fight it out over the modest and undecided body of the first-string quarterback. Then Battell clock starts its clanging, casual chime—and Farnam and Durfee and Lawrence burst on the instant into a madhouse of shouts and cheers and running shapes. Philip waits in his room, no one has come for him, three minutes past, he is sweaty at the hands. Steps trample up—and past—a dark, straining figure bolts the stairs outside his open door—there is a shriek "Yeah! we got Bunny Vick!"—and two men with Zete carnations come rocketing down like a charge of horse, the dazed Vick between them, his hat crammed over his eyes.

Tom clears a dry throat. "You'll get it, fellah!" he says. "You'll get it!"

"Hope so. Listen—Deke's starting to go off, I think—"

He pokes his head out of the window. A broken, gasping snatch of song begins, breaks, rises to a roaring chant with the crash of rollicking feet beating out the tune.

"The *jolly* brothers of *D. K. E.* we march along..."

"Phil!" screams Tom in his ear.

He turns. A panting classmate rushes in followed by two pink-carnationed A. D. juniors and jams a square of paper under his eyes.

"*Will you accept a hold-off to Alpha*

Delta Phi if it is offered you?" is written on the paper.

Philip nods. "Yes," he says thickly.

His hand is shaken violently three times, nearly wrung off.

"You come with us Friday night," yells the classmate and he and the juniors ramp away like the close of a waking dream.

The fraternities, singing loud, rock off the campus.... Noise dies, against Philip's eyes night is cool and dark. Through the tatter of elm leaves he can see three silver pricking points that must be stars....

Tom congratulates him gravely. Philip feels happy, enormously relieved and—let down, like a man after a strenuous ten minutes in the hot room of a Turkish Bath.

"Come on and go to the movies, you old tin-pirate," he suggests, and they wander over the peace of the campus down Chapel Street to the Globe, to sit dopily through two hours of Bessie Barriscale and other people's breath.

And then there was spring hold-off night, when Philip, for the first time in his life, got thoroughly drunk. He had been out with Skinny Singleton in the hour between six and seven, discussing the Grand Style in Writing over double Bronxes in the cool leather-lined cavern of the Taft bar, and the discussion had reached the "What I mean is gra-grand—grand, y'understand?" stage when it was time for both to return to the rooms they were guarding. Both watched the proceedings through a jocund fog and adjourned to Mory's and as much as they were able to poach of the various fraternity green-cups later. Steve Brackett has gone Deke, and they congratulate him with reservations. Mory's is packed and turbulent with the warring crowds and songs of three fraternities. Philip drinks steadily

and of anything that comes handy, and begins to feel his mind expand like a blown-out paper snake—expand and at the same time grow uncannily, unearthly clear.

Physically, he is seventeen yards tall, he could break a varsity tackle between finger and thumb. A vast pity—the pity of the broken-hearted ancient gods—falls on him like a silver mist, for all this shuffling riot of humanity that swarms about him. He treads like a god on shoes covered with wings over the crystal wreckage and crumbling jeweled shards of disintegrated worlds. Stafford Vane, king of Deke and his pet abhorrence, puts affectionate arms and a weeping face on his shoulder. He is filled on the instant with immense and nameless pride. "Staff'd's not all right, but *I'm* all right—*Staff'd's* not all right BUT *I'm* all right!" juggles through his head like the ring of "The Marseillaise". "*I'll* give you speech!" he shouts, clambering a table, "good speech. Fine speech. All 'bout how A. D. cleaned up on Deke!..."

Suddenly, he is out on the street, reclined on the steps of the Zete tomb...

That passes in a phantasmagoric flicker. He is ascending stairs, intolerable, unending stairs.

They are the stairs inside the U-Club. A boiling crowd of Zetes, Psi U's, and Dekes greet him with affectionate whoops. Somebody gives him an open quart bottle of champagne. Somebody else pulls his chair out from under him. He gets up with a vague lust for indefinite blood but everyone has started to march around the billiard table singing, "We'll drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink to the Eta" and he joins the distorted procession with eyes that make every color screamingly bright and hands and feet that seem six miles off

from his body. "'s this a merry-go-round?" he asks uncertainly. "Where's the horses? Where's brass rings?"

-Somebody starts throwing pool balls....

There is a great ocean of voices talking somewhere far outside of him. He listens, bends his will like a spring, and reduces the voices into words.

One, faint as a gnat's, is shouting, "Hey Steve! Hey Billy! Come out here! There's a man outside your

door that can't speak and doesn't know his own name!"

"'s absurd! Name's Alg'non Swin Swinburne. Grea' poet!" murmurs Philip.

The last memory is that of being inserted pajamaless into a bed.

"Put p'jamas over me," he explains. "On top. Useful. Warm. Ant'septic. D'corative."

Steve's face rises over him like a moon.

"So drunk," it says. "So drunk. And such a good time!"

PRETTY WORDS

By Elinor Wylie

POETS make pets of pretty, docile words:
 I love smooth words, like gold-enameled fish
 Which circle slowly with a silken swish,
 And tender ones, like downy-feathered birds:
 Words shy and dappled, deep-eyed deer in herds,
 Come to my hand, and playful if I wish,
 Or purring softly at a silver dish,
 Blue Persian kittens, fed on cream and curds.

I love bright words, words up and singing early;
 Words that are luminous in the dark, and sing;
 Warm lazy words, white cattle under trees;
 I love words opalescent, cool, and pearly,
 Like midsummer moths, and honied words like bees,
 Gilded and sticky, with a little sting.

TRANSPLANTING THE CHICAGO CRITIC

By Percy Hammond

A PROVINCIAL reviewer of the theatres, nearing the Great Adventure of promotion to the drama's capital, pauses for a tremulous moment to take stock of his emotions. For many seasons he has brooded in his garret in the outlands, and looked wistfully toward Broadway, the inspiration and pregnant source of dramatic masterpieces. A gloomy fate, making second-hand estimations of the chefs-d'œuvre of the American stage, months after they have been investigated by Mr. Woolcott, Mr. Rathbun, and other occupants of the urban judgment seat! It will be 1922, he reflects sullenly, before the arrival in Chicago of "Snapshots of 1921"; and the works of Eugene O'Neill and Owen Davis, of Willard Mack and Barrie, will alike be spilt milk when they reach the doorstep of the Union Loop. He reads of the experiences of Burns Mantle's soul at "Ladies' Night" and "The Whirl of New York", and he ponders how much sounder would have been his own reflections upon and reports of those occasions. What does Louis De Foe know of art, he finds himself demanding; and Lawrence Reamer's critiques of the "Scandals" and "Jim Jam Jems" he regards as shallow and not felicitous.

Thus, a malignant envy withers his arteries. He writes in derision of New York City, compiling columns of scorn and sneers to prove that it is ignoble both as a place of residence and as a headquarters of the theatre. He ransacks the glossary of anathema

for new terms of sly opprobrium with which to express his contempt for the metropolis. The footnote, habitual to the play-bills, "Time, the Present; Place, New York", engenders within him a dull choler; and he sees red when the advertisements in Chicago announce "The Original New York Cast", and republish the obnoxious opinions of Heywood Broun of New York instead of his own complimenting decrees. In his heart he knows that his feelings are but the bitter fruit of jealousy; and he explains that were it not for his books, his rostrum engagements, his pet charities, and the difficulty of making new enemies at his time of life, he would abandon Chicago's arid theatre plains and set out for the fertile gardens and billowy fields of Broadway.

But now that the anabasis is arranged, and the zero hour impends, he finds his valor truant and replaced with perturbing doubts and fears. No longer does he view himself as the Titan, stirring from his crag en route to Olympus, but rather as a weak and frightened upstart who might swoon at the sight of a Shubert. His acquaintances aid him in the accumulation of his anxieties. The scores of actors who have said, "Broadway needs you, my boy!" now put the dread lump of terror in his throat with sad owl-songs, portentous of disaster. Friendly managers who many times have proved to him that he "belongs in New York", now suspect him to be unripe for the exploits and mighty en-

terprises of a critic's career in a great city.

He learns of the pronouncement by a thrall of one of the great producing houses, that if he is as unfair to their product in New York as he was in Chicago, banishment from their theatres will ensue. Standing propitiatory and unknown in the foyer of an Atlantic City playhouse, he overhears odds offered by one showman to another that muffled drums will beat for him before he has learned the *via dolorosa* from the theatre district to Park Row. Fellow journalists warn him that the readers of the New York "Tribune" are smart and urbane, the deep purple of the playgoers, and that he must amend the *gauche* practices indigenous to prairie criticism, to conform to their exacting requirements. They will not endure his egregious shortcomings, he is warned, with the forbearance that distinguished the attitude of his Chicago clientele—the most patient and sympathetic of their species; and he will miss the paternal compassion with which the great, wounded journal he has abandoned forgave his frequent infractions of its dignity and reticence.

This long, detailed, and truthful assembling of the embarrassments attendant upon a summons to court, is by no means complete. The timid adventurer on the rim of foreign regions now compares the ease with which dramatic criticism is composed in the outskirts, to the rigors of a first-night review in New York. The Chicago critic appraising "Lightnin'", for instance, has only to decide on its value as art, its worth as amusement having been established for him by its years of popularity in the east. The New York critic, while being faithful to his æsthetic standards, must also think of

the comfort of his readers, and be able to tell them whether they will like a play though it is bad, or disdain it though it is good.

What shall the new boy wear at a Winter Garden première? Must he desert the dressy Tux of the Great Lakes for the faultless evening attire of the Atlantic littoral? He remembers the predicament of Tom Mix, the movie man, who at a banquet in New York, "et for three hours and didn't recognize a single victual except a reddish". With only forty minutes after the final curtain in which to congregate and express his judgments, will the neophyte get lost in the subway? And if he does will anybody care?

In case the foregoing index of proposed miseries seems at times to have been formulated in a mood somewhat antic, let me whose agues it suggests, tell THE BOOKMAN that it is but a whistling to keep from being afraid. Gone are the brave dreams picturing Broadway as a chafed lion, cowering beneath my jaunty huntsman's gaze; and in their place come visions of an affrighted mongrel pursuing a fleet but reluctant course down the Rialto. Tin can to tail, he is uttering piteous yelps of discomfort, while Morris Gest, the Selwyns, Louis Mann, Samuel Shipman, Sophie Tucker, Van and Schenck, A. H. Woods, and the Dolly Sisters humiliate his haggard shanks with bruising missiles. To such actors, managers, and playwrights who may hopefully anticipate a realization of this dream, I desire to recall the familiar admonishment contained in "The Honeymoon", an ancient and a sterling drama, which, a bit paraphrased, runs thus:

He that lays his hand on a new critic
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 'twere gross flattery to call a coward!

BROADWAY, OUR LITERARY SIGNPOST

By Kenneth Andrews

With Sketches by the Author

DULCY" by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly is written with a bow of acknowledgment to Franklin P. Adams for the loan of the

principal character. This might provide a text for some popular scientist or writer of syndicated uplift. It would be interesting to know what effect column conductors, as a class, have upon the country. For thousands the humorous column in the morning newspaper is a breakfast staple as indispensable as the poached egg or coffee. It is the

mental pick-me-up of the nation. It is really more than that. The average American reads practically nothing but his newspaper, and he does not read much of that. He glances over the first page, skips to the sporting page to see what the home team did the day before, then turns to the column and reads it with absorption from top to bottom. And the spirit of the column is one of mockery. Thus thousands of good citizens go to their daily toil every morning, their

native orthodoxy slightly tarnished by the impiety of their favorite column conductor.

It is just possible that this may

have something to do with the general decline of hero worship among us, and the growing disposition to call attention to the flat feet of our national idols. It may have nothing whatever to do with it; but there can be no doubt that we live in a skeptical time. Broadway, ever sensitive to the changing mood, reflects this skepticism most vividly

in the plays of the early season. No less than five of them are definitely satirical in spirit, and of these three devote themselves to the native culture. That is quite astonishing. Satire has long been considered a lost art among our playwrights and among our novelists as well. George Ade has had a lonely time trying to keep it alive. If Broadway's receiving apparatus is as well attuned as it has usually been, he is to have com-



LYNN FONTANNE

Excellent as the busy young hostess in "Dulcy" who will be at home every night at her town house, just west of Broadway, for many months to come.

DAILY

"Dulcy" is a breezy comment on the here and now, as up to the minute as the column in this morning's newspaper, and in general content it covers much the same ground. It is a haphazard sort of play into which the authors have tossed a glittering array of bright odds and ends, plucked at random from the life about us. This lack of coherent dramatic plan at least has the virtue of leaving the playwrights free to take a fling at whatever occurs to them. A number of things occur to them. As the evening goes on their fancy moves in wider and wider circles until the play really becomes a robust and rather sweeping satire of manners—one of the first and one of the best to reach our stage in many seasons.

Dulcy is the effervescent young matron who goes in for all the Movements, and who has a ready bromide for every human need. Fresh from her Friday Afternoon Club, she comes in with her arms full of flowers.

DULCY. Hello, everybody! Mm! It's cool in here, isn't it? You know, if there's any breeze going at all, we get it in this room. Well, Willie (to her brother) whom have you been doing? (She laughs at her own joke.)

Of course after that we can all imagine Dulcy. She naturally insists on

THE DRAMA SHELF

"A Short History of the English Drama" by Benjamin Brawley (Harcourt, Brace). A concise outline of the beginnings of English drama and a Who's Who of British dramatists from the time of John Heywood (remember him!) to Bernard Shaw, with a thumbnail biography of each.

"One-Act Plays by Modern Authors" edited by Helen Louise Cohen (Harcourt, Brace). Sixteen more or less standard plays, with a general introduction telling what a one act play is not, and discussing the decline and fall of the Little Theatre movement. Also a special introduction for each play and, for the insatiable, the innumerable footnotes supply a full bibliography.

"Ten One-Act Plays" by Alice Gerstenberg (Brentano). Including, of course, "Overtones" which goes in the library as well as it does in the theatre.

"Four One-Act Plays" by Lewis Beach (Brentano). This author's twenty minute Civil War tragedy, "The Clod" (familiar to communicants of the Keith circuit), and three later plays.

helping Gordie, her husband, in his extremely ticklish business deal with C. Roger Forbes. Gordie makes pathetic attempts to avoid being helped; but Dulcy knows her duty: she is his wife and helpmeet, and her place is at his side fighting the battle of life shoulder to shoulder. She has invited Forbes and his wife and daughter for the week-end, and has captured two tame tea lions from the culture

club to help entertain them.

GORDON. But, Dulcy, Forbes isn't the kind of man that wants to be entertained—

DULCY. Leave Mr. Forbes to me, darling. Just wait. I've got a real surprise for you.

GORDON (in alarm). Another surprise?

Her surprise is that she is going to arrange a match between Angie, Forbes's daughter, and Vincent Leach, the famous scenario writer. "If I fix it," she explains, "Mr. Forbes would be so grateful he'd have to give you more than 16-2/3 per cent of the combination." This is only one of the little helps she has thought of. For another she is going to see that Forbes has not one dull moment while he is a guest under her roof. He does not have a dull moment. Dulcy entertains him intensively. By morning he is a desperate, trapped soul. His little



AUGUSTIN DUNCAN

As the farmer, in "The Detour", who doesn't know anything about art or care a dang about it, he is better than he was as John Ferguson, and everyone knows what that means.

Angie has eloped. His wife has lied to him. He washes his hands of both of them, and of Dulcy's suppressed husband as well. But happily, during the night, Angie has married Dulcy's brother Willie, instead of the movie person as she had intended. This arranges everything; and Dulcy gracefully accepts credit for it, reminding Forbes that captains of industry never understand women.

"Honors are Even" is also satire, but in a different mood. It would probably be a better play if Roi Cooper Megrue did not know so much about play writing. He has had a busy career as a play doctor; and when, as in this case, he wants to speak naturally and sincerely, the professional bedside manner clings to him. Behind the play one senses an alert and sophisticated mind which seeks to unburden itself. Frequently the leisurely movement of the story is halted entirely while this blasé Broadway author indulges himself in some irrelevant and lengthy observation on the general futility of the human comedy. He has the power of making these moods in-

fectious on the stage by means of casual, natural talk, and to blend one mood into the other, allowing the story to shape itself through them. That is a rare gift in a dramatist, but Mr. Megrue is not quite able to surrender himself to it. As he approaches the end of an act habit overcomes him.

Thus, after a first act which is keyed down to the persuasive naturalness of everyday, which sets on the stage the loosely knit episodes in the love life of Belinda Carter, he, quite unnecessarily, makes one of her suitors a diamond thief. It would have been no more incongruous if the correct William Courtenay had taken off his coat and livened things up with a soft shoe dance. In the next act Belinda goes to John Leighton's room, and again life is the model. They have an unhurried evening of chatter over their wine, exploring each other's minds, discovering that they speak the same language. But as curtain time approaches the author is again seized with stage fright. The villainous rival discovers the lovers; the scene is twisted out of all semblance of reality, and ends with Leighton locked in his own rooms with the faithful old servant who had come to chaperone Belinda. And it happens that on this very night the superintendent has mislaid his keys, and the elevator boys are all off duty, or something of the sort.

The story is the one about the bachelor who poses as a woman hater and is finally brought low by the girl he had declared he would never marry. The antiquity of the fable matters not, however, for the people are human and the kind you like to know, except when they are being hustled about to provide a wallop for the curtain.

The notion exploited by Thomas P.

Robinson in "The Skylark" is that when two people are unhappily married they should get a divorce, but continue to live in the same house with the understanding that each shall enjoy complete freedom of action. At first glance the conceit seems to be a promising start for a satire on married life; but the curious thing is that the more you examine it the less you find in it. Just how such a sham divorce could affect the lives of the unhappy pair in the slightest is a mystery. Why not pretend to be divorced and save the lawyer's fees for a possible second honeymoon? There is no need of pointing out the absurdity of the idea here, of course, for that is exactly what the playwright has written three long acts to show. Ridiculing an arbitrarily selected premise, which is patently false, is a mistake made by nine out of ten home-talent satirists, and Mr. Robinson, a new writer for the stage, should not be too harshly punished for it. He tried to write a fantastical satire on American married life, and—as in the case of the dog who walked on his hind legs—while he didn't do it very well it was something to have done it at all.

"March Hares" by Harry Wagstaff Gribble purports to treat of the excessively temperamental, but seems more like a gay picture of a ward for the incurably neurasthenic. Every person in the play is strange in one way or another, which is a fatal error, since it makes impossible the contrast with the normal which alone could give point and clarity to such giddy satire. As it is, one confidently awaits the arrival of the keepers who will coax everybody back to the asylum. This scene is not included, and the play merely gives the impression of being astoundingly naïve.

The flapper is one of the after-war problems about which everyone has a theory. As the American woman of the future she is either amusing or alarming, depending on one's relationship to her. Many plays will no doubt be written about her. This season she may take the place on our stage left vacant by the little oriental innocent who swore in broken English; which would be progress of a sort. In "The Teaser" by Adelaide Mathews and Martha M. Stanley an attempt is made to do her in terms of the old formula about the little country girl who comes to live in the big house in the city, and makes everyone love her. This grafting of a new flower on an old vine is clumsily done; and the authors turn out a pale farce which includes one of the most unprovoked seductions in recent stage history.



WILLIAM COURTENAY

Who is living down his reputation as a matinee idol by his performance as the free lance woman hater in "Honors are Even".

Odd as it may seem, the first play of genuinely thoughtful intent comes from the tireless typewriter of Owen Davis. Some years ago—five or six at least—we remember reading a mag-

azine article by Mr. Davis in which he gave testimony as to his conversion to the higher drama. He confessed that he had been writing tawdry thrillers about cloak models and sawmills for years, and that he was tired of it. He was ready to settle down to the realization of his long thwarted desire to write an honest play about real people. He has just got around to that play.

It is called "The Detour", and is a simple story of a simple woman who, for twenty years, has been the lawful drudge of a Long Island rustic. Throughout this long period of servitude, quiescent rebellion against the commonplace and monotony of her bleak life has burned in her breast. With the approach of middle age her own hope for the finer things fades, and she seeks to find a vicarious fulfilment of her dreams in the life of her daughter. Where the play touches on this pathetic solace of the middle years it passes irony and skirts, by implication at least, the depths of genuine tragedy. It seems that Mr. Davis stumbles on this admirable tragic theme almost inadvertently. It is as though his people, whom he has drawn with simple fidelity, may have led him to it. These people are, in the beginning, drawn without haste, and with a thriftiness of detail born of accurate, facile technique. Thereafter the story grows inevitably from them; and it is told with the same firm, sure strokes. It is true that after letting the tragic little tale have its head for two acts, the author summons all his cunning to soften its cruelty and leave a glimmer of uplift for the more susceptible of his audience. But even in this overly dexterous act he does not seem insincere. Eugene O'Neill or St. John Ervine would have taken Helen Hardy to her Gethsemane and left her there; Mr. Davis suggests a way out

for her. And the Helen Hardys on the dreary farms and in the drearier small towns do go on living somehow. The play is honest and thoughtful in purpose, and expert in craftsmanship.

Two plays even more thoughtful in purpose are "The Mask of Hamlet" by Ario Flamma, and "The Triumph of X" by Carlos Wupperman. The former is a bungling attempt to dramatize the Wall Street bomb disaster and the red menace in general, and has the fault of most propaganda plays. To prove his theories the author cites a most exceptional and special case, and succeeds in proving nothing except that, before you blow up a bank, you should make sure your father is not in it.

"The Triumph of X" deals with the familiar undergraduate question of the relative importance of heredity and environment in the shaping of our destiny. It postulates the theory that there is another force in life, which we may call X, which has more to do with it than either. It sounds rather cosmic for a Broadway play; but, though no people ever talked as these people talk, the piece has its moments of power. Heredity, in the shape of a taste for strong drink, fights with the scholarly environment of her foster-father's home for the soul of Phillis. When Phillis takes her first glass of champagne, heredity claims her for his own. He makes off with her into the night, and together they are "laughing their way to Hell", when love, under the alias of X, comes to the rescue. In spite of stilted writing and faulty construction the play never becomes entirely ridiculous. Helen Menken does all that any human could to endow Phillis with life; and behind the play is a burning intellectual earnestness which, while it fails

to create illusion, at least arrests the attention by its very intensity.

"Sonya" by Eugene Thomas Wyckoff is an old-fashioned comic opera without music, and without much comedy. From the moment Prince Paul and his aide de camp swagger in with their sabres and flapping black boots, one apprehensively watches the doors for the appearance of the merry villagers. The play takes place in the chamber of a royal prince somewhere in the Balkans—in the good old days before they became a situation. The walls of the chamber are of smoky stone; through the lofty lattice at the

rear the sky glows in the sunset and pales in the moonlight. Off stage the male members of the cast give an imitation of Russian gardeners singing, while the peasant girl says to the prince, "Tell me you love me again!" The prince fights for his love against the intrigues of his courtiers, and of course it would be unfair to tell who comes out ahead. One is a little disappointed that there isn't more dirty work on the part of the prince's relatives; but Sonya and her prince have much love making to do and many costumes to wear, and the play is pretty long as it is. It is "Graustark" on the stage, and will probably live long and screen well.

REGRESSION

By Joseph Freeman

I HAVE grown tired of wise men and their ways,
 Who find the music of the heart too old,
 Wonder a platitude too often told,
 Love a cliché, and tears a banal phrase:

I have grown tired of them, and dream of days
 When, moving through a fragrant mist of gold,
 I watched the passions of the world unfold
 Like crimson shadows over wide blue bays.

And, dreaming of this heaven, I retrace
 The bright and certain ways of innocence:
 Proclaim my joy and sorrow on my face,

Open the doorways of my mind to men,
 Love women quickly and without pretence—
 And learn my bitter wisdom over again...

THE LONDONER

Vacation News—The Seriousness of Modern Writers—Compton Mackenzie and D. H. Lawrence—New Books by Walter de la Mare and Hall Caine—"Max's" Vogue—American Books in England—The Need for a Chekhov.

LONDON, August 1, 1921.

THIS is more markedly the summer season than any I have known, and all the writers are away sitting in the sea or traveling upon the continent of Europe. To a person like myself, who rarely gets any holiday worth speaking about, this activity of rest is a delightful spectacle; but I must admit that it is tantalizing. To receive a letter every few days from some one of the confraternity dated from Wales or Switzerland or Italy or the High Seas, is all very well. It is not a true substitute for the enjoyment of those same climatic conditions in the flesh. My spirit is, of course, with the travelers. And what a band they are! The last news I had of Hugh Walpole, for instance, was that he was pausing in Switzerland on the verge of a spin into northern Italy. He had finished and even read the proofs of a new novel called "The Young Enchanted". That in itself is good news, and gives the author the right to take such a holiday as he plans. I hope very much that this lively book, which will show Walpole in a new light to his readers (though not to his friends), will meet with great success. Walpole is one of the most indefatigable writers I know, and he deserves all his success.

* * * *

Another piece of news, this time from Italy, is that Aldous Huxley has finished a new novel, in the Peacockian manner, called "Crome Yellow". The spelling of Crome is deliberate, for

this is the name of the house at which many of the incidents occur. The book is quite short, but it is bound to give glimpses of that humor which Amy Lowell rightly says is too often absent from the printed works of our young writers. The book will be published this autumn, no doubt, and it will be interesting to see what our generation will make of a kind of novel to which they turn with piquant delight when it appears as a classic. I am told that "Crome Yellow" represents a marked expansion of Huxley's peculiar gifts of bizarre and nonsensical humor.

This question of humor in modern works has been giving me some sleepless nights. For it may be said at once that most of the modern writers are more serious in their work than their ordinary conversation would lead one to expect. I cannot assert that all are humorists; but at least there are very few prigs among the total number. Yet give our young men pens, and they succeed in taking themselves with a seriousness so exemplary that all trace of native humor disappears. It is true that when a man talks with some charm a good deal of what passes for amusing stuff is in reality mere facetiousness, but there is something more definite at the bottom of the problem. Is it that when they are alone authors think of deep things? Hardly. More likely it is that in company they are stimulated to a certain liveliness of manner and anecdote, and

that paper gives off no such stimulus. Paper is cold stuff. It does not really do anything toward the making of masterpieces. It even opposes itself to the spontaneous act of creation. How many of us like the act of writing? Very few, except the very young. It is a bore. If we could give off the notions that occur to us (supposing any notions at all occur) we should be happy. But we are not all like Sterne, who caught inspirations as they fell, and supposed that he must in reality secure by his agility many of those intended for other men. Dictation is no good at all, for it interposes a still further barrier between the author and his work, and it is not from dictation that we must expect relief.

If proof of this were needed we have only to regard the work of Henry James. It is well known that the later James novels were all dictated; and I have heard the suggestion made that much of the rambling and repetition of these books was due to the fact that the shorthand typist excusably recorded all the variations which fell from the lips of the master and incorporated them in the vast inextricable skein which we know as a later James novel. No, the cure does not lie here.

Where, then? I have not solved the problem. Yet I can assure those American readers who are curious that many of the young English writers of the day are quite human and amusing beings. I have heard as much good talk from them as from any other body of people known to me. Perhaps a reaction will set in, and they will all follow the lead of Mackenzie, and write as they talk. That would be excellent. Mackenzie's novels will never, in my opinion, be the equal of his talk, which is marvelously amusing; but at least they approxi-

mate more nearly to it than do the novels of any other present-day writer to the sort of thing that makes him personal friends. It must be borne in mind that few novelists make friends by their work. Friendship and appreciation are distinct things, as I have discovered to my cost. I must confess that those who do not know me are more complimentary than those who do. But this is a common experience. Friends are captious, and admirers are intolerable in the domestic circle, unless a writer's egotism is supernatural, which, of course, it is extremely liable to be.

I throw out these remarks to show the state of dubiety in which I am left by all the wakeful hours which the problem has produced. All the same, Walpole's new book is an essay in a rather less subdued vein than that of "The Captives", and with Huxley giving us a very unaffected work which resembles his normal conversation, and with various other efforts in the offing, I think we may have seen the last of the very serious young English novel. I saw recently in that excellent paper "The Freeman" a caustic article by Ernest Boyd, in which he announced that American fiction was progressing backward to the days of "Les Soirées de Medan", and it is therefore not untimely for me to throw out a hint that English fiction is getting tired of progressing backward and may now be expected to skip nimbly in the air. Let my remarks not be forgotten. I am not a prophet, but I know what goes on in the minds of a few people, and it seems likely that the seriousness created by the rediscovery of English fiction before the war and its virtual extinction as the result of the war, will give way to a burst of something as nearly approaching animal spirits as we can

reasonably expect from men who are devoting so much of their time to a very exhausting pursuit, and who therefore, although not in every case, are at times to be suspected of a loss of vital energy.

* * * *

Compton Mackenzie, now permanently resident on the island of Herm, is at work upon two books, one of them a light comedy and the other a novel of a more serious type. He is extensively engaged in farming, and has seriously attacked a problem which would discourage a man of less energy. To spend a great part of each day in cultivating the resources of the island, in breeding cattle, and in studying modern farming; and at the same time to keep in touch with life and to write about it, requires abnormal powers of concentration. Yet that is what Mackenzie is doing, and doing very well. He is a perfect laird of the estate, and those who have been to Herm tell me that he is the life and soul of the almost numerous party which is gathered upon the island. It is a strange and fascinating life.

* * * *

Meanwhile D. H. Lawrence, as to the nature of whose last book an extraordinary letter from Lord Russell has just been published in the "New Statesman", is also writing two novels. One of these is nearly finished, and will be published in the autumn under the title of "Aaron's Rod". Lawrence is still, I understand, in Sicily, so that his health is considerably improved. This fact is shown by a recrudescence of energy in the matter of novel writing, for it is not so long since I was bewailing in these very pages a lack of information as to Lawrence's work. To have published three novels in eighteen months suggests admirable fertility, for in the case of Lawrence

there can be no question of writing for a market as many novelists are accused of doing. It must be borne in mind that the writing of these three books has been less rapid than the rate of publication would suggest. One of them has certainly been written, in great part, for some time, while "The Lost Girl" was of course begun nearly two years ago.

* * * *

I have been reading the curious new work of Walter de la Mare which has just been issued under the title of "Memoirs of a Midget". This is the book which I mentioned some months ago as of rumored greatness. Much has been heard about it for some time before its publication. Well, in many respects it is not a disappointment, for it is crammed with beauties, and it has had as favorable a reception as could be expected. If it falls short of greatness, the fault may lie in the reader, for if ever there was a book which demanded sensitiveness as great in the reader as in the author, it is "Memoirs of a Midget". One might miss a thousand delicious turns of observation and feeling if one were not alert to receive the full bouquet of Mr. de la Mare's literary manner. This is exquisite. It contains all the scents and sounds of the woodland, both by day and by night; it tells in all sorts of charming passages many secrets of thought and understanding. There is a quaint and dry humor in all sorts of unexpected corners; and little turns of phrase reveal often more than many analytical statements could possibly do. It is the work of a poet, and a poet who, if not in the most robust tradition of our tongue, is in the most delicate and fragrant.

So much for the manner of the book, and for its essential qualities. But what a pity the story, as a story, is not

better. I mean, that it is not in true harmony with the beauty of the rendering. Perhaps one may say in many cases that here the question of story is of no account; and yet one cannot dismiss the dreary story told by Mr. de la Mare as of no account. It is there, embedded in the pages of charming prose, giving rise to all kinds of delicious apostrophes, and leading to natural descriptions which are unsurpassed in any author's work. It is as though fragrant flowers grew from an unsavory bed. The story is frankly unpleasant and unhuman. And that leads me to ask why poets so often, when they essay the form of fiction, produce matter so little beautiful at heart. Is it that they are not primarily interested in human beings, and that their interest has to be stimulated by something outside normal experience? Is it, perhaps, that we do not understand the world of the poet, and so find it horrible and unreal? Either alternative may be the right one. I do not pretend to be able to judge. My objection in the present case is that I found myself bored by the events of Miss M.'s narrative, turning from her characters as uninteresting and unlovely, and enjoying with happiness that was like a dream all those parts of the book which are the record of natural things. Miss M. is a perfect painter of the beauties of the night, of all the beauties hidden in a wood, of those secret thoughts which very sensitive people store so jealously against the cruder laughter of the world. But she did know a most unpleasant set of friends.

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The new Hall Caine book is a marvel. The characters live in a world of their own, a world in which the sense of sin and the need for its expiation is an obsession. What a strange old-

fashioned world! I was told the other day of a tramway conductor who saw a passenger carrying a copy of the book on the day of publication. Bending enthusiastically, he became amazingly personal. "Is it," he begged, "is it a good one this time?" I doubt whether any other novelist now alive could have provoked such a question in similar circumstances.

* * * *

There is to be a new and complete edition of the works of Max Beer-bohm. This is an additional proof that the "Max" vogue is a real and potent thing. The books are all to be bound in boards, I am given to understand, and the color of each book will be different. Each will have a charming paper label. A new collection of drawings will be issued this autumn, made up to a large extent from the pictures exhibited recently at the Leicester Galleries. I am not sure whether "Max's" cartoons will have the same interest for Americans as his books obviously have. In London, as they are of people whose appearance is pretty well known and whose foibles are revealed with agreeable malice, they are recognized with ease as delicate and desirable works: in America, on the other hand, the people caricatured may not be known by sight or even by habit, and the drawings might lose point. Yet one cannot wholly recognize the hold which "Max" has upon the polite public here without getting a grip upon the part his cartoons play in the general estimate of his work. He is a charming "figure", not a man of his works and nothing else; his drawings, his essays, his stories, are only parts of the ensemble, as it were, and the whole is a personality quite, I should say, unique in our time. It would be a good thing if, say, a hundred or a couple of hundred of his

least parochial cartoons could be exhibited in New York. They lose in reduction and reproduction, and so the full quality of them is impaired in book form.

"Max" is one of those who find Italy more congenial than England as a place of residence, and the number is increasing. Half Cambridge University and its environs was in Italy in the spring, and now there seems to be a recrudescence of travel to the warmth, though why one should leave England for any place but Iceland or Australia in these days, I cannot imagine. For those in delicate health, who need to be able to live in a tranquil and basking climate, the case is different. Nobody could call the English climate stable. All the same, I miss my friends, and am rather resentful of Italy at the moment. I have never been there myself, and the whole of my peevishness may be the result of envy. The country seems good breeding ground for creative work, and that is in its favor. But after all, any place but one's own home seems to be the best place for work. Take the case of Sinclair Lewis, who is busy writing another "Main Street" down at Maidstone, in Kent.

* * * *

Speaking of Sinclair Lewis reminds me that one English publisher is making a determined attempt to popularize in England certain American books of good quality. Nearly all the books he advertises are American. I refer to Jonathan Cape, who has published, to an accompaniment of praise from the London papers, "The Brimming Cup", and who announces "Zell" and others. Personally I am afraid that the English public for such books will be small. But we come back to the very singular point about American books in England, that we seem to

read Gene Stratton-Porter in huge numbers, that we coquet feebly with Mrs. Wharton, and that we remain shamefully ignorant of what is being done across the ocean. Good luck to Mr. Cape's enterprise. If it succeeds, another publishing superstition will disappear. I learn that in the picture houses the taste for American films is declining, but one always hears such statements with some reserve, because so many of them have a curious way of reflecting one person's view rather than the view of the majority. Nevertheless there are difficulties in the way of making books descriptive of American domestic life intelligible to English readers, and my own opinion is that we shall not for a long time care for anything but the "twopence colored" variety of American fiction—the story of adventure. This is largely because English writers have no Far West to write about. We have our own provinces, and they are on the whole a drug in the fiction market.

The liking for a "story" is universal. It seems to override all difficulties of scene and setting. It is the novel of character which is so difficult to transplant. Take the Russian novelists—the numbers sold in England would probably turn out to be very small per head of the population. Admirers are everywhere; but they are few and far between. I know a man who seems to be reading the novels of Dostoyevsky unobtrusively and thoroughly. I have actually heard of a man who has just discovered Chekhov for himself, and who thinks and dreams of no author but Chekhov. But these two men are remarkable because they are "sports". The taste for these great Russians is not easily cultivated. The greatest bar to comprehension is the nomenclature. In American books it is the milieu, in

which English people do not seem able to be interested. English people dislike novels in dialect quite as much. It is a trouble to them. American readers are far more generous of time and patience and understanding with regard to English books.

* * * *

A book in which I am just now taking great interest is the translation of Chekhov's Letters. I have read it before, of course, but it improves on acquaintance. There is such a sanity about Chekhov, such an absence of humbug, that his letters, however dry and satiric, never fail to come off the page with a real flick of vitality. If we had a Chekhov writing now in English we should be worth studying as a literary nation. Take away the

Russian setting, and one is up against a natural materialism in the English character which seems to be absent from the Russians; but even so there is no reason why an English author should not penetrate that materialism and come upon what is really there at the heart, which is a humor and character only too rich in material for the novelist's taking. Will not somebody oblige? We do not want an imitation Chekhov. What we need is a sober and delicate-minded intellect to go straight to human nature. Most of us are too dexterous to be delicate, too competent to be profound in our understandings. Yet that seems to me to be the only hope for real creative work in this country.

SIMON PURE

LAUS STELLARUM

By Oscar Davisson

SEPTEMBER night! And morning coming and thin rain
 Drifting it down and down upon the deck,
 And dew, pearled drop on drop within your hair, and pain
 Between us—and through the water like slow flame
 Old Sirius the Dog Star, fleck on fleck
 Of scatt'ring scarlet! Then the Silence, then the same

Reverberate still runneling of the water,
 The splash of schools of bluefish and the grim
 Dark chariot movement of the storm clouds! O, Daughter
 Of the Stars, lover of the night's bright moonless weather,
 What secrets were you whispering when that slim
 September dawn slew us and all the stars together?

LITERARY PORTRAITS: SEVEN

HARVEY O'HIGGINS

HARVEY O'HIGGINS has achieved a style which is durable as well as decorative. He has never been afraid to expose it to the most rough and tumble battles. Even when writing propaganda designed for a news-reading public no more than two stars ahead of him, posterity has remained in the tail of his mind. During the war, for instance, he was summoned to the assistance of George Creel and though carried along like a racing wheelman paced by a motorcycle, O'Higgins managed to keep his style still firmly set upon his head. But there were rhythms other than those of writing which fared worse and several surgeons expressed a desire to look into the patient. Once more style was a savior. Firmly committed to the objective method, O'Higgins declined the offers of the medical men and went to Dr. Edward Hiram Reede, a psychoanalyst. A cure and a volume called "The Secret Springs" were the immediate result. O'Higgins is the literary pioneer of America in adopting the teachings of Freud and his modifiers for the purpose of the study of human character. And yet despite this revolution in the viewpoint of the writer, one characteristic of his mental processes remains unchanged. He still writes objectively. Even his passion for a persuasive hypothesis has not altered his style. None of his many hatreds or even more numerous enthusiasms ever has. Up to and including the boiling point, Harvey O'Higgins remains the great precisian.

Heywood Brown

THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

Is Marriage Like This?

It was as if he had said, "You can't understand a letter like this. There's nothing in it to understand. And that's just what you can't understand. Look here, you see my head. I'm in there. You can't come in. You don't know how to. I can't tell you how to. Nobody could tell you. And you wouldn't know what to make of it if you did get in."

Exasperating. Insufferable. Insupportable.

MARKO, the whimsical dreamer, finds himself swept into a torrential clash of temperaments. He has married Mabel. She is practical. He is not. Incidentally, he had loved Nona, who understood him. Mabel does not. I wonder whether "If Winter Comes" (Little, Brown) is as brilliant a study of a decent but mistaken marriage as I think it is. Not having sufficient data, let me ask those of you who have. Warn me, if you like. It is penetrating, bubbling with humor, pathos, and genuine excitement. The home background of the war, touched only slightly, was never more skilfully done even in "Mr. Britling". A. S. M. Hutchinson's dialogue sparkles, hits, jumps, races—does practically everything that human talk should. This fact, and the way he sets down the processes of a man's mind, are the things that make this book, give it a rare, almost intoxicating speed. It is nervous and puzzled, without being neurotic. It has some scenes that, minus so crisp a method as Mr. Hutchinson's, might be mere pathos, and others, as when Marko is accused of murder, that would be blatant melodrama. But because it is the novel of an expert craftsman it is vivid and real. If you think that it is a bit slow in getting under way, don't be discour-

aged; for it will soon carry you by leaps and bounds to a somewhat breathless conclusion. A psychological novel with a visible plot.

Funny Faces!

SEE the funny fa-aces! Cummon Sintuh the Cr-rystal Pa-alace! See yuhrself as others see yuh! Fat an' slim, one an' all cummon in! Hear the scureams of laughter from the great Ha-all of Mirrors!"

Thus the barker at the county fair lures us to the spectacle of our distorted selves. The quiet mirrors seize upon our dominant characteristic, emphasize it, twist it, until we see ourselves as ridiculous dwarfs or giants, yet indubitably ourselves. "The Mirrors of Washington" (Putnam), with their critical portraits of our great (an ill-chosen word, perhaps) political leaders, are occasionally like this. The gentle affability of Colonel House, the demagoguery of Hiram Johnson, the publicity genius of Hoover: these are seized on and magnified by the mirrors, until the images become stimulating to the eye, yet scarcely faithful. Nevertheless, this anonymous book is an interesting, spicy, and provocative attempt to analyze frankly American politics. It is not so good as the Downing Street variety. We are not so skilled through the ages at poking sophisticated fun at ourselves. There is some adroit writing, though. Not enough, I think, to make us over-curious to learn the name of the author who would court curiosity by his discreet veil. The sketch of Wilson, however true it may be, seems to me

rather masterful. A fascinating analysis in the tragic mood. The book is already being widely read and discussed, and that is simply another sign of our growing desire to understand ourselves, to turn on the merciless glare of the spotlight.

Messrs. Herford and Æsop

A NEAT book, a gay book, an artistic book, and yet a text-book! "The Herford Æsop" (Ginn) should be as amusing to parents as to their children. Herford has given the old fables a new tang without detracting from their simplicity. What an interesting old gentleman Æsop's lion must have been. Some day I must get Mr. Herford to introduce me to him—and to the mouse, too—only not at the same time. Of the fifty fables (each with at least one illustration) I like best "The Fox and the Lion":

A fox who never, strange to say,
Had seen the King of Beasts, one day
Beheld a Lion. At the sight
He very nearly died of fright.
The second time he met the King
He felt a sort of shivering
Sensation up and down his spine,
But outwardly betrayed no sign.
The third time they met face to face
The fox showed not the slightest trace
Of fear, but bold as anything
Walked up and said, "Good morning, King!"

Rapier and Buskin

IF a man can spin a romantic narrative with color and abandon, why require him to write well? That is, if he doesn't try to write well and fail. I don't think that style, as such, makes much difference to Rafael Sabatini. He creates his characters with dash and gayety. Let him write as badly as he likes, then; for books like "Scaramouche" (Houghton Mifflin), in spite of what we are told in this case of the accuracy of the historical background, are written only to entertain. Scara-

mouche, the young adventurer, the actor, the playwright, the revolutionist, the lover, is so modern in his moods and so picturesque in his setting of traveling players, fencing-masters, duelers, kings, and court intrigues, that the achievement of keeping us entertained through what is really a very long book, is more his than his creator's! I think that we are going to read costume novels this winter. We are, certainly, if the public turns from a drab realistic effort to a shivering melodrama like this, with as much pleasure as I did. This is a book to be easily read and easily forgotten. That is—all but Scaramouche himself! Scaramouche is a person indeed; and he'll stay in the mind for—oh well!—three months, or perhaps longer.

Understanding Our Poets

THE new edition of Louis Untermeyer's "Modern American Poetry" (Harcourt) is as well selected and arranged as his British one, and that's saying a good deal. In one compact volume he gives us biographical sketches, critical estimates, and excellent selections of American poets from Emily Dickinson to the child Hilda Conkling. Also a preface discussing the whole range. It is neat information, too, and concise. I know of no other way to gain a fairly complete understanding of the subject so frankly and pleasantly. The sketches, in smaller print, are telling, even sometimes amusing. The selected poems are not too usual as to be always familiar. The poets chosen are adequate. There seem to be no glaring omissions, except the names of William Alexander Percy and Leonora Speyer. I should like to have more of Louise Guiney, and of William Vaughn Moody; but I would not sub-

tract from the others. I was reading the other day an anthology compiled in England and called "An Anthology of Modern Verse". Well, after reading this surprisingly good collection of Louis Untermeyer's I am more sure than ever that the title of that anthology was a gross, if unintentional insult. Not one American was included! Mr. Untermeyer's book is a

particularly good work for women's clubs, schools, and universities. Like Mr. Van Doren's "The American Novel" (Macmillan), it furnishes a thoroughly readable and entertaining background for a study course in social group or classroom. If the ladies of Gopher Prairie had followed these two books they could not have merited Carol's scorn.

—J. F.

NEGRO CRIMINAL

By Maxwell Bodenheim.

FROM the pensive treachery of my cell
 I can hear your mournful yell.
 Centuries of pain are pressed
 Into one unconscious jest
 As your scream disrobes your soul.
 The silence of your iron hole
 Is hot and stolid, like a guest
 Weary of seeing men undressed.
 The silence holds an unused bell
 That will answer your lunging yell
 When your flesh has curled away
 Into the burning threshold of a day.
 Like the silence, I listen
 Because I seek the glisten
 Of a hidden humour that strains
 Underneath the stumble of all pains.
 Brown and wildly clownish shape
 Thrown into a cell for rape,
 You contain the tortured laugh
 Of a pilgrim-imbecile whose staff
 Taps against a massive comedy.
 Melodrama burlesques itself with free
 And stony voice, and wears a row of masks
 To hide the strident humour of its tasks.
 Melodrama, you, and I,
 We are merely tongues that try
 To loosen an elusive dream
 Into whisper, laugh, and scream.

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

SEE AMERICAN FICTION FIRST!

By Ernest Boyd

AMERICAN critics have said, some with complacency, others more in sorrow than in anger, that a third-class English writer is better than a first-class American, or words to that effect, and the whole theory of American provincialism in letters has rested upon that theory. Whatever element of truth it may have contained years ago, when my ignorance of the intellectual life of this country was as profound as that of most Europeans, in the span of my own first-hand experience of American literature, the theory has been disproved. By some law of compensation America has been productive and progressive in the arts during these last six years of European sterility, and on every side are signs of a genuine flowering of the national spirit. Within less than a decade novelists, poets, and dramatists have sprung into existence to such effect that even in England people are aware of them, and stories of roaring trails or slick business men no longer sum up American literature since Emerson.

The changed situation of America in relation to England is strikingly illustrated by the three new volumes of John Galsworthy, Hugh Walpole, and W. L. George, who certainly cannot be dismissed as unimportant or unrepresentative writers of English fiction. Not one of them has anything to say, or perhaps it would be more accurate to suggest that all three want to say the same thing, and each of them says nothing. It would be easy to name

more than three books of American fiction during the past season by new authors which have a real significance and a quality of originality lacking in the work of these practised writers. If the comparison be extended to include American novelists of approximately the same standing in this country as the Englishmen in theirs, then the balance in favor of the former is overwhelming. It was the war in Europe which gave the traveling public the slogan: See America First! The peace in Europe should induce the reading public to see American literature first.

It is precisely the disintegration of the old order after the war which is the theme common to these otherwise entirely dissimilar books. In Mr. Galsworthy's "To Let" the theme is rather incidental, in contrast to its direct treatment by Mr. Walpole and Mr. George. The breaking up of an ancient and apparently impregnable social system forms the background of what is nothing more than a retelling of the story of Romeo and Juliet. The author once more introduces us into the lives of those peculiarly English families of the wealthy, conservative class, whose virtues and idiosyncrasies he knows so well, but in the present case their security and privileges are overshadowed by the threat of a new age. There is a hint of symbolism in the presence of a flighty Frenchwoman in the staid clan of the Forsytes, and the romance of Fleur Forsyte (that hybrid name is significant) with her cousin Jon (not John, be it noted!) represents the rise of a generation which can never share the viewpoint

of its elders, whose feud, nevertheless, keeps them apart. Mr. Galsworthy's narrative is carried along by the charm of his style, which has all the ease and mellowness of the old England whose malady he has diagnosed with the affection of intelligent discernment. Yet, in the last analysis one feels that this superb instrument has merely been plowing the sands, that the seed of life has not been cast into the exhausted, arid soil. The roughest labor of some pioneering beginner over here has more promise of vitality than this literary landscape gardening.

In "The Thirteen Travellers" Hugh Walpole specifically invites his readers to face with him the problems of a group of typical London figures confronted with a world irrevocably altered by the war. They are all connected in one way or another with a fashionable apartment house in the West End. One is an old gentleman of leisure with limited means, of the sort that flourished in Europe in the days before democratization and depreciated currency. Another is the woman servant who takes the place of a man during the war, and who sees in the peace a return to domestic drudgery. Another is the spoiled son and heir, whose days and nights are given up to compensations for the hardships of the trenches and the loss of an arm, until the pressure of taxes on unearned increment and the high cost of living bring the bewildered squire, his father, to town with the dreadful news that his boy must work. In accordance with the traditions of the popular fictioneers Mr. Walpole solves these problems. The elderly parasite dies to soft music; the distressed servant refuses to keep a returned hero out of his job and is married to him providentially, so that no

man can oust her from *that* position; the young man-about-town turns round, with movie-like rapidity, and gladdens the eye as an honest painter in overalls, decorating the front of a house near the scene of his former social triumphs. Needless to say, it was not for such inventions that Henry James singled out Hugh Walpole in a famous essay on the younger English novelists.

W. L. George's Ursula Trent is presented as the young Englishwoman whom four years of war work have cast loose from her family moorings, and who proceeds to "live her life", as the phrase used to go in the defunct era of class-conscious feminism. Here the author is also aware of an important and vital phenomenon in the history of England since 1914, but all that he does with it is to rehash the story of his first novel, "A Bed of Roses". In so doing his commercial judgment is as sound as Mr. Walpole's in deciding to be as "glad" as the sweetest contributor to the American fiction magazines. But a foreigner of the prestige of either Mr. Walpole or Mr. George is expected to display some subtler quality more nearly related to literature. Possibly there are radical experts in advanced thought who will be impressed by the manner in which Ursula Trent emerges from promiscuous amours into eminently bourgeois matrimony. But America can do this sort of stuff just as well, and is doing a great deal more that is better than all three of these volumes. So it is safe, in any case, to suggest that all classes of readers would do well to see American fiction first.

To Let. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Thirteen Travellers. By Hugh Walpole. George H. Doran Company.

Ursula Trent. By W. L. George. Harper and Bros.

OSCAR WILDE AND "WILLIE HUGHES"

By Richard Le Gallienne

TO the lover of books a literary mystery has an exciting charm almost as great as that of buried treasure. A "lost manuscript" or the piquantly kept secret of the authorship of some provocative masterpiece is as thrilling as an ironbound sea-chest heavy with Spanish doubloons. The lost poems of Sappho, for instance. What an opportunity is still there for the literary adventurer. What a quest for someone sufficiently learned and leisured to hunt among old Greek and Egyptian temples and tombs for the precious scroll, delicate tablets, or fragile papyrus, which would give us whole poems where now we have but a handful of broken lines, a petal here and there out of that lost old rose garden. Doubtless, the Bacon-Shakespeare madness has found so many adherents because of such appeal to the imagination. The mere word *cipher* stirs one's blood—a truly haunted word. Had Bacon himself been a less mean and prosaic figure, and had his adherents been less obviously negligible minds, scant alike in literary breeding and the sense of humor, their rather humdrum delusion might be welcomed as a mystery worth cherishing. As it is, it is about as attractive, say, as Mormonism, the class of heresy, indeed, to which it belongs.

However, there is happily no need to manufacture a Shakespearian mystery, for the mystery of the Sonnets is sufficiently romantic, combining as it does all the elements of a beautiful as well as a complex literary adventure, involving the romance of personality with that of romantic conditions. "With this key Shakespeare unlocked *his heart!*" Was a picturesque phrase

ever further from the truth?—the fact, of course, being that Shakespeare did the precise opposite, indicating that his heart was indeed in the Sonnets, that in them as in a casket he had placed it, but that far from leaving the casket unlocked, or with the key attached, he had on the contrary double and treble locked it—and thrown the key away; leaving us to amuse ourselves by vain endeavors to pick the lock. Some, of course, have believed that they have picked it, but so far they have convinced no one but themselves, and a few disciples; and the mystery of the Sonnets still remains anyone's adventure.

By far the most entertaining "adventure" yet recorded is that of Oscar Wilde in "The Portrait of Mr. W. H.", and, as it now comes to us in its completed form, it brings with it not only the fuller expansion of its theory, but accidental attractions romantically appropriate. Not only have we the mysterious theory of the Sonnets mystery itself, but, in the interval since that theory was first sketched in "Blackwood's Magazine", the very manuscript from which the present volume has been printed has become the subject of a dark and thrilling conspiracy. Here is an extract from Mr. Kennerley's announcement:

The essay entitled "The Portrait of Mr. W. H." was published in Blackwood's Magazine for July, 1889, and caused a great deal of discussion. Shortly afterwards it became known that Oscar Wilde was working on a larger study of the same subject, and in 1893 it was announced for publication. On the day of Oscar Wilde's arrest, April fifth, 1895, his books were withdrawn from the publishers' shelves and catalogues, and the manuscript of "The Portrait of Mr. W. H." is said to have been returned to Wilde's house, Tite Street, Chelsea, since which date no trace of it had been discovered. It can now be said that since Oscar Wilde completed this manuscript for the printer, it had not been seen by a living person until it was found in July, 1920, and sent to Mitchell Kennerley, who recognized it as indisputably "the lost manuscript", in Wilde's own handwriting.

All this is delightfully as it should be, most artistically in keeping with the framework of rather unhallowed mystification with which Wilde, in the story itself, whimsically surrounds the transmission of his sinister theory, fatal to all intrusted with it. And still, it will be observed, even after Mr. Kennerley's publication, the mystery of the "Lost MS." still remains. Yes, where has the manuscript been all these intervening years? Who stole it from Wilde's rooms, while the auction was going on, that fatal April day in 1895? or has it been all this time respectably reposing in the perfectly proper keeping of Wilde's legal representatives? Who—but Mr. Kennerley—shall say? He, doubtless, is the happy possessor of the secret; but, I suppose, "wild horses"...etc... So let us turn to "The Portrait of Mr. W. H." itself.

There have been few such brilliant jeux d'esprit, combining as it does in little the wit and whimsicality of Wilde's plays,—notably the nonsense streak of "The Importance of Being Earnest",—his gift of story-telling, the atmosphere of the romance of beauty, and of the romance of learning, which pervaded his prose, as it pervaded his conversation,—of which, indeed, his prose was the echo,—and, added also, his keen intellectual relish in devising, supporting, and decorating the theory itself from his gay multifarious reading.

As to how far he has made out his case for "Willie Hughes", each student of the Sonnets must decide for himself. Holders of rival theories will, of course, remain unconvinced, and go on believing still that William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, or Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, was the "onlie begetter"; or, with Sir Sidney Lee, hold that the much dis-

cussed dedication was merely a complimentary acknowledgment made by the publisher "T. T."—Thomas Thorpe—to a certain Mr. William Hall, who had procured the manuscript of "these insuing Sonnets" for him, and so might be called their "begetter", in the sense of having been their "getter"—and that the poet himself had nothing whatsoever to do with the dedication.

Sir Sidney Lee is "a sore decayer" of cherished Shakespearian illusions, and he does his best to strip the Sonnets of all romantic and even personal significance. However, that is not quite within the power even of his erudition. The great passionate lines remain, with their poignant, tragic, haunted music, as of reverberating deep-sea caves of the spirit. They meant something more than "literature", mere experimental sonneteering; and Wilde's guess at what they mean is as likely as another's. That the Sonnets celebrate Shakespeare's passionate friendship for a beautiful young man, an attachment complicated with his love for a beautiful woman—"the dark lady"—cannot be questioned. So much is clear, so much "unlocked". Therefore, why may not that young friend have been one of those handsome boy-actors who played women's parts at Shakespeare's theatre, and wonderfully embodied for him his Rosalind or his Juliet? What more natural than that Shakespeare had him in mind as he wrote the parts he was intended to play. This need not seem so strange to us when we recall the Eltinge theatre. And, though no "Willie Hughes" appears among the recorded names of the boy-actors of the time, that is no proof that an actor so named did not exist. There is much punning on *will* and *hews*, also *hues*, in the Sonnets:

A man in hew, all *Hews* in his controwling—
 Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
 And will to boot, and will in over-plus,
 and so on. It is hardly likely that the printer printed that *Hews* so capitalized and italicized, by accident. All that must have meant something, and I am inclined to think that the reader of "The Portrait of Mr. W. H." will be more than half persuaded to believe that it meant—Willie Hughes.

—The Portrait of Mr. W. H. By Oscar Wilde.
 Mitchell Kennerley.

AN AMERICAN EPITHETICIAN

By Burton Rascoe

IF I were disposed to credit the theory of reincarnation (and I am, at this moment, so disposed) I should say that Ben Hecht has inherited the soul which Joris-Karl Huysmans relinquished when he commended himself to the Trappists and to God. This notion gains a chimerical credence by a comparison of the physiognomy of the Chicago novelist with any portrait of the great French chronicler of the decadence.

I remember remarking when I first met Hecht a salient resemblance to the familiar Vallotton *masque* of Huysmans. Hecht has the same brachycephalic head, the same narrow, aquiline and spatulate nose, the same scant upper lip spanned by a ramiform mustache, the same arched eyebrows, the same serrated forehead, the same quaint look of whimsical malice. There is in both countenances an aspect at once satyric and spiritual, like that of a faun who has lived indoors. Only in their eyes do they differ: the eyes of Huysmans are fatigued and strained; the eyes of Hecht are alert and gay.

When Hecht talks the hallucination deepens. From his mocking lips comes that swift, deft poniarding of rivals and contemporaries we associate with Huysmans. One hears him say of Hugh Walpole, "an amiable mediocrity"; of Sir Oliver Lodge, "a befuddled old man capitalizing his dotage"; of Carl Sandburg, "an untrained prestidigitator surprised at the rabbits he pulls out of a plug hat". One recalls the crisp Huysmansian conversational dicta: of Lemonnier, "le déménageur"; of Bourget, "le rétameur"; of a woman novelist, "la cardeuse de matelas"; "les explosibles fariboles des romantiques"; "les pastilles mi-sel, mi-sucré de la littérature de Vichy". The epithetical cleverness of Huysmans is legendary. I may be pardoned the eccentricity of preferring that of the American. I seem to detect in Hecht a greater imagistic resourcefulness, a more sprightly caprice of adjectives and some justice.

Finally, to play with my notion before dismissing it, let me observe that there is in Hecht the Huysmansian contempt for the stupid and mediocre, the Huysmansian passion for setting off explosives under dead syntax and desuete word-groupings, the Frenchman's delight in the exotic, fantastic, and bizarre. There are these differences: Huysmans had the benefit of a richer cultural tradition and a more varied critical equipment; Hecht has a keener sense of form, a better documented disillusion, and a more corrosive cynicism. In Huysmans there is always a suggestion of faith; in Hecht there is no faith save in himself, and even in this there are elements and times of doubt. Hecht is a Huysmans who has seen the parade of petty human passions in the police court and these same petty human passions decked out as ideals in war. He is

amused by it and yet his amusement is a wry jocularly, tinged with a healthy regret that it is not otherwise that men should live. He sees life as an amusing spectacle simply for the reason that for so long he has failed to find it an edifying one.

It is for this reason that his superb novel "Erik Dorn", while it challenges consideration, will not generally be reviewed, I suspect, on its æsthetic merits. So patent is the personality behind the work that the man will eclipse, for some, the literary projection of himself. Thus we find Francis Hackett nodding in the course of a well-written review: "A style like Mr. Hecht's....I find its novelty as tiresome as too many fuchsia growths. It is effective, but 409 pages is like a month of bismuth breakfasts....It is, I believe, an actual straining for impressiveness, for accent, for effect." This last is a curious statement, for it records as an idiosyncratic belief subject to doubt, something which is patently obvious and implies that this something is reprehensible. Of course Hecht is straining for impressiveness, for accent, for effect, but what is wrong about that? Is not Mr. Hackett straining for effect when he speaks of *fuchsia growths* and *bismuth breakfasts*? All writing, considered as an art, is an actual straining for impressiveness, for accent, for effect. The means may be simplicity and directness, but it may also be involution, antithesis, paradox, any of the numerous media appropriate to the idea expressed. I shall later reveal that Hecht's style in this particular novel is splendidly in keeping with the theme of the book. Meanwhile it is well to point out that the novelty Mr. Hackett finds tiresome does not extend, as he says, throughout the 409 pages of the novel. There are pas-

sages of poise and tranquillity, of simplicity, ease, and directness. To characterize as an uninterrupted stridency, as does Mr. Hackett, a novel wherein passages dealing with war and revolution are depicted with words appropriate to the theme, is to deride the Brahms Third Symphony as a noisy and strident piece because of a remembered crescendo.

So, too, does Mr. Mencken, by an unwonted dereliction, describe as disorderly a book wherein disorder in brilliant passages is expressed in language that is inevitable if the impression is to be conveyed. Nor is it the critic's function to regret, as Mr. Hackett regrets with some animus, that Erik Dorn is an egoist, or to regret, as Mr. Macy regrets with tentative distaste, that Dorn is hard and brittle. For the unescapable fact is that Mr. Hecht set himself to the task of depicting an egoist, and not an altruist, a passionate young egoist, moreover, who has not lost his hardness and brittleness through wisdom and experience.

The novel is as carefully planned as an orchestral suite. Its opening is quiet and peaceful, an adagio of prose until the stormy Dorn is introduced. The development is into aspiration, adventure, disillusion, and defeat, with a recapitulation and coda softening into the tranquil mood with which the book began. It has the rhythmic variation of life itself, the cyclic progression from desire to satiety, from storm to quiet, with a thirst for beauty which remains insatiate. The irony is implicit in the suavely contrived recurrence to the identical setting of the original scene, with an indication that summer is gone and winter is come, wars and passion have died—"Outside the window the snow-covered buildings stood in the dark

like a skeleton world, like patterns in black and white."

"Erik Dorn" is conventional enough in theme, and in character motivation. It has its prototype in "Prometheus Bound" and in "Peer Gynt", in "Sannine", "The 'Genius'", "The Cords of Vanity", "The Man of Promise", "Martin Schöler", "Maurice Guest", and a host of others. It is the familiar theme of the artist type aspiring for something beyond the petty demands of a biological existence.

But Dorn is, in the jargon of the psychopathologists, a victim of *dementia præcox katatonia*; he is incapable of reacting with the normal human emotion to any common stimulus. He lives with a curious detachment from life, functioning brilliantly as a journalist in a purely mechanical way. He is an absolute skeptic, utterly without convictions of any sort, a complete sophist, interested in ideas as play-things, fascinated by words, and in love with phrases. Each new experience means to him only a readjustment of adjectives; life is a series of essays in literary composition; doctrines, creeds, and ideals are futile attempts to foist wall-mottos upon life, the essence of which is novelty and change.

It is to be questioned whether Hecht has sustained Dorn throughout as he has postulated him in the beginning. There is a dubious cast to the explanation of Dorn's deception as arising from his disinclination to cause his wife sorrow; for had he been as emotionally unresponsive as he is elsewhere depicted, it is difficult to believe that consideration for Anna would have balked his will. It is a duality in Hecht's own makeup which is responsible for this failure to realize Dorn perfectly. It is the same duality which makes his account of the

German revolution a brilliant but contradictory and meaningless thing. He is divided between an intellectual contempt for the shibboleths and activities of the revolutionists and an instinctive sympathy with the plight of the proletarian.

Few novelists now writing have the eyes to see the strings behind life's marionettes that Hecht has, and few have his ability to picture those strings in a paragraph. Anna and Von Stinnes, Lockwood (in a few pages) and Hazlitt are realized with dexterous strokes. The portrait of Hazlitt may very well hang in that same gallery wherein Homais is the masterpiece. And again one will not easily forget the courtroom scene and its aftermath, the newspaper office, the pages devoted to the outbreak of the war, the running commentaries on the catastrophe and peace. For Hecht among all the young men of the post-war generation of American novelists has, it seems to me, the most opulent equipment in the matter of intelligence, experience, and imaginative power. The verbal patterns, the pun-gently evocative word-combinations, the strange richness of metaphor in "Erik Dorn" cause it, if for no other reason, to stand out as a distinct new model in the mechanics of expression. Hecht is our first great epithetician.

Erik Dorn. By Ben Hecht. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE PLYMOUTH PAGEANT

By Norreys Jephson O' Conor

THE writer of a pageant is confronted by the most difficult problem of dramatic technique: he must tell a story, usually covering a period of years, through a form wherein the pictorial element is uppermost, yet if

the pictorial effects are overemphasized the result is but a series of tableaux. Moreover, lacking the acoustics of the theatre, since most pageants are given out of doors, he cannot rely upon dialogue. By skilful invention of pantomime, through illustrative action, he must develop his theme.

In a foreword, printed in the program of the Pilgrim Tercentenary Pageant, "The Pilgrim Spirit", the author and producer, Professor George Pierce Baker of Harvard, expresses his realization of the limitations of pageantry and of his subject in particular:

At first sight the size of the Pageant Field would seem to forbid the spoken word, and to call only for pantomime, processionings, and brilliant color from masses of people. On the other hand, the story of the Pilgrims is intimate, needing to be told close at hand, and, as far as possible, in their own words.... Many people know what the Pilgrims did in England, in Holland, at Plymouth in its earlier days, but why they did it, guided by what, unified as a group by what, these matters have not been so clear.

To solve these difficulties of subject-matter and place, which to many would have been insurmountable, the Pilgrim Tercentenary Commission could have chosen no Pageant Master of more learning, taste, experience, and skill, than Professor Baker. Through his experimental theatre in Cambridge, he has grown familiar with every art of the stage, and in Plymouth he gathered round him a group of workers whose cooperation was of unusual excellence.

Foremost among these was Munroe Pevear, whose lighting was the outstanding feature of the production. When the opening scene broke from the night, there was no effect of theatrical lighting; sand glowed and water sparkled, seemingly, in warm sunlight, as the Norse galley, with its brilliant wall of locked shields, sailed toward the cowering, terrified Red

Men on the shore. The scene of the Pestilence of 1618, suggested in part by Mr. Gilbert's incidental music, was made unforgettable by the unearthly green light that blasted the deserted plain.

The actors, 1,200 of them, all from Plymouth and the neighboring towns of Duxbury, Kingston, Marshfield, in many instances bore names that would have been strange in Old England, but they showed how pageant-giving makes for community spirit in New England. Their zeal and earnestness gave the performance great dignity, almost solemnity. One heard often the comment, "It is like Oberammergau". So careful had been the training of tone and diction that in spite of the enormous size of the field—400 feet wide and 450 deep—the words were clearly audible to an audience of 5,000. Unusually impressive was the Voice from the Rock. The band of eighty pieces and chorus of as many voices also represented "local talent" exclusively, as well as sincere effort. No account of the pageant could fail to record the devotion of the designers and makers of costumes, whose labors must have been suggestive of the old-time sewing bee.

But skilful production could not compensate for absence of drama in the book; as in other pageants, the spectacular scenes were the only ones that really carried; the pictorial overshadowed the dramatic. When James the First made his royal progress and thwarted or put off petitioning Puritans; when the Dutch cities of Charity united in gay and triumphal march; when, in conventionally symbolic finale, the nations of the earth pranced proudly together with much waving of flags, the spectators were enthusiastic. The small scenes evoked little emotion.

The text shows the central idea of "The Pilgrim Spirit" to be the Pilgrims' determination to preserve religious liberty and popular government. But though there is unity of idea, dramatic unity is absent. Save in a few scenes, notably that of the Opposition, in the Second Episode, the pageant lacks that suspense which seizes and keeps attention. There is no central figure, as in Mr. Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln", to bind together loosely connected incidents. The dialogue has the defect of its virtue in being a literal or slightly altered transcription of the Pilgrims' own words. Professor Baker has leaned too heavily upon his familiarity with the history and writings of the Pilgrims, has allowed his historical knowledge to overbalance his feeling for the theatre, and has kept much that is undramatic. This is particularly true in the scene of the Signing of the Compact. The best portions of the book are the free verse Prologue and a corresponding passage at the close of the Third Episode.

The verse contributed by Josephine Preston Peabody, Hermann Hagedorn, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and Robert Frost adds little to the reputation of these already distinguished poets.

What would an Elizabethan dramatist have done with so unpromising a subject as the Pilgrims? He would undoubtedly have used facts freely, possibly have contrived a story with suspense, perhaps have given unity to his pageant by creating, or selecting from a monotonous group, one character whose fortunes the spectators could follow with interest, and in doing this he might have given as accurate a conception of the Pilgrim Spirit as that so elaborately fashioned by Professor Baker.

The reaction of a spectator is

summed up in the conclusion of a letter: "One admired technique and earnest purpose, but was left unmoved, like Barrie's unfortunate princess, whose disconsolate physician, after testing her heart, had always to report, 'Cold, quite cold!' And that may quite as well have been the fault of the princess as of the physician."

One feature of the pageant may be especially commended in these days of international friction and unrest—the emphasis placed upon the interdependence of the two great English-speaking peoples. "The path of the 'Mayflower' must forever be kept free."

The Pilgrim Spirit. Written and produced by George P. Baker for the Pilgrim Tercentenary Commission of Massachusetts. Marshall Jones Co.

STATESMAN, FINANCIER, PHILOSOPHER

By Rex Hunter

WHEN I played football for Canterbury College in New Zealand a dark, wiry student played on the three-quarter line with me. One day I missed him from his accustomed place and made inquiries. "Oh," said the undergraduate to whom I spoke, "didn't you know? He's gone to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar."

Years passed. I was in Chicago, reporting the trial of a group of Socialists charged with obstructing the draft. A name was called and a young red-headed man rose from the back of the courtroom and took the witness chair. He had been brought from a cell at Leavenworth as a witness for the defense. He was dressed in a khaki shirt, incredibly shapeless trousers, and grotesque shoes. With this garb his delicate face and hands made a strange contrast. After a few pre-

liminary questions the attorney for the defense went on: "You were educated at Oxford?" "I was." "You went there as a Rhodes scholar?" "Yes."

Soon afterward I heard that the former three-quarter back had become an eminent K. C. in England. Cecil Rhodes meanwhile was sleeping peacefully on the hill called the View of the World in Africa. Yet his shadow cast itself across the lives of these two young men who went such different ways.

Rhodes was wildly hated and wildly loved. To old President Kruger he was "Apollyon, a financier, and the foul fiend himself". Yet Alfred Beit, a Jew from Hamburg and the shrewdest financier of his time in South Africa, spent himself in the service of the British imperialist. Those who hated Rhodes could not stop him any more than they could stop a charging elephant. Everything about the man was large, as his biographer points out. He had enormous virtues and enormous faults. He was one of those forceful men who must find outlet for their energy in great projects. With all his material success he was often pathetic. Material success alone could not satisfy him. He brooded on the universe and sought a meaning. In the silence of African nights he probed for some satisfying philosophy. There were moments when what he saw inclined him to believe that there was no meaning in things; the rain fell alike upon the just and the unjust, and perhaps man's birth was as insignificant as his death.

From this conclusion, however, Rhodes turned aside shudderingly. He could not stomach it. It is interesting to note that he was influenced by Winwood Reade's book "The Martyrdom of Man", in which the brilliant

author, after examining into man's history and the history of all religions, counseled his readers to forget their dreams of immortality as vain. Rhodes seized on the positive side of this philosophy. He deduced from it the necessity of improving conditions on this planet. He had to believe in something, and he took for his gods the British Empire, Queen Victoria, and the Anglo-Saxon race. The program which he drew up for the extension of British rule throughout the world has been practically all accomplished with one important exception, "the ultimate recovery of the United States as an integral part of the British Empire".

Mr. Williams, by painting in shadows as well as high lights, has produced a good biography.

Cecil Rhodes. By Basil Williams. Henry Holt and Co.

A BRITISH SPOON RIVER

By Charles Hanson Towne

IF a young journalist were starting out on his career, his managing editor could do him no greater service than to put this volume into his hands and say, "When you can write like this, you will know you have arrived." For succinctness, a stripping-to-the-bone effect, a naked, stark style, the book has few equals. I can think of only one writer who achieves such instant pictures, who so fearlessly shows up the foibles and weaknesses of poor human beings. I mean Edgar Lee Masters. This is a veritable "Spoon River" of living dead men—a sharp, incisive, truth-compelling set of portraits that bare men's souls, and cause the reader to suffer vicariously at the pitiless revelations.

Who wrote it? That is what everyone has been asking these many weeks; and the answer is yet to come. "A Gentleman with a Duster" has simply tried to rub off some of the grime from those mirrors of Downing Street; and in these days of labor troubles he has done a fine job. I should call him a servant of the public who had the welfare of his master at heart. He has not glossed things over. One gets a close-up of every man, from Lloyd George to Lord Leverhulme; and just as in the movies the veins of the most beautiful eyes are so magnified that they look like maps of the Himalayas, so here the faults and frailties of these men, however they may have tried to conceal them by clever make-up, are revealed for all to see.

It has been the present reviewer's fortune to see and talk to four of the baker's dozen thus analyzed and dissected. He knows, therefore, how vivid is the pen picture of Lloyd George—that massive lion's head on the dwarfish body, tapering down to legs that are hardly legs at all; that light in the eyes, that twinkle which means so much—or so little—as the Prime Minister desires. And he knows the Peter Pan appearance of Northcliffe, the stateliness of Balfour (the coldness, too) and the ruddy, sound-apple face of the late Lord Fisher.

Has Lloyd George read what is said of him in this book? Let him do so, and be a changed man ever after. He is literally torn to bits by the claws of a few hundred words; yet the anonymous writer is just when he wishes to be. He sums George up scathingly in this flashing sentence: "His conduct

in the last months of the war and during the election of 1918 was not only unworthy of his position but marked him definitely as a small man. He won the election, but he lost the world."

Of Lord Fisher, for whom he had an easily discerned admiration, he writes of those perilous days when Mr. Churchill hesitated in a crisis. "What does it matter," he reports Lord Fisher as saying, "whom you offend?—the fate of England depends on you. Does it matter if they shoot you, or hang you, or send you to the Tower, so long as England is saved?" And one inevitably thinks of Kipling's noble line, written in the early days of the war, "Who dies, if England live?"

For Lord Haldane the author has a deep sympathy; and those difficult hours when he was accused of pro-Germanism are spoken of with tenderness, and the story of the sure vindication of a truly great man is told with fire and fervor. He wishes that Haldane had not accepted his martyrdom with such unearthly poise. To the younger men of his time, he seemed lacking in the humanities—a man who could thus brush away his bitterest accusers. But now, with some perspective, the world can see how wise Haldane was to keep his temper, and not allow his vilifiers, in colloquial English, to "get his goat".

No more amazing volume has come to my desk in many months. It will rest on the shelves of our public libraries, and in our homes, when other books of our time are discarded and forgotten. A memorable piece of work; a daring exposé of men who are worth exposing.

The Mirrors of Downing Street. By A Gentleman with a Duster. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

HALL CAINE has done it again. His latest novel "The Master of Man" (Lippincott) still deals with (we have the publisher's word for it) "the eternal forces of life". The scene is laid in the Isle of Man and the story concerns the temporary ignoble passion of the son of the great man of the island, its tragic consequences, and true love faithful in disaster. The plot is complicated and worked out with considerable skill. The characters are all puppets and there is nauseating talk of sin-stained men and pure women. The logic and morality is puerile, while crude instincts are patently pandered to. In fact the whole book is all the more to be regretted for being so readably written.

At the age of twenty-one Henry James began his career as a book reviewer, and some of his anonymous book reviews, never heretofore printed in book form, are now collected in "Notes and Reviews" (Dunster House). A good deal of the subject-matter has proved hopelessly ephemeral, though some good material fell to his hand: novels by Hugo, George Eliot, Trollope, and Mrs. Gaskell. Trollope, despite the author's sneaking fancy for him, irritates him, and in a review of much humor Hugo's "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" is frankly laughed at. The chief defect of the articles as criticism is that the writer, forecasting his later obsession, interests himself more in technical literary faults and virtues, particularly the former, than in the books as a whole. But aside from this defect, consider-

ing the writer's youth, the reviews are amazingly good reading. They show ability to reason from the general to the particular—the mark of a first-rate critic.

M. la Rose in a sympathetic preface writes, "James...was never a popular author and even the most devout Jacobite must admit...that he was not a 'great' one." We admit no such thing. If humor and imagination (immortal pair!) and sympathy in conjunction with a style of infinite subtlety and taste do not, in their divine infusion, as in "The Portrait of a Lady", make for a "greatness", if not a grandeur, we can name no "great" novel. And these reviews give more than a hint of the novelist's future—the same elevation of thought, the impatience at shabby personalities, the recognition of the beauty of the innocent and the bad taste, not to say downright wickedness, of the sentimental.

The dramatic skill to create a swift climax and a setting to emphasize the suspense, marks the eleven stories of the underworld which Richard Washburn Child has collected in "The Black Velvet" (Dutton). There is a good deal of similarity in the tales, especially in regard to structure—most of them reveal some arresting quality of character upon which the situation is made to turn. The author understands the value of unity and has the knack of giving verity to a unique circumstance by convincing portrayal of attending commonplaceness. The stories seem to reflect an intimate

knowledge of the ways of crooks and will satisfy readers who enjoy a thriller of the better sort.

His usual average in chuckles to the page is maintained by Irvin S. Cobb in "A Plea for Old Cap Collier" (Doran). But, for all the humor, Cobb pleads a case seriously. To those who may some day prescribe literary tonic for adolescent minds, he addresses a defense of the dime novel. Such a mind, he says, should be counseled thus: "Read these volumes openly. Never mind the crude style in which most of them are written. It can't be any worse than the stilted and artificial style in which your school reader is written." That is the argument of Cobb's plea; the humor resists summarization.

In a brief and graphic account of the horrors of starvation in Central Europe, "It Might Have Happened to You" (Lane), Coningsby Dawson emphasizes the fact that the greatest sufferers have not been responsible for their condition. The tragedy might have happened to you or me and will reach us eventually unless relief is given to the victims of the war. Thousands of people dying slowly amid the most revolting surroundings provide a miasma of despair, disease, and crime which must infect the whole world.

Why does Central Europe starve? The author finds a fundamental cause in the rearrangement of the political map by the Peace terms. These, he declares, have built walls across most of the old travel routes, have given ancient hostilities a new means of venting their animosities, have destroyed confidence and dislocated the entire system of transport. The people want work and prefer employment

to charity, but they are helpless until new economic development has put them on their feet. They are without tools, clothing, or food, yet the author sees a spirit of courage in peasants and aristocrats alike which will eventually triumph if the present crisis can be weathered. The organization of the Free Youth of Germany into an idealistic society to oppose war and autocracy seems to Mr. Dawson a promising omen. The humane reader can hardly fail to be moved by the challenging appeal of this little volume.

When, early in the book, the heroine's body is found frozen in a lake, her friends cut it out and lean it against the side of a house where all may—and do—look through ice and silk nightgown to worship. The qualities of this figure evidently gave Rupert Hughes the title for his latest book, "Beauty" (Harper). The reader may suffer vicarious shocks at the exposure until he reads later that it was customary for the girl to appear before a less select public in costume no more concealing. In fact, much of the book is devoted to asserting that scant clothing on dance floor and beach is in no way a contributing factor to unconventional behavior. The story is another Hughes magazine serial published in book form.

Before reading ten pages of "Howards-End" by E. M. Forster (Knopf) we had unconditionally surrendered to its charm of diction, its inimitable humor, and its generous humanity. Amid authors overwhelmed by the dust of Main Streets, the stench of stock yards, and the noise of machine shops—dust and stench and noise seemingly too much for style or temper—we suddenly find gracious-

ness, untypified human beings, and faith in personality whether of houses or people. Indeed, the personality of a house dominates the book. *Howards-End*, a converted farm house, loved by a dying woman, gradually envelopes the story until finally all the strident materialists and muddle-headed idealists with the by-products of their elbow-rubbing are gathered to its breast.

The book follows the fortunes of the Wilcox family, successful, visionless, save for Mrs. Wilcox who dies early and without much stir but who, in her love for *Howards-End*, achieves immortality. Into the Wilcox lives come two sisters, Helen and Margaret Schlegel, each believing in personality "because personal relations are the important things for ever and ever, and not this outer life of telegrams and anger". Between the Wilcoxes of this world and the Schlegels there must always be warfare; here the victory of the latter is beautiful because it has not annihilated, but absorbed, the former.

John Freeman undoubtedly has his audience, else there would seem to be no reason in the publication of a collected edition of his poems under the title "*Poems New and Old*" (Harcourt, Brace). But this particular reviewer is not one of Mr. Freeman's admirers. The poet has a sense of beauty and feeling, and a very evident brilliance of thought and suggestion, but the final impression gained of him is well summarized in one of Mr. Freeman's poems, "*Perversities*":

Now come,
And I that moment will forget you.
Sit here
And in your eyes I shall not see you.
Speak, speak
That I no more may hear your music.
Into my arms,
Till I've forgotten I ever met you.

"*Real Life*" by Henry Kitchell Webster (Bobbs-Merrill) is consciously misnamed. The book is a roaring farce of the scenario type with the heroine a screen star and what, through most of the story, passes for the hero, "the greatest violinist in the world". Easy and amusing reading it is, but its humor is pretty obvious and at times lacking in spontaneity. Rather patently a hammock-in-the-shade and lemonade piece of work.

As its preface states, "*Poems of the English Race*" edited by Raymond MacDonald Alden (Scribner) is for readers of about eighteen years of age. And it suits its purpose well. Here are old favorites, poems with which we have mere nodding acquaintance, and ones totally unfamiliar, all more or less chronologically arranged in two sections: Narrative Poetry, and Lyrical or Reflective Poetry. Concise notes at the head of each poem (when necessary) point out its unusual significance or metrical intricacies. Excellent footnotes explain departures from modern grammatical or etymological usage. The general "get-up" and appearance of the volume lends grace to an artistic arrangement of material.

"*The Seeds of Enchantment*" (Doubleday, Page) is very disappointing. At the outset the tale, supposedly founded on the lore of Indo China, promises to be a thriller. If Gilbert Frankau had kept it strictly within the bounds of an adventure story it might have been, but he so often retards the progress of the mystery to acclaim the virtues of militarism, capitalism, (which surely are out of place in a Chinese mystery story), and virility generally, that the reader grows impatient.

FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in August in the public libraries in the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
2. Galusha the Magnificent	<i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i>	APPLETON
3. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
4. Alice Adams	<i>Booth Tarkington</i>	DOUBLEDAY
5. Growth of the Soil	<i>Knut Hamsun</i>	KNOPF
6. Moon-Calf	<i>Floyd Dell</i>	KNOPF

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. Alice Adams	<i>Booth Tarkington</i>	DOUBLEDAY
2. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
3. Galusha the Magnificent	<i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i>	APPLETON
4. The Age of Innocence	<i>Edith Wharton</i>	APPLETON
5. The Sisters-in-Law	<i>Gertrude Atherton</i>	STOKES
6. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
2. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
3. The Age of Innocence	<i>Edith Wharton</i>	APPLETON
4. Growth of the Soil	<i>Knut Hamsun</i>	KNOPF
5. Alice Adams	<i>Booth Tarkington</i>	DOUBLEDAY
6. Moon-Calf	<i>Floyd Dell</i>	KNOPF

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
2. The Age of Innocence	<i>Edith Wharton</i>	APPLETON
3. Miss Lulu Bett	<i>Zona Gale</i>	APPLETON
4. Moon-Calf	<i>Floyd Dell</i>	KNOPF
5. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
6. Alice Adams	<i>Booth Tarkington</i>	DOUBLEDAY

WESTERN STATES

1. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
2. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
3. Moon-Calf	<i>Floyd Dell</i>	KNOPF
4. Growth of the Soil	<i>Knut Hamsun</i>	KNOPF
5. Alice Adams	<i>Booth Tarkington</i>	DOUBLEDAY
6. The Age of Innocence	<i>Edith Wharton</i>	APPLETON

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
2. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
3. Alice Adams	<i>Booth Tarkington</i>	DOUBLEDAY
4. The Age of Innocence	<i>Edith Wharton</i>	APPLETON
5. Growth of the Soil	<i>Knut Hamsun</i>	KNOPF
6. Galusha the Magnificent	<i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i>	APPLETON

GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
2. The Americanization of Edward Bok	<i>Edward Bok</i>	SCRIBNER
3. Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	<i>Margot Asquith</i>	DORAN
4. White Shadows in the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
5. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
6. The Mirrors of Washington	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	<i>Margot Asquith</i>	DORAN
2. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
3. Mystic Isles of the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
4. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
5. The Mirrors of Downing Street	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
6. The Next War	<i>Will Irwin</i>	DUTTON

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
2. Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	<i>Margot Asquith</i>	DORAN
3. The Americanization of Edward Bok	<i>Edward Bok</i>	SCRIBNER
4. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
5. Mystic Isles of the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
6. The Peace Negotiations	<i>Robert Lansing</i>	HOUGHTON

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
2. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
3. Mystic Isles of the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
4. Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	<i>Margot Asquith</i>	DORAN
5. White Shadows in the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
6. The Mirrors of Washington	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM

WESTERN STATES

1. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
2. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
3. Mystic Isles of the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
4. The Americanization of Edward Bok	<i>Edward Bok</i>	SCRIBNER
5. Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	<i>Margot Asquith</i>	DORAN
6. Back to Methuselah	<i>Bernard Shaw</i>	BRENTANO

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
2. Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	<i>Margot Asquith</i>	DORAN
3. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
4. The Americanization of Edward Bok	<i>Edward Bok</i>	SCRIBNER
5. Mystic Isles of the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
6. White Shadows in the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY

FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

An Italian Letter

THERE is no use denying the decay of Italian literature, and it can safely be stated that this period began with the present century. Upon Carducci's death only D'Annunzio and Pascoli were left to deal with a situation which, during and after the Great War, went rapidly from bad to worse. D'Annunzio, in several ways, and more so Pascoli, had been declining for some time; both were quite incapable of creating a new tradition. Italian fiction was degenerating into honest commercialism, Giuseppe Verga having left off writing for some little time, and Alfredo Oriani fallen a victim to his own troubled unequal, however lavish, style. And the reactions of the literary group of the "Voce" of Florence and the clamorous movement of the futurists passed so rapidly into eclipse as to become a typical phenomenon. On the other hand Benedetto Croce's æsthetic theories concerning the absence of any human feeling in a work of art, resulted naturally in a lack of true artistic value in mere literature. Today this decay has reached its highest pitch. Poetry is belittled by impressionist sensations and has become prim and formal; fiction has become commonplace or worse.

Undoubtedly the Great War, having changed a very small reading public into a huge one, is mainly responsible for this lack of good taste. People eagerly sought the latest book as they had formerly sought the latest fashion from abroad. The selling of books became a trade; publishing houses became anonymous companies who of-

fered high prices, not to the more serious writers but to the "quick-selling" ones. Writers themselves were writing trash to cater to the popular taste. Time was when one "created"—or tried to create—a book of some literary value; nowadays the book or novel is patched together anyhow, the author even reworking some old manuscript in order to bring his book up to the required two hundred and fifty or three hundred pages. And if the publishers used to be cautious, they are now, as a rule, quite satisfied with a "big-hit" title, a flashy or alluring cover which catches the public eye. In other words, the term *business*—in its most despicable sense—exactly applies to the present situation: a dishonest business in which one does not admit one's own mediocrity and in which every essence of humanity is lacking, and every true touch with life.

There is no want of reactions to this lack of taste by men who were influenced more or less—and often in a negative manner—by Croce's theories which tend to isolate a work of art from any true human feeling on the artist's part and from surrounding humanity; but these men too often fail to touch vital feelings. And just as the reaction which set in fifteen years ago against D'Annunzio's ineffable style, turned into a quest after simple terms of expression, opposing decline to decline, thus nowadays to this immoral and slouchy style is opposed a cold and moral manner of writing which is solely literary. On one side we have the classical reactions of the Roman group of the "Ronda" who seek after Leopardi's and Manzoni's purity

of style and terms of expression, a movement which is solely literary and represents the aping of Shakespearian masterpieces. What this group is driving at, at least up to the present, I cannot possibly say. The writers of the "Ronda" are not in touch in any way with humanity; and although they are the most typical outcome of Croce's theories in a lyrical or literary field, yet through prejudice they are against him, "anticrocian". They live aloof from life, attempting a double personality in which the human side cannot be discerned, and only the literary side is in evidence.

On the other hand men working against this present immorality—which is triumphant—are making an attempt toward returning to Christianity. It was enough for Giovanni Papini to announce that he was writing a "Storia di Cristo" (now issued by the publisher Vallecchi of Florence) and that he had returned to faith; a chorus of voices was at once raised throughout the peninsula, toward Christianity. Those who had been writing God's name with a small letter began to write it with a capital letter, and so on. I have no right to doubt Papini's conversion; but his state of mind reflected in the spiritual unrest of his books for fifteen years leads one to believe that this also is a mere literary venture. At any rate it is nothing but a literary venture on the part of most of these new Christians lately revealed, because no crisis has up to this been given to a critic to deal with, however much he may try. Christianity has become in this instance nothing but a form of cant, an unreal literary reaction against that immorality which was also solely a literary venture. Too much fuss has been made, too much noise; there is too much superficialness about it all,

for one to be able to take it seriously. Above all there is lacking what our elders called humility. Which leads me to believe that instead of a reaction against the decay of morality, this return to Christianity is nothing but the latest craze of the very same decay. In my next letter we will inquire into this crisis and into the reaction it is producing.

GEROLAMO LAZZERI

French Notes

EQUIVALENTS to the monthly meetings of the American Poetry Society do not exist in Paris. Poets are too individualistic, and people are less trained in peaceful public debates. Poetic manifestations before large audiences are either academic, or youthfully aggressive and purposely riotous. There is "Les Annales" and there is "Dada". And then, of course, the reading of unpublished works by their authors before such chosen audiences as gather in "La Maison des Amis des Livres", where so much of the actual vitality of French letters of today has concentrated. But no vote is taken...

Just now we hear of an initiative which might interest our friends of Gramercy Park, and perhaps suggest a following in this country. The poet Jules Romains and his friend Georges Chennevière announce their purpose of giving, next winter, a regular course in poetic technique. According to M. Romains:

Wherever there is a definite trade or art, there is a system of technical means and processes which can survive and improve only if transmitted through teaching.... One of us will give a theoretical course, that is, will explain in detail the resources and rules of modern versification. The other will direct the practice, that is, he will propose exercises of

prosody, showing how the rules are applied, how a line, a stanza, a poem is built.... We shall not allude to what makes the very substance of poetry, to the problems of inspiration, of æsthetic tendency, of literary doctrine, nor of style, properly speaking. That is an entirely different field. Our audience will be free to poetize on the life of Confucius or on the art of growing lettuce.... We have no idea how our enterprise will be received, but I dare to be affirmative on one point: when the year will be over, *not one* who has been with us will leave us convinced of having learned nothing.

The attempt seems to be the first of its kind, at least in France. It could not start under better auspices, as Romain Rolland is not only a poet ("Le Voyage des Amants", his last book, is worthy of "La Vie Unanime" and of "Europe"), but also a thorough connoisseur of the technical resources, both classical and modern, of his art.

Why shouldn't Witter Bynner follow the example?

Several reprints of Jean de Tinan's books have appeared. Tinan died young and left great promises unfulfilled. He had caught and fixed the spirit of a very peculiar period—the "Fin-de-Siècle" epoch—and the nervous, sentimental, and blasé feelings of the youths who "dissipated" their twenty-fifth year around 1895. It was the time of Symbolism at its decay, of the Wagner influence at its height, and it preceded the revival of athleticism, outdoor life, travel, and the wave of Anglo-Saxon principles which marked the opening of the twentieth century in France.

The author of "Aimienne" and "Penses-tu Réussir" had given chronicles to the "Mercure de France", which are now gathered under the title of "Noctambulismes". Jean de Tinan is a subtle guide to a Paris life that has since been very much transformed. He stands now as a precursor of the recent craze for circus-play, electric flashes, the rows of translucent bottles containing exotic alcohols, the

jazzing negro and the pale clown. He is a link between Jules Laforgue and Jean Cocteau.

PIERRE DE LANUX

Women

EVE was the contemporary of Adam. Beginning with Eve, women have been reputed to be loquacious, imaginative, emotional, endowed with the keenest of instincts, veritable sages at times by sheer intuition and most ambitious withal. In his essay on women and language, written twenty years ago, Remy de Gourmont contended that it is not lexicographers, teachers, and grammarians who make languages but women. And women, de Gourmont said, not merely make the languages, they preserve and conserve them and pass them on to succeeding generations. The same authority argued, with a rare display of Gallic audacity, that all art is a lie, and that women lie more than men.

How is it then that women were slow about acquiring citizenship in the republic of letters? Concerning the part played in this by an ill-adjusted society, let the sociologist speak. Concerning women's actual ability, we may well fall back on Remy de Gourmont again. He wrote:

Among so many excellent women writers none has ever created a language in the sense of which this is said of Ronsard, of Montaigne, of Chateaubriand, or of Victor Hugo. Woman repeats well, often better than man, what was said before. But she has little capacity for verbal innovation.

De Gourmont never read Gertrude Atherton at her wordiest. His theories, however, are in the main tenable.

With the exception of Sappho in Greece, who lived 2,500 years ago, it was not until the eighteenth century that women began to write. Hrotsvith

von Gandersheim did to be sure pen, quill, or stencil a half dozen Latin comedies in the tenth century, but her creations fall under the head of letters rather than literature. Marie de France wrote on the purgatory of St. Patrick in the thirteenth century and thereby gave graduate students in comparative literature an unremunerative job.

Then came Fanny Burney's "Evelina" (1778), the pre-Defoe romances of Mrs. Behn and Mrs. Manley, the letters and critiques of the two irrepressible Madames, de Sévigné and de Staël, and the then worshiped lyrics of Anna Luise Karsch (1772-91) in Germany. In fine, women were slow about getting a start. But they are making up for it today wherever paper, publishers, and people can be found. Let us pass a few of their most recent creations in review.

At the battle of Liège, the Belgians were commanded by Monsieur le Général Leman, the Germans by Herr General Lemmich. Both are now dead. And, as was quite fitting under the circumstances, Louise Ganshof van der Meersch has written the life of General Leman.

The biography is manifestly a difficult literary genre. To make the hero stand out in correct and adequate proportions requires imagination and the creative as well as the critical instinct. General Leman was first of all a man and a student; he was a soldier only when the occasion arose. To depict a contemporary of this type with sobriety, in an artistic manner, and yet with due regard for historical accuracy, was a hard task—which Mme. van der Meersch seems to have done with ease. A man would have dwelt too long on military strategy. This woman was more interested in human ingenuity. But until only recently, as

time flies, society would have detected an element of absurdity in the assumption on the part of a woman that she was fitted to write the life of a general in the armies.

Moreover, in our solicitude lest we fail to do justice to the memory of Dante in this the six hundredth anniversary of his death, we have forgotten that it is the nine hundredth anniversary for St. Olav, contemporary and rival of Canute, King of England, and himself once King of all the Norways. Sigrid Undset is writing a series of articles for "Aftenposten" of Christiania on St. Olav with the idea of eventually expanding them into a book.

It is a colossal step, a far cry, from "Jenny" to Olav. But Sigrid Undset approaches her *pensum* unintimidated. It is a delicious story she is telling. Here is one digressive paragraph:

Mediæval philosophy was transcendental. It frequently happens with transcendentalism that abstract conceptions become concrete. The greatest world event during the Middle Ages was that the word became flesh and dwelt among us. In the mediæval way of thinking words and ideas became flesh and realities—just as in this day of materialism meat and realities become words and concepts. The average man today for example, regards "society" as a sort of mystic affair, far more mystical in truth than the "society of the saints" struck people as being a thousand years ago. There is more mysticism today in deflated currency and bacteriology than there was in demonology in the days of St. Olav.

A woman who would have written this a short while ago would have brought down upon herself the charge of being a red-stockings.

The opposite in many ways of Sigrid Undset is Marie Lenéru, whose diary is now being published in the "Revue de France". Any day's note is interesting, though like the average of diaries, there were some days on which apparently nothing happened to Marie Lenéru. Here is the entry of May 17, 1900:

How could I write a novel, never having dreamed of one for myself? The heroine of an idyl will always be a stranger to me. I cannot get down to work, and I have a scruple about getting outside of myself. I always have the feeling that the more serious, absorbing and interesting things are taking place within me.

That explains why her quite intimate diary is now of sufficient merit to be published serially in a great magazine.

Going down to Italy, it would be advantageous, if only for the sake of variety, for this country to become better acquainted with the works of Mme. Serao (Signora Eduardo Scarfoglio). Born in Greece in 1856, her father a political refugee and her mother a Greek, she came to Rome where she founded, with her husband, a daily paper called the "Corriere di Roma". It was short-lived, but it gave her an introduction to journalism that has manifestly stood her in good stead ever since. In 1881, she took up creative writing; book after book has followed, a few of which have been translated.

She published recently a work entitled "Preghiere" (Prayers). Unlike her work of more remote date on *savoir-vivre*, this is a *savoir-prier*. When in school, Mme. Serao was noted for her rhetorical ability. Chamfort said once to Mirabeau: "Facility is a good thing, unless you abuse it." Mme. Serao has made too great use, if she has not actually abused, her rhetorical facility in this volume of "prayers", written at St. Moritz in Switzerland in the summer of 1920, and now brought out at Milan. But even so, it is a type of literature to which the American public is unaccustomed.

The volume consists of a series of orations or "talks" loosely knit together and spoken by the most variegated ensemble of characters brought together, in this story, from all walks

of life. And yet, despite the thread of piety that runs through what she has done, Mme. Serao did her best, or earliest work, when skeptical naturalism was triumphant, when a novel by Zola was awaited with the regularity of the seasons. But she has always respected the Catholic religion. In her "Conquest of Rome" (1885), she had Donna Angelica say: "It is so vulgar to be an atheist. Religion is beautiful and good and worth much more than the things of which the world approves." Mme. Serao's is an isolated voice in European literature.

It is in Germany however that women have made the greatest progress as writers. Since the founding of the Empire fifty years ago, they have been conquering one field after another until at present it can be said without hesitation that, with the exception of the drama, they are the equal of the men. What this means to the civilization of a country is not easy to state in a few words.

On July 10 the University of Jena, in one of the most impressive ceremonies ever held, conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, *honoris causa*, on Frau Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche. The date was chosen because it was her seventy-fifth birthday; the degree was given her because without her efforts, indefatigable and reaching back to 1890, the world would have today only the haziest sort of idea as to the genesis of Nietzsche's works, while many of them would have been lost forever. Nietzsche's writings fill at present eighteen volumes, aside from a half dozen volumes of letters. But he never wrote a book; he wrote paragraphs. It was his sister who gathered up this loose material and gave it coherency.

Her life has been all the more heroic because of her sorrows. She married

Dr. Bernhard Förster and they went to Paraguay, where they became influential members of South American society. Förster died in 1889, the same year in which Nietzsche suffered his mental breakdown. His widow found herself the sole dependable relative of her mindless brother. He died in 1900. She has since edited four editions of his works, collected his letters, and is at present engaged on the fifth and probably definitive Nietzsche edition. As to the family itself, it becomes extinct with her death. If the world ever has another Nietzsche it will be because the courts grant someone the privilege of rechristening himself with that outstanding patronymic.

Some time ago, Etta Federn began bringing out a series of historical novels. I call attention especially to her "Elise Lensing". The titular heroine was the poor but not wholly uncultivated woman of Hamburg who gave Hebbel her all; she worked for him after the fashion of a duly appointed maid, loved him, "presented" him with a child, and stood by him even after he had married the rich and gifted actress, Christine Enghaus. There are more historical novels, dramas, and poems in German than in any other literature.

Etta Federn has now come out with an article in which she recommends that the Germans read historical fiction. She emphasizes the value of the works of Luise von François, contends that Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach's "Der Kreisphysikus" (it treats of the Polish uprising of 1846) is more apposite today than ever, feels that "Der Werwolf" by Herman Löns (Löns was killed in action early in the war) has a special message for the German people at present, calls attention to the extreme value of Charles de Coster's "Flemish Legends", and says every

German should now read Flaubert's "Salâmmbo". She mentions, too, a great many other works of historical fiction of merit and meaning. Her argument is not to be despised; for it is in historical fiction that women writers can do their best work: they are so patient when it comes to looking something up; and to tell a story with embellishments is second nature to them.

But there stands France. The trouble is, she stands now about where other countries stood at the beginning of the century. With all her ideals of beauty and theories of art, France has done very little for her women. And what French women are doing today in letters is negligible. Encouraged they have not been. The academies have frowned on them, individuals have written books to prove that their sphere of influence is not literature. But probably there is light ahead. For Marie-Louise Le Verrier is just finishing an excellent life of Elizabeth Cady Stanton—in whose home the first American woman's rights convention was held. That was in 1848. France has her first convention yet to hold.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

News from Germany

AS the froth and fury of the revolutionary youth of Germany begin to subside into calmer channels, we are able to discern the kind of stream that is flowing beneath. There is no denying that on the whole the effervescence in the revolutionary brew was short-lived. Some of the earnest-minded enthusiasts are now making desperate efforts to free themselves of the tag, rag, and bobtail which merely pretended to revolutionary *Sturm und Drang* because it was the fashion.

Walter Hasenclever, we saw, was one of the first to make fun of the intellectual revolutionary profiteers and democrats of a day. He is now followed by the brilliant young Austrian poet, Franz Werfel.

Among Werfel's earlier lyrical and semi-dramatic productions, perhaps his most important work was a rendering into German of the "Trojan Women" of Euripides. In this somberly beautiful version of the grim old tragedy (produced in Berlin, strangely enough, during the most tragic days of war) Franz Werfel performed a service to German literature similar to that rendered to English literature by Gilbert Murray. Werfel's new work, however, has little of the old Greek spirit. It is a fantastic drama with a Faust-like hero, owing much to Strindberg's influence, restless, somewhat obscure, and charged with today. Its production on the stage, which has not yet happened even here, would be an interesting and probably successful experiment. The "magic trilogy", called "Spiegel Mensch" (The Man of the Mirror), is published by Kurt Wolff in Munich.

The cruder idea of Mephistopheles, the personal devil, which Goethe took over from the original mediæval Faust-legend, is replaced by Werfel with the original inspiration of creating a baser self out of the hero's reflection in the mirror. Thamal shoots into the glass and his tempter is released. The Jekyll and Hyde drama introduces within a frame of magical happenings many a savagely ironical or bitterly satirical fling at contemporary fads and follies. In style and expression, Werfel's new book of ringing couplets is fully up to the level of his former work. Its dramatic quality and the wit of its philosophic mockery

make it a work of great importance.

Erna Grautoff, the talented wife of the well-known art critic, Dr. Otto Grautoff, has just published a novel which promises to be the woman's book of the year. She has burdened it with the alarming title "Uta Curetis", which sounds like a Latin motto but is really the name of the heroine. The novel is a woman's book in the best sense. We see the soul development of Uta and half a dozen of her companions from innocent, speculative schoolgirls to women whom life has broken or rounded into fulfilment. The book is long, but this gradual psychological development, not lacking in exciting crises, holds the reader's interest on every page. Much wise philosophy of life and many clever sayings are packed into this finely feminine book. It is very plain that Erna Grautoff loves and admires her Uta. Yet she succeeds in making her human and winning our hearts for her creation. Uta Curetis in spite of all temptations and trials remains—a rather rare thing in continental fiction—a pure, noble, and happy woman.

Literary Germany is full of preparations for the Dante Festival, to be celebrated by a ceremonial in the National Opera House. The best-known Dante expert in Germany, which is practically to say, in the world, Dr. Carl Federn, is bringing out a new edition de luxe of his book on Dante, which enjoys the honor of being a standard work in Italy on the subject. Dr. Federn has just published a small popular book on Dante, and has the art, not common to many experts, of seizing the essential and the humanly necessary out of his vast store of Dante lore and compressing into thirty-eight pages a brilliant little survey of Dante and his age.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

THE GOSSIP SHOP

EMORY Halloway's "Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman", to be published this fall, has many entertaining incidents of the poet's life, as well as much hitherto scarcely available material. The first poem in the book is highly amusing. It gives one a feeling of courage when confronted by some young man who says, "After reading my poem do you think that I should go on writing?" Now we can say, "It's a miserable poem; but look at Whitman!" "Our Future Lot", Mr. Halloway says, was

from the *Long Island Democrat* (Jamaica, L. I.), October 31, 1838, into which it had been copied, in whole or in part, "from the *Long Islander*." This latter paper was the first that Whitman edited. It was a weekly issued at the little town of Huntington near Whitman's birthplace, beginning in June, 1838. On this sheet Whitman did practically all the work,



being editor, reporter, printer, publisher, and news-carrier all in one. This fact, taken with the obvious Whitman manner of treatment both as to theme and as to style, seems to establish his authorship, although the poem was not signed in the *Democrat*.

The poem is of eight verses. We quote four only:

This breast which now alternate burns
With flashing hope, and gloomy fear,
Where beats a heart that knows the hue
Which aching bosoms wear;

This curious frame of human mold,
Where craving wants unceasing play—
The troubled heart and wondrous form
Must both alike decay.

The cold wet earth will close around
Dull senseless limbs, and ashy face,
But where, O Nature! where will be
My mind's abiding place?

Will it ev'n live? For though its light
Must shine till from the body torn;
Then, when the oil of life is spent,
Still shall the taper burn?

Among the prose fragments, we find the following, which is the first paragraph from a newspaper story called, "The Habitants of Hotels", published



in "The Daily Crescent" in 1848. Times change.

There is no actual need of a man's travelling around the globe in order to find out a few of the principles of human nature. The observer needn't even go to a college or a primary school, but if he is determined to supply himself with knowledge, let him visit the precincts of some of our first-rate, tip [-top] bar-rooms on Saturday or Sunday night.

The drawings are from a Whitman notebook, of the Pfaffian days, probably from his own pencil, and, undoubtedly, caricatures of himself.

Imagine the joy of encountering the now famous Dr. Traprock, discoverer of the exotic Filbert Islands, in his hunting costume, with his fascinating South Sea Island bride upon his arm. She had but just put by her flowing seaweed garments for something more chaste in the form of a silk skilfully painted with a design of scarlet passion flowers intertwined with the leafy vines of that terrible and sensuous *nabiscus* plant of which the brilliant Traprock writes so feelingly.

"Ha!" said Traprock, giving that gesture so peculiar to sailor men, and known as a hitch, "You would interview me?"

We nodded, modestly enough; for it was unnerving, this mere fact of finding ourselves in the presence of a man who had actually visited the home of hooch, had touched the tender wings of the *fatuliva* bird, and had stridden up and down the deck of the "Kawa", dreaming what dreams of new lands of liquid delights to conquer. Now that we have seen him, seen the curious twist of his beard, heard the rumble of his splendid deep bass voice, and melted under the gaze of his fair bride's eyes, we cannot wait to pierce beneath the brilliant orange covers of his book, "The Cruise of the Kawa". What other South Sea adventurer can compare with this gal-

lant gentleman, a courtier of the old school as was demonstrated by his staid way of bowing from the waist; and yet, be it known, broad enough to find happiness in the peculiarly new pleasures of the mysterious Filberts.

"Were the Filbert Islands much different from Connecticut?" we asked, knowing that there was a little white-walled cottage in New England which the sunburned, red-nosed captain called HOME.

"Ah", said he, "ah! one cannot collect dew fish in the dawn on my dear home coast; but oh! you have no idea how great a joy it was to teach my new little helpmate the good old smell of a good old clam!"

"And have they no clams in the Filberts?" we asked.

"Clams?" said he, and his reddish countenance paled with disdain. "Clams? No clam could exist in the same temperature as the terrible *wak-wak*, that super sea monster, one of which my gallant Captain Triplett actually rode through the seas, until the poor beast, wearied by such unaccustomed weight, turned his expansive side to receive the welcome point of my own weapon, especially sharpened for the purpose."

Space will not allow us to relate the many stories told us by the great discoverer: of the storm that blew them from the tourist-infested regions of Polynesia to the gentle air of the beautiful Filberts, of the *compass* plant, and the flowing *hoopa* bowl, of tantalizing tattooing and decimating dancing. But, above all, it is the personality of the man Traprock that gleams through his conversation and through the pages of his book—a little man in stature, but what of that? Was not Napoleon of such build? It takes real ability to conquer so strange a people as the Filbertines—and with

what?—even as he conquered the Gossip Shop, by the swift gleam of an eye that compels obeisance to a charm that is at once infectious and intoxicating.

The English still show a curiosity concerning this American Language of ours. I wonder if they have read Johnny Weaver's book. John, by the way, has come back to town, after a hurried trip to visit Rockwell Kent in Vermont. We wonder just what book he is going to pick to demolish with his criticism in the Brooklyn "Eagle". Well, at any rate, here is a letter which appeared recently in the Literary Supplement of the London "Times":

"AMERICAN SLANG"

Sir,—Discussing "American Slang" in last week's *Literary Supplement*, Miss Katherine Metcalf Roof tells us that "a 'hick' is Western slang for a rustic," and indicates that it is of recent introduction. As has been proved in so many other instances, this new American slang is in fact a survival of Old English. In Steele's comedy, *The Funeral: or Grief-a-la-Mode* (Act. IV., Scene 8), Lord Hardy says to one of his ragged regiment: "Richard Bumpkin! Ha! A perfect country hick. How came you, friend, to be a soldier?" The Oxford Dictionary gives two other quotations which show the word to have been in common use about 1700. It is always wise to consult the "N.E.D." before assuming any word or phrase to be an Americanism.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM ARCHER.

First nights in warm weather do not always appeal to the imagination. At "Dulcy" we saw everyone in the world and his wife, except the one man we wanted to see, and that was F.P.A. Alexander Woolcott back in town again. Neysa McMein there—was she with Mr. Woolcott or Arthur Samuels? We forget, or perhaps we didn't know. People change seats so rapidly. At "Swords", Zoe Akins was in a box, and we saw her talking to at least one of her five leading ladies of the season; for Ethel Barrymore will

start on the road with "Déclassée" presently. Mary Nash, of course, to see her husband act. F.P.A. back from his vacation. Herbert Swope of the "World", looking pleased and comfortable, having acquired Messrs. Adams, Broun, and Lippmann for his sheet—quite a journalistic coup, we think. Mr. Pulitzer's paper won't know itself. Burton Rascoe, the critic, and Tom Powers, complaining that he finds himself rehearsing for musical comedy; Donn Byrne, with the first copy of "Messer Marco Polo" tucked under his arm, and his wife, more charming than ever; Charles Hanson Towne, just back from England; Mr. and Mrs. Louis Untermeyer returned from Maine; Meade Minnigerode, author of "The Big Year", in the same rich lobby of the new National Theatre with Heywood Broun who recently took so much space to criticize his book, Mrs. Brock Pemberton in an orange cape, etc., etc. It was not like this at the opening of the National Winter Garden on Houston Street. Here is the true home of the burlesque queen, and programs which bear the advertisement, "The Beautiful Ladies of the Chorus eat at So and So's café". One watches the audience even more closely than the antics of the Yiddish comedians. A motley crowd, heavy-jawed and loose-lipped. Every chorus lady has her bouquet. There are even large set pieces for the principals. This is almost as picturesque as the Italian light opera to which we once went, in the Bowery Theatre where Modjeska once played. There are, too, we understand, Italian puppet shows in New York City, though we've never discovered one.

Not long ago, between hours spent on his new novel, "Fiddler's Green", we took a sail with Donn Byrne.

Much impressed by the seamanship of Mr. Byrne and his charming secretary, whose middle name is Bruce, and who is indubitably descended from



Donn Byrne

Robert (everything about the Byrnes is either Scotch or Irish except the twins, who are simply a leaf from Michelangelo's notebook). We sat with Mrs. Byrne and went humbly where told, enjoying the Sound, and thinking it a great tragedy that the lady had destroyed the first draft of a new play. We told her, however, that we would buy her a new pen, which we didn't, and we saw her buy a quire of manuscript paper, so that we know there *will* be a new play, a quiet little comedy of Irish life. Donn Byrne is writing his best now, we think. "Messer Marco Polo" is delightful, as much as we have read of it in "The Century", and he is putting the same effort into "Fiddler's Green". Under, or just thirty, he has a chance to do fine things; for he has been successful along popular lines, and now can turn to other things, still young enough to escape what popular style he may have adopted, and with so much vitality that it is impossible to visualize him as doing anything else but turning out novels or taking some form of strenuous exercise. Or reading—we forgot reading. He is a voracious reader.

Katharine Hopkins Chapman still defies H. L. Mencken's opinion of southern literature by her gathering of delightful notes on the people who write in her neighborhood. This month she writes from Citronelle.

Wasn't there something of that sort one used to keep off mosquitoes in other days?

The little town of Citronelle, Alabama is rich in literary traditions. On the grounds of the Hotel Citronelle is the Amélie Rives Cottage, where the Princess Troubetzkoy wrote "The Quick or the Dead" and other of her famous novels. The cottage was headquarters for the officials of the Mobile and Ohio railroad in the 'eighties when Colonel Rives, the father of the writer, was vice-president of the system. Two miles south of this spot is the famous estate locally known as "Mann's Folly", built by Charles Mann, brother of Colonel William D'Alton Mann, late editor of "Town Topics". A quarter section of woodland was laid out in a chain of Italian lakes and rare shrubs and trees imported to beautify the grounds. A palatial stable for the housing of blooded racers was built. The grounds alone, it is said, cost 30,000 dollars—and that when land and labor were a tenth of what they are now. A handsome home was started, but when it was half completed, Charles Mann, who was said to have taken a flier on 'change, went broke. He died shortly after this and the property passed into the hands of the "Town Topics" editor, but was never completed. During the construction of the place the sleepy little southern town was treated to kaleidoscopic views of famous news writers, sportsmen, sob sisters—of the sob job, however!—and other colorful persons that made up the entourage of Colonel Mann. It has never forgotten the meteoric appearance and disappearance of the Manns, and the estate, neglected and forlorn, is referred to by the townspeople as "Mann's Folly".

Other interesting, if less spectacular writer folk come and go at Citronelle. Anthony M. Rud, magazine and fiction writer ("Saturday Evening Post" et al.), after spending the winter and spring there, drove through to Chicago for the summer—and so far as the thermometer counts, had better have stayed south! While in this section Mr. Rud found much to interest him in the way of story material. One of the scenes of his forthcoming tales, he states, will be laid between Citronelle and Vinegar Bend, while another will be just this side of Mobile. He found the negro character rich in story suggestion and will use it to a large extent.

Another writer of note who winters at Citronelle is Charles H. Sylvester of Chicago, who compiled the famous eleven volume juvenile series, "Journeys Through Bookland", besides doing a number of text-books. Mr. Sylvester has a cottage at the winter resort and is accompanied each season by his sister. He is immensely popular with the local Boy Scout troop, taking them on hikes, offering prizes, and otherwise stimulating the love of outdoors in the youngsters.

Frances O. J. Gaither of Mobile, whose pag-

asant, "The Shadow of the Builder", was presented at the University of Virginia Centennial in June, is now in New York City attending Columbia for special work. Mrs. Gaither wrote the pageant at her summer home in Fairhope, on the eastern shore of Mobile Bay. Fairhope, you know, is one—if not the only—single tax colony that survived the second-summer teething. It may be said to have cut its wisdom-teeth, for the experiment—rationally modified—celebrated its majority several years since and must be nearing the quarter-century mark. Many famous writers have sojourned there, among them—well, I am trying to think of the fellow who wrote "The Jungle" but the only Sinclair that I can think of is that Sinclair Lewis whose "Main Street" threatens to belittle every small town in America. Upton Sinclair! He sought the pine-magnolia-salt breezes of Fairhope to disinfect his nostrils of the slaughter-house scents.

The in-town roads are now filled with returning novelists, critics, et al. You can see them any day on the turnpike, with their red bandana handkerchiefs on their shoulders, coming back toward the Great White Way, and the benches of Washington Square. John Black has returned from the MacDowell Colony, with stories of the tremendous energy (literary) of Maxwell Bodenheim who, it seems, has turned out a volume of poetry, several plays, and a novel, within the past months. William Rose Benét, too, was there, Padraic Colum, and others. John has nearly finished a novel, too. It is of the war. Paul Rosenfeld, back from Europe, where he has left behind Sherwood Anderson, tells of Anderson's first glimpse of the Place du Carrousel near the Louvre. He saw Anderson rubbing his eyes, and thought he must have acquired a cinder, in memory of Chicago days. Not so; Mr. Anderson was weeping, and he continued to weep through lunch; for, said he, "It is so much more beautiful than anything I had imagined."

In New Orleans, they are to have something new in the Bookshop. Rosalie Nixon, a delightful lady who

recently came on to New York to purchase books, tells us that they have taken over an age-old building in the old French quarter, and that there is to be a combination teashop, bookshop, antique furniture shop, and lingerie shop, all operating under the same roof. Back of them is a delightful courtyard which, she promises all those who come to visit her, will be filled with charming southern belles. The house was the home of Morphy, the great chess player, and a tablet to his memory is to be dedicated at the opening of the shops some time in October. The Archbishop, we believe, is to come in order to give his blessing to the enterprise. While the teashop and the lingerie shop have rooms of their own, the books are to be scattered around among the antiques, so that the atmosphere of the place will be quite in keeping with the historical associations of the part of the town where it is located. We suggested that the most popular fiction be kept among the laces; but Mrs. Nixon seemed to feel that the suggestion, while novel, was irrelevant.

Earl Carroll has an idea, as well as the foundations laid for his new theatre. He would have a Green Room in his home of the drama, where literature, art, and music would touch genial elbows with the stage. He has even gone so far as to have the room included in his plans for the theatre. Carroll is affable, talented, enthusiastic, and seems to have a genius for securing a good backing. It is rumored that he will do most engaging things with his new venture. We see no reason why he shouldn't collect an interesting crowd in his Green Room, provided always, of course, that he doesn't try too hard to collect it. Carroll still lives in his roof-top bungalow

overlooking the heart of the theatrical district. This is a warm enough day, so we are again moved to envy as we remember the roof garden and fountain and other coolnesses in the way of refreshments.



Cosmo Hamilton

Cosmo Hamilton doesn't know how closely we've observed him. We met him just once; but we've seen him innumerable times, on trains going to Long Island, and he's never dressed alike twice, and he's always impeccable.

We've decided that he's oh! so much better a guide for good clothes than "Vanity Fair" or Kuppenheimer catalogues. Since last January he's been working very hard on a novel of English political life to be called "The Rustle of Silk", and his play "The Silver Fox", with William Faversham, had its première on Labor Day in New York City. During the summer, for his home colony of Huntington, he cast off the rôle of writer of sparkling dialogues in the mouths of the so-called smart set and became, for the nonce, a poet. He wrote a prologue, it seems, for a festival in aid of the Near East Relief, which was given at the Rosemary Theatre at Huntington. Carroll MacComas, still playing Lulu, in Zona Gale's play, spoke the lines as follows:

Here, in this most gracious place,
Where come, with singing stars for music
And cold sweet moon in royal state,
The spirits of our well-remembered dead
To strut the stage once more,
Enacting those old plays of England's bard
Wherein the joy, the passion and the pain of
life

Live on forever in immortal verse,
We, their humble comrades, come tonight
Faithful to the Art they served so well,
To wing imagination's magic flight

And lead your fancy into Fairyland;
To touch the strings of that old Harp
That wake kind echoes in the human soul;
To speak again the ever-ringing words
Of Masters who have died but live,
And join our services with those of yours
To that sweet cause,—inspired by Him
Whose cross still throws its shadow on this
earth,—

Charity...greatest of these.

Walter Yust, now sojourning in New Orleans, sends us the following enthusiastic note:

If you want to see John McClure, author of "Airs and Ballads" and poet authentic of the south, to best advantage, perhaps you'd better see him as bookseller in his little dusty old bookshop on picturesque Royal Street, New Orleans. You'll see him there to best advantage, because you'll usually find his gentle wife there with him. And what "Jack" McClure lacks in "good looks", his wife makes up, good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over. Or you might see him as newspaper man, bending over the copy desk nights in the office of the daily "Times-Picayune"; or talking as editor animatedly with editors Friend and Thompson over the merits of a new contrib by Jeannette Marks or Arthur Symons, in the office of "The Double-Dealer". But wherever you see him, with his soft, quite ordinary felt hat and his smelly pipe, I'm afraid you won't recognize in him the poet. He looks—maybe they are the earmarks of a poet after all—like a regular, garden-variety, everyday sort of man who has a mind and a body which enjoy life, which live gratefully. He took a 2,000 mile "hike" once, just to see *more* things. And, as he says, being only twenty-eight years old, he's a swashbuckler at heart even if he doesn't look like one.

Perhaps, some day, the world will know him as one of the few poets who was the better poet because he could never take his work too seriously. "I enjoyed writing it," is the most he'll say for any of his charming pieces. "I'd tear my songs up if singing didn't matter so little anyway," he has written. And he wants for his epitaph, you know, if he must have one, nothing large, nothing impressive, but just a word about his being a man "who was somewhat overcome by the beauty of the world".

Answers for our literary questions must be submitted by October twentieth. State whether or not it was necessary to look up the answer. The best three replies will receive a book prize. (Any book in "The Editor Recommends".) There were many

correct answers to the August questions. Naturally, the first three to arrive are chosen for the award. Curiously enough, all chose the same book, Edmund Gosse's "Books on the Table", which shows what a very bookish circle our contestants must be. The prize-winners are: Florence L. Munn of Los Angeles, California; Ada Burke of Charleston, South Carolina; and Mrs. A. E. Kraybill of Asbury Park, New Jersey. They are well scattered over the country now; but, you see, New Jersey still persists. The new questions were sent us by Alys Gordon, also of New Jersey, and are as follows:

1. Who peeled and ate three Ripstone pip-pins?
2. Who wrote "Send us the men who do the work for which they draw the wage!"?
3. What novel has a description of a peculiar librarian?
4. What author gives a brief and satirical account of the Peace Conference?
5. What American cartoon was the means of bringing a political offender to justice?
6. Who said, "Training is everything, the peach was once a bitter almond, cauliflower is nothing but a cabbage with a college education"?
7. In what book does the heroine say, "The board money's in the ginger jar and our consciences is free"?

Here are the answers to the September questions:

1. The Reverend Patrick Brontë, father of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne.
2. Amy Lowell's "Can Grande's Castle" centres around the romantic figures of Lady Hamilton and Nelson. Its form is "polyphonic prose".
3. Elbert Hubbard's "Message to Garcia" should be an effective stimulus for a boy lacking in resourcefulness.
4. A nineteenth century apotheosis suffers a collapse in Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria".
5. Sir Boyle Roche, in the Irish Parliament, said: "Why should we legislate for posterity?—What has posterity ever done for us!"
6. Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop
Abelard and Heloise
Balzac and Madame Hanska
Nelson and Lady Hamilton
Pope and Lady Mary Montagu
Botticelli and Simonetta
Swift and Hester Johnson ("Stella")
Chopin and George Sand

7. Mrs. Proudle appears in "Barchester Towers" as well as in other of Trollope's novels; Miss Matty, in Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford"; Lily Bart is the heroine of Mrs. Wharton's "The House of Mirth"; Clem Sypher, "the friend of humanity", the optimistic but disillusioned salve advertiser in Locke's "Septimus"; Countess Gruffanuff, the governess to the Princess Angelica in Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring"; "Emily"—a hen, one of the most memorable characters in Owen Wister's "The Virginian"; Mr. Salteena, the hero of Daisy Ashford's "The Young Visitors"; Nellie Bly, a ballet girl in Grundy and Solomon's operetta "The Vicar of Bray"; Mr. Puff, an exponent of the art of puffing in Sheridan's "The Critic"; Clara Middleton, one of the chief characters in Meredith's "The Egoist"; Prince Florestan, the hero of Beaconsfield's novel "Endymion", supposed to be a caricature of the Emperor Napoleon III; "The Midge", the heroine of Bunner's story of that name.

The BOOKMAN intimate family isn't very large; but we hope that it includes Mary Roberts Rinehart. Why shouldn't it? Her son occupies one of our offices, and swings along many of our affairs toward their ultimate destinies, and her granddaughter is also the granddaughter of Mr. Doran. Just before she was taken ill, we had a fine talk with her. At that time she was planning a mountain horseback trip through the west. We can remember no one recently who was such



Mary Roberts
Rinehart

a picture of youth, vitality, and energy. She, who has shot tarpons at night in Panama, lived among the Indians, traveled on the western war front, done this, done that, was planning then to rest for a while, then start in writing again, and a different type of book. She had not long since finished "The Breaking Point", and, much to our disappointment, told us that she didn't believe she would

write more detective stories. We have never forgotten our first thrill at "The Circular Staircase". Some day we are going to write an article on her books, the way she writes, and what she hopes to write. Now we simply want to tell her—for we were not one of the several hundreds who sent flowers when she was sick—that we are very happy that she has recovered sufficiently to be ranching it in Wyoming and thinking not at all of writing, books, or bookmen. Stanley Rinehart, by the way, whose writing ability is shown in our circulation letters now, has inherited the gift. He doesn't like to admit it; but he sits down occasionally in the middle of the night and turns out a story. Never a word of it, however, will he show. Says it's too revealing. Some day we shall use force, or perhaps his mother will put in a word in our editorial favor. We think that she has much influence. She should. We have seldom met so vivid, so electric, so keen a woman, one who was so ready for whatever opportunities, grim or gay, life offered, and who swung into them with so sportsmanlike a manner.

From Louisville, Anna Blanche McGill writes us of further southern activities:

With a Kentucky cardinal singing at one window and a thrush at the other on a delectable countryside, Hortense Flexner King, author of "Clouds and Cobblestones" and several plays staged by the Little Theatres, has been poetizing during the summer. Lyric results will appear in the autumn and winter magazines. "The North American Review" has accepted a sonnet of special literary interest. Entitled "The Street of Death", it is dedicated to the gifted poet and critic, the late Margaret Steele Anderson, author of "The Flame in the Wind", "The Story of Modern Art", former literary editor of the Louisville "Evening Post".

Mrs. King's drama, "The Faun", consistently classic yet subtly modern, appeared in a recent number of the Drama League magazine. "Voices", played by the Stuart Walker com-

pany, is included in "Representative One-Act Plays", compiled by Margaret G. Mayorga.

Still another art besides that of poetry and play writing is practised beneath the Flexner-King roof tree. The poet's talented young husband, Wyncie King, is cartoonist of the Louisville "Herald"—a gentle and chivalrous artist withal, yet addicted to capturing with wicked verisimilitude the idiosyncrasies of local and visiting celebrities.

Various literary enterprises have recently been making A. Carter Goodloe, author of "At the Foot of the Rockies", "Star-Gazers", etc., divide her citizenship between New York and Louisville. Lively interest has been quickened by her series of tales of two cities, her Old Louisville-Old New York stories, which "Scribner's Magazine" has been publishing. The September number has an intriguing one of the series—"The Talisman", a Chinese princess and a young American being the dramatic personae.

In addition to her reputation for deftly handled fiction, Miss Goodloe has an enviable prestige among that erudite, if sometimes insufficiently honored, tribe—the translators. A frequent sojourner in France, Miss Goodloe translated the articles by Captain X (Raymond Reouly) published in "Scribner's".

In a spasm of nerves, we peered down the back stairs. Something low and black and curly was crawling up them. We whistled to it, but it didn't bark and nothing wagged. We stood our ground manfully, too cowardly to show cowardice. The curly black ball lifted and turned into the head of the Italian gardener's son creeping up the back way in Frances Hodgson Burnett's villa at Plandome. He was coming up on all fours, pretending to be a bear. The hope in his heart was that Mrs. Burnett would tell him a fairy story, all made up for him—just one little boy—and the greatest children's story-teller in the world! He was quite casual about it. It was our first week-end with Mrs. Burnett, and he left us gasping. We know better now. Such things happen in Plandome Park. But he didn't get his fairy story just then, for Mrs. Burnett was on her own little strip of beach. We found her there after a long search but she couldn't shake hands even with us—

though we don't care much what we touch—because her hands were covered with mud. She was making a clay elephant. It was a very bad elephant. She was making it for Verity. Verity is Mrs. Burnett's granddaughter. We are notoriously bad at guessing feminine ages, but Verity must be four—and if you close your eyes when you are looking at her you have to open them again before you can believe she is as pretty as you thought. Mrs. Burnett has the granddaughter she deserves—we almost said *earned*.

The elephant got worse and worse. Verity dug her toes into the moist sand.

"Tell a fairy to come and make it," she said.

"If we only had one here!" her grandmother cried.

We protested: "Not *here*. The fairy work is all done: lawn, flowers, house—perfect!"

Mrs. Burnett confided: "What I want a fairy to do for me is to give me money; quantities and quantities of money that I haven't earned and in no way deserve!"

"But for what?"

"Gardens! Gardens and more gardens. Gardens in terraces as far as you could see—gardens flowing into each other."

"And then?"

"Then, if there was any money left over, I would pick out some young couple who were having a hard time finding an apartment—everybody is talking about big rents—and I would give them a little home in the suburbs, all furnished."

"But food! Food is so high."

"Oh, if they just *had* to starve, they could do it so decently with a roof over their heads." And she left it at that. Just like a fairy herself!

We clutched our practical head:

fairy gardens flowing into each other, houses given away, and ten thousand dollar tales for the exclusive hearing of the gardener's son!

After dinner, over cigarettes, Mrs. Burnett told us the story of her Bermuda garden.

"The sun and the sky wanted a garden," she said, "and the air. They were all ready for flowers, for color, for fragrance, and so I said: 'I will have flowers.' They told me I could not, and they gave me a sharp stick and I punched and learned an awful truth. Mother earth was skin and bones. There was only coral, like rock, and over it a scant little layer of soil—no bed for flowers to sleep in. Then I knew I *must* have flowers. I made them blast the coral away—the work of millions of polyps—puff!—and I had them bring soil and I had my flowers!"

"All this talk of fairies," we said, "when you beat them at their own game!"

Then we got an invitation to go to Bermuda to see and to smell and we are going to accept it and sail away when we have a lot of money we "haven't earned and in no way deserve".

We disagreed so thoroughly with Mr. Sandburg on the July poems, that we almost hesitate to give our own choice at all, relying so completely on his judgment, of course. However, here they are, and we like Stirling Bowen's "Cartoons of the French Revolution" in "The Measure" the best of the lot. Others are: "The Outcast" by Josephine Pinckney in "Poetry", "The Holy Women" by William Alexander Percy in "Contemporary Verse", "Blackbird" by Bernard Raymond in "The Measure" and

"South" by Elinor Wylie in "The New Republic".

Joseph Anthony is a dark-haired, dark-eyed young New Yorker, who published his first novel "Rekindled Fires" at twenty, and now, three years later, is to see his second, "The Gang", in print. Anthony was about to sail for England, where he will represent an American publisher, when we met him. He is a quiet, slow-speaking individual, who works long and hard on his novels, and takes them more seriously than do some of the younger novelists. He understands his New York, and its street life. He was brought up in it. No one has ever captured the lore of the kid's gang before, and, if Anthony writes as well as he talks, it has been done now. There are the countless little ceremonies that attend the rites peculiar to the New York gamin, the codes and the morals, the legends and the heroes. We have never forgotten a day spent with Rowland Sheldon at his camp for the "Little Brothers", when gathered around us watching a baseball game were six youngsters of ages varying from twelve to fourteen. No one of them, but had been in the hands of the law. Gradually their shyness dropped and they talked, cruelly, bitingly, of the city streets. Hard little heads these were, given to analysis beyond their years. The boundaries of their land of romance were the rivers that bind Manhattan. Rowland Sheldon, too, is writing a story of them; but his will be from a different angle, none the less interesting. Anthony's book sounds fascinating. He is already working on another, which will show the psychological effect of the setting down in America of a group of Rumanian colonists with their old-world color and legendry.

As usual, the piece of news that Earl Fisk sends is a choice one. By the way, a friend of ours was traveling recently on a train with THE BOOKMAN. We mean that he had a copy of THE BOOKMAN with him, and whom should he see but Jack Dempsey; so he promptly made the gentleman's acquaintance by giving him the number. That is not so foolish as it at first sounds, because Heywood Broun's article on Jack's own literary attainments was included. Our friend then asked Jack if he was, by nature, aggressive. "No", replied the pugilist thoughtfully, "I never had a fight in my life!" Which, after all, was an admission. So much for the growing popularity of our magazine. Says Mr. Fiske:

Shortly before the Carpentier-Dempsey fight I sent a clipping of an interview with Dempsey on Shaw's "Cashel Byron's Profession" to Mr. Shaw. Dempsey only read about ten pages of the book and gave it up. It was too much for him. Said he didn't care for it at all. I received a reply from Mr. Shaw today and he said in part as follows referring to Dempsey:

"I am afraid that Dempsey will regard me as a monster of ingratitude; but really his best friends are not those who ridiculously belittled Carpentier, but those who put up his stocks to the utmost. A man who can stop Georges' right with his jaw and not notice it must have quite the solidest head in the ring."

FAREWELL!

(After Austin Dobson's "Farewell, Renown!")
Farewell, quaint muse! Each dainty flower
That fills an elfin lady's bower
Shall Dobson's slender tomes entwine
While shepherds drink in native wine
A sad health to thy passing hour.

Thine was no pen of pomp or power
To span the moat or top the tower,
That found a petticoat divine—
Farewell, quaint muse!

Farewell!—and when free verses shower
And poets find life drab and dour,
We'll seek again the rippling line,
The magic measures that were thine,
Seek thee—when modern wines prove sour—
Farewell, quaint muse!

THE BOOKMAN



November, 1921

THE MOTION PICTURES

An Industry, Not an Art

Burton Rascoe

OUT OF MY NEWSPAPER DAYS

I: Chicago

Theodore Dreiser

THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

II: Booth Tarkington

Anonymous

HIGH LIGHTS IN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Annie Carroll Moore

AN OUTLINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

A Parody of H. G. Wells by Donald Ogden Stewart

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THE BOOKMAN



THE MOTION PICTURES

An Industry, Not an Art

By Burton Rascoe

NOTE: The subjoined article was written several weeks before the Arbuckle scandal fell as manna upon the desks of newsstarved editors. The article is a survey of the industry as a whole and is not concerned with the morals of its mimes.

FROM data afforded by the examination for the draft during the recent war, the National Research Council estimated the intelligence of the average adult male in the United States as that of a normal fourteen year old child. The assumption of various psychiatrists concerning the feminine mean of intelligence is not so flattering. The all-prevalent movie gives uncomfortable weight both to the estimate and to the assumption. Indeed, taking the successful movies to be indicative of the mentality of their patrons, one's inevitable conclusion is that the Council and the psychiatrists do not err on the side of pessimism. The more highly praised among the successful American films, say, the Chaplin comedies, "Blind Husbands", "The Birth of a Nation", "Way Down East", and "The Four

Horsemen of the Apocalypse", might reasonably lie within the intellectual range of a normal child on the threshold of adolescence. But the mass of movies which nightly draw enormous crowds could be endured regularly, as a form of amusement, only by persons whose psychopathic condition is a subject for grave concern.

Striking an average between the intelligence to which "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is a pleasurable diversion and the mental flicker which is vaguely animate in the presence of "Heedless Moths", one emerges with a determinant upon which hinges the whole problem, not only of the movies, but of the ideals, aspirations, social life, and educational progress of the race. That determinant is the coercive force and weight of the economic patronage of the aver-

age man who, it has been seen, possesses in this country a fourteen year old intelligence in a state of arrested development, with its sinister burden of prejudices, taboos, neuroses, and superstitions. He is inevitably the arbiter of our destinies in any vast group expression such as custom and law, manners and recreation. He governs all of the self-supporting media of information; he dictates the laws for the minorities; and he specifies the sort of education the succeeding generation shall have. Such minority expressions as fail to meet his approval or to engage his interest are possible only through subsidies derived from profits accruing from activities to which he *has* given sanction. Just as long as he remains what he is, with his power unchallenged and his tastes catered to, it is impossible to foresee any progress toward a homogeneous racial culture of a satisfactory standard.

The outlook, indeed, is dim. Everything makes not only for the statically uncompromising condition of the average man but for his actual debasement. The fear of his economic power is so great that few attempts are made to give new direction to his thoughts and habits. His narrow and material predilections are not only recognized for what they are; they are systematically exploited and debauched. His sense of sight is so easily engaged that the tendency is to appeal to him through that medium alone. It is not merely fortuitous that the past few years have seen the increase of the number of magazines and newspapers which are made up almost exclusively of pictures. It is stretching the truth to say that such magazines and newspapers are designed to meet the demand of people who cannot read; but it is obvious that they are designed

for sale to people for whom reading is an effort to be exerted as little as possible.

There is scant repose for the retina of the modern man either in the towns or the cities on account of this fugal increase in frequency of the appeal to sight. Huge gothic headlines which appeared for the first time in the less blatant newspapers during the war have remained as lurid and startling, even though the events to which they now call attention are neither catastrophic nor of particular interest to large numbers of people. Signboards vie with each other in color and design and in frugality of words necessary for conveying the sales idea. On the aural side the nervous strain of the American city resident is not less great. His sensitivity to sound is blunted by the excessive noises which assail his ears, and the protective mechanism of the body of necessity tends to make him impervious to the less distracting of these noises. Otherwise he would go to pieces under the extraordinary demands made upon his nervous system. The net results of these terrific drains upon the senses and upon the vital energy necessary to resist these drains are: first, fatigue which makes reading, study, and contemplation almost impossible; and second, an unresponsiveness to any visual or aural impressions which are not violent, badly organized, and sensational. The movies are merely contributions to the mass effect of conditions which tend toward either the nervous derangement of the modern American or to his complete imperviousness to anything which is fine, delicately organized, poised, and harmonious. To attain the hold they have upon Americans, the movies have had to compete in blatancy with the posters and billboards, the newspaper

headlines and magazine advertisements, the picture papers and the electric signs.

With all these things in mind it is possible to approach the subject of the movies unsentimentally and to set forth the chief facts concerning them, without being drawn for long into the swirling nonsense about the "art of the motion picture", movie censorship, the future of the films, and similar topics which only remotely touch an intelligent man's tastes or intellectual interests.

The movie industry in America is a commercial and speculative enterprise and nothing more. Within a few years it has become one of the five most important industries in the country. It has behind it a vast deal of shrewd and adventurous business acumen but not one influential directive mind above the level of a stock promoter, not one guiding personality who has revealed more than a glimmer of æsthetic interests or even of elementary taste. The aims of those concerned with it from the first have been as meretricious as the aims of so many real estate boosters. Its promoters have successfully resisted every influence designed to lift the movies above the level of a cheap and gaudy piece of merchandise. They have kept the movie on the intellectual level of the peep-show and the penny arcade, the trashy novel and the illustrated newspaper. And for this reason they have been inordinately successful. They have been shrewd enough to take advantage of an invention whereby an infantile amusement is profitably purveyed to millions of people. Before the motion picture was developed the craving of the insensate and the feeble-minded for crude distractions was supplied by novelty factories, five and ten cent

stores, amusement parks, itinerant evangelists, barn-storming stock companies, sideshows, and street corner vendors. The movies synchronized the appeal of all these and made millions for the money-grubbing doodle bugs who early recognized the fact and made capital of it.

Financial success has had its usual American consequences. From open scorn and ridicule on the part of the literate came serious interest and exaggerated esteem. The newspapers opened their columns to the new matter of national interest, engaged movie critics, and set about taking advantage of the possibilities for revenue derived from a widely exploited amusement. Costly theatres were built solely for motion pictures. Massive studios were erected. Salaries for personable young women and handsome young men with a knack for easy pantomime went skyrocketing. The business boomed. Wall Street poured money into it and competitive production was augmented to the point of saturation. Weak companies collapsed or were absorbed by other organizations. Obscure stock performers and vaudeville comedians became national figures. A huge movie colony grew up in Hollywood, California, a site selected by numerous companies because of the advantageous atmospheric conditions in southern California for motion picture photography. Thence were attracted thousands of young men and women from farms and cities, fired with ambitions to become Mary Pickfords and Wallie Reids, Bill Harts, and Douglas Fairbankses. This, in itself, was the postulation of a new goal of ambition for the immature, a distressingly cheap ambition, combining exhibitionism and huge salaries as a goal.

Meanwhile what was and is the

form of amusement or diversion provided by the movies? It was and is the mirror of the aspirations of a peculiarly unimaginative, repressed, and mentally starved people, a people who have in the overwhelming main been taught to value only a devitalizing and despiritualizing material success, arrived at by a curious duality of ethical teaching and practice. It provides a vicarious wish fulfilment of a character which is pitifully revelatory. Tired, asthmatic clerks in office buildings, gaunt salesmen, and timid newspaper men seek escape from the confining monotony of their indoor routine in pictures depicting impossible adventures of impossible heroes in impossible "sets" and situations in the far west and the northern wilds. Girls and women living cramped lives in factories and offices, in schoolrooms and apartments, refuse to be repleted by the repetition of the typical movie variation on the Cinderella story, a variation with little of the simple humanity and poetry of the Cinderella original or of its permutations in the literature of other people. A typical movie plot is that of the poor young man who wins to the love of his employer's daughter by a business coup which discomfits the villain and wins the respect of the irascible father. The rewards of honesty and hard work are invariably pictured as involving beautiful estates, elaborate wardrobes, motor cars, and bowing servants. No film actress is ever pictured in rags and tatters in the opening scenes without a triumphal emergence toward the "clinch" in a gown designed by Paquin or Lucile.

Not one scenario has been prepared in this country for a motion picture with a significant idea. In almost every instance where good novels and plays and short stories have been drawn

upon for movie material, the ideas have been distorted and sentimentalized out of all recognition. And the very worst and most insipid of American fiction has been gutted for scenarios of widely advertised and patronized films. In the process of preparing a plot for the movies a series of rigid taboos are observed by which every possible variation from the insipid formulæ of sentimental moralizing is rigidly excluded. Stage successes such as "The Easiest Way" and "The Affairs of Anatol" have, on the screen, become nauseating, the very wallow and mire of sentimental bawdry. It would seem that the most incompetent journalistic hacks, the most illiterate backwash of the writing profession, are retained to prepare the scenarios for American film production. Reputable authors, serious craftsmen with a conscience about their work, have at times yielded to the importunities of the movie producers. And when they have seen the continuity writer's version, the "art director's" conception, and the actors' portrayal of what they originally conceived in intellectual honesty and artistic integrity, they have experienced various stages of exasperation. Most of the reputable writers who have sold and have contracted to sell the motion picture rights to their work, have either ostensibly or actually taken the attitude that there is no help for the situation, that the movies are an institution by illiterates, of illiterates, and for illiterates, and pocketed the easy money.

Among the purely commercial writers the pernicious effects of the motion picture industry are everywhere observable. The movie producers are able to pay prices so overtopping those derivable from the stage, from the magazines, and from

book publication, that the majority of American writers are planning their work with a view to screen production. This condition, of course, does not affect the serious literary artist, but the cumulative force of narrative constantly reduced to its lowest elements of continuous action, devoid of comment, observation, and philosophic content, and stripped of the factors requiring cerebration for appreciation, must ultimately have its disastrous effect upon the cerebral processes of that portion of the race which reads solely for vicarious adventure and relaxation.

Another problem presents itself in the physiological and psychological effect of habitual attendance at the movies regularly shown in American theatres. The American movies are preponderately sentimental, evoking the emotions of sympathy, pity, and terror, with constant recourse to the readiest surefire methods, such as depicting babies, small children, defenseless mothers, and helpless women, in tragic circumstances. Consider then the fact that such movies with their catharsis of pity and sympathy and terror, are attended night after night by a vast portion of the population of the country. The Greeks recognized the need of tragedy upon the stage as a means whereby the audiences might be purged at rare intervals of the emotions of pity and terror and thus remain good citizens, valiant soldiers, and decent human beings adjusted to the reality of life. But American movie fans are constantly stimulated artificially. Their tear ducts and adrenal glands are overtaxed. They are emotionally sapped night after night before unreal circumstances. This means that their capacity for reacting emotionally in real life is reduced. The tendency is toward emotional in-

sanity, a complete inability to feel any emotion which is not artificially stimulated.

Whether the movies in this country will ever attract the first-class artist is problematical. The field is held at present by ex-chauffeurs and ex-scene shifters who summarily reject all constructive criticism and are hostile to all ideas which they stigmatize as highbrow. It is to their interest, obviously, that the movies remain the tawdry claptrap they are, sentimental and vulgar episodes in settings which are anachronistic, flashy, ludicrous, and absurd.

To talk of the art of the motion pictures as we know them from American producers is to talk of the art of the depilator, of canned beans, and of dental creams—of any merchandise designed to meet the needs of or to create a need in vast numbers of people. It is unwarrantable to hope for a development of the movies into a distinctive art form or that they will become reasonably and satisfyingly artistic as long as they are in the hands of the present group of men whose sole concern is that they make enormous profits out of them. Such improvements as will be made are almost certain to be merely the perfection of ingenious camera tricks, lighting effects, scene shifting, double exposures, and other mechanical minutiae. Concretely, should any present-day producer in America take it into his head to picturize "Hamlet", one knows beforehand that his efforts would be mainly bent upon making a very nebulous and ghostly ghost, for that is exactly how the creative mind of the motion picture producer works. He will have a more ghostly ghost than has ever been seen on the stage,

and upon that fact alone he will rest his achievement.

So far as I have been able to learn, there is not one American producer who has made any effort to plumb the possibilities of the motion picture as a distinct art form. The American producer has been content to leave it a sorry mongrel through a miscegenation of bad literature and bad theatre, with photography as an inept obstetrician. Yet these possibilities have occurred to everyone, excepting the movie producers, who has ever given thought to the subject. It is inconceivable that any American producer would picturize Conrad's "Lord Jim" without making a botch of it. But it is conceivable that a serious student of the resources of motion picture photography and projection might evolve a motion picture masterpiece as powerful and as satisfying as Conrad's novel. Conrad himself has stated his aim as "by the power of the written word to make you see and above all to make you feel". The very words he uses are adaptable to the medium of the motion picture. But such a consummation will never be achieved by a collaboration of hack fictionists, illiterate continuity writers, vainglorious directors, simpering flappers, and strutting pomade addicts. It will take long and serious study, constant experimenting, courage in defeat and frustration, vision, and ideals. These qualities are not appreciably evident among the American motion picture producers.

It is for this reason that I, for one, cannot grow indignant over the motion picture censorship, although I align myself with the angels of liberalism and free speech. The upholders of the movie censorship, it seems to me, are, if anything, more worthy of respect than are the rank and file

of its journalistic opponents, however mad, silly, and pathologic are the bases of this censorship. The opponents of the movie censorship, on the other hand, are, in the main, upholders of the principle of freedom as concerns the exploitation of a brand of cheap merchandise, a definite source of advertising revenue, purveyed by a financially powerful organization. And they are upholders of the principle of freedom only as concerns the movies. They are not concerned with the larger problems of intellectual and artistic freedom. The movies as we know them might very well be censored off the face of the earth, and the only effect upon the intelligence and art of the country would be one of lasting benefit. Yet the majority of the opponents of the movie censorship arrogate to their arguments the dialectic weapons which should remain inviolate except in battles involving the spiritual integrity of man. They cheapen and devitalize the concepts of free action. The eager journalist calls Patrick Henry to witness that the censor's shears which snipped the scene where the burglar enters the lady's boudoir are an instrument and a symbol of modern tyranny and of inquisitorial arrogance. The indignant editorial writer fresh from an abbreviated version of a Mack Sennett comedy sees in the deleted flashes of bathing beauties an abrogation of the Constitutional rights of free speech and a menace to American art and letters. This is all grotesquely ludicrous. There is something comically incongruous in a polemic against the censorship of the movies appearing in the press which is resolutely antagonistic to the free interchange of ideas and is conspicuously silent when the Comstocks suppress another piece of literature or when the federal authorities

hold up another issue of an intelligent magazine. The suppressions of "The 'Genius'", of "Jurgen", and of "Ulysses" and the impounding of "The Liberator", "The Little Review", and the New York "Call" (which evoked no concerted protest from the American press) mean something in the history of free speech in America. The deletion of a movie version of an act of violence or of a bawdy scene means only official interference with a lucrative industry.

Moreover the movie producers, with characteristic stupidity, got themselves into the censorship mess which threatens to curtail their revenue and to diminish their profits. The National Board of Review was a highly liberal organization of disinterested and unsalaried public servants who vetoed nothing which was not obviously injurious or detrimental to the minds and morals of the young. Among their meagre taboos were picturization of the nude and acts of violence upon women. During the war, predatory movie producers, on a plea of patriotic ardor, procured permission to show acts of violence committed upon women by German soldiers. Once this permission was granted, they proceeded to concoct pictures of inconceivable lewdness and excruciating horror. The reaction, of course, was quick and violent. Once elementary racial sanity was resumed after the war feeling died down, such pictures were seen for what they were—the obscene and sadistic imaginings of human swine—and the National Board of Review became useless through the rise of state and municipal censorship boards which were prepared to clip every reel to a pattern of innocuous insipidity. The movies are seriously threatened. No producer knows whether a film which

passes one board will be denied by another. Unless he adheres to a thumb rule of Valentine sweetness and Sunday School teaching, he is never sure whether the distribution of his film will be profitable or not. Like the brewers and distillers he is mainly responsible for the predicament in which he finds himself, and it is difficult to share his tears and his indignation.

It is not with the censorship of American movies, indeed, but with the censorship of imported films that the liberal-minded need concern themselves. With their early start in the field and their vast financial backing, American motion picture producers have shown excellence in only two fields, that of satiric and farce comedy, and in exploiting the beauty and health, the freshness and naïveté of American girlhood. Chaplin's walk, Turpin's eyes, Fairbanks's acrobatics, Miss Pickford's pout, Miss Gish's tears, Miss Talmadge's smile are familiar throughout the world; nor is it likely that they will ever be seriously interfered with by the censors. But there is evidence that foreign producers are putting into their films much intelligent effort and artistic enterprise. The German films, "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "The Golem", and various French and Italian projects show a tendency abroad to grasp the particular problem of the movies and to evolve an art form peculiar to that medium. The enumerated taboos of the numerous state and municipal censorship boards automatically preclude the free distribution of these motion pictures in America. Such is the result of the coercive power and weight of the economic patronage of the average adult American male, with his fourteen year old intelligence, his burden of prejudices, taboos, neuroses, and superstitions.

AN OUTLINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

By Donald Ogden Stewart

With Sketches by Herb Roth

CHAPTER VI

HOW LOVE CAME TO GENERAL GRANT

In the Manner of Harold Bell Wright

ON a brisk winter evening in the winter of 1864 the palatial Fifth Avenue "palace" of Cornelius van der Griff was brilliantly lighted with many brilliant lights. Outside the imposing front entrance a small group of pedestrians had gathered to gape enviously at the invited guests of the "four hundred" who were beginning to arrive in elegant equipages, expensive ball dresses, and fashionable "swallowtails".

"Hully gee!" exclaimed little Frank, a crippled newsboy who was the only support of an aged mother, as a particularly sumptuous carriage drove up and a stylishly dressed lady of fifty-five or sixty stepped out accompanied by a haughty society girl and an elderly gentleman in clerical dress. It was Mrs. Rhineland, a social leader, and her daughter Geraldine, together with the Reverend Dr. Gedney, pastor of an exclusive Fifth Avenue church.

"What common looking people," said Mrs. Rhineland, surveying the crowd aristocratically with her lorgnette.

"Yes, aren't they?" replied the clergyman with a condescending glance which ill befit his clerical garb.

"I'm glad you don't have people like that *dans votre église*, Dr. Gedney," said young Geraldine, who thought it was "smart" to display her proficiency in the stylish French tongue. At this moment the door of the van der Griff residence was opened for them by an imposing footman in scarlet livery and they passed into the abode of the "elect".

"Hully gee!" repeated little Frank.

"What's going on tonight?" asked a newcomer.

"Gee—don't youse know?" answered the newsboy. "Dis is de van der Griff's and tonight dey are giving a swell dinner for General Grant. Dat lady wot just went in was old Mrs. Rhineland. I seen her pitcher in de last 'Harper's Weekly' and dere was a story in de paper dis morning dat her daughter Geraldine was going to marry de General."

"That isn't so," broke in another. "It was just a rumor."

"Well, anyway," said Frank, "I wisht de General would hurry up and come—it's getting cold enough to freeze the tail off a brass monkey." The onlookers laughed merrily at his humorous reference to the frigid tem-



"Her eyes quickly filled with tears"

perature, although many cast sympathetic looks at his thin threadbare garments and registered a kindly thought for this brave boy who so philosophically accepted the buffets of fate.

"I bet this is him now," cried Frank, and all waited expectantly as a vehicle drove up. The cabman jumped off his box and held the carriage door open.

"Here you are, Miss Flowers," he said, touching his hat respectfully.

A silver peal of rippling laughter sounded from the interior of the carriage.

"Why Jerry," came in velvet tones addressed to the coachman, "you mustn't be so formal just because I have come to New York to live. Call me Miss Ella, of course, just like you

did when we lived out in Kansas," and with these words Miss Ella Flowers, for it was she, stepped out of the carriage.

A hush fell on the crowd as they caught sight of her face—a hush of silent tribute to the clear sweet womanhood of that pure countenance. A young man on the edge of the crowd who was on the verge of becoming a drunkard burst into tears and walked rapidly away to join the nearest church. A pr-st—te who had been plying her nefarious trade on the avenue, sank to her knees to pray for strength to go back to her aged parents on the farm. Another young man, catching sight of Ella's pure face, vowed to write home to his old mother and send her the money he had been expending in the city on drinks and dissipation.

And well might these city people be affected by the glimpse of the sweet noble virtue which shone forth so radiantly in this Kansas girl's countenance. Although born in Jersey City, Ella had moved with her parents to the west at an early age and she had grown up in the open country where a man's a man and women lead clean sweet womanly lives. But on her eighteenth birthday, her parents had passed on to the Great Beyond and the heartbroken Ella had come east to live with Mrs. Montgomery, her aunt in Jersey City. This lady, being socially prominent in New York's "four hundred", was of course quite ambitious that her pretty little niece from the west should also enter society. For the last three months, therefore, Ella had been fêted at all the better class homes in New York and Jersey City, and as Mrs. van der Griff, the Fifth Avenue social leader, was in the same set as Ella's aunt, it was only natural that when making out her list of guests for the

dinner in honor of General Grant she should include the beautiful niece of her friend.

As Ella stepped from the carriage, her gaze fell upon little Frank, the crippled newsboy, and her eyes quickly filled with tears, for social success had not yet caused her to forget that "blessed are the weak". Taking out her purse, she gave Frank a silver dollar and a warm look of sympathy as she passed into the house.

"Gee, there went an angel," whispered the little cripple, and many who heard him silently echoed that thought in their hearts. Nor were they far from wrong.

But even an angel is not free from temptation, and by letting Ella go into society her aunt was exposing the girl to the whisperings of Satan—whisperings of things material rather than things spiritual. Many a girl just as pure as Ella has found her standards gradually lowered and her moral character slowly weakened by the contact with the so-called "refined" and "cultured" infidels one meets in fashionable society. Many a father and mother whose ambition has caused them to have their daughter go out in society have bitterly repented of that step as they watched the poor girl gradually succumbing to the temptations of the world. Let her who thinks it is "smart" to be in society consider that our brothels with their red plush curtains, their hardwood floors, and their luxurious appointments, are filled largely with the worn out belles and débutantes of fashionable society.

The next minute a bugle call sounded down the street and up drove a team of prancing greys. Two soldiers sprang down from the coachman's box and stood at rigid attention while the door of the carriage opened and

out stepped General Ulysses S. Grant.

A murmur of admiration swept over the crowd at the sight of his manly inspiring features, in which the clean-cut virility of a life free from dissipa-

"I thank you for your cheers. It makes my heart rejoice to hear them, for I know that you are not cheering me personally but only as one of the many men who are fighting for the



"Gallantly and tactfully rescued her"

tion was accentuated by the neatly trimmed black beard. His erect military bearing—his neat, well-fitting uniform—but above all his frank open face proclaimed him a man's man—a man among men. A cheer burst from the lips of the onlookers and the brave but modest general lowered his eyes and blushed as he acknowledged their greeting.

"Men and women," he said, in a voice which although low, one could see was accustomed to being obeyed,

cause of liberty and freedom, and for"—the general's voice broke a little, but he mastered his emotion and went on—"for the flag we all love."

At this he pulled from his pocket an American flag and held it up so that all could see. Cheer after cheer rent the air, and tears came to the general's eyes at this mark of devotion to the common cause.

"Wipe the d—d rebels off the face of the earth, G—d d— 'em," shouted a too enthusiastic member of the crowd

who, I fear, was a little the worse for drink. In an instant General Grant had stepped up to him and fixed upon him those fearless blue eyes.

"My man," said the general, "it hurts me to hear you give vent to those oaths, especially in the presence of ladies. Soldiers do not curse, and I think you would do well to follow their example."

The other lowered his head shamefacedly. "General", he said, "you're right and I apologize."

A smile lit up the general's handsome features and he extended his hand to the other.

"Shake on it," he said simply, and as the crowd roared its approval of this speech the two men "shook".

Meanwhile within the van der Griff house all were agog with excitement in expectation of the arrival of the distinguished guest. Expensively dressed ladies fluttered here and there amid the elegant appointments; servants in stylish livery passed to and fro with trays of wine and other spirituous liquors.

At the sound of the cheering outside, the haughty Mrs. Rhinelanders patted her daughter Geraldine nervously, and between mother and daughter passed a glance of understanding, for both felt that tonight, if ever, was Geraldine's opportunity to win the handsome and popular general.

The doorbell rang, and a hush fell over the chattering assemblage; then came the proud announcement from the doorman: "General Ulysses S. Grant"—and all the society belles crowded forward around the guest of honor.

It had been rumored that the general, being a soldier, was ignorant of social etiquette, but such proved to be far from the case. Indeed, he handled himself with such ease of manner

that he captivated all, and for each and every young miss he had an apt phrase or a pretty compliment, greatly to their delight.

"Pleased to know you"—"Glad to shake the hand of such a pretty girl"—"What a nice little hand—I wish I might hold it all evening"—with these and kindred pleasantries the general won the way into the graces of Mrs. van der Griff's fair guests, and many a female heart fluttered as its owner gazed into the clear blue eyes of the soldier, and listened to his well-chosen tactful words.

"And how is the dear General this evening?"—This in the affected tone of old Mrs. Rhinelanders, as she forced her way through the crowd.

"Finer than silk," replied he, and he added, solicitously, "I hope you have recovered from your lumbago, Mrs. Rhinelanders."

"Oh quite", answered she, "and here is Geraldine, General", and the ambitious mother pushed her daughter forward.

"*Comment vous portez-vous, mon Général?*" said Geraldine in French. "I hope we can have a nice *tête-à-tête* tonight", and she fawned upon her prey in a manner that would have sickened a less artificial gathering.

Were there not some amid all that fashionable throng in whom ideals of purity and true womanhood lived—some who cared enough for the sacredness of real love to cry out upon this hollow mockery that was being used to ensnare the simple, honest soldier? There was only one, and she was at that moment entering the drawing room for the purpose of being presented to the general. Need I name her?

Ella, for it was she, had been upstairs busying herself with her toilet when General Grant had arrived and



"Stop," cried General Grant

she now hurried forward to pay her homage to the great soldier. And then, as she caught sight of his face, she stopped suddenly and a deep crimson blush spread over her features. She looked again, and then drew back behind a nearby portière, her heart beating wildly.

Well did Ella remember where she had seen that countenance before, and as she stood there trembling the whole scene of her folly came back to her. It had happened in Kansas, just before her parents died, on one sunny May morning. She had gone for a walk; her footsteps had led her to the banks of a secluded lake where she often went when she wished to be alone. Many an afternoon had Ella dreamed idly away on this shore, but that day, for some reason, she had felt unusually full of life and not at all like dreaming. Obeying a thoughtless but innocent impulse, with no intention of evil, she had taken off her clothes and

plunged thus n-k-d into the cool waters of the lake. After she had swum around a little she began to realize the extent of her folly and was hurriedly swimming towards the shore when a terrific cramp had seized her lower limbs, rendering them powerless. Her first impulse, to scream for help, was quickly checked with a deep blush, as she realized the consequences if a man should hear her call, for nearby was an encampment of Union soldiers, none of whom she knew. The perplexed and helpless girl was in sore straits and was slowly sinking for the third time, when a bearded stranger in soldier's uniform appeared on the bank and dove into the water. To her horror he swam rapidly towards her—but her shame was soon changed to joy when she realized that he was purposely keeping his eyes tight shut. With a few swift powerful strokes he reached her side, and, blushing deeply, took off his blue coat,

fastened it around her, opened his eyes, and swam with her to the shore. Carrying her to where she had left her clothes, he stayed only long enough to assure himself that she had completely recovered the use of her limbs, and evidently to spare her further embarrassment, had vanished as quickly and as mysteriously as he had appeared.

Many a night after that had Ella lain awake thinking of the splendid features and the even more splendid conduct of this unknown knight who wore the uniform of the Union army. "How I love him," she would whisper to herself; "but how he must despise me!" she would cry, and her pillow was often wet with tears of shame and mortification at her folly.

It was shortly after this episode that her parents had taken sick and passed away. Ella had come east and had given up hope of ever seeing her rescuer again. You may imagine her feelings then when, on entering the drawing room at the van der Griff's, she discovered that the stranger who had so gallantly and tactfully rescued her from a watery grave was none other than General Ulysses S. Grant.

The poor girl was torn by a tumult of contrary emotions. Suppose he should remember her face. She blushed at the thought. And besides, what chance had she to win such a great man's heart in competition with these society girls like Geraldine Rhineland who had been "abroad" and spoke French.

At that moment one of the liveried servants approached the general with a trayful of filled wine glasses. So engrossed was the soldier-hero in talking to Geraldine—or, rather, in listening to her alluring chatter—that he did not at first notice what was being offered him.

"Will you have a drink of champagne wine, General?" said Mrs. van der Griff who stood near.

The general raised his head and frowned as if he did not understand.

"Come, *mon Général*," cried Geraldine gaily, "we shall drink *à votre succès dans la guerre*", and the flighty girl raised a glass of wine on high. Several of the guests crowded around and all were about to drink to the general's health.

"Stop," cried General Grant, suddenly realizing what was being done, and something in the tone of his voice made everyone pause.

"Madam", said he, turning to Mrs. van der Griff, "am I to understand that there is liquor in those glasses?"

"Why yes, General," said the hostess smiling uneasily, "it is just a little champagne wine."

"Madam", said the general, "it may be 'just champagne wine' to you, but 'just champagne wine' has ruined many a poor fellow and to me all alcoholic beverages are an abomination. I cannot consent, madam, to remain under your roof if they are to be served. I have never taken a drop—I have tried to stamp it out of the army, and I owe it to my soldiers to decline to be a guest at a house where wine and liquor are served."

An excited buzz of comment arose as the general delivered this ultimatum. A few there were who secretly approved his sentiments, but they were far too few in number and constant indulgence in alcohol had weakened their wills so that they dared not stand forth. An angry flush appeared on the face of the hostess, for in society "good form" is more important than courage and ideals, and by his frank statement General Grant had violently violated the canons of correct social etiquette.

"Very well, Mr. Grant", she said, stressing the "Mr."—"if that's the way you feel about it—"

"Stop," cried an unexpected voice and to the amazement of all Ella Flowers stepped forward, her teeth clenched, her eyes blazing.

"Stop," she repeated. "He is right—the liquor evil is one of the worst curses of modern civilization, and if General Grant leaves, so do I."

Mrs. van der Griff hesitated for an instant, and then forced a smile.

"Why Ella dear, of course General Grant is right," said she, for it was well known in financial circles that her husband, Mr. van der Griff, had recently borrowed heavily from Ella's uncle. "There will not be a drop of wine served tonight, and now General, shall we go in to dinner? Will you be so kind as to lead the way with Miss Rhineland?" The hostess had recovered her composure, and smiling sweetly at the guest of honor, gave orders to the servants to remove the wine glasses.

But General Grant did not hear her; he was looking at Ella Flowers. And as he gazed at the sweet beauty of her countenance he seemed to feel rising within him something which he had never felt before—something which made everything else seem petty and trivial. And as he looked into her eyes and she looked into his, he read her answer—the only answer true womanhood can make to clean, worthy manhood.

"Shall we go *à la salle-à-manger*?" sounded a voice in his ears, and Geraldine's sinuous arm was thrust through his.

General Grant took the proffered talon and gently removed it from him.

"Miss Rhineland," he said firmly, "I am taking this young lady as my partner", and suiting the action to the

word, he graciously extended his arm to Ella who took it with a blush.

It was General Grant's turn to blush when the other guests, with a few exceptions, applauded his choice loudly, and made way enthusiastically as the handsome couple advanced to the brilliantly lighted dining room.

But although the hostess had provided the most costly of viands, I am afraid that the brave general did not fully appreciate them, for in his soul was the joy of a strong man who has found his mate and in his heart was the singing of the eternal song, "I love her—I love her—I love her!"

It was only too apparent to the other guests what had happened and to their credit be it said that they heartily approved his choice, for Mrs. Rhineland and her scheming daughter Geraldine had made countless enemies with their haughty manners, whereas the sweet simplicity of Ella Flowers had won her numerous friends. And all laughed merrily when General Grant, in his after-dinner speech, said "flowers" instead of "flour" when speaking of provisioning the army—a slip which caused both the general and Miss Flowers to blush furiously, greatly to the delight of the good-natured guests. "All the world loves a lover"—truer words were never penned.

After dinner, while the other men, according to the usages of best society, were filling the air of the dining room with the fumes of nicotine, the general, who did not use tobacco, excused himself—amid many sly winks from the other men—and wandered out into the conservatory.

There he found Ella.

"General," she began.

"Miss Flowers", said the strong man simply, "call me Ulysses."

And there let us leave them.

OUT OF MY NEWSPAPER DAYS

By Theodore Dreiser

I: CHICAGO

DURING the preceding year (1890) I had been sensing my first dim notion as to what it was I wanted to do in life. For two years and more I had been reading Eugene Field's "Sharps and Flats", a column he wrote daily for the Chicago "Daily News", and through this, the various phases of life which he suggested in a humorous though at times romantic way, I was beginning to suspect, vaguely at first, that I wanted to write, possibly something like that. Nothing else that I had so far read—novels, plays, poems, histories—gave me quite the same feeling for constructive thought as did the matter of his daily notes, poems, and aphorisms, which were of Chicago principally, whereas nearly all others dealt with more foreign matter.

But this comment on local life here and now, these trenchant bits on local street scenes, institutions, characters, functions, all moved me as nothing hitherto had. To me Chicago at this time seethed with a peculiarly human or realistic atmosphere. It is given to some cities, as to some lands, to suggest romance, and to me Chicago did that hourly. It sang, I thought, and in spite of what I deemed my various troubles—small enough as I now see them—I was singing with it. These seemingly drear neighborhoods through which I walked each day, doing collecting for an easy-payment furniture company, these ponderous regions of large homes where new-

wealthy packers and manufacturers dwelt, these curiously foreign neighborhoods of almost all nationalities; and, lastly, that great downtown area, surrounded on two sides by the river, on the east by the lake, and on the south by railroad yards and stations, the whole set with these new tall buildings, the wonder of the western world, fascinated me. Chicago was so young, so blithe, so new, I thought. Florence in its best days must have been something like this to young Florentines, or Venice to the young Venetians.

Here was a city which had no traditions but was making them, and this was the very thing that everyone seemed to understand and rejoice in. Chicago was like no other city in the world, so said they all. Chicago would outstrip every other American city, New York included, and become the first of all American, if not European or world, cities.... This dream many hundreds of thousands of its citizens held dear. Chicago would be first in wealth, first in beauty, first in art achievement. A great World's Fair was even then being planned that would bring people from all over the world. The Auditorium, the new Great Northern Hotel, the amazing (for its day) Masonic Temple twenty-two stories high, a score of public institutions, depots, theatres and the like, were being constructed. It is something wonderful to witness a

world metropolis springing up under one's very eyes, and this is what was happening here before me.

Nosing about the city in an inquiring way and dreaming half-formed dreams of one and another thing I would like to do, it finally came to me, dimly, like a bean that strains at its enveloping shell, that I would like to write of these things. It would be interesting, so I thought, to describe a place like Goose Island in the Chicago River, a mucky and neglected realm then covered with shanties made of upturned boats sawed in two, and yet which seemed to me the height of the picturesque; also a building like the Auditorium or the Masonic Temple, that vast wall of masonry twenty-two stories high and at that time actually the largest building in the world; or a seething pit like that of the Board of Trade, which I had once visited and which astonished and fascinated me as much as anything ever had. That roaring, yelling, screaming whirlpool of life! And then the lake, with its pure white sails and its blue water; the Chicago River, with its black, oily water, its tall grain elevators and black coal pockets; the great railroad yards, covering miles and miles of space with their cars.

How wonderful it all was! As I walked from place to place collecting I began betimes to improvise rhythmic, vaguely formulated word-pictures or rhapsodies anent these same and many other things—free verse, I suppose we should call it now—which concerned everything and nothing but somehow expressed the seething poetry of my soul and this thing to me. Indeed I was crazy with life, a little demented or frenzied with romance and hope. I wanted to sing, to dance, to eat, to love. My word-dreams and maunderings concerned my day, my

age, poverty, hope, beauty, which I mouthed to myself, chanting aloud at times. Sometimes, because on a number of occasions I had heard the Reverend Frank W. Gunsaulus and his like spout rocket-like sputterings on the subjects of life and religion, I would orate, pleading great causes as I went. I imagined myself a great orator with thousands of people before me, my gestures and enunciation and thought perfect, poetic, and all my hearers moved to tears or demonstrations of wild delight.

After a time I ventured to commit some of these things to paper, scarcely knowing what they were, and in a fever for self-advancement I bundled them up and sent them to Eugene Field. In his column and elsewhere I had read about geniuses being occasionally discovered by some chance composition or work noted by one in authority. I waited for a time, with great interest but no vast depression, to see what my fate would be, but no word came and in time I came to realize that they must have been very bad and had been dropped into the nearest waste basket. But this did not give me pause nor grieve me. I seethed to express myself. I bubbled. I dreamed. And I had a singing feeling, now that I had done this much, that some day I should really write and be very famous into the bargain.

But how? How? My feeling was that I ought to get into newspaper work, and yet this feeling was so nebulous that I thought it would never come to pass. I saw mention in the papers of reporters calling to find out this, or being sent to do that, and so the idea of becoming a reporter gradually formulated itself in my mind, though how I was to get such a place I had not the slightest idea. Perhaps reporters had to have a special train-

ing of some kind; maybe they had to begin as clerks behind the counter, and this made me very sombre, for those glowing business offices always seemed so far removed from anything to which I could aspire. Most of them were ornate, floreate, with onyx or chalcedony wall trimmings, flambeaux of bronze or copper on the walls, imitation mother-of-pearl lights in the ceilings—in short, all the gorgeousness of a sultan's court brought to the outer counter where people subscribed or paid for ads. Because the newspapers were always dealing with signs and wonders, great functions, great commercial schemes, great tragedies and pleasures, I began to conceive of them as wonderlands in which all concerned were prosperous and happy. I painted reporters and newspaper men generally as receiving fabulous salaries, being sent on the most urgent and interesting missions. I think I confused, inextricably, reporters with ambassadors and prominent men generally. Their lives were laid among great people, the rich, the famous, the powerful; and because of their position and facility of expression and mental force they were received everywhere as equals. Think of me, new, young, poor, being received in that way!

Imagine then my intense delight one day, when, scanning the "Help Wanted: Male" columns of the Chicago "Herald", I encountered an advertisement which ran (in substance):

Wanted: A number of bright young men to assist in the business department during the Christmas holidays. Promotion possible. Apply to Business Manager between 9 and 10 a. m.

"Here", I thought as I read it, "is just the thing I am looking for. Here is this great paper, one of the most prosperous in Chicago, and here is an

opening for me. If I can only get this my fortune is made. I shall rise rapidly." I conceived of myself as being sent off the same day, as it were, on some brilliant mission and returning, somehow, covered with glory.

I hurried to the office of the "Herald", in Washington Street near Fifth Avenue, this same morning, and asked to see the business manager. After a short wait I was permitted to enter the sanctuary of this great person, who to me, because of the material splendor of the front office, seemed to be the equal of a millionaire at least. He was tall, graceful, dark, his full black whiskers parted aristocratically in the middle of his chin, his eyes vague pools of subtlety. "See what a wonderful thing it is to be connected with the newspaper business!" I told myself.

"I saw your ad in this morning's paper," I said hopefully.

"Yes, I did want a half dozen young men," he replied, beaming upon me reassuringly, "and I think I have nearly enough. Most of the young men that come here seem to think they are to be connected with the 'Herald' direct, but the fact is we want them only for clerks in our free Christmas gift bureau. They have to judge whether or not the applicants are imposters and keep people from imposing on the paper. The work will only be for a week or ten days, but you will probably earn ten or twelve dollars in that time—" My heart sank. "After the first of the year, if you take it, you may come around to see me. I may have something for you."

When he spoke of the free Christmas gift bureau I vaguely understood what he meant. For weeks past, the "Herald" had been conducting a campaign for gifts for the poorest children of the city. It had been impor-

tuning the rich and the moderately comfortable to give, through the medium of its scheme, which was a bureau for the free distribution of all such things as could be gathered via cash or direct donation of supplies: toys, clothing, even food, for children.

"But I wanted to become a reporter if I could," I suggested.

"Well," he said, with a wave of his hand, "this is as good a way as any other. When this is over I may be able to introduce you to our city editor." The title, "city editor", mystified and intrigued me. It sounded so big and significant.

This offer was far from what I anticipated, but I took it joyfully. Thus to step from one job to another, however brief, and one with such prospects, seemed the greatest luck in the world. For by now I was nearly hypochondriacal on the subjects of poverty, loneliness, the want of the creature comforts and pleasures of life. The mere thought of having enough to eat and to wear and to do had something of paradise about it. Some previous long and fruitless searches for work had marked me with a horror of being without it.

I hustled about to the "Herald's" Christmas Annex, as it was called, a building standing in Fifth Avenue between Madison and Monroe, and reported to a brisk underling in charge of the doling out of these pittances to the poor. Without a word he put me behind the single long counter which ran across the front of the room and over which were handed all those toys and Christmas pleasure pieces which a loud tomtoming concerning the dire need of the poor and the proper Christmas spirit had produced.

Life certainly offers some amusing paradoxes at times, and that with that gay insouciance which life alone can

muster and achieve when it is at its worst anachronistically. Here was I, a victim of what Socialists would look upon as wage slavery and economic robbery, quite as worthy, I am sure, of gifts as any other, and yet lined up with fifteen or twenty other economic victims, ragamuffin souls like myself, all out of jobs, many of them out at elbows, and all of them doling out gifts from eighty-thirty in the morning until eleven and twelve at night to people no worse off than themselves.

I wish you might have seen this chamber as I saw it for eight or nine days just preceding and including Christmas day itself. (Yes; we worked from eight a. m. to five-thirty p. m. on Christmas day, and very glad to get the money, thank you.) There poured in here from the day the bureau opened, which was the morning I called, and until it closed Christmas night, as diverse an assortment of alleged poverty-stricken souls as one would want to see. I do not say that many of them were not deserving; I am willing to believe that most of them were; but, deserving or no, they were still worthy of all they received here. Indeed when I think of the many who came miles, carrying slips of paper on which had been listed, as per the advice of this paper, all they wished Santa Claus to bring them or their children, and then recall that, for all their pains in having their minister or doctor or the "Herald" itself visé their request, they received only a fraction of what they sought, I am inclined to think that all were even more deserving than their reward indicated.

For the whole scheme, as I soon found in talking with others and seeing for myself how it worked, was most loosely managed. Endless varieties of toys and comforts had been

talked about in the paper, but only a few of the things promised, or vaguely indicated, were here to give—for the very good reason that no one would give them for nothing to the "Herald". Nor had any sensible plan been devised for checking up either the gifts given or the persons who had received them, and so the same person, as some of these recipients soon discovered, could come over and over, bearing different lists of toys, and get them, or at least a part of them, until some clerk with a better eye for faces than another would chance to recognize the offender and point him or her out. Jews, the fox-like Slavic type of course, and the poor Irish, were the worst offenders in this respect. The "Herald" was supposed to have kept all applications written by children to Santa Claus, but it had not done so, and so hundreds claimed that they had written letters and received no answer. At the end of the second or third day before Christmas it was found necessary, because of the confusion and uncertainty, to throw the doors wide open and give to all and sundry who looked worthy of whatever was left or "handy", we, the ragamuffin clerks, being the judges.

And now the clerks themselves, seeing that no records were kept and how without plan the whole thing was, notified poor relatives and friends, and these descended upon us with baskets, expecting candy, turkeys, suits of clothing and the like, but receiving instead only toy wagons, toy stoves, baby brooms, Noah's Arks, story books—the shabbiest mess of cheap things one could imagine. For the newspaper, true to that canon of commerce which demands the most for the least, the greatest show for the least money, had gathered all the odds and ends and leftovers of toy bargain

sales and had dumped them into the large lofts above, to be doled out as best we could. We could not give a much-desired article to any one person because, supposing it were there, which was rarely the case, we could not get at it or find it; yet later another person might apply and receive the very thing the other had wanted.

And we clerks, going out to lunch or dinner (save the mark!), would seek some scrubby little restaurant and eat ham and beans, or crullers and coffee, or some other tasteless dish, at ten or fifteen cents per head. Hard luck stories, comments on what a botch the "Herald" gift bureau was, on the strange characters that showed up—the hooded Niobes and dusty Priams, with eyes too sunken and too dry for tears—were the order of the day. Here I met a young newspaper man, gloomy, out at elbows, who told me what a wretched, pathetic struggle the newspaper world presented, but I did not believe him although he had worked in Chicago, Denver, St. Paul.

"A poor failure," I thought; "someone who can't write and who now whines and wastes his substance in riotous living when he has it!"

So much for the sympathy of the poor for the poor.

But the "Herald" was doing very well. Daily it was filling its pages with the splendid results of its charity, the poor relieved, the darkling homes restored to gaiety and bliss.... Can you beat it? But it was good advertising, and that was all the "Herald" wanted.

Hey, Rub-a-dub! Hey, Rub-a-dub-dub!

(After working again for a bill-collecting agency, Dreiser was finally taken on as an extra reporter by the Chicago "Globe" at the time of the Democratic Convention of 1892. For several months he pursued his work as a reporter with various failures and successes.)

THE thing which brought my newspaper life in Chicago to a close, and indeed the whole period which I may call my guileless, fumbling youth, was a series of assignments or rather a campaign to close a group of so-called "fake auction shops" licensed by the city and from which the police were deriving a very handsome revenue, which task was placed in my hands as a regular daily assignment by this new city editor of mine with the comment that I must make something out of it, put a news punch in it. Campaigns of this kind are occasionally undertaken not in a spirit of righteousness as a rule but because of public pressure and a wish to increase circulation and popularity; yet in this case no such laudable or excusable intent could be alleged.

This paper, as I now learned, was controlled by one John B. MacDonald, a celebrated Irish politician, gambler, racer of horses, and the owner of a string of local houses of prostitution, saloons, and gambling dens, all of which combined netted him a large income and made him one of the most influential men politically in the city. Recently, owing to one spiritual accident and another, he had fallen on comparatively difficult days. His reputation as a shady character had become too widespread. The pharisees and influential men generally who had formerly profited by his favor now found it expedient to pass by on the other side. Public sentiment against him had been aroused by political attacks on the part of one newspaper and another that did not belong to his party; the last election having been lost to him, the police and other departments of the city were now supposed to work in harmony to root out his vile though profitable vice privileges.

Everybody knows how these things work. Some administration attacks had been made upon him, or rather his privileges, whereupon, not finding suitable support in the papers of the city of his own persuasion—they having axes of their own to grind—he had started a paper of his own, the Chicago "Globe". He had brought on a capable newspaper man from New York, who was doing his best to make of the paper something which would satisfy MacDonald's desire for influence and circulation the while he lined his own pockets as best he could against a rainy day. For this reason, no doubt, our general staff was underpaid, though fairly efficient. During my stay the police and other departments, under the guidance of Republican politicians and newspapers, were making an attack on Mr. MacDonald's preserves; to which he replied by attacking as best he might through the medium of the "Globe" anything and everything he thought would do his rivals harm. Among these were a large number of mock auction shops in the downtown section which were daily fleecing hundreds by selling bogus watches, jewelry, diamonds, and the like. Evidently the police were deriving a direct revenue from these, but since the administration was now anti-MacDonald and these were not Mr. MacDonald's property nothing was said or done to stop this traffic, though victims appeared before the police to explain that they had been swindled and to ask for restitution.

I cannot now recall what it was about my treatment of these institutions that aroused so much interest in the office and made me into a kind of "Globe" hero. When I started I was practically innocent of all knowledge of the complications which I have described above, and almost as innocent

when I concluded. Daily now at ten a. m. I went to one or another of these shops, listened to the harangue of the noisy "barkers", as they were called, saw tin-gilt jewelry "knocked down" to unsuspecting yokels from the south and west who stood open-mouthed watching the hypnotizing movements of the auctioneer's hands as he waved a glistening gem or watch in front of them and expatiated in pyrotechnic language on the beauties and perfections of the article he was compelled to part from for a song. These places were not only deceptions and frauds as to the things they pretended to sell but were as well gathering-places for thieves, pickpockets, footpads and the like, who, finding some deluded bystander to be possessed of a watch, pin, or roll of money, either then and there robbed him by some legerdemain or followed him into a dark street and knocked him down and robbed him. At this time Chicago was notorious for this sort of thing, and it was openly charged in the "Globe" and elsewhere that the police connived at and thrived by the transactions.

However that may be, my descriptions of what was going on pleased Mr. McEnnis far and beyond anything I had previously done. I was cautioned against detection and being "beaten up" by those whom I was offending, for I noticed after the first day or two that the "barkers" of some of the shops occasionally studied me curiously or ceased their more shameful effronteries in my presence and produced something of more value. The facts which my articles presented finally began to attract a little attention to the paper. Either because the paper sold better or that this was an excellent club wherewith to belabor his enemies, the publisher now decided

to call the attention of the public to what was going on in our columns via the billboards, and McEnnis himself undertook to frighten the police into activity by swearing out warrants against the different owners of the shops and thus compelling them to take action.

For the first time in my life I became the centre of a semi-literary, semi-public reform hubbub. The principal members of the staff assured me that the articles were forceful in fact and color and highly amusing. One day, via the license bureau and with the aid of McEnnis, I secured the names of the alleged owners and managers of nearly all of these shops and thereafter attacked them by name, describing them just as they were, where they lived, how they made their money, etc. In company with a private detective and several times with McEnnis, I personally served warrants of arrest, accompanied the sharpers to police headquarters, where they were immediately released on bail, and then ran to the office to write out my impressions of all I had seen, repeating conversations as nearly as I could remember, describing uncouth faces and bodies of crooks, policemen and detectives, and by sly innuendo indicating what a farce and sham the whole seeming interest of the police was.

One day, as McEnnis and I were calling on the chief of police, demanding to know why he was so indifferent to our crusade and the facts we put before him, he actually shook his fist in our faces and exclaimed: "You can go to the devil, and so can the 'Globe'! I know who's back of this campaign, and why. Well, go on and play your little game! Shout all you want to. You're not going to make a mark of me, and you're not going to get me

fired out of here for not performing my duty. Your paper is only a dirty political rag without any influence."

"Is it!" taunted McEnnis. "Well, you just wait and see. I think you'll change your mind as to that", and we stalked solemnly out.

And in the course of time he did change his mind. Some of the fakers had to be arrested and fined and their places closed up, and the longer we talked and exposed the worse it became for them. Finally a dealer approached me one morning and offered me an eighteen-carat gold watch, to be selected by me from any jewelry store in the city and paid for by him, if I would let his store alone. I refused. Another, a dark, dusty, most amusing and serious-seeming little Jew, offered me a diamond pin, insisting upon sticking it in my cravat, and said: "Go see! Go see! Ask any jeweler what he thinks, if that ain't a real stone! If it ain't—if he says no—bring it back to me and I'll give you a hundred dollars in cash for it. Don't you mention me no more now. Be a nice young feller now. I'm a hard-workin' man just like anybody else. I run a honest place."

I had to laugh.

I carried the pin back to the office and gave it to McEnnis. He stared at me in amazement.

"You shouldn't have taken this," he said. "It may get the paper in trouble. They may have had witnesses to this—but maybe not. Perhaps this fellow is just trying to protect himself. Anyway, don't take anything more, money or anything. If I didn't think you were honest I'd fire you right now."

He took me into the office of the editor-in-chief, who looked at me with still, grey-blue eyes and listened to my story. When I had done he dismissed

me and talked with McEnnis for a while. When the latter came out he exclaimed triumphantly: "He sees that you're honest, all right, and he's tickled to death. Now we'll take this pin back, and then you'll write out the whole story just as it happened."

On the way we went to a magistrate to swear out a charge of attempted bribery against this man, and later in the same day I went with the detective to serve the warrant. To myself I seemed to be swimming in a delicious sea of life. "What a fine thing life is!" I thought. "Here I am getting along famously because I can write. Soon I will get more money, and maybe some day people will begin to hear of me. I will get a fine reputation in the newspaper world. Maybe I will be sent on some big commission like Stanley" (who had just been sent to Africa by the New York "Herald") "or George Kennan" (who had been sent to Russia to ferret out the horrors of the exile system by the New York "Tribune").

Already the distant city of New York, with its now famous elevated road, its world of great hotels and theatres and mansions, was calling to me, but as yet it was a faint call. Thanks to this vigorous campaign, of which McEnnis was the inspiration and guiding spirit, all these shops were eventually closed. In so much at least John B. MacDonald had achieved a revenge.

As for myself, I felt that there must be some serious and favorable change impending for me, so warm was McEnnis's espousal of my cause, so genial was his constant companionship; and true enough, within a fortnight after this the change came. As the auction campaign had progressed I had noticed that McEnnis had become more and more friendly. He intro-

duced me to his wife one day when she was in the office and told her in my presence what splendid work I was doing. Often he would take me to lunch or to a saloon for drinks (for which I would pay), and would then borrow a dollar or two or three, no part of which he ever returned. He lectured me on the subject of study, urging me to give myself a general education by reading, attending lectures and the like. He wanted me to look into the matters of painting, music, sculpture, in order that I should know what was going on in the world æsthetically. As he talked the blood would swirl in my head, and I kept thinking what a brilliant career must be awaiting me. One thing he did was to secure me a place on the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat", and this in a manner so genial and affectionate that as I looked back on it in after years it seemed as though it were something that had not happened at all. The way of it was this:

Just at this time there chanced to come to Chicago one Henry C. Millerand, the Washington correspondent of the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat", who had come here to report the preliminary preparations for the great World's Fair which was to open the following spring. Already the construction of a number of great buildings in Jackson Park had been begun, and the newspapers throughout the country were on the alert as to its progress, its problem, its import and the like. Immense sums of money had been voted for it; powerful individuals in Chicago and elsewhere were its friends and sponsors. This man, a cool, capable observer and writer, chanced to be an oldtime friend of McEnnis, one of his cronies; to him, before he had been in our office an hour, McEnnis introduced me and

made an impassioned plea in my behalf for an opportunity for me to do some writing for the "Globe-Democrat" in St. Louis under his direction. The idea was to get this man to allow me to do some World's Fair work for him, on the side as it were, in addition to my work on the "Globe".

"As you see," he said when he introduced me, "he's a mere boy without any experience, but he has the makings of a first-rate newspaper man. Now, Henry, as a favor to me, I want you to help him. You're close to Mac" (Joseph B. McCullagh, editor-in-chief of the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat"), "and he's just the man this boy ought to get his training under. Dreiser has just completed a fine piece of journalistic work for me. He's closed up the fake auction shops here, and I want to reward him. He only gets fifteen a week here, and I can't do anything for him in Chicago just now. I'll write and ask Mac to put him on down there, and you write also and tell him how I feel about it."

The upshot of this was that I was immediately taken into the favor of Mr. Millerand, given some easy gossip writing to do, which netted me sixteen dollars the week for three weeks straight running in addition to my fifteen earned on the "Globe"; at the end of that time, some correspondence having ensued between the editor of the "Globe-Democrat" and his two Chicago admirers, I one day received a telegram which read:

You may have reportorial position on this paper at twenty dollars a week, beginning next Monday. Wire reply.

I stood in the dusty little "Globe" office and stared at this, wondering what so great an opportunity portended. Only six months before I had been jobless and hanging about this back door; here I was tonight with

as much as fifty dollars in my pocket, a suit of good clothes on my back, good shoes, a good hat and overcoat. I had learned how to write and was already classed here as a star reporter. I felt as though life were going to do wonderful and beautiful things for me. I thought of this familiar and now comfortable Chicago atmosphere, and then I went over to McEnnis to ask him what I ought to do.

When he read the telegram he said: "This is the best chance that could possibly come to you. You will be working on one of the greatest papers and under one of the greatest editors that ever lived. Make the most of your chance. Go? Of course go! Let's see—it's Tuesday; our regular week ends Friday. You hand in your resignation now, to take effect then, and go Sunday. I'll give you some letters that will help you", and he at once turned to his desk and wrote out

a series of instructions and recommendations which he later gave me.

That night, and for four days after, until I took the train for St. Louis, I walked on air. I was going away. I was going out in the world to make my fortune. No knight ever mounted his faithful steed or set his lance at rest, facing an unknown future, with more ease and cheer of mind than did I at this time. I was your true adventurer, meditating on the wonders of a distant, unknown world which was calling to me with a voice of purest music; and withal I was touched by the pathos of the fact that life and youth and everything which now glimmered about me so hopefully was, for me as well as for every other living, breathing individual, insensibly slipping away.

(The next instalment of Mr. Dreiser's autobiography will appear in January.)

WHITE BRANCHES

By Hazel Hall

I HAD forgotten the gesture of branches
Suddenly white,
And I had forgotten the fragrance of blossoms
Filling a room at night.

In remembering the curve of branches
Who beckoned me in vain,
Remembering dark rooms of coolness
Where fragrance was like pain,
I have forgotten all else; there is nothing
That signifies—
There is only the brush of branch and a white breath
Against my lips and eyes.

THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

II: BOOTH TARKINGTON

With a Sketch by William Gropper

HE has been a "great man" longer than any other living American novelist.

There is a poignant story told of a young man who was ruined by living across the street from him, in the days when he was a romanticist—in life, as in his fiction. This youth got the idea that to be a famous writer it was necessary to keep two or three cabs chugging out in front all night, in case you might suddenly want to go out.

He has had a terrible time "growing up"—in fiction as in life. He managed this, in both respects, quite recently.

He looks today like an old actor. Probably you would not say precisely that he looks like a bad actor, but I doubt whether he would suggest to you a particularly good one. He looks like that kind of actor the menu of whose Thanksgiving dinner, at Oriole, Ohio (a one night stand), would wind up with bread pudding. He would use at that meal a crinkly tissue-paper napkin with Japanesque birds on it done in blue. He (the actor, that is) would figure everything in weeks. He might work fourteen weeks out of sixty weeks. If he ran an extra week he'd live throughout the summer on that extra week's salary. He would open at Stamford, Connecticut. He might speak the opening lines of the piece, which would likely be some such momentous words as "Why hello Alfred, old boy! Where have you been

keeping yourself for so long?"

Tarkington's wardrobe inclines to emphasis in color, striking effects—pearl-grey soft hats, suits dashingly light in tone with high-power checks, ties with no faint stripes, that sort of thing. He could not appear on the street without a stick, generally a stocky canary-hued staff with a heavy silver top. His most humorous make-up is a black derby hat, wherein he seems to be very much nose, a Cyrano oddly got into sharply pressed modern tailoring.

His voice certainly ought to carry all over the house. It has timbre and moving volume. It has been spoken of as hoarse and has been said to boom. He himself describes it as a "rich contralto". Anyway, he may be said to be generally in very good voice.

Old, an old actor? And only in, as he puts it, the "infant fifties". Well, perhaps it's his stoop that goes far to produce the effect—a quaint blend of the amiable elderly with a spice of the debonair spirit of youth. I fancy he rather relishes his stoop, in a subconscious way. It's effective when you arrive anywhere late to stand for a moment somewhat stooped at the entrance. One does not want to seem too brash and forward, you know. Then, also, it is a good deal of trouble for one who never takes any regular exercise to sit up quite straight all the while. And, further, though you walk briskly enough, it is amusing to feel that you have known the world for a



considerable length of time. *Vanitas vanitatum!*

It is gratifying to love many old-time things: the old buildings at Princeton; the old house of Edwin Booth on Gramercy Park, the home of The Players; and the old family homestead in Indianapolis. That club is now for him "full of ghosts", there is "a new population down there". It is mellowing to the spirit to contemplate that one's dancing days are in the past. It is an invigorating exercise for the mind to hate with a good rousing hatred many new-fangled things: a "forest" of telegraph poles before your door, street cars all about, burglars and burglars and burglars, the insane new dances, the rage for "bigness", the "boosting" spirit come to town, the hordes and hordes of new citizens of mongrel blood filling the streets.

Why, before his town became a city, when he was a boy, his father used to come home from business at three or four in the afternoon, with their shepherd dog which had gone downtown with him in the forenoon bounding about him. Those were days for living! And, above all, it was long before the time of the great and awful smoke.

It is well, too, exceedingly well, to have got over long ago the juvenile desire to write stories doctored up for theatrical effect. One woman reader was heard to speak of "Alice Adams" as a "flat" story. A mighty flat story, indeed, he thought it. Doubtless, it would not be quite correct to say that he now deliberately sets out to write a flat story, but an earnestness almost gruesome which has come to eat at his vitals in the matter of creating fiction, makes the sort of story which strikes this lady as flat the only kind of story he can continue to write.

His energy of expression, in speech, in correspondence, and in his fiction, has its spring in his saying things straight ahead as they come through an honest mind, clear and simple in its workings and close in feeling with everyday stuff. That critic wouldn't be so misguided who should declare that one of the finest lines in literature is that one somewhere in "Penrod" where one of the characters "let out a yell like a gin-maddened nigger".

It is possible to read his handwriting by the exercise of patience and with the aid of a fair amount of former experience with it. He begins at the top of the page with letters of generous size and good clear spaces between the lines, but generally as he nears the lower right-hand corner of his sheet of paper, cramps things up woefully. The very deftly drawn pen sketches with which he now and then adorns his letters have an amount of wit and go to them seldom found in magazine illustrations. He has probably never written out the word *them* in any letter; it is always '*em*'; as *I would* always is *I'd*, and so on. His pounding earnestness leads him to underscore something every few words, with somewhat the resulting effect of his shouting it at you. He may write you three long letters within two weeks, and then not again for eight months—unless you call upon him to do something for you, when he responds at once.

The difficulties occasioned many by the activities of Mr. Volstead are quite without sting for him. He decided to duck, as he puts it, the allurements now prohibited, a round number of years ago. Indeed, on that tack he is mighty earnest, too: he will tell you it is "nasty stuff"; and tell it to you strong.

His dissipation is what he calls

work sprees. And his closest friends confirm the idea that these affairs are chronic in their occurrence and in character extreme and protracted. He has come to be, like all sensible men keenly intent upon their job, very guarded against promiscuous intrusion. And to break in upon him, by telephone or in person, without warrant—you might as well try Buckingham Palace. But if you have honest need of him you'll find him.

At home you'll find him pouring glass after glass of ice water out of a tall silver pitcher and, as elsewhere, smoking an endless number of the mammoth cigarettes which he has made for him, a hundred to a tin box, and labelled "B. T."

An oldtime friend of his, an actor (really an actor), has an amusing story of how he disported himself one evening by presenting twenty dollar bills to vagrants in Bryant Park, taking his reward in relish of their astonishment. But that was many years ago, before the business of being a serious novelist engrossed him completely. He derives amusement from surplus money today in another fashion, by buying bonds. He seems to have become something of an amateur of bonds, a collector. The bond habit he will strongly recommend, if you have inclined him to think that you are interested in the subject.

Though he has, as we all know, lived for lengthy periods in various parts of the world, the intensity of his Americanism perhaps would amuse a budding cosmopolite. He frequently refers to "foreigners" without malice in inflection but certainly as to those, as it were, of another faith.

He has owned a succession of dogs illustrious locally. Probably of no

other living writer have so many different portraits appeared in the course of the past twenty years. He does not care to be long in great cities: a week or so once or twice a year in New York is enough for him. He spends the months between late fall and early spring at his home in Indianapolis, then migrates for the rest of the year to Kennebunkport, Maine, where a few years ago he built a very handsome new house. The child of a town far inland with no ships in his books and no seafarers among his forebears, he has called the new place "Seawood", and among the proudest interior decorations of the house are a number of very elaborate models of ships. He is very fond, he declares, of the country, and of being on the water.

By birth, inheritance, education, freedom from the necessity of engaging in business routine, and success in his own work, he has always been, you might say, on the inside. From "Beaucaire" to "Alice Adams" one outstanding circumstance has always attached to the character holding the centre of his stage. Alice is again what he calls an outsider. At length, he had almost shaken off the lace and ruffles of chivalry. And then, at last, the most awful catastrophe overtook her which could befall a heroine of his: grim tragedy brought her to the door of a business college.

Many people have seen his plays, but dramatic critics almost never do.

How long will he continue to bottle the now old reliable "boy stuff" for popular drug store consumption?

His first editions fetch two dollars.

But he is brought out in the most sumptuous edition de luxe of any living American author.

THE LONDONER

LONDON, *September, 1921.*

IT seems odd in these warm days to be sitting down to write about the autumn books, and yet it must be so, for there are such an astonishing number of new books coming from the publishers that the season has had to begin early in order that all the books shall be put upon the market at all. Where they all come from I cannot think. A few weeks ago, and there was every indication that the season would be a meagre one. Now all is changed, and the lists which have been issued show that there is great activity in at least a section of the publishing offices. Long lists of new books—I will not say, of interesting books, for that would be to me an exaggeration, and exaggeration is a thing I abhor—are being printed in all the papers which specialize in such things; and the demand for some of the books would appear to be considerable. London, in fact, is waking up.

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For one thing, the "Proms" are again with us, and the "Proms" mean a decided indication of the wakefulness of London. The audiences at the "Proms" (for the benefit of those Americans who do not know London in August and September I ought to mention that the "Proms" are the Promenade Concerts which begin each year in the middle of August and go on until the middle of October) are enormous. So are the programs. I went the other night, and found that the so-called "promenade" was in reality a solid wad of people. They were tightly wedged into a compact mass, and they remained so to the

end, in spite of those faint-hearts whose endurance collapsed in the course of the evening. I sometimes wonder why people with cardiac affections go to the "Proms" in their full season. It really is a physical and emotional strain which only those who are very strong should attempt to endure. I have never myself fainted at a concert, although I have been in company with one who has done so and although I once accomplished a very spectacular "faint" on the Brighton railway station; but I never would go to a Promenade Concert, in the promenade, with the intention of standing the whole evening. Yet there are able-bodied people who will wait for some time outside the Hall, and who will then do another two and a half hours' standing in peculiarly exacting circumstances. I suppose it will be agreed that music is a strain, when it is well rendered and properly appreciated. At the "Proms" the strain is doubled. To go to one of them is to receive impressions so exciting and so moving that only a very physically tough person could survive unexhausted. And they are extraordinarily universal in their appeal. I remember going once and in five minutes meeting such a galaxy of distinguished writers as to mark the evening throughout my days. And yet there is nothing snobbish about the "Proms". They are in the best sense of the word popular. There is nothing more democratic and less pretentious in the world of London entertainments. And the quality of the playing is considerable. I will not say so much for the quality of the vocal-

ists or the discrimination of the applause. But one can and does go to a Promenade Concert for the music.

The secret of the success of these concerts is based upon a personal magnetism, and the magnetism is that of the conductor, Sir Henry J. Wood. Wood was in his early days, as a boy, so markedly enthusiastic that it is said he used to gather a band in a cellar, where concerts were given for the sheer love of music. And he is something more than a mere personality, for he is marked by the disinterestedness of the real artist. He goes to other concerts, follows eagerly players and other conductors; and *he pays for his seats*. This is such a marvelous thing in a world that subsists so much on the use of paper—*paper* meaning free admission—as to be worth mention. I have seen Wood at these other concerts, so I speak of what I know. His courtesy is famous. At a suburban concert, following a curious habit of doing the wrong thing, I once dashed under the concert hall and found myself in the midst of a tuning orchestra. There among the players stood Wood, chatting, as journalists always say of royal persons, with simplicity and candor to some friend. At my approach it was Wood who directed me to the point I wished to reach. It was a pleasing incident, for musical celebrities are not always free from conceit. Here, however, as in other professions, it may be that the good men are the least conscious of their superiority to others of their species. I remember a musical friend who had been very dubious of Wood's mannerisms in conducting, having the experience of playing under Wood's command. He afterward said to me: "He can conduct on his head, if he likes. The moment he begins work

you know it's all right, that you can leave it all to him."

These notes are supposed more directly to refer to books and their authors; but a digression to a kindred art may be forgiven. Nothing, I think, so stimulates the writer in his work as music. I have even seen Sir Hall Caine sitting at a Promenade Concert, rapt in delight and philosophic enjoyment. I have also seen other, less philosophic, writers there, almost equally absorbed. And we all know the stories of those novelists and poets who have to have music played to them before they can begin to compose their epics of human nature and human beings. It is not alone the savage breast which is soothed. If I were very rich, and remained a writer (a conjunction of events extremely unlikely), I should like to employ a special secretary who could play with the endurance of a pianola. It would not be to "play me in" to work, but rather to recover me from the ravages of composition. Meanwhile, a Promenade Concert, or indeed anything except a highbrow recital by some executant who understands the resources of his instrument better than the hearts and minds of those who have written for it, will do well enough.

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Speaking just now of Sir Hall Caine reminds me that I have handled a copy of "The Master of Man". It seems a long book. I do not know more than one person who has read it, but that is my misfortune. This man has been deeply impressed. He recited the story to me and to several others. An unknown listener, not in the group, but drawn into it by the sheer magnetism of the story that was being unfolded, burst into a great laugh, and said: "For God's sake, what is this

book you are describing? I must get it at once." No wonder that the English publishers of "The Master of Man" advertise that its sale has already exceeded 85,000 copies. If its whole system of morals is unfamiliar to us, nobody in the world who has any knowledge of such things will deny that Hall Caine has in a great degree the essential faculty of the novelist. He has the root of the matter in him. He can make quite ordinary people want to know more of his story, want to know its end and its development. And the feat of combining and controlling all the intricacies of such a plot as that of the new book is a considerable one.

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By a strange coincidence Marie Corelli has also chosen this season in which to break her long silence as a novelist. Her book is to be called "The Secret Power: A Romance of the Time". More is not known of it at the time at which I write. Possibly the secret power is that of the Food Controller, with whom Miss Corelli came into conflict during the war (this makes an amusing episode in the little book which Miss Corelli wrote about her war activities), or it may be that in her entertainment of the Australian cricket team Miss Corelli learned the secret which has enabled them to go through an entire tour of England, including five so-called "test-matches", without being defeated. Or of course the title may refer to the quality which makes for the continuing popularity of the work of famous novelists. The last novel by Miss Corelli which I read, however, was highly psychic in its character, and it is more probable that the new book may have some relation to spiritual forces.

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Judging from conversation alone—that is, the readiness of all people I meet to dilate upon those books—I should say that the two most popular and widely read novels of the moment among the better educated classes in London and the home counties are Miss Macaulay's "Dangerous Ages" and Compton Mackenzie's "Rich Relatives"—everywhere being reviewed as "Rich Relations", which shows how little care readers give to the title-pages of books (snub for publishers who suppose their imprints to be of value). "Dangerous Ages" has been out for some time, and it has percolated to all sorts of strange places. "Rich Relatives" is only recently published. Already, however, it seems as though it were going to repeat the success of the book to which it is in some degree a complement—"Poor Relations". I think I can understand the reason. These books are merry, light, unfatiguing, and thoroughly diverting. They exact no strain of the mind or the emotions. They are written to entertain, and they fulfil their intention admirably. Personally, I have read only three paragraphs of "Rich Relatives", but I laughed at all three. Perhaps I am easily amused, but I do not expect so. And it is a great thing for a novelist of Mr. Mackenzie's genuine talent to wish to amuse his readers. I will name no rivals, but I will admit to liking books which I can enjoy. I expect to enjoy "Rich Relatives" very much.

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For entertainment, also not unrelated to brains, since the author has brains as acute as any in masculine London (one has now always to make this reservation, since Rebecca West took to irradiating "The New Statesman"), I look to two new books by A. A. Milne. Milne has a new volume of

essays coming out this autumn; but he also has two novels. One of them is the already mentioned "novelization" of "Mr. Pim Passes By", the other is a real live detective story, called, I think, "The Red House Mystery". I have not read the latter, although it has appeared serially; but I know that it has always been Milne's ambition to write a detective story. So has it been the ambition of everybody who has ever written for publication. The lust for detective stories can never be sated. The great Swinburne himself once ordered a complete collection of the fifty or sixty detective tales of "Dick Donovan", whose books, except that they surveyed the course and detection of crimes, had little else to recommend them. I wonder he never filled the bill himself. Perhaps he did, under a pseudonym? What a ravishing thought! Anyhow, Milne has carried his ambition into effect. He has attained his end. What triumph must reign in the house in Chelsea! The famous "Billy" Milne must have a rival. Its name is "The Red House Mystery". "Billy's" nose will be out of joint. And only naturally.

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A novel which I am glad to see in the lists is "The Tower of Oblivion", by Oliver Onions. This does not sound either cheering or criminal in character. What a lark if it were both! I am afraid that this is too good to be true. But Onions wrote one of the best "crime" stories I have ever read. I shall never forget the quality of "In Accordance with the Evidence". It was a great book, as strong and as original as many books far more highly celebrated.

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"Elizabeth" is represented by "Vera", a novel of which the scenes

appear to be laid in or near London and the river. This is Lady Russell's first long novel since "Christopher and Columbus", and as it was written for the most part in the mountains of Switzerland and in equally beautiful Italian surroundings, I am hoping it is a happy and vivacious book. It may be thought that I write rather wistfully about happy books. This is not the case. I have always liked this kind; but the truth is, I think it is time I kept from going back and back into the past for my reading. So few really able writers nowadays think it necessary or worth while to write amusing books that I love those who continue to give the pleasure which comes from delightful characters in amusing and delightful circumstances. Nobody does this so well for me as Jane Austen; but if there were a contemporary Jane Austen I would collect her works with the jealousy of the authentic first edition fan.

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It seems extraordinary that so long after his death Sir W. S. Gilbert's "Story of the Mikado" should be published. "The Mikado" must be nearly forty years old in its original form, and I must admit that I tremble at the prospect of a retelling by the author. So much of the text of the Gilbert libretti is old-fashioned that one fears for the narrative. The lyrics remain unforgettable, of course. Nobody questions their unrivaled quality. But sometimes I fancy we are made to fidget a little by the puns and the antiquated quips of the prose connections between the lyrics. I think of "The Gondoliers" and "The Yeomen of the Guard", I admit, rather than of "The Mikado", and it may be that in this case all the free fun and ingenuity of the opera has been retained. I hope so. "The Mikado" certainly

represents Gilbert's art at its ripest, just as "The Pirates of Penzance" represents it at its most nonsensical. Some of the other operas, mordant though the wit is, owe more to Sullivan's musical genius. I see by the way that apropos of the revival of "Cox and Box", an opera in which Burnand and Sullivan collaborated, some commentator has suggested that there was more in common between Sullivan and Burnand than between Sullivan and Gilbert. This seems to me to be a horrible suggestion. It will seem so to any unprejudiced person who will examine the text of any book of Burnand's. Anything more dreary and determinedly obsolete it would be hard to find.

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Sir Sidney Colvin has always been going to write the life of Robert Louis Stevenson. He has never carried out his intention, and I suppose that he now never will do this. He is an old man—he must be over seventy-six—and it seems unlikely that he could endure the labor of executing such a work. This biography has been so much expected that it has almost attained the status of an unwritten classic. All sorts of questions have been put aside "until we have Colvin's 'Life'". And it seems as though we were not to have it after all. So Stevenson will have to depend upon Graham Balfour's book to the end of time. It was Balfour's book which drew Henley's onslaught. Sir Sidney Colvin now announces a book of reminiscences to be published this season. The publishers say that it was originally planned as a work in several volumes, but that the author's advancing years have led him to restrict his pen to a less ambitious scheme. However long or short, the reminiscences should be interesting, for the author's

long life has been spent in the company of many famous men. Stevenson was not the only one of them, although the names of the two have been more often coupled than those of most literary friends. Sir Sidney also knew George Meredith familiarly, and in later years much of his ardent proselytizing spirit has been devoted to the cause of his friend Joseph Conrad.

Sir Sidney has, of course, written much about Keats, and he caused a good deal of indignation some years ago by referring, in certain contributions to the "Times Literary Supplement", to Keats's "under-breeding". The cause of this was that Keats, less farseeing than he might have been in the matter of changes of taste as they affect words, used in an amorous poem the term *squeeze*. The charge of under-breeding was a little pedantic, for it drew attention to the editor's prudishness rather than to Keats's crude use of a word rigidly avoided by the most refined of modern poets. However, there was a breeze (not a squeeze), and Keats remained very much where he had been before. And yet it may be questioned whether a man who took the line Sir Sidney did was quite the ideal biographer for the poet. In dealing with Keats one would like any editor or critic or biographer to be a little less conscious throughout of the "gallipots" and the parentage of his subject, and a little less avuncular in his judgments. One always felt that Sir Sidney would have scolded Keats very severely for his more luscious lines, and indeed for any writing or behavior which was not perfectly in accord with the most decorous good-breeding. I am glad Sir Sidney was not Keats's uncle. It might have been a pity.

The point applies also to the letters of Keats. Sir Sidney published an

edition of these letters, and designedly excluded from his edition any letters addressed to Fanny Brawne, on the ground that they did the poet no credit. This was absurd, when the editor expressed the hope that his edition of the letters would prove to be the standard edition. One may take any attitude one likes toward the letters to Fanny Brawne (personally I find nothing unhealthy in them, and would rather have the letters themselves than any comment upon them), but to exclude these letters from a so-called standard edition, when the curious could always get them elsewhere, was to behave in the classic manner of the ostrich.

The best thing Sir Sidney ever did was his selection from Landor. It was a service to literature, and his preface is a most interesting and simple contribution to æsthetic criticism. For this piece of work alone he deserves great praise, and his ready encouragement of writers in their difficult times of imperfect self-expression and non-recognition will suffice to secure him a place in our memories and our gratitude. When his reminiscences are published they are bound to contain much that is of value, and it is to be hoped that they will throw new light upon several figures prominent in their own day as well as upon some of those whose distinction increases with the years.

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No man of our day—leaving aside

that monumental Johnsonian, Birkbeck Hill—has known more, I suppose, about the byways of the eighteenth century, than did Austin Dobson. His work was very unobtrusive, but he edited and annotated Goldsmith delightfully, and his own contributions to the essay, as well as to our knowledge of the lesser lights of a fascinating period, are classic in their appeal. Through all his work there was an essential neatness, as one may see in the adroit and exquisite verses which represent his poetical output. To examine a letter of Austin Dobson's, written in his fine script, was to receive a quite genuine delight. So with his corrected proofs. One took up the proofs, and found them peppered with innumerable little ticks. The effect was at first puzzling, until one suddenly recognized that each tick represented a fact checked and confirmed. Then indeed did the heart of any writer who has done such work, or worked in the field of the eighteenth century, go out to Dobson. One may at times have found his interests fine and small rather than profound, but at least what he knew he knew to its last hair's breadth. And when one recalls the havoc some splashy and delightfully preposterous workers in eighteenth century lore have perpetrated, great songs of praise well from the lips at the mere thought of this devoted and charming annalist who was also reliable.

SIMON PURE

BROADWAY, OUR LITERARY SIGNPOST

By Kenneth Andrews

With Sketches by the Author

WHEN a new playwright first raises his voice on Broadway all the artisans of the theatre of high and low degree—from Lee Shubert down to the utility boy in Gray's drug store—pause and give ear. It is only a pause. The roar of the play foundries begins again promptly, and by the morning after the first night, the newcomer is usually forgotten. But his salutatory is an event. When the pallid neophyte shows himself possessed of fresh imagination, when he shows himself able to clothe his fancies in language which lives when spoken, yet glows with beauty; when he comes into the theatre full of the vigor of youth and its audacity, prepared to write for the stage as well as he knows how to write—it is a time for great rejoicing.

Sidney Howard in "Swords", a play in verse about the Italy of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, reveals himself as a young writing man with such gifts as these. "Swords" is a play of exuberant fancy; the story shapes itself in the sweep of poetry which is warmed with the true fire, and through the interweaving of robust imagery. It is not surprising, or very serious, that the playwright did not impart to the story quite the literalness and directness which would have sent it smoothly over the footlights. The intentions and promise of a new writer are of more consequence than the fate of his first play; and here we have the prom-

ise of a rare skill in theatrical story telling. His intentions were to write a play which, chiefly through the appeal of its beauty, would survive in the hurly burly of Times Square; and those are honorable intentions, and daring ones. He did not achieve a best seller; but he did write a play of beauty. It has the beauty of a rare—if blurred—old Italian tapestry.

It is a tale of love and lust and glittering swords which unfolds itself in this old castle off the coast of Italy. In the castle a glamorous creature, Donna Fiamma, is held as a hostage by the enemies of the Pope. To the peasants of the island Fiamma is a holy woman, for them she is "like the Virgin Mary". Canetto, subtlest and wickedest of all the Pope's enemies, engages on the great adventure of his life: the attempt to gain this ward of the Pope's for his pleasure. That is the story of the play, and it seems straightaway enough. It is difficult to understand how it was so fogged in its presentation. It needed of course the most delicate shading. It was essential that the radiance of holiness be shed about Fiamma; and that should have been done much more ingeniously than it was done. It is not enough for the peasants, in a crowded scene at the very beginning of the play, to whisper among themselves of how Fiamma (whom we have not yet seen) healed the blind boy in the market place, of how she blessed the

boats of the fishermen and brought them riches. That touch of the un-earthly should have tinged every scene; once lost the story is flattened to the level of romantic melodrama, which was not in the least what the playwright meant. Canetto is the wildest of humans; but he is matching his cunning against the woman of God. If this had been constantly stressed, if we had felt always that all his super-cunning could effect nothing but his own destruction the strange duel would have had its chill. It was not stressed; it was scarcely suggested at all; and the story slipped out of focus, its true values were smudged.

Clare Eames understood all this. Her *Fiamma* was superb: a woman and a mother with human passions, who yet walked a little apart. The play should have been keyed to her; she could not preserve its balance unaided. And the regrettable thing is that it all seemed to be in the play, needing only the unwavering hand of a producer to unify it and heighten it into stage effectiveness. Certainly there can be no excuse for the confusion of the first two acts which so entirely lacked all semblance of pointing or emphasis that it is doubtful if there were a half dozen people in the theatre who knew what it was all about. And it is incredible that any producer would permit two particularly ungainly supers to come in just before the final curtain and slam down a trap door while the audience is tense and silent watching the door through which the doomed Canetto has just passed. Still it is an extremely exacting job to stage a play of such delicate adjustments, so figuratively told. All credit to Brock Pemberton for trying it.



JOHN RUBEN

In "Swords" he portrays with relish as silky and sly and cunning and wicked a villain as ever wore doublet and hose.

There is in "*The Hero*" by Gilbert Emery the sort of observation of Americans as they are which is so true that it is almost seditious. Underlying the play—deep down, but there—is a disillusionment that is almost sinister. Yet it is all done in the best of spirits. The author has no message to deliver, no grievance against mankind; but he does have some convictions on what the war did to the country. He takes the best way in the world to make them known in a play: he simply does not mention them at all. Quite pleasantly he gives a picture of a house that is not unhappy and not happy, merely one of the houses on the block, like any household whose breadwinner wears rubbers and muffler to the office.

The black sheep of the family returns to the placid ménage with a ribbon in his lapel, and a stiff leg. He has had a career of glory in the Foreign Legion. He is a hero, and they are proud of him. He has been through the fire and the trenches have purged him. So he thinks and so they think. But Oswald is still the vagabond, the adventurer, the ne'er do

well. Even while he talks of his regeneration we know it. For him the war was merely one of his adventures. For the Lanes who stayed at home it was "that war in France".

Not a person in the play has been vitally touched by the war, save Marthé whose family was murdered before her eyes in Belgium; and her presence in this family of average Americans merely sharpens the discreet cynicism which gives this disturbing war play its tang. The war pinched the pocket-books of the Lanes a little, but it left their souls unmolested. Their only feeling about it now is that they are glad it is over. And this play is the first reflection on our stage of the country's second thoughts on the war. No doubt it is the forerunner of other after-war plays and many after-war books. Are these merely to be a record of indifference, sham heroics, and disillusionment? "The Hero" is indeed a disturbing play because it seems so true.

Zoe Akins seems to have no more concern for the sufferings of the people in "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting" than a professor has for the discomfort of a rabbit whose heart action he is demonstrating to the class. It is a hard pitiless play, as concise and dispassionate as a novel by Frank Swinerton. It is de-sentimentalized: quite

in the new manner of writing about ourselves. In its way, also, it is as timely an anecdote from the life about us as "The Hero" itself. The Harlem

daddy who goes a-hunting for the Heaven beyond his grasp is a creature of the moment. His quest ends ignominiously, as such quests usually do; but, as Miss Akins presents it, his failure and his wife's unhappiness arouse only an impersonal sympathy: the sort of sympathy we might feel if we read about them in the evening paper. The cold, curt method which she adopts serves the novelist better than it does the playwright. On the

stage it has its penalties. We become acquainted only casually with Julian and Edith; and they do not seem in the least the sort who would move down to Greenwich Village and lose their souls. It might well have happened; but it would have been more credible—and more interesting—if the author had been a little more communicative and a little warmer in her attitude. Yet it is a refreshingly mature play, where it might have been very tearful and sweet. When we think of what Rupert Hughes or David Belasco might have wrung from the story, we may be grateful.

"The Easiest Way"—the best title a play ever had—is a good play. It is as good today as it ever was. It has

THE DRAMA SHELF

"Gold" by Eugene O'Neill (Boni and Liveright). The tragedy of the old sea-dog who found a treasure chest which contained only brass and junk. Very different from the other stories about the South Sea Isles.

"The Whiteheaded Boy" by Lennox Robinson (Putnam). A delightful evening with the Geoghegan family of Ballycolman. One of the most enjoyable—and one of the most Irish—plays yet to be brought over by the Irish Players.

"Six Short Plays" by John Galsworthy (Scribner). Among them "The Little Man" whom everyone should know.

"The Circle" by W. Somerset Maugham (Doran). A crisp, happily told comedy showing how young lovers profit by the experience of older ones.

"A Bill of Divorcement" by Clemence Dane (Macmillan). An after-math of the war. It takes place in 1933 when a shell shock victim returns to his wife and daughter who had believed him to be incurably insane.

not begun to "date" at all save possibly where Annie, the negro maid, bursts into tears at the prospect of trying to find another situation. One of the best things about it is that it means nothing. It has no moral. It is one woman's life. Laura Murdock is not a type, she is a woman who happened to get a wrong start, who happened to be weaker than some, who happened to fall in with a man clever enough and rich enough to close every way out save the easy one. She does not have the nerve to tell the truth when her happiness depends on it. She does not have the nerve to commit suicide; so only Montmartre is left to her—now that Rector's is no more.

Seeing this play of a decade ago, in revival, renews regret that there is not some permanent repertoire company in which deserving plays might end their days properly. Plays like "The Great Divide" and "The Witching Hour" and "The Fortune Hunter" should not be condemned to obscure storehouses. Thousands would agree to see each one of them at least once a year. We think we would agree to see "The Easiest Way" once a month.

It is difficult to treat as an equal a man who believes that no woman who wears them rolled down can be chaste, a man who repines because Edison has not invented something to keep the feminine nose perpetually like a marshmallow, a man who (borrowing his own borrowed phrase) is one of the pure to whom all things are indecent. In Cosmo Hamilton's "The Silver Fox" there is such a being. We are not only asked to take him seriously, but are expected to believe that Helen Quilter, a refreshingly unfettered spirit, desires him for a mate. She does desire him and she marries him, after blithely compromising her-

self into a divorce from the complaisant Quilter. She does it charmingly enough; and the play may be regarded as a rather smartly designed piece of trade goods whose falsity is disguised by the shimmer of good talk.

"The Whiteheaded Boy" by Lennox Robinson, which the Irish Players brought over from Dublin, has only one blemish; and it is not a serious one because it has nothing whatever to do with the play. Somewhere toward the end Denis Geoghegan is likened to Ireland; and this comes as something of a shock. He has not seemed in the least like anything but a good-natured boy who has been almost spoiled by kindness, and who is cleverer than he thought he was. But without the slightest warning he is compared with his native land. Like Ireland he has always been the pride of the family, their pet, their white-headed boy. Like Ireland he has been easy-going and sunny-hearted, has been fussed over and humored. What was best for him has been decided in family councils, and the best he has always had, at whatever cost to the



RICHARD BENNETT

This excellent actor was never better than he is in "The Hero" as the Jersey commuter who heroically kept the home fires burning while his brother fought in one of the recent European wars.

other children. Like Ireland, indeed, he has been given everything he could desire save the one thing he has always desired—his freedom. We might go on and suggest that like Ireland he causes a lot of trouble; but Denis is not like Ireland, and the other Geoghegans are not like Australia or India or South Africa. They are the Geoghegan family of Ballycolman; and the play depicts a night, and a busy one, in their cottage. It simply refuses to be allegorical, and of course the author did not mean it as such. It is too warm and true, too full of the zest of life, too good a play to be tagged as propaganda.

One has always had the impression that Somerset Maugham is a novelist who, now and then, tosses off a play for the fun of it. He has always seemed to turn to the stage for his recreation; and he has found it congenial play; he has always had a good time. His comedies have the flash and whir of a good game of tennis on a sunny day. "The Circle" is as airy and irresponsible as anything he has ever done for the stage, but there is nothing offhand about it. It was written by the author of "The Moon and Sixpence" and "Of Human Bondage", not by the author of "Mrs. Dot" and "Jack Straw". There are times when there is a note of wistfulness in the banter, and that is one of the reasons why it is such excellent banter. Side by side in the play are two love stories, and they are just alike. We see the beginning of one and the end of the other. All for love, Lady Kitty Champion-Cheney, in her youth, threw over husband and position and ran away to the far places. All for love Elizabeth Champion-Cheney is on the point of doing the same thing. Lady Kitty, after thirty years, is not the pale, frail

lady of romance whom Elizabeth had expected to see. She is rather a flashy and frivolous poseur with dyed hair and a soul as thickly rouged as her face. The once dashing Lord Porteous is a soggy old chap, very bored, who has trouble with his false teeth. Their life of love—among the outcasts—has robbed them of everything fine. Even the love for which they gaily lost the world has withered long since. They are as yappy with each other as they would be if they were respectably married. Elizabeth, with dismay, realizes what folly it would be to fly away with her penniless lover to his rubber farm in the Federated Malay States. And then she goes right ahead and flies away with him. It is one of those rare plays which does not end, for you, when the final curtain comes down. You enjoy it thoroughly while it is going on; but next morning you like it better still and, curiously enough, for entirely different reasons.

Lawrence Langner describes his "Don Juan" as an English version of Henri Bataille's "L'Homme à la Rose". It might almost be called a smoking car version of it. There are ways and ways of telling a slightly risqué anecdote, and all depends on the telling. Many a wretch, who does not quite have the knack of it, has embarrassed himself and his hostess by trying to tell the delightful one he heard at just the same sort of dinner party the night before. Lawrence Langner lacks the manner. His "Don Juan", robbed of the flickering fantasy and irony which gives "L'Homme à la Rose" its charm, becomes merely naughty and stodgy and occasionally repellent.

The play which Tom Cushing fash-

ioned from "Blood and Sand" preserves quite successfully much of the color and glitter of the book. The beginning, while Gallardo is nervously preparing for the *corrida*, is especially good. Running through these early scenes there is the flutter and quiver and expectancy of a bright festival day in Spain. But atmosphere alone cannot make a play. Gallardo tumbles from his high place because of his infatuation for Doña Sol; but, in the play, we see them alone together only twice. On the first occasion he makes fervid love to her, and carries her out into the garden "where it is dark". On the second, near the end of the play, he accuses her of wrecking his life. Why their liaison (about which the play was written) is kept so rigorously off the stage is perplexing. It

was tantalizing enough, surely, to have a bull fight going on just out of sight.

The pleasantest memory we have of "The Blue Lagoon", a dramatization of H. de Vere Stacpoole's novel, is the death of Paddy. Paddy was as dear an old salt as ever had a way with the children. He had been telling tot stories to the two little castaways for hours and hours and hours. Then he ate the "never-wake-up berries". At once it was plain that he was a stricken man, and presently he began to die. He took a long time about it; he never did anything in a hurry, this old sailorman, but he did it thoroughly. He died a perfectly frightful death, and not a twitch or a kick escaped us. When he finally lay still we leaned back in the chair with a satisfaction that was ghoulish.

THRENODY

By Robert Hillyer

I MADE a slow lament for you, lost magic
Of schoolboy love and dreams in shadowed places,
Where passed in visible parade, the tragic
Desires of vanished gods and women's faces.

On violins beneath long, undisputed
New England orchards sombred by the spirit
Of endless autumn, I awoke the muted
Strings of your lament, but none could hear it,

Except, perhaps, one passerby, who skirted
The upland fields in that avoided spot;
And, marveling at the music in deserted
Orchards, hurried on, and soon forgot.

MURRAY HILL VIEWS LITERARY AGENTS

NEW YORK, *October, 1921.*

HE nearly scared her to death, the young woman secretary who arose as he entered to receive him. He was such a spectacle as she had never before seen close up, and never in the respectable surroundings of a business office. In effect what is commonly described as an "old bum". His toes were sticking out. He hadn't shaved for perhaps a week. The dilapidated garment which he would have called his coat was several sizes too large for him. He informed the young woman that he had a manuscript which he had called to discuss. It was the office of a "literary agent".

The gentleman dealing in literature asked him the nature of his manuscript. He replied that it was "about feet". "About feet!" "Yes." He had never shown it before, he said; but he had been working at it for more than fifteen years. He tugged at one of the side pockets of his great coat, and produced a huge wad of ancient, ragged, and grimy paper. This proved to be the most extraordinary work of literary intention that this literary agent had ever seen. The singular author must have spent something like a lifetime at it. He had covered most exhaustively the subject of feet. He had ransacked Shakespeare, army orders, a bewildering variety of novels, apparently endless newspapers. He must have spent more hours in a library than ever did Leslie Stephen. And in his consuming passion for the fascinating subject of feet he had been more than utterly ruthless with a pen-knife. His voluminous manuscript was largely a vast array of clippings pasted up.

He wanted to know, this grotesque apparition, what the cost would be of typing his manuscript. About fifteen dollars was suggested as a reasonable sum for the work. Too much, he said; the manuscript would have to go back to his trunk, where it had been for five years. Well, what did he owe for the trouble he had given? He was told not anything. Oh, yes! he said; he always paid as he went. He put his hand deep down into his trouser pocket and brought forth a pretty corpulent roll of bills, at the same time casting an eye at the clock. He had taken up probably twenty minutes of time, he said, and he wanted to pay for it—people could not be in business for nothing. If nothing could be paid, then have some cigars. He took from that capacious mantle a large handful of cigars, laid them on the table, and made his adieu. There were, said my friend in telling me of this matter, all kinds of cigars you can think of.

The writing "bug" is, indeed, a curious thing. The highly attractive and picturesque character whom I have just endeavored to depict was obviously of the purest type of disinterested student. A much more frequent phenomenon is the simple soul with thoroughly utilitarian motive. There are apparently multitudes of those affecting beings who innocently consider that to write is to have, as I one time heard the matter delightfully put, "a fortune in your fingers". The other day a "literary adviser" to a prominent publishing house received in his morning batch of mail this letter:

Dear sir :

I found your name in the Currier Journal of Louisville, Ky., and so I thought I would write you and see what you think of the proposition I have to offer. I believe I can walk across the United States on my hands and feet in one year starting from the State of N. C. to San Francisco, Calif. and never get up only for sleep at night—if you think there's any thing to it just give me a hearing it can be done and I am fool enough to try it altho its a feat that will be well won if you are not interested give me the address of some magazine that you think would be. I was in the Army seven or eight years and I know what hard ships are I'll make the trip on my hands (and feet) (all fores) for so much and my expenses which will be small During that time.

So thanking you Gentlemen for your trouble I remain Yours Respectfully

This letter was written from a small town in North Carolina. The "proposition" set forth presumably was that the house addressed should advance the amount that would be required for expenses by this gentleman during his expedition on all "fores" from N. C. to Calif., together with an additional "so much" in cash payment, and in return have the privilege of reaping the harvest from the publication of his account of the picturesque adventure. Though he does not mention that he is a writer, and possibly he assumed that the publishers would be glad to send along a man equipped with the faculty necessary for covering that minor part of the enterprise. His own highly colorful style, however, to judge from the sample submitted, one might regard as a peculiarly happy style for such a narrative. But this house was a rather conservative one, and so the novel idea had no business interest for the firm.

Written in pencil on paper carrying the letter-head of the American Red Cross, another letter:

From Prv. Peter M. Johnson,
A natural Poet,
Just Back from France.

Sir, As a "natural Poet" I has Wrote thousands of Poems. War and reconstruction-ones.

Sir, I am Willing to enter and agreement With You to that end.

Sincerely. Yours

This letter was received, some time ago, by the editor of an American magazine of literary character. The "end" sought to be arrived at by Prv. Johnson is not definitely presented, but the implication is fairly clear that he had expectations that the magazine would proceed to sign up with him as a star contributor.

One of the curious ideas firmly rooted in the minds of a large class of persons strongly tempted to "write" is that they have the fundamental qualities for the purpose but lack the superficial accomplishment needful for taking their material and "whipping it into shape". The following communication to a literary agent is a typical presentation of this fanciful conception of the affair of writing:

Will you kindly pass judgement on the enclosed and put it up in the proper shape for sale. I have a good many ideas but have neither the time to put stories into shape or the vocabulary to make them presentable.

Ho, that handsome word *vocabulary*! It always means something knowing, all right, if you don't know just what. I one time worked (as editor) for a man who owned a trade journal. He would come in with a number of little "editorials" (as he called them) which he had "written out". "Just run your vocabulary over these for the paper," he would say. Like a lawn mower, perhaps. To smarten up a bit the external look of things.

Another curious thing. A great many people untutored in the elementary principles of creative production seem to have a pleasant notion that if you miss your aim in one form of endeavor all you have to do is to take another chance with your product at a different objective. Here are two let-

ters written to a literary agent which well illustrate this simplicity of thought. One letter refers to the manuscript which it accompanied thus:

If it will not measure up to the technical demands of a short story then perhaps it may be used as a motion play production.

An esoteric thing like the "technical demands" of the performance to which he has applied himself is apparently a little matter which does not concern this writer. Indeed, *technique* is a word which you may often hear pronounced by those innocent of a knowledge of art with somewhat the same inflection employed by "practical" men when they say "theoretical". The other letter is without arrogance; it runs so:

Dear Sir: find enclosed a MS. please let me know what you think of it. If not fit for a Photoplay I would like for you to transfer it to a short story and want you to write it over as if you yourself were going to submit it, I am just a new beginner and if you think that I could ever write I would take training. I have several other MS. trusting that you will take a consious interest.

One aspiring author sends along a worldly word of suggestion to the literary agent. Concerning his manuscript he advises this: "If the women's magazines do not care for it, I should cut out the profanity and try it on the religious periodicals." A lady who has written what at first she describes as a "fairy drama" writes that "when you have read the play with a view to the composition of the music for it I think you will find it is what might be called a slightly heavy light opera". She had been working hard to get it done, "along with another rather heavy piece of work I have undertaken in the last two months, which is a 90,000 word novel". And "at present" she is engaged on "an historical drama", and also a "medieval drama". She concludes: "That

is all the drama I have attempted to write. I did not begin to try to write anything until the First of Feb. this year so my experience is not very broad yet." A very conscientious author who seeks expert advice in a minor point writes:

I am enclosing herewith a short story of about 1800 words, entitled "A Scream." Kindly notice on page 5, in the last line, whether I have spelt "mumble peg" (the game boys play with a knife) correctly, and if not please correct. Thanking you.

A person of commendably cautious disposition who is not going to appear over-eager in the eyes of a strange bird such as a literary agent says:

I saw an ad in a magazine about the marketing of short stories, or something to that effect. This is of mild interest to me, so would like more detailed information.

A considerable body of persons in their early seekings to place manuscripts have evidently hit upon the wild notion that the literary agent "stands in", so to say, with all magazine editors—that all they have to do is to get into his good graces, and that then he will, in the political manner, "fix" things. The literary agent, of course, has the drop, so to say, on the novice author only in this: that he has made it his business to know which magazine, or publishing house, is the best bet for this or for that. The literary agent is of service to the author who himself knows something of the ropes in that he relieves the author of the bother of marketing his wares, and frees him for his own business—writing. The literary agent may save a very great deal of time for an author residing a far distance from the publishing centre. So distinguished an author as Max Beerbohm, for instance, residing much of the time in Italy, utilizes the services of a literary agent to negotiate the placing of his work in New York. Also, if you conceive of yourself as a mem-

ber of the aristocracy of intellect, you may regard it as more compatible with your artistic dignity to leave bargaining over the things of your mind to bargaining men. Or, on the other hand, if you fancy yourself as a pretty shrewd person of business, and have not made a business of peddling manuscripts for years, a literary agent may interpret to you many points outside the range of your experience. But—it is of prime importance that you (if you are in the way of requiring one) select a literary agent with the same particular care that you would select, say, a lawyer. There are lawyers and lawyers, you know.

I am not in the least concerned with promoting the business of literary agents; I simply thought that while I was about the matter of presenting some of their experiences I would state their functions, which seem to be somewhat popularly misunderstood. Some literary agents make it a part of their business to criticize and revise manuscripts for a small fee. That it is not the business of publishing houses to give a detailed, or even a general criticism of manuscripts submitted, is certainly a matter very far from being generally understood. It is, I'd say, the exception when a manuscript from an unknown author comes into a publishing house unaccompanied by a letter reading something like this:

I should be deeply indebted to you if you would write me in the frankest spirit what you think of the book; whether you think it has any merit as a novel, whether it might be edited so that it might be salable, whether there is merit in the conception, whether there is too much or too little dialogue. And you may be as harsh as you like without fear of wounding an aspiring author.

I have never detected any publishing house with a relish for wounding anybody; but I have detected that a

letter of criticism from a publisher written in the frankest spirit to an aspiring author is very likely to bring this sort of reply:

The comment has been made that my book is not a money-maker. I think that is a mistake. It does not fill out the familiar lines of a mushy best-selling romance. But I believe it would have a considerable sale if properly pushed. It took me five years merely to put it on paper.

And in the cases where a manuscript is returned with merely a formal note politely stating the decisive fact that the publisher cannot see his way to undertaking its publication, he is apt to receive an indignant retort charging that there was "not a word of criticism" in his communication and declaring that the author "had a right to expect more than that".

As to why a publisher frequently does not care to give a detailed criticism of an unsolicited manuscript, there may be a number of reasons, which seem to be very little comprehended generally. It may be the policy of his house not to do this. I myself think such a policy is wise. For one thing, a publisher's attitude toward a manuscript cannot be that of a disinterested professor of literature; it relates to the business of his house, to the matter of the shaping of his list, to the situation with him at the moment as to the things he happens to stand in need of or not stand in need of, and to divers other considerations which are not purely pertinent to the character of the manuscript; nor are they the affairs of the author. Also such criticism might very likely more confuse an author than help him. For the reason that what one house would tell him might very likely be quite different from what another house would tell him. In which case the perplexed author might very natu-

rally conclude that both houses were either some kind of liars or fools. And, further, a publisher cannot afford to employ an academic staff whose duties would be to give its time to the constructive criticism of bales of rejected manuscript. All this is not to say that excellent criticism of this nature is not infrequently given gratuitously by the editors of publishing houses to unknown authors of submitted manuscripts. I find it interesting to recall that some of the ablest, most conscientious, and elaborate criticisms of this sort which I have seen were written by Sinclair Lewis in the days when he was employed as a publisher's literary adviser.

Then there is a style of writing a letter declining a manuscript which is so suave and diplomatic that often the recipient is impelled to reply that "to have a manuscript rejected by you is really a pleasure. It is almost as good as having it accepted." It's a gift.

And no harm, surely, in that. In being nice and polite to people. Kind to a fellow creature. That depends! I've seen a number of literary agents who are of the opinion that the thing is too generally much overdone. Here is a letter recently received by an agent:

Though I have *no time at all* for writing, I *cannot*, even after all these years of denial, silence the longing!

As I before remarked, had I only *myself* to think of I could decide, but—having my son and being *determined* to give him his chance—what should I do? Dare I hope that ultimately, after not *too many* years I can devote myself to writing and make enough money thereby to care for and educate my boy? Or should I give up the idea and turn every thought and spare moment toward advancement in the teaching profession? It will be a sacrifice—but one I must make if my longing and heart's desire is *only* longing and nothing, or at least not *enough of something*, to justify faith and effort.

This manuscript is the most ambitious thing I have yet done, and I have put myself into its writing—that is, I have been utterly absorbed

in it—and feel the subject matter deeply. I realize the theme is by no means a popular one, and *that* is, so far, the *only* criticism I have had upon it, and it has been *very well spoken of indeed* by some of those editors that have seen it; for instance—

Please write me freely in regard to it, that is, your opinion of *its possibilities*, and your opinion of *my capabilities* ("latent" if I dare to use the word) *and possibilities, probabilities* rather, for successful literary work.

I *must make—a living* at least—from the first, hence I need all the financial compensation that can be obtained.

Please pardon this diffuse and intimate letter—but I am so alone in the world I have no one to tell me frankly and straightforward what I have a right to believe of myself or to help me with an unbiased view of my work and my ability.

The "longing"—there you have it. It is all over the lot, the longing to "write". It is (quite frequently) in some very estimable hearts where it hasn't a ghost of a show to be realized. And a phrase softly turned by a bland editor is often very pathetically interpreted.

God give him wisdom to know when it is the kinder part to be cold, for (when you realize it) it is a fearful game with the destiny of naive souls that he plays, the editor. I quote another letter, one typical of many, to an agent:

You see, I am a poor girl, and not a very strong one physically, and so I can't stenog all the year around, and it happens that I haven't been working over a year—otherwise I should jump at your offer, as I realize that without an agent I'll win success when I am on the verge of the grave, which is too long to wait.

My writing is everything to me. The things other people find in pretty clothes, amusements, sweethearts, marriage, etc., I find in writing.

I took my novel to a publishing house in Boston. They have had it 2 months now. The editor had a long talk with me. He was just lovely. He said I didn't send my stories out enough. He figured out that I must send each story to 25 magazines and if all refuse it then it's no good. I've been sending a story to 4 and then stop. He says they can't come to a decision on my novel, but for me to have patience. He's going to read it himself.

I am enclosing one of the rejection slips I've been receiving from editors. You see it is not stereotyped. It is really a letter. They always hope to see more of my work and they never take any of it.

Yes; they always hope to see more of your work, but they never take any of it. I know quite how it is: "they" always hoped to see more of my work, for about fifteen years; and now Mr. Farrar, I strongly suspect, wishes I'd let up on him. But I'm notta gonta. In dealing with me, however, I'll credit "them" with this much frank and callous sincerity: I cannot say that, when I called, any of them was "just lovely" to me.

Why such untold multitudes long to write is, I take it, one of the mysteries of human life. But why so very many people are firmly convinced that they can write is not so far to seek. The correspondence of a literary agent strikingly reveals the almost universal prevalence of the assumption that it doesn't take much ability to do better writing than much of that which gets published. "Goodness gracious! Did you read 'The Hum Bee' in last week's 'Saturday Evening Post' by Laura Dayton?" begins a letter very representative of this popular feeling. The writer continues:

I think it is the silliest story I ever read. There is no plot to that. And the children depicted therein—twelve years old—are absolutely the stiffest, most unnatural creatures I have ever met up with, and yet she sold that story. I read just such a foolish one in "The Ladies' Home Journal"—it was about a girl advising a man about wooing a sweetheart. Why is it that those stories sell?

If you gave me constructive criticism on my story wouldn't "The Saturday Evening Post" take it? They publish worse drivel than that.

Many silly stories are, indeed, bought and published, no one can deny. And notwithstanding the continual assertion of fiction editors that they are forever keenly on the lookout for fresh and original talent, and that nothing gives them so much joy as to find it, stories of intrinsic merit now and then are for long turned down. It requires talent of one sort to "see" a fresh and original story as well as it

takes talent of another sort to write one. And even talented editors have been known to take stories of a somewhat novel nature and then fail in the courage to print them. There is, for instance, the case of Mr. Tarkington's story "Cherry", taken on its merits as a waggish farce, a whimsical tale with a consummately polished surface, by Henry Mills Alden, when the author was practically unknown. It lay in his desk for several years, presumably regarded in the light of an unhappy selection—as an editorial *faux pas*, perhaps—until the success of the author's other books (written later) brought it quickly out of its obscurity in manuscript or galley form, and led to its swift publication with a greatly augmented value. Some such incident probably is what kindly speaking editors have in mind when they tell disappointed young authors not to change their stories but to hold them just as they are until they are more successful, when perhaps they can publish them. As to that, if you are successful enough in making some lucky strike, you can (as you have noticed) dig up anything and get it published—for a while.

"There was another 'Hum Bee' story in 'The Saturday Eve. Post,'" wrote in a later letter the young lady above referred to. "It was worse than the first." A literary agent will tell you, however, that in general if you really analyze the stories that strike you this way you will find, underlying the silliness, a new idea, or an original twist to the plot, or a fresh incident which makes the story different from others of its kind. And that, according to his experience, it is this bit of originality which turns an otherwise hopeless manuscript into a "salable" story.

An editor to a considerable extent,

but a literary agent even more so, appears to be regarded by a vast number of striving souls as a sort of Father Confessor. In the simple sincerity of their ambition, and often amid an environment which they feel not to be in sympathy with it, they turn out their hearts in letters to that wise, powerful, and wondrous being who sits at the centre of the world of their desire, and tell about their birth, schooling, marriage, and need of money. I give one of these letters to an agent, which is itself, doubtless, far more of a real story than the author of it will ever write to try to sell:

I will explain my situation to you and will then ask you pointedly if you think it worth the while to try and write stories to sell. I ran away and married very young, barely sixteen, and my marriage was a failure from the very beginning. My husband left for parts unknown, leaving me with two little girls to support the best way I can. At present I am employed in the capacity of a stenographer and earning only a small salary.

I have a great desire to rise over difficulties that have been mine for so long. I want to get out of the rut into which I have fallen, through really no fault of mine.

Writing has always come easily to me. At school themes and compositions were only as child's play to me, while writing letters was a source of amusement. I have just recently attempted to write.

Now I would be glad if you would give me your frank opinion, for I am sure that it would be worth while from one of your experience. I have no money to spend that will not bring results, for in spending any on criticisms it would mean privations from sources such as going without lunch or things of that matter, but I would not mind if it would later mean something that would give me the means of doing something really worth while and would help my children.

Please pardon the airing of domestic sorrows as it were the family clothes line, to be viewed in passing, but I thought if I told you my exact situation you would know better how to advise me.

If you think the story worth while, I will gladly send the amount.

Thanking you for your attention to the matter.

The "story" sent presented no conception at all of the form or construction of a story. It was simply conver-

sation between a man and a woman, the woman calling the man all sorts of "names" because he does not love her.

The novice writer seems to be much more temperamental than the professional writer, and in his relations with literary agents to have ideas of business which are very unbusinesslike. Real writers, the literary agent tells you, make no bones about their bill. The average attitude of the novice writer is that the agent undertakes to offer the manuscript for sale on a commission basis if sold, with no charge if unsuccessful. When, after prolonged efforts with it, the literary agent at length returns to the author of it a manuscript which he has found cannot be placed, making no charge for his time, but sending a small bill to cover the postage he has spent, he is very likely never to hear again from that person, who has probably got "sore". Indeed, I heard of a case where the husband of an amateur writer, a physician in the middle west, angrily wrote an agent that if any more of his nefarious bills were sent he would have the agent arrested. Though I heard, too, of an opulent lady who sent with her manuscript a blank check, signed.

With a world full of people clamoring to have their literary efforts "criticized", literary agents often are inclined to recommend correspondence courses in the short story as a helpful thing for beginners. And they, literary agents, not seldom "get in bad" in that way. As, when a correspondence school has praised a student's story (possibly at some places with a view to encouraging him to take the next course in "advanced story writing") and the literary agent finds he cannot sell it, the student is very apt to think him a "goat".

MURRAY HILL

LITERARY PORTRAITS: EIGHT

CAPTAIN TRAPROCK

MOST writers are nowadays in the South Seas, preparing their next works on that region; one who has lingered on in New York far from the literary centre and can count Traprock as a friend only since the other day when he arrived trailing clouds of glory from the Filbert Islands, must with great humility set himself to do a literary portrait of the explorer. Yet the gallant fellow is so "come-hither" in manner, so jauntily friendly in his khaki suit and curling black mustache, so ingratiatingly easy with his favorite snakes that you know him well at once. And a lifelong friend of his, Mr. George Chappell, has made it possible to enrich and as it were to authenticate the picture. Traprock and Chappell were classmates in the days when Yale was a simple slap-shoulder college, not faint with culture as at present. Must they not, as boys, have often told each other their dreams of the future? And were these dreams not something alike? There is in Traprock a certain haunting resemblance to Chappell which makes this seem at least possible. Is it too fantastic to guess that when their paths diverged and Chappell settled down to an architect's tamer career in New York, his old pal in far foreign isles did all the things, had all the lovely adventures for which the friend at home at his drawing table had always longed? Indeed are not Traprock's experiences what we have all always longed for? The Filbert Islands seem in his pages an imagined Paradise. And it is to this quality of beauty that the attention of readers of "The Cruise of the Kawa" is called. Wit and satire there are, and to spare. But Traprock and Chappell have both learned that the great secret of being funny is not to be funny all the time.

Harrison Rhodes



*From Howard Pyle's "Book of Pirates".
Courtesy of Harper and Bros.*

HIGH LIGHTS IN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

1921

By Annie Carroll Moore

*Sing a song of Publishers,
Sing it far and near;
Haven't they done wonders
With such a bad New Year?*



*From the
"Book of Pirates"*

They certainly have. If you don't think so take an early sailing for France or England and "have a look around" before Christmas. Take a few American books with you. First and foremost, choose Howard Pyle's "Book of Pirates", for which we owe a debt of gratitude to Merle Johnson, who has brought together these pirate pictures and text, scattered through various books and periodicals. The typography and makeup of this book are a triumph of publishing in hard times and the cost is not prohibitive for public library reading rooms. Associate with Howard Pyle's Pirates,

Jane Porter's "Scottish Chiefs", in a new edition effectively illustrated by N. C. Wyeth, Pyle's most distinguished pupil. This edition bears also on its title-page the names of Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith.

Put a paper cover on John Farrar's "Songs for Parents" and paste up the title-page until you get to "Fairy London", then ask Rose Fyleman to give new titles to some of its enchanting verses and to the book itself while she autographs your last year's copy of her "Fairies and Chimneys". If you are in the other London long enough persuade Charles Robinson or his double to illustrate both of these unusual books of verse for children and get them rebound in attractive covers. I will volunteer to draw up a peace

treaty with the authors and publishers concerned, during Children's Book Week, 1922.

Anna Cogswell Tyler's "Twenty Four Unusual Stories" will be worth its weight in gold on shipboard. Everybody will borrow it to read and make note of it to give away. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch ought to thank his stars that two of his best short stories have been rescued from oblivion and brought into active association with other good stories in a form acceptable to boy and girl readers. The Peter-shams have illustrated the book with delightful line drawings. Miss Tyler's discriminating selection from a wide range of literary sources is reinforced and enlivened in the arrangement by her dramatic gift as a story teller. The collection takes a new place among books of its kind.

I have not yet read "The Story of Mankind" by Hendrik Van Loon, but I have no hesitation in saying take it along, for I took a copy of his "Ancient Man" to France and left it in the children's library at Soissons as one of the most distinctive and original of the children's books published in America in 1920. There is a long procession of books moving up from lower Fifth Avenue, notable for length, variety, and good workmanship. There are more distinguished books in this procession, but for reading on a ship, and elsewhere, I would take "The Old Tobacco Shop" by William Bowen. It will give pure joy to boys and their fathers. Oliver Herford's "Laughing Tortoise" and "Grasshopper" and his other inimitable illustrations and verses for "Æsop's Fables" deserve to be given the form of a real book instead of the livery of a reader. Paul Bransom's fine illustrations for "The Argosy of Fables", selected by Frederic Taber

Cooper, bespeak special consideration for this book, which is to be issued in two editions, both too expensive for most libraries I fear. Since the most original story of last year's books for children, Hugh Lofting's "Dr. Dolittle", will not be published in England until 1922, I would take that—also Rockwell Kent's "Wilderness" with its Blake-like drawings of Alaska, "Tom Brown's School Days" with the Hugh Thomson illustrations, and the charming reprint of the first edition of Dickens's "Christmas Carol", published too late for the holiday reviews last year. Finally, no one should sail for any port without Henry Beston's "City Under the Sea" in "The Firelight Fairy Book".

Fair stood the wind for France

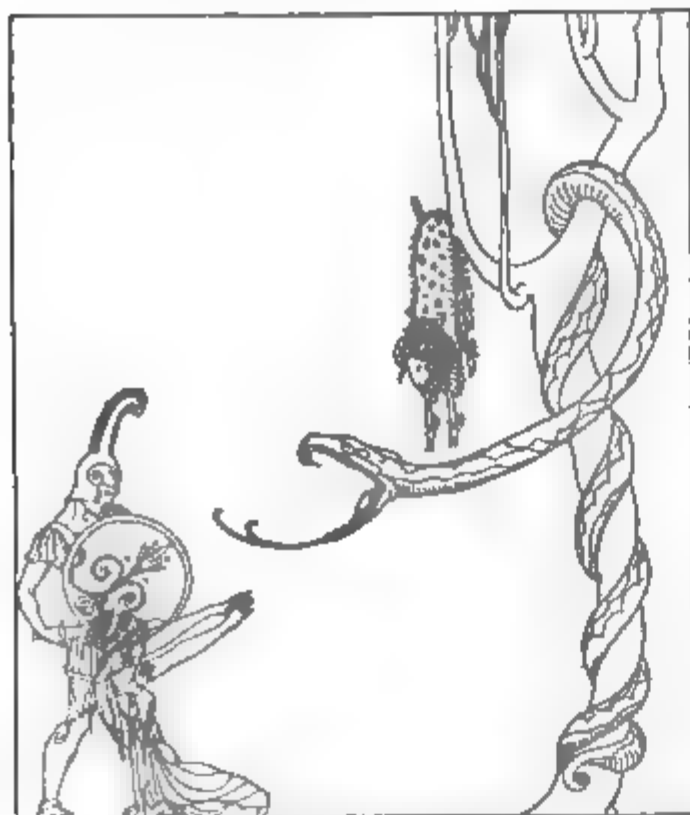
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry.



From the "Book of Pirates"

From the "Book of Pirates"

I have long been eager to visit the French publishing houses—to put a living picture behind the imprint on each familiar title-page; but I shall have to confess that although I visited the length of the rue de la Seine, and



From "The Golden Pleece" by Padraic Colum, illustrated by Willy Pogany. Courtesy of The Macmillan Co.

round about, my pictures are all "still life". Not a single French publisher did I see and not a trace of the activities of publishing. Thanks to Madame Fischbacher, to M. Le Texier of Brentano's in Paris, and to other reliable sources of information, I was able to verify and extend certain observations of my own. No new literature for children, poetry or prose, is known to be in the making. It is thirty years and more since the strong group of writers to which Jules Verne belonged made its contribution to books for children and young people. French girls are reading the stories of the Comtesse de Ségur and Madame de Pressensé as their great-grandmothers did before them. Not only is there a dearth of original work in the French language, there is a corresponding

lack of spirited translations of English and American children's stories. French publishers are timidly republishing the children's books which they had before the war at four times the price, and are making no apparent resistance to the flood of old commercialized translations in new and attractive covers. These poor translations of mediocre English texts and the hideous red and black and gold prize books, a tradition of the country, stand in the way of the reprinting of many worthy books. The absence of informing lists of books for children and of any literature on the subject of children's reading renders more important and illuminating the free use of books in the libraries recently opened at Soissons and the villages of the Aisne and at the American Library in Paris.

I found no new picture book or distinctive illustrated book in France, and Ernest Eisele of Brentano's foreign department says that he found none. Children's books are being printed very freely in Germany, but I discovered nothing notable in illustrations or text in the careful selection made by Mr. Eisele, which includes some very charming and inexpensive little books printed in Czechoslovakia. Two or three of these books will lend color and interest to any holiday exhibit.

The most notable of post-war European books for children are coming from Italy. Two or three Italian publishers are concerning themselves to an extent indicative of a new era in the publication of children's books. The mere cover design of one—a book of national songs—will furnish thirteen variations of Italian costume. The influence of Dulac and other illustrators is to be seen, but these Italian artists are bringing to their illumina-

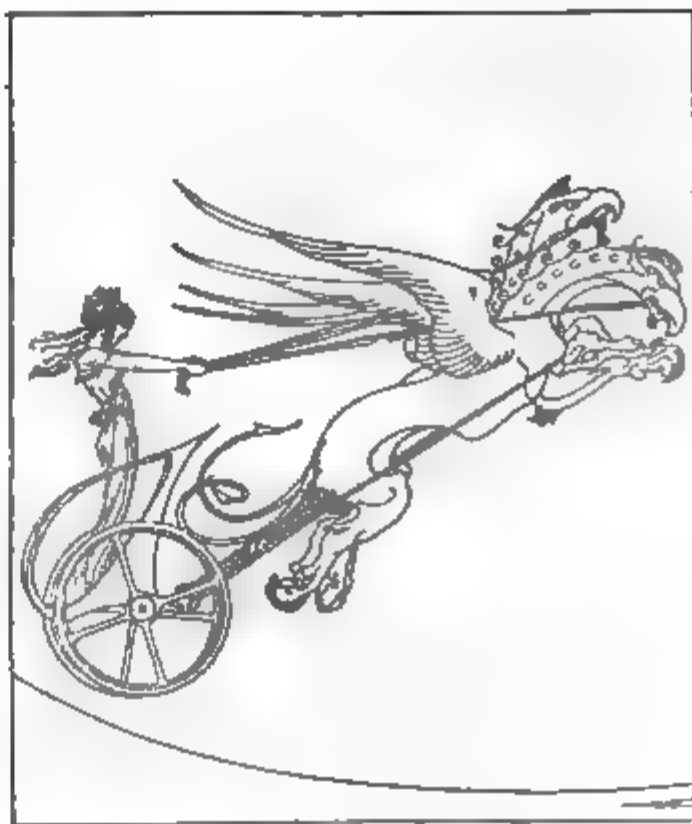
tion of national and popular songs and stories, qualities of childlike imagination, humor, and a freedom from artistic self-consciousness, most stimulating to artists of other countries.

The attitude of the compiler or author of the text is no less refreshing. "Children of Italy", runs the brief dedication to "Cantilene Popolari", "future defenders of the rights and honor of our nation, to you we entrust this little treasure which we have hunted out with patient love and intense joy. Guard it tenderly as if it were a fragment of our sacred flag; love it as you would love a fragrant flower out of an enchanted garden and let your little comrades repeat with you the easy rhymes of the old children's games of our land—games which your fathers and grandfathers and their ancestors played thousands of times and which are a living symbol of Italianity." The songs of this very beautiful collection appear in each instance in the language of the province from which the song has been taken, followed by a version in idiomatic Italian. Marco Montedoro's illustrations are in color.

"Grilli Canterini" (Singing Grasshoppers) is a book of popular songs with pictures by Corrado Sarri. As an Italian picture book for little children it seems to me quite as representative as "Pinocchio" as a story. The pictures are so full of the detail children love as to tell their own story to children of any race. The artist has the gift of a modern unsophisticated touch in an old world atmosphere. Of the two books (there are others worthy of mention), it is the less expensive and will be of more universal interest in children's reading rooms. It is bound in boards covered with a flowered Italian paper. For convenience an American source of supply is

noted but the Italian publishers deserve special thanks for giving us such admirable examples of children's book making at this time. If I have given more space to this point than the season warrants, it is because I feel that English as well as American publishers have much to learn from this new movement in Italy.

While in London I had a private view of the black and white drawings for Leslie Brooke's next book of nursery rhymes. The book will not be ready this year, but it will be a joy when it does appear. The children are eagerly asking if I persuaded Mr. Brooke to make another Johnny Crow book.



From "The Golden Fleece"

Beatrix Potter is not writing and illustrating a new book in her Peter Rabbit series, but she told me that she felt as if she had been given two new books herself in "Pierre Lapin" and "Jeannot Lapin", which have been translated by V. Ballon into French and are delighting children in the French-speaking countries, serving

also as easy French books for English-speaking children.

Francis Bedford has illustrated a new edition of Dickens's "Magic Fishbone". I saw the originals at Mr. Warne's office in Bedford Court and they are in the happiest manner of an artist who will be a welcome Christmas visitor on this side of the Atlantic.

I was also fortunate enough to see the sheets for a beautiful book of letters and unpublished sketches bearing the name of Kate Greenaway. I visited some fifteen publishing houses in London and put living personages behind many names which have long been household words. I found no very notable writing for children in England at this time. I visited Quality Court to ask Philip Allan if we might expect another book from Mr. Tarn whose "Treasure of the Isle of Mist" is greatly loved by girls of the library reading clubs. But Mr. Tarn gives no hope of another fantasy. I learned some intimate details of the composition of "The Three Mulla-Mulgars" from Walter de la Mare and his children. I was also shown Dorothy Lathrop's illustrations for Mr. de la Mare's "Fairy Poems". It promises to be a very lovely book.

I came back too late to do full justice to our own output of children's books, but I consider it most creditable to the authors, artists, and publishers whose books appear at the end of the article. The hastily manufactured cheap series is still in our midst. The vocational story is here, likewise the Americanization story. The "glad" books are receding before a wave of "happiness", which is more trying because more involved. The English language suffers more emotional strain from it. In robbing fairy tales of all their terrors and

poetry of all its sadness, we have let loose a new sort of made-to-order story which needs the cleansing wind, wide spaces, and hearty laughter created by Mary Mapes Dodge in her time.

But we have much to be thankful for, since Cornelia Meigs has completed another distinctive story called "The Windy Hill". Katharine Adams has achieved a girl's book of great charm. Her "Midsummer" has the very atmosphere of Sweden and the mystery is remarkably well handled. Harriet Wright has written a small book of plays investing even the stage directions and the reading lists with the interest born of a true desire to share her own love of a good thing in literature with the boys and girls who have already acted these plays.

Rolt-Wheeler must have written night and day for he has several books. The favorite among boys will be his "Book of Cowboys". His "Romance History of America" will be watched for with interest. William Heyliger has done a sincere piece of work with "High Benton, Worker", but he has not told so good a story as he did in "High Benton". "Cedric the Forester" by Bernard Marshall is written in somewhat stilted style, but the idea of freedom is admirably brought out and the historical period represented is one for which little story writing has been done. If Charles Boardman Hawes's "The Great Quest" is as good as "The Mutineers" of last year, it will be a distinct addition to stories of the sea.

Pyle, Howard. Howard Pyle's Book of Pirates. Compiled by Merle Johnson. Harper and Bros.

Porter, Jane. Scottish Chiefs. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Smith. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Charles Scribner's Sons.

- Farrar, John. *Songs for Parents*. Yale University Press.
- Fyleman, Rose. *Fairies and Chimneys*. George H. Doran Company.
- Tyler, Anna C. *Twenty Four Unusual Stories*. Illustrated by Maud and Mishka Petersham. Harcourt, Brace and Co.
- Van Loon, Hendrik. *The Story of Mankind*. Boni and Liveright.
- Bowen, William. *The Old Tobacco Shop*. Illustrated by Reginald Birch. The Macmillan Co.
- Herford, Oliver. *The Herford Æsop*. Ginn and Co.
- Bransom, Paul. *The Argosy of Fables*. Selected by F. T. Cooper. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
- Lofting, Hugh. *The Story of Dr. Dolittle*. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
- Kent, Rockwell. *Wilderness*. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Hughes, Thomas. *Tom Brown's School Days*. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. LeRoy Phillips.
- Dickens, Charles. *The Christmas Carol*. The Atlantic Monthly Press.
- Beston, Henry. *The Firelight Fairy Book*. The Atlantic Monthly Press.
- Oddone, Elizabette. *Cantilene Popolari*. Disegni di Marco Montedoro. Brentano's.
- Pagani, Gina. *Grilli Canterini con illustrazioni di Corrado Sarri*. Brentano's.
- Potter, Beatrix. *Pierre Lapin; Jeannot Lapin*. Traduit par V. Ballon. Frederick Warne and Co.
- Dickens, Charles. *The Magic Fishbone*. Illustrated by Francis Bedford. Frederick Warne and Co.
- Tarn, William Woodthorpe. *The Treasure of the Isle of Mist*. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- De la Mare, Walter. *The Three Mulla-Mulgara*. Alfred A. Knopf.
- De la Mare, Walter. *Fairy Poems*. Illustrated by Dorothy Lathrop. Henry Holt and Co.
- Meigs, Cornelia. *The Windy Hill*. The Macmillan Co.
- Adams, Katharine. *Midsummer*. The Macmillan Co.
- Wright, Harriet. *New Plays from Old Tales*. The Macmillan Co.
- Rolt-Wheeler, Francis. *The Book of Cowboys*. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co.
- Rolt-Wheeler, Francis. *Romance History of America*. George H. Doran Company.
- Heyliger, William. *High Benton, Worker*. D. Appleton and Co.
- Marshall, Bernard. *Cedric the Forester*. D. Appleton and Co.
- Hawes, Charles Boardman. *The Great Quest*. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Jessie B. Rittenhouse

AUGUST, taken as a whole, was an off month in poetry—but there was “Johnny Appleseed”! If ever a picturesque shade simply cried out for his historian, it was “Johnny Appleseed” calling to Vachel Lindsay from the orchards of heaven, for Johnny Appleseed simply would not lend himself to any other treatment. Having said this, one recalls that Edgar Lee Masters paid tribute to Johnny in a brief but charming poem. It did not attempt, however, the office of the chronicler, an office which suits so admirably the art of Vachel Lindsay.

Everyone knows the story of “Johnny Appleseed”, the vagrant with

the vision, who went ahead of civilization planting orchards in the wilderness and pushing on as soon as he saw his inheritor overtake him. It is a great theme, at once romantic and social, the combination which Vachel Lindsay needs to bring his gifts into full play. It is not a theme, however, which would give him the creative opportunity of “The Congo”, nor could the poem stand in a final appraisal with that work, but this is rather a limitation of subject than of treatment, both being handled according to their possibilities. Johnny Appleseed is in a sense an epic figure, he belongs with the eternal and elemental things:

the forerunner and the prophet, preparing the way for man, and so preparing the way for that vast unfoldment of life which America has known. It is in this broad sense that Vachel Lindsay conceives him and makes him live. As the poem would exceed our space, we quote the second movement and part of the third.

For lyric quality which remains lovely and unerring, there is Sara Teasdale's group of songs in "Scribner's" of which we give the last, and Fannie Stearns Gifford's poem in "The Atlantic", "Sometimes We Hardly Wanted You", another testimony to the value of "The Ancient Beautiful Things". Of the newer magazines, one turns to "The Measure" and notes what strides it has made and what a live little organ it is. The policy of choosing a different editor every three months commends itself for its variety, each editor's personality dominating his respective issues. For August, it was still edited by Padraic Colum, who is sensitive to poetry as only so true a poet can be. The field of the small magazine is largely one of discovery and this is what makes it important and interesting. "The Measure" opens with the first poems by Hans Trausil which we have seen in English, though he has written some exquisite lyrics in his native tongue of which we have a lively memory, as well as a poetic drama published last year and translated by Leonora Speyer. There is a quiet, thoughtful beauty to the group by Mr. Trausil, of which we quote the first two poems "The Land Turtle" and "The Tree".

Marguerite Wilkinson is also in "The Measure" with two songs, "Sleep" and "Waking", adagio and allegro, of which the second vibrates

with color and is altogether delightful; and Jean Starr Untermeyer is there, with a motor poem, "Blue Book—Route 121", which is refreshing as the first tang of autumn and reminds us of our adopted New England where we can look out at any moment and see
Obliging cows, arranging themselves in pleasing
groups
Over the stone sprinkled meadows.

Mrs. Untermeyer has an eye for the picturesque in the commonplace—or rather the knowledge that there is no commonplace.

Of the other magazines, "The New Republic" for August 24th has a full page of poems signed by the well-known names of Conrad Aiken, Sara Teasdale, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Viola Meynell, and Elinor Wylie—and one would be at pains to find less representative specimens of any of them. Viola Meynell in "A Girl Adoring", touching the old but unexhausted theme of the physically near and the spiritually remote, turns what should be ineffable into the absurdly concrete in such lines as

Her eyes are dry, he does not know
He sails with Noah on the endless flood.

Where, at this juncture, was the hovering shade of Francis Thompson? "Nonchalance" by Elinor Wylie, while cryptic and conscious, is saved by the magic of

Beaded with bubbles silver-cold.

Mrs. Wylie is so well worth watching in her growing art, her thoughtful, sharply chiseled work has so distinctive a quality, that one is sorry to see it marred at times by a straining for the unusual when the familiar would be more effective. In "The New Republic" for August 17th she has a much finer poem, "Cold Blooded Creatures", a lyric which will repay one for braving the title.

IN PRAISE OF JOHNNY APPLESEED

II. THE INDIANS WORSHIP HIM, BUT HE
HURRIES ON

Painted kings in the midst of the clearings
 Heard him asking his friends the eagles
 To guard each planted seed and seedling.
 Then he was a god, to the red man's dreaming;
 Then the chiefs brought treasures grotesque
 and fair,—
 Magical trinkets and pipes and guns,
 Beads and furs from their medicine-lair,—
 Stuck holy feathers in his hair,
 Hailed him with austere delight.
 The orchard god was their guest through the
 night.

While the late snow blew from bleak Lake Erie,
 Scourging rock and river and reed,
 All night long they made great medicine
 For Jonathan Chapman,
 Johnny Appleseed,
 Johnny Appleseed;
 And as though his heart were a wind-blown
 wheat-sheaf,

As though his heart were a new-built nest,
 As though their heaven house were his breast,
 In swept the snow-birds singing glory.
 And I hear his bird heart beat its story,
 Hear yet how the ghost of the forest shivers,
 Hear yet the cry of the gray, old orchards,
 Dim and decaying by the rivers,
 And the timid wings of the bird-ghosts beating,
 And the ghosts of the tom-toms beating, beat-
 ing.

But he left their wigwams and their love.
 By the hour of dawn he was proud and stark,
 Kissed the Indian babes with a sigh,
 Went forth to live on roots and bark,
 Sleep in the trees, while the years howled by.
 Calling the catamounts by name,
 And buffalo bulls no hand could tame,
 Slaying never a living creature,
 Joining the birds in every game,
 With the gorgeous turkey gobblers mocking,
 With the lean-necked eagles boxing and shout-
 ing;
 Sticking their feathers in his hair,—
 Turkey feathers,
 Eagle feathers,—
 Trading hearts with the whole young earth,
 Swept on winged and wonder-crested,
 Bare-armed, barefooted, and bare-breasted.

The maples, shedding their spinning seeds,
 Called to his appleseeds in the ground,
 Vast chestnut-trees, with their butterfly na-
 tions,
 Called to his seeds without a sound.
 And the chipmunk turned a somersault,

And the foxes danced the Virginia reel;
 Hawthorne and crab-thorn bent, rain-wet,
 And dropped their flowers in his night-black
 hair;
 And the soft fawns stopped for his perora-
 tions;
 And his black eyes shone through the forest-
 gleam,
 And he plunged young hands into new-turned
 earth,
 And prayed dear orchard boughs into birth;
 And he ran with the rabbit and slept with the
 stream.
 And so for us he made great medicine,
 And so for us he made great medicine,
 In the days of President Washington.

III. JOHNNY APPLESEED'S OLD AGE

Long, long after,
 When settlers put up beam and rafter,
 They asked of the birds: "Who gave this
 fruit?
 Who watched this fence till the seeds took
 root?
 Who gave these boughs?" They asked the sky,
 And there was no reply.
 But the robin might have said,
 "To the farthest West he has followed the sun,
 His life and his empire just begun."

Self-scourged, like a monk, with a throne for
 wages,
 Stripped like the iron-souled Hindu sages,
 Draped like a statue, in strings like a scare-
 crow,
 His helmet-hat an old tin pan,
 But worn in the love of the heart of man,
 More sane than the helm of Tamerlane,
 Hairy Ainu, wild man of Borneo, Robinson
 Crusoe—Johnny Appleseed;
 And the robin might have said,
 "Sowing, he goes to the far, new West,
 With the apple, the sun of his burning breast—
 The apple allied to the thorn,
 Child of the rose."

Washington buried in Virginia,
 Jackson buried in Tennessee,
 Young Lincoln, dreaming in Illinois,
 And Johnny Appleseed, priestly and free,
 Knotted and gnarled, past seventy years,
 Still planted on in the woods alone.
 Ohio and young Indiana—
 These were his wide altar-stone,
 Where still he burnt out flesh and bone.

Twenty days ahead of the Indian, twenty years
 ahead of the white man,
 At last the Indian overtook him, at last the
 Indian hurried past him;
 At last the white man overtook him, at last the
 white man hurried past him;

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Each month THE BOOKMAN will select a group of poems from the American periodicals. These will be submitted to a prominent poet or critic who will choose from them "The Poems of the Month", though he will be free to add any others he may prefer. Jessie B. Rittenhouse will act as arbiter for December. The complete list of poems selected will be found in the Gossip Shop.

At last his own trees overtook him, at last his
own trees hurried past him.

Then

The sun was their turned-up barrel,
Out of which their apples rolled,
Down the repeated terraces,
Thumping across the gold,
A presence in each apple that touched the forest mold,
A ballot-box in each apple,
A state capital in each apple,
Great high schools, great colleges,
All America in each apple,
Each red, rich, round, and bouncing moon
That touched the forest mold.

In the four-poster bed Johnny Appleseed built,
Autumn rains were the curtains, autumn leaves
were the quilt.

He laid him down sweetly, and slept through
the night,

Like a bump on a log, like a stone washed
white,

There by the doors of old Fort Wayne.

Vachel Lindsay
—*The Century*

THE LAND TURTLE

I am the seer in the cool earth,
I am the listener in grey fields,
Stones and plants are known to me;
I am a hermit in a hard cell,
In my cloister all sound is hushed.

I do not hear the wind among the stars,
I listen to a blowing under earth;
I have eaten dust,
I am snake and vulture,
I am dragon and Sphinx,
I am a witch full of hate.

Man, disturb not my loneliness,
Full of magic am I and soothsaying.
Are you full of silences
To tell the runes on my house,
These scars of roots and rocks?

I murmur unto you, passing one
Who walk in light, my deep wisdom:
That which is Light, will some day be Dark-
ness,
The things in Darkness will some day be in
Light;
Blossoms will fall to dust,
Out of dust blossoms will grow;
In humbleness you shall bend low:
Flowers slumber in roots,
Rocks shall bear fruit.

Hans Trausil
—*The Measure*

THE TREE

I, the homeless one on the far plain,
Am the home of God, of birds and winds;
I am he who is wrapped in shadow,
I am the breaker of the storms from the north,
I am the solitary,
I am the silent one in the falling snow,
I am dusk, evening and night.
My trunk is an old myth,
My leaves are murmuring legends;
Men with rapt faces look up at me:
Lovers, poets and beggars.
Stars are my blossoms and fruit,
I am holy, I am eternal:
God sings in me, birds and winds.

Hans Trausil
—*The Measure*

'SOMETIMES WE HARDLY WANTED YOU'

Sometimes we hardly wanted you,
Our days together were so rare:
Hill-tops, brook-hollows, and the blue
Castles of windless sunny air;
Camp-fires by certain secret springs,
Green trails that only we could trace—
Love made us misers of these things.
And you, still wandering in space,
Little and lone and undiscerned—
We did not know we needed you.

Strange!—For your bright warm self is burned
Into our hearts, till all that blue
Of morning, and pearl-mist of night,
Wind, water, sun,—those secret ways,—
Mean You; our youth and lovely light,
Our laughter and our length of days!

Fannie Stearns Gifford
—*The Atlantic Monthly*

THOSE WHO LOVE

Those who love the most
Do not talk of their love;
Francesca, Guenevere,
Dierdre, Iseult, Heloise
In the fragrant gardens of heaven
Are silent, or speak, if at all,
Of fragile, inconsequent things.

And a woman I used to know
Who loved one man from her youth,
Against the strength of the fates
Fighting in lonely pride,
Never spoke of this thing,
But hearing his name by chance,
A light would pass over her face.

Sara Teasdale
—*Scribner's Magazine*

THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

Dos Passos

ANDREWS, Chrisfield, Fuselli! Three doughboys,—and when the hurricane of praise and blame has cleared from about their heads, they will stand out as three of the most vivid characters in modern fiction. "Spineless", one reviewer calls them; certainly not heroes, but human, tragic, pitiful, lovable—the clay of youth, relentlessly molded by the progress of war. A more powerful study of young America has never been written. "Three Soldiers" (Doran) is a good story, too, filled with dramatic incident and memorable characters; and in spite of the fact that the picture John Dos Passos draws is one-sided, there is an undercurrent of fine idealism in the book, of understanding and of pity, too. It is not, I think, a book for women. It is thoroughly masculine. If you and I do not share Mr. Dos Passos's attitude toward war and life, still his first novel must be read if we would understand the thing that has happened to the younger generation! It is useless to hold up our hands and say: "We do not like it." We cannot ostrich; for it is here! I should like to know what you think of this book; for putting aside whatever personal qualms we may have about its attitude, I cannot see how we can fail to realize that a new writer of power and worth is among us.

Uncensored Nineties

ET. RAYMOND'S style has the stab and the flair of his imitators combined with a carefully measured judgment and a tolerance that give

his work a permanence which the momentary popularity of anonymity cannot hope to achieve. "Portraits of the Nineties" (Scribner) is a good book on many counts. Yet it was Raymond's persistent estimate of "greatness" that most fascinated me. Of Cecil Rhodes he writes:

But when all is said the man who possessed such a faith and wrote it in characters of such sprawling bigness belongs to that small company of Englishmen who have really earned the often too lightly conceded adjective, "great".

Of Randolph Churchill:

Nobody is more quickly forgotten than a living politician who has ceased to count, and when the end came it was with an almost ridiculous sense of remoteness that the average member of the public read the inevitable homilies on Lord Randolph's strange and sad career. He had written his name in water and bulldozed his house on the sands.

As usual I am bewildered by English titles. That, however, is not the fault of the author. Particularly, I like the portraits of John Morley and Thomas Hardy and the kindly piece on General Booth.

An English Miss Lulu

IN "Ten Hours" (Harcourt) Constance I. Smith, a young English writer, has attempted to crowd the temptations, the emotions, the development of a lifetime, into a period of less than half a day. For the most part, she has succeeded. This short novel, sparsely written, beautifully constructed, is very nearly as tense as Swinnerton's "Nocturne" and as penetrating as Zona Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett". Celia and Gwennie, the one facing a pallid future, the other just

waking to life, form a contrast that Miss Smith has used to create a situation of remarkable tensivity and drama. What an extraordinary play this would make!

Chinese Gongs

*Ah, they were great poets, Golden Bells.
They never sang a poor song, Golden Bells,
that they might wear a fine coat.*

IT is always easy for the somewhat clever to ridicule the beautiful. Donn Byrne's "Messer Marco Polo" (Century) will be denied by some. It has given me one of the most delightful afternoons I have spent in months. The highly colored, romantic story of young Marco's love for delicate Golden Bells, daughter of the great Kubla Khan, as told by an old Scotchman, is as sensitive, as lyrical, as finely imagined as most poetry, nor is there excellent writing alone in this little masterpiece: there is humor, revelation, pathos, and the background of the story shows the result of painstaking research. It is refreshing to come upon a delicate thing like this, it is encouraging to find a note of real feeling for the romantic and the beautiful. Mr. Byrne has the sense of rhythm to a high degree. His adjectives are sonorous and his prose has something of the languorous beat of a Keats sonnet. What a luxurious background he has chosen: the fire and swords of Venice, the gongs and deserts of the Far East, and the canny

mysticism of the Scot! Listen to this:

And so they set forth with their great train of red, snarling camels and little patient donkeys and slender, nervous horses toward the rising sun. Behind them the green hills of Palestine died out as a rainbow dies out, and now there was sand before them and now bleak mountains, and by day the wind was swift and hot and by night it was black and cold. And moons were born and died....

And they passed ruined Babel, that was built of Nimrod, the first king of the world, and now is desolation. They passed it on a waning moon. And out of the ruins the dragons came and hissed at them, and strange, obscene birds flapped their wings in the air and cawed and pecked at them, and over the desert the satyr called unto her mate.

Writers and Readers of Verse

MRS. WILKINSON will not be insulted, I think, if I call her "New Voices" (new and enlarged edition, Macmillan) a primer of verse. It is far more than that, but I know of no book which gives so clearly to the layman an understanding of the worst and the best in poetry. By patient analysis and the selection of poems quoted, she is able to show surprisingly well the difference between the goats and the angels whose pasturage is Parnassus. If everyone who writes had to read this book there would be less of a harvest of unbearable rhymes. For students of poetics it is invaluable. Again, with Mr. Untermeyer's anthologies and Mr. Van Doren's book on the novel, I recommend it heartily for the school and the literary club.

—J. F.

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

POOR OLD MARRIAGE

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ALTHOUGH not one of the first I was certainly one of the most enthusiastic readers of Charles Norris's "Salt"—I sat up until five in the morning to finish it, stung into alertness by the booming repetition of his title phrase at the beginning of each section. In the dawn I wrote him an excited letter of praise. To me it was utterly new. I had never read Zola or Frank Norris or Dreiser—in fact the realism which now walks Fifth Avenue was then hiding dismally in Tenth Street basements. No one of my English professors in college ever suggested to his class that books were being written in America. Poor souls, they were as ignorant as I—possibly more so. But since then Brigadier General Mencken has marshaled the critics in aquiescent column of squads for the campaign against Philistia.

In the glow of this crusade I read "Brass" and suffered a distinct disappointment. Although it is a more difficult form than "Salt" and is just as well, perhaps more gracefully, constructed, the parallel marriages are by no means so deftly handled as the ones in Arnold Bennett's "Whom God Hath Joined". It is a cold book throughout and it left me unmoved. Mr. Norris has an inexhaustible theme and he elaborates on it intelligently and painstakingly—but, it seems to me, without passion and without pain. There is not a line in it that compares with Griffith Adams's broken cry of emotion, "Why, I love you my girl, better than any other God damned person in the world!"

There was a fine delicacy in Frank Norris's work which does not exist in his brother's. Frank Norris had his realistic tricks—in "McTeague" for instance where the pictures are almost invariably given authenticity by an appeal to the sense of smell or of hearing rather than by the commoner form of word painting—but he seldom strengthens his dose from smelling salts to emetics. "Brass" on the contrary becomes at times merely the shocker—the harrowing description of Leila's feet could only be redeemed by a little humor, of which none is forthcoming. Early in the book one finds the following sentence:

He inflated his chest...pounding with shut fists the hard surface of his breast, alternately digging his finger-tips into the firm flesh about the nipples.

Here he has missed his mark entirely. I gather from the context that he has intended to express the tremendous virility of his hero in the early morning. Not questioning the accuracy of the details in themselves it is none the less obvious that he has chosen entirely the *wrong* details. He has given a glimpse not into Philip's virility but into the Bronx zoo.

Save for the pseudo-Shavian discussion on marriage near the end Mr. Norris manages to avoid propaganda and panacea. Some of the scenes are excellent—Philip's first courtship, his reunion with Marjorie after their first separation, his final meeting with her. Marjorie and Philip's mother are the best characters in the book, despite the care wasted on Mrs. Grotenberg. Leila is too much a series of tricks—

she is not in a class with Rissie in "Salt".

Had this novel appeared three years ago it would have seemed more important than it does at present. It is a decent, competent, serious piece of work—but excite me it simply doesn't. A novel interests me on one of two counts: either it is something entirely new and fresh and profoundly felt, as, for instance, "The Red Badge of Courage" or "Salt", or else it is a tour de force by a man of exceptional talent, a Mark Twain or a Tarkington. A great book is both these things—"Brass", I regret to say, is neither.

Brass, A Novel of Marriage. By Charles G. Norris. E. P. Dutton and Co.

TABLOID DRAMA

By Sidney Howard

CERTAINLY there is no criticism so satisfactory to write as that of an anthology of plays. It accords the critic the privilege of revamping the original without any of the cruel labor of proportionate selection. Can it be, he says, that such a gem as "Deirdre's Dug-out" is omitted when "——", not to speak of "——", is included? And the anthologist cringes.

Though I confess to an irrational dislike of the one act play as a form and to a red-blooded prejudice against any little theatre, here is a book and an anthology with which I have no quarrel. It has unquestioned value. The list of fifty authors is catholic in extent and varied in style and affords the usual opportunities for comparisons between techniques. The gathering of so many short plays within the scope of a single volume saves time and room. The plays are followed by

what seems to me an excellent and inclusive bibliography.

Many old friends are here: the erotic bully, von Hofmannsthal, Schnitzler and Maeterlinck making imaginary faces at one another, Wedekind with "The Tenor", a group of familiar Englishmen, the priceless Lady Gregory, Giacosa, Andreyev (little better than he should be), and Chekhov with his masterly miniature, "The Boor". Very few members of the League of Nations suffer from the discrimination of the anthologists and the balance of power is tactfully and overwhelmingly assigned to the dramatists of God's Country.

Two absentees are to be noted. There is no specimen of the sonorous vacuum of Lord Dunsany's art and none of Shaw's admirable one act dissertations has been included. Dunsany is small loss and Shaw, among other one act dramatists, is out of the picture. The volume does admirably, should be a happy hunting ground of little theatre managers and an amateurs' El Dorado.

From the introduction (by Mr. Loving) I cull one phrase, "a younger generation of dramatists, which is achieving its most notable work outside the beaten path of popular recognition, in small dramatic juntos and in the little theatres". This is the description accorded by the book to the American group whose plays it publishes. One wonders. I am inclined to fall back, for the moment, upon Brander Matthews's old distinction between the short story and the story which is merely short. Perhaps that is my quarrel with the one act play, that it has the same limitations as the short story, the situation which begins in the middle, develops no character, and ends too soon with a punch in the last line. Art demands leisure, dra-

matic art no less than any other. Three hours is none too long. Thirty minutes is wretchedly scant. Of all the "notable work" achieved "outside the beaten path of popular recognition" and herein reproduced, one play seems to me to emerge: "Ile" by Eugene O'Neill. I should have liked that better as a "Saturday Evening Post" story than as a one act play. Plays which are short, like Wilde's "Salome" and Shaw's "The Man of Destiny", in which the episode developed takes account of the characters concerned, are very different things from these over-concise trifles and horrors, which seem so easy to write and so little worth the writing.

The introduction closes with a conventional picture of a new theatre, "perfectly equipped, plastic and infinitely adaptable", in which Arthur Hopkins, John Williams, Winthrop Ames, Sam Hume, and George Cram Cook are to be allowed to run riot. The picture has charm and there would be no doubt of the riot.

Fifty Contemporary One-Act Plays. Edited by Frank Shay and Pierre Loving. Stewart and Kidd Co.

ACHIEVING THE BALLOT

By Alice Rohe

IT is inevitable, though illogical, that Inez Haynes Irwin's "The Story of the Woman's Party" should arouse criticism of the very historical quality which the writer has succeeded, conscientiously, in giving the book. There should be no mistake about just what Mrs. Irwin's book stands for. "The Story of the Woman's Party" is exactly what the title implies—a history of the activities of a phase of the suffrage movement in the United

States which brought to a final victory eight years of spectacularly purposeful combativeness for the federal amendment to enfranchise women. To view the work, with its enthusiastic rush of colorful detail and incident, in any other light would be to miss its historical significance.

Mrs. Irwin's story of the strenuous and vital rôle played by the Woman's Party in this enfranchisement is told in a volume of 476 pages, yet the spirit of sympathy in the narration leads one to believe that the chronicler could have written, easily, another volume on a subject so dear to her heart.

It would be difficult to conceive of Mrs. Irwin writing dispassionately upon any subject, and yet before the mass of facts and dates and incidents, a less responsive spirit might have lost the thrill of narration. The novelist's art for accentuating human interest values, the unusual, the spectacular—the eager onrush from statistics to riotous happenings—has given to "The Story of the Woman's Party" an appeal extending far beyond mere believers in "The Cause". Moreover, the novelist's art has made her work not simply the history of events but of living human beings, with one vivid figure dominating the whole.

In Alice Paul, founder of the Woman's Party, the writer has a heroine whose accomplishments and experiences offer all the elements of romance, danger, obstacles overcome, and achievements. In describing the frail-looking young leader, a "Tanagra carved from alabaster", she notes the "coincidence that the woman who bore the greatest single part in the Suffrage fight at the beginning—Susan B. Anthony—and the woman who bore the greatest single part at the end—Alice Paul—were both Quakers". Minor figures crowd about this leader

in the sweeping rush toward the goal, all directed by Alice Paul's "abiding instinct for pageantry and for telling picturesqueness of demonstration".

With no indifferent pen Mrs. Irwin pictures the suffrage procession directed by Alice Paul in Washington, March 3, 1913; the march on the Capitol the following year, the eventful cross-continent automobile trip of Sara Bard Field and Frances Joliffe carrying resolutions passed by the Convention of Women Voters in San Francisco, calling the Sixty-fourth Congress to vote for the Susan B. Anthony amendment; Lucy Burns's flight over Seattle scattering leaflets; the Inez Milholland memorial; the sensational picketing of the White House; the Watchfires of Freedom; the horrors of imprisonment.

Through the detailed political phases of the fight for the Susan B. Anthony amendment to the Constitution, generated by the astute "political mindedness" of Alice Paul, Mrs. Irwin has splashed in glowing purple, gold, and white these visualizations of the meaning of the struggle. The entire book is written as by an intimate participator. But one realizes that beneath the personal and specific phases of the struggle there runs a broader and deeper comprehension of what the whole thing is about. As a keen observer of human life Inez Haynes Irwin has chosen incidents which illustrate the deeper significance of evolutionary changes in social conditions. Although seemingly caught in the surge of enthusiasm she is able to stand off and view the situation with the understanding of one who has studied women in England, France, and Italy, as well as at home, during those revealing years of war when the needs of man called woman

from behind the artificial barriers of her traditional sphere.

And transcending every other quality in the book is the writer's appreciation of youth. As in her works of fiction Mrs. Irwin's understanding of youth is a vital inspiration. To her the story of the Woman's Party is the spirit of youth breathed into the struggle for woman's enfranchisement. She paints the eager fingers of youth snatching the torch of freedom for women from less impulsive hands, plunging on fearlessly and spectacularly toward victory.

In those chapters dealing with the picketing of the White House, the Watchfires of Freedom, the imprisonment of pickets, the spirit of participation burns especially high. This may be partly due to a fact not printed in "The Story of the Woman's Party": it was Inez Haynes Irwin, fresh from the scenes of California's labor agitations, who suggested to Alice Paul picketing the White House as a means of associating President Wilson constantly in the public mind with the demand for woman's enfranchisement.

One reads between the lines that had Mrs. Irwin been in America during those strenuous days, instead of in Europe, she would probably have been with the pickets in jail. Her writing of "The Story of the Woman's Party" is her tribute to the cause.

There is a subtly satirical thread running through the book which may be called the education of President Wilson. And yet Mrs. Irwin points out that the seeming relentless attacks upon the President were the results of Alice Paul's general policy—to hold the party in power responsible.

In the surprising amount of detail the names of individual workers and pickets occur constantly; yet the book is dedicated: "To the in-

spired, devoted, untiring, and self-sacrificing members of the Woman's Party, and in especial to those whose work cannot for lack of space be mentioned here or whose efforts may never even in the future be properly appreciated."

The Story of the Woman's Party. By Inez Haynes Irwin. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

IN PRAISE OF HEROES

By Fillmore Hyde

MR. Clutton-Brock has undertaken in "Essays on Books" to make public the complimentary opinions he holds of a selected dozen of the world's better known authors. He has pushed forward into the most holy alcove of the Hall of Fame, and there chattered confidingly, knowingly, intimately of Shakespeare, William Morris, Dickens, Swinburne, Donne, the Brontës, Dostoevsky, Keats, Butler, Turgenev, and Solovyov. He is always glad, he says, of a "chance to praise great men".

No form of literature is more difficult to compose than the laudatory essay; it requires a skilful hand, a hand which can convey immensity by a filip of the little finger, and it requires a voice which can warble unceasingly and at the proper moment make the air quiver with a shout. Mr. Clutton-Brock, alas! has not these requirements. He lacks the self-restraint that would qualify him to write studies in superlatives; and when he yields to his love of praising, instead of joining in the chorus of his pæan, we turn guiltily and mutely aside, moaning that there is no ordinance that will keep the feet of authors on the ground. "Essays on Books" is a publication that would bring comfort and solace to the rela-

tives of everybody mentioned in it. It is not egotistical, it is not meretricious, it is not insincere; it is not duller or more trite than other books in which observations of the most general and abstract nature upon art and works of art are strung together by a plethora of *but*s and *for*s.

We are aware that a great number of persons approve of those critics who, at will, can assume an astral form, penetrate the auras of dead writers, and inspect their subconscious cogitations. In the following we think Mr. Clutton-Brock says that Dostoevsky was interested in human nature:

His object in his novels is to reveal the soul, not to pass any judgments upon men nor to tell us how they fare in this world; and this object makes his peculiar method. He does not try to show us souls free from their bodies or from circumstance, for to do that would be contrary to his own experience and his own faith. Rather he shows them tormented and mistranslated, even to themselves, but in such a way that we see the reality beyond the torments and the mistranslations. . . . His characters behave intolerably, so that we know we should hate them in real life. But, as we read, we do not hate them, for we recognize ourselves—not indeed in their words and behaviour, but in what they reveal through these. They have an extreme frankness which may be in the Russian character but which is also part of Dostoevsky's method, for the characters of other Russian novelists are not so frank as his. He makes them talk and act so as to reveal themselves, and for no other purpose whatever. Yet they reveal themselves unconsciously, and their frankness, though surprising, is not incredible.

The excerpt is a fair example of Mr. Clutton-Brock's manner of writing. What he says is true: possibly it is too true. When he says of Dickens, "His pity is wiser than common sense"; of Swinburne, "His music was the answer of his spirit to the universe, of a reality in him to a reality outside him"; of Charlotte Brontë, "It was the contrast between her real life and what she desired that made her art": there will be few voices

raised to contradict him. His remarks are for the most part irrefutable. If he were to say that Shakespeare was of all ages, the best we could do would be to reply that Shakespeare was an hundred per cent Elizabethan, and be just as right as he.

There is nothing wrong with Mr. Clutton-Brock's opinions; they are orthodox through and through. In his preface he himself states his belief that his opinions are common. And such being the case he should have delivered them shortly, and not wrapped them in an almost impenetrable swathing of abstract subtilties and intuitions. From an excess of zeal, and from a weird and acrobatic skill in imputing hair-splitting conceptions to dead artists who more than half the time tried only to do well, he has succeeded in surrounding his heroes with an absurd mysteriousness. The book is an example of the high-flying, complicated, intuitive criticism, which, upon analysis, can be resolved into nothing more formidable than a series of tritenesses.

Essays on Books. By A. Clutton-Brock. E. P. Dutton and Co.

FORWARD PASS !

By James Gould

WRITTEN by an army officer who was once one of the game's greatest players, and is now one of its most successful coaches, this book, a combination of the Harvard and West Point schools, is presented in the crisp style of the army drill regulations. In fact, the Field Service Regulations on combat are quoted to illustrate the basic similarity of football and battle, and the analogy is carried on throughout the volume.

Major Daly in his introduction says

it is his intention to write for the coach, the player, and the football public. It is probably only to the first two, however, that his book will carry any great message, since discussion throughout is technical. Although much of the subject matter is generally known, some of the ideas introduced will be of interest to all who follow the game. The suggestion to line men to study at close hand the methods of boxers and wrestlers, is a valuable and perhaps a novel one. When the author says that the objective of coaching is first position play and then team work, he speaks words of wisdom which many coaches would do well to heed. Too many of them reverse the order.

The chapter on kicking is an interesting one; in classing the kicking attack as a great offensive weapon, Major Daly assumes a position with which the majority of students will agree. The breaks of the game, he says, are developed through its skilful use, provided the teams are otherwise evenly matched; and as it is the breaks which usually win at least the final games, his position is fortified. It is interesting, for instance, to one not familiar with football statistics, to note that in Harvard-Yale games and in Army-Navy games, the number of kicks on each side ranges from thirty to fifty.

Chapters on organization, offense and defense, position play, and drill, interspersed with diagrams of standard formations, compose the one hundred and seventy pages of the book, which, with the exception of an occasional repetition, is well written. It is a reliable guide and a sound contribution to the rapidly growing list of books on the great American game.

American Football. By Charles D. Daly. Harper and Bros.

AGAIN THE SOUTH SEAS
WHITE SHADOWS IN MYSTIC ISLES
By Sydney Greenbie

FREDERICK O'BRIEN and I have been playing hide-and-seek with each other for some sixty thousand miles round the Pacific, yet I did not track him down till he came to New York again last spring. Though his range has far outdistanced mine, we had roamed alternately through the South Seas, had both visited almost the identical spots in New Zealand and Australia. He was in Manila when I passed through and I in Japan when he flitted by; and to add to the unconscious game, he is a steady visitor to the Ranch of Good Intentions, Jack London's 1,500 acre studio, where I too have sought and found some of the happiest moments of my life.

Naturally, I feel closely related to O'Brien. Reading his books is to me like going over the grounds of some rich experiences of a happy youth. When I visited the Valley of the Moon I felt that same closeness to some of Jack London's best. Charmian London has written me: "Say, WASN'T it splendid to have 'Mystic Isles' done here? I have just got my copy from Century Company. It almost seems as if I'd written it myself, so familiar am I with its every turn of expression." And so Sanoma has one more moon to add to its refulgence in "Mystic Isles".

Still they say the world is growing smaller. It seems to me the reverse is true. We are constantly discovering new worlds, and none has done so more than Frederick O'Brien. He has given us almost an entire new world and so magnified it, brought it so close to us, that we can look at it as though it were in our very hands. It is hard to believe that it is real. The

truth is always hard to believe. Especially hard is it for us to believe that this new world is better than ours and that ours is not so valuable an antique as it has been cracked up to be. Much scorn is whispered round about in our iron-girded chambers of civilization against the reverence of the Noble Savage. We hate to see ourselves compared with primitive people—they show up so much better. Truth to tell, the noble savage is not all that even O'Brien says he is. He is human. O'Brien makes him almost divine, and what is worse, we are nearly convinced that O'Brien is right. And he is right, for he is a master artist. He even takes a derelict of a Russian philosopher and makes us love and pity him. The things he makes us laugh at and the things he makes us scorn are things never to be forgotten.

Will anyone ever forget the struggles of the Nature Man on the pier at San Francisco to stow himself away on the "Noa-Noa" bound for Tahiti? Or the suicide of Leung Kai Chu, the Chinese man of letters "who had departed from the centuries custom of his pundit caste" only to be "denied the door by these inferior nations of the West"? Will anyone ever forget the fish strike instigated by Kelly the I. W. W., or the "Battle of Limes and Coal and Potatoes" on the pier at Papeete? Have studies in civilization by our best men of letters ever given us a richer, deeper, more exquisite gem than the walk of O'Brien with Fragrance of the Jasmine to the falls of Fautaua? Dante's journey to Paradise is not more disappointing than when Fragrance of the Jasmine suddenly remembers:

"I dine and dance tonight at eight o'clock," she said. "A rohi! We must go! Besides; Maru, it would be too cold without blankets. The mercury here goes to sixty of your thermometer."

But I am afraid that unconsciously, O'Brien has had before him the contrasting of two unlike things. In all his portraits of native women there is the firm, vigorous stroke of the master. Neither Lovaina that ponderous hostess, nor Noanoa Tiare, the princess whose name means Fragrance of the Jasmine, could be handled more gallantly in a land that knows of women only as a sex to be played with. The ascetics will excommunicate O'Brien for dwelling upon sex as much as he does, but before the courts of sacred decency there never was a more wholesome handling of womanhood than that of O'Brien's treatment of Lovaina and Noanoa Tiare. My only objection is that he has not given us as vivid pictures of the men of Tahiti. Not the rifraf that trickles out of civilization because it floats upon its surface, alien to decency, but the true native. O'Brien seems concerned with the great, shocking problem of the relations of white men to native women and the consequent degeneration of woman. He is in earnest. He does not scold, but he scalds. No wonder he has been sued by Lying Bill—but only a South Sea court would ever have granted the suit. In a court where judgment is going to be passed on the underlying condemnation of these ravages of white men—there none would ever win a cent. But I wish that O'Brien had turned his powerful pen a little more upon the native men. Surely there must be men in the tropics who will not have their women debauched. Surely chivalry and decency may be found down there too. Fragrance of the Jasmine seems to feel they can be, as O'Brien tell us:

"Those are our real men, not the Papete dolts," she said.

Perhaps in his third book Frederick O'Brien will tell us something about

them. "Mystic Isles" seems to me a much finer piece of work than even "White Shadows". It does not seem to have been tampered with. If that is the O'Brien way, what may we not expect from the third volume already announced!

White Shadows in the South Seas. By Frederick O'Brien. The Century Co.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

By Hector Mac Quarrie

ON the whole, I am at a loss to decide whether Captain Walter E. Traprock is a damn liar, a funny liar, a full liar, a whimsical liar, a tongue-in-the-cheeked liar, or a passionate devotee of Truth. I think he's an intoxicated devotee of Truth.

As one of the nuts, (I presume Traprock's symbolism of the trees showering nuts upon heads unprotected by the *taa-taa*, points to those of us who have dropped into South Sea literature lately), I bow my head, saying sternly, "Traprock, that night on the verandah of the Tiare Hotel, fresh from your voyage of amazing discovery, you spoke words of Truth; your book is even truer; give me another drink of *hoopa* and I'll say it's the truest piece of South Sea literature ever written. Even will I agree to forget your exciting mixture of bad and good jokes, your funny grammar and reckless punctuation, remembering only the Truth."

After reading "The Cruise of the Kawa" I am more than ever convinced that Truth is a point on a hypothetical circle, upon which in succession appear plain unvarnished lying, romantic fiction, the drama, grand opera, musical comedy, travel books, and Truth again. Making a mighty rush around this circle, plunging his way

through the lot, Traprock, with *hoopa* bowl in hand, collapsed at the feet of Truth. And with Herodotus, Rabelais, Xenophon, Cicero, Shakespeare, Hall Caine (I put them together because H. C. suspects he's a reincarnation of S.), Boswell, Macaulay, Jack London, Mr. Tully (who wrote "The Bird of Paradise") and Freddy O'Brien, I sing the old song, "We're all liars; every one of us are bally liars—". I want to meet Traprock again; that night on the verandah of the Tiare Hotel, he was drunk and unfit; now that fame has come upon him, to meet him would be like greeting the actual cow that gives the actual milk one enjoys so much in New York. There she is, quietly chewing her cud with humorous twist, somewhere in the maze of a million fields, convinced of her splendid isolation; there is old Traprock, somewhere in the maze of the Forties, chewing the leaves of a dozen South Sea books, and offering us *hoopa* if we can only find him.

And yet (here I defy bathos in striking a serious note) it is Truth. It is true that palpable exaggeration sets in the moment the writing disease develops in the mind of the traveler. In a word, it's true that much of the delightful information given in South Sea books from the days of London to our own is little short of sweet sentimental rubbish dished out to convince those who must stay at home that their preconceived ideas about the Southern Isles are not unlike the reality. It is true that a suspicion of this is rising in the public mind; it is happily true that the public is willing to laugh; and it's fortunate that the public has found in Walter E. Traprock so hilarious a leader.

For the rest, "The Cruise of the Kawa" will, I suspect, prove a joy to many; with more careful literary

craftsmanship, with perhaps a little more sustained plot, it might have joined "Alice" and a few others on the bookshelf of classics for grown up children, instead of merely enjoying the brilliant flare of a season, which it undoubtedly will enjoy.

The Cruise of the Kawa. By Walter E. Traprock. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MILITARY STRATEGY

By René E. DeR. Hoyle

Major, United States Army

AS its title indicates, Captain Frothingham's history is intended as a guide for those interested in the World War, its strategy and military problems. The book well justifies its title.

In order to perfect his guide and get authentic data at this early date, the author has studied the official bulletins of the different governments, often brought out under pressure of public opinion, and has had access to important official documents in the War Department. By checking these reports one against another, and by avoiding evasive, distorted, and obscured reports of unofficial nature and those of war correspondents, military critics, and the like, he has given a general perspective of the war, presenting in their proper order the great military events, the strategic situations and grand tactics, with now and then a résumé of data which clearly pictures the situation as it existed at a particular date.

The fact that most military operations were of necessity stopped at the end of each year (when the weather made it impracticable to carry out large operations) is seized upon by the author for summing up events. He describes the military situation at

the beginning of each year in clear, readable, and non-technical terms, thereby enabling the layman to understand the events of that particular year, and preparing him for the events to follow.

Captain Frothingham, in his introduction, admits the impracticability of writing a full and complete history of the war, with the endless accumulation of evidence that this would entail, so short a time after the termination of hostilities. "At the present time a detailed history is out of the question, but it is now possible to write a narrative that is complete, in the sense of giving a reliable synopsis of the strategy and grand tactics of the whole war." In carrying out this program, he has given a framework of events, expressed simply and clearly, which is valuable both to the military man as a ready reference book, and to the interested citizen as a satisfying picture of the war as a whole. The necessity for a book of this nature is felt by all who have attempted to study the great operation of the World War.

To the citizen it supplies a satisfactory narrative. He will not be bored by this history, because technicalities are not indulged in, nor will he be lost in tactical situations or in an endeavor to follow the operations of small units. He will, however, be able to grasp the reason for the strategical moves, and their results. He will feel when he is through that he knows something about our army and navy. And above all, as a voter, he will appreciate the necessity for a General Staff and other complete functioning units, trained in the art of fighting and strategy. This is necessary in order to give our country the protection it must have in the future.

To students, particularly those tak-

ing courses in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps at our universities, it supplies a very satisfactory text. Where from thirty-five to forty hours of recitation periods can be allotted to the World War, the thirty-seven chapters and appendix, containing a table of dates and the maps of all campaigns, permit the assigning of lessons that are excellent. Many universities are using the volume as a text at the present time.

The book opens with a discussion of events leading to the declaration of war, and of the great German General Staff and its military plan. This is followed by short, clear, well-written chapters giving the military events first on the western front, and then on the eastern, each offensive being handled separately and completely. The timely introduction of a chapter now and then describing new military situations at the end of important offensives or years greatly assists in clearing up doubtful points and adds to the historic and narrative value.

The war on the sea is given in two chapters, with a review of the Battle of Jutland in the appendix. The latter, one of most complete and interesting chapters in the book, illuminates many heretofore hazy points concerning the one great action of fleets during the war.

As you read the book you cannot help wondering why aircraft has not been mentioned more frequently. However, in chapter XXII, on the War in the Air, Frothingham states that although it was prophesied that aircraft would be a determining factor in the war, the prophecy was not fulfilled. Changes in the art of war were necessary, camouflage had to be resorted to, but in the end neither side was able to drive the other from the air and get a superiority that influ-

enced the results obtained by the fighting on the ground. It was predicted that "these eyes in the air" would prevent surprise attacks, but the author shows the fallacy of such predictions.

The airplane and the torpedo plane may have a great influence in future wars, but the most ardent advocates of the value of aircraft cannot disprove the truisms in this chapter concerning the results obtained by the use of airplanes, Zeppelins, etc., during the World War.

An admirable arrangement is that

of the topographic and sketch maps in colors, which can be unfolded and kept in view during the reading of the chapters to which they refer. A handy table of dates and a bibliography complete the book.

On the whole this history is most satisfying, being an unbiased, clearly written narrative in which our part in the war is shown without boasting or undue credit. In reading it either military student or layman will find his time well spent.

A Guide to the Military History of the World War, 1914-1918. By Captain Thomas G. Frothingham, U.S.R. Little, Brown and Co.

VERMILION TOWERS

By John Dos Passos

MY desires have gone a-hunting.
They circle through the fields and sniff along the hedges
like hounds that have lost the scent.

Outside, behind the white swirling patterns of coal smoke,
hunched fruit-trees slide by
slowly pirouetting,
and poplars and aspens on tiptoe
peer over each other's shoulders
at the long black rattling train;
colts sniff and fling their heels in air
across the rusty meadows,
and the sun now and then
looks with vague interest through the clouds
at the blonde harvest mottled with poppies,
and the Joseph's cloak of fields, neatly sewn together with hedges,
that hides the grisly skeleton
of the elemental earth.

My mad desires have gone a-hunting.
They circle through the fields and sniff along the hedges
like hounds that have lost the scent.

RECENT FICTION IN BRIEF REVIEW

FOUR hundred and fifty-eight pages! Yet, speaking truly, that is about the only fault there is to be found with it. Maud Diver's new novel, "Far to Seek" (Houghton Mifflin), is a work of extraordinary strength and feeling. Her stage, varying between England and the far-flung Indian colonies, is peopled by characters, powerfully human and satisfyingly authentic. Attention and favor are intrigued, at first, by the author's fine diction; then by the subtle composite of sympathy and irony that go into development of individuals; then by the sweep and range of Maud Diver's narrative powers. Swimming past the three hundred page mark, one yearns inevitably for some condensation on the part of the author: some condensation that would not force the reader through the four hundred *et demi*, in their entirety—for force him, the narrative does! In the skill and intensity of her story, Maud Diver compels and retains unflagging attention.

It takes Lydia, the heroine of E. M. Delafield's new novel "The Heel of Achilles" (Macmillan), nearly a lifetime to learn that real love consists not in personal sacrifice with an eye to grateful recognition, but in the sacrifice, unbearable as it may seem, of allowing loved ones to venture forth to make their own mistakes which bring suffering but at the same time wisdom. The characters, real enough, lack vitality, though the Sealyham terrier and its owner, Lydia's grandfather, are both distinct individualists of considerable personal humor. The book drags somewhat at the end, but

it is competently written and always readable.

At last, a mystery story without padding. If writers of detective stories would study these two tales by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Doran) and thus discover how much "stuff" could be eliminated to advantage, we might begin to get mystery stories that are really mysterious, and detective stories in which the detective gets something done. In "Sight Unseen" a neighborhood club that dabbles in every subject under the sun decides to test the work of a spiritualist. The medium comes to the club meeting and during her trance describes a murder taking place next door. With the fewest possible words Mrs. Rinehart develops this startling discovery into a detective story that holds and thrills the reader. In "Confession" we find all the unexpectedness that characterizes "The Bat". What next? is scarcely thought of before it happens, and the discovery of the murderer is a startling climax. The book has few words but much reading.

Typically western—that description of a novel means but one thing to American readers. Rustlers, duels, armed raids, thrilling rides in the face of danger, gambling, and more shooting all rolled together into a sequence that eventually brings the charming girl from the east into the arms of the maligned but rigidly honest hero. In "Laramie Holds the Range" (Scribner) the hero carries out the title and gets Kate Doubleday in the usual manner. The glaring difference between

this western story and most of the others is Frank H. Spearman's ability to write.

God gave Knut Hamsun brains and a soul. He himself supplied the diligence. From the time he could carry a pail of water he has worked. He believes in it not only for his own sake but for that of others. Four years ago he wrote his epic of work, "Growth of the Soil". Twenty-eight years ago, after having gone through what but few men could stand, he wrote his "Shallow Soil" (Knopf) in which he holds up to everlasting scorn a clique of poets who not only do not work themselves but take a haughty and supercilious view of those who do. Moreover, these literary representatives of the human family publicly pat each other on the back to the end that the mediocre may buy their books and regard them as great lights. All of this takes place in Christiania, but it is not thinkable that Hamsun meant to give merely a local picture. His mind never works locally; he has seen too much of the world. If this story were read generally, and it is a very entertaining one, and taken to heart, it would tend to clear the atmosphere in labor unions and authors' clubs.

In "Orphan Dinah" (Macmillan) Eden Phillpotts has returned to the realistic portrayal of Dartmoor and its humble village folk for which he has long been known, but without the gloomy drabness which usually characterizes this sort of realism and by which many of his earlier novels were permeated. A spirit of kindness and of faith in human nature, in spite of its failings, and a dry sense of humor dominate the mood of this well-written tale of everyday problems and marry-

ings and matchmakings in a very human and very English country community. The interest lies rather in characterization than in event. It centres around Orphan Dinah, the girl who really "says what she means", and faces the facts of life with remarkably daring frankness and consistency, even to the point of following ideas of religion and marriage in conflict with the laws of England, the Church, and her neighbors. This philosophical manner and the casual development of the story make it interesting and entertaining reading for all those who prefer the simplicity of real people to the thrill of the bizarre.

A thrilling tale of the Oregon mountains is "The Strength of the Pines" by Edison Marshall (Little, Brown). The hero is bound hand and foot and left in the place where a grizzly bear killed a calf. The bear, returning to eat the calf, is about to eat the man when the heroine appears and saves her future husband. There are descriptions of the hero's friends the wood birds, "good old roughnecks" as he calls them, and of animals in their native haunts.

The title of "Low Ceilings" by W. Douglas Newton (Appleton) symbolizes stuffy convention, against which Beatrice Harbour rebels by marrying Hugh Bernard who, being a composer of popular songs, is regarded as quite impossible by her parents and brothers. The novel, while of no special importance, is superior to most of the current crop by virtue of grace of style and more convincing characterization. The author is a young Englishman who accompanied the Prince of Wales on his recent visit to this country and acted as official chronicler of the tour.

One is not necessarily a prude who disapproves of the heroine of "Beauty—and Mary Blair" by Ethel M. Kelley (Houghton Mifflin). This worldly-wise young person's gushing, slangy, up-to-the-minute narrative is upsetting, to say the least. From a questionable family background—in which "philandering" parents and a "pro-Soviet" sister figure—Mary emerges as a seeker after some vague good which she designates "beauty". Her quest ends in the discovery that life is merely one rotten thing after another.

Margaret Widdemer's "The Year of Delight" (Harcourt, Brace) is like summer—light and pleasant, suggestive of sun and pretty colors and drinks with much sugar in them. Romance is deftly inserted into the story—in fact a plot is constructed from practically nothing at all, just as you begin to tire of the rather commonplace beginning. After which you enjoy scanning inconsequently for a while the doings of the house party of which Gloria, not Delight, is the pungent essence. Delight is skim-milk beside Gloria, and we should like to see the latter's character developed further. Julian is an unconquerable prig and we care little whether he is sold or not sold by his Edna and wish Delight joy of him after she gets him. It is a relief to turn away from their enforced honeymoon to the thought of what Gloria's will be like.

Three persons confess to the murder of Raymond Hamilton, among them his wife and her lover who are proved innocent but anxious to marry. There is the relief from tenseness by occasional wit at the expense of one "so thin that he could sit on a dime and ye'd still be able to read 'In God We Trust' ". Octavus Roy Cohen has

written in "Six Seconds of Darkness" (Dodd, Mead) another stirring tale.

H. L. Mencken says that the only original contribution to literature made in America is the smutty story; but it is usually accepted that the clean and wholesome story is the most outstanding American product. Of this type is "Quin" by Alice Hegan Rice (Century). It is a pleasant tale in Mrs. Rice's most cheerful manner, a prettily moving picture with lovable characters. Quin is the kind of man who is held up as the model of American manhood in every high school commencement address; nevertheless we like him.

One critic described "The Pilgrim of a Smile" by Norman Davey (Doran) as the most sophisticated book written in late years. Hardly that. But still it is quite sufficiently so, and something more than entertaining reading. Matthew Sumner asks the Sphinx why she smiles, and the answer is a series of episodes illuminating the contradictions, absurdities, and tragedies of *La Comédie Humaine*. Sincerity may not be essential in a book, but one is apt to miss it, and not even considerable cleverness makes up for the lack. However, the sophisticated will doubtless find the contents to their taste.

Those indoor-complexioned folks who hunch over a book and take their adventures vicariously will revel in B. M. Bower's "Cow-Country" (Little, Brown). The hero, Bud Birnie, even in his cradle, was referred to as a "man-child". His exhibitions of masculine virility began with the killing of a rattlesnake at the age of four, and continued in a crescendo of effectiveness to the natural end of a hero's life history in romance—his marriage.

All the ingredients of the successful western story are here: the prairie schooner, the Indians (bad ones), the ranch, the cowboys, the desperate gamblers and cutthroats, the beautiful women as brave and unafraid as the hero—and that is saying something.

"The House by the River" by A. P. Herbert (Knopf) is written with a technical mastery of the narrative art, combined with a gift of vivid character portrayal and a searching psychological insight. There is something about the book that reminds one of the Russian realists; there is the same vein of tragedy, the same severe and uncompromising outlook toward life. The story is that of a crime and its concealment, and of the festering spot in the heart of an honored man. In spite of the tenseness of the central theme, the novel is illumined here and there with a humorous passage, and is embodied in an easy and limpid style that is delightful.

An ingeniously constructed yarn, with the reader led astray by numerous false clues, is "The Crimson Blotter" (McBride) by Isabel Ostrander. It is above the average of the current detective fiction and exciting enough to be read through at a sitting.

"These Young Rebels" (Appleton) is like a dish of pink ice cream: it melts away before you have fairly tasted it. Beginning with a conservative rich uncle and five young Greenwich Villagey nephews and nieces, Frances R. Sterrett might have developed situations and fun, or scenes and passion. But that would have disturbed the amiable flavor of the smoothly trickling-away story. So the uncle is not rigidly conservative; nor are the nephews and nieces quite tri-

umphantly youthful. Pretty faces, kindly emotions, pleasant incidents are sketched in; and when the favorite niece marries the tale drifts off into mutual amicability.

"The Wrong Twin" (Doubleday, Page) is not so good a story from any point of view as Harry Leon Wilson's earlier "Ruggles of Red Gap" or "Bunker Bean". Perhaps we have a prejudice against stories of the converted radical; if so it is a just one, for every radical we have known has been obstinately unconvertible. And we are a little tired, anyway, of that kind of story. Mr. Wilson has great skill, however, if he does not rise to any heights; he tells his tale well, and has a sense of humor.

"A Thing Apart" by Lucy Stone Terrill (Bobbs-Merrill) takes its title from, "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; 'Tis woman's whole existence." But there is little of the Byronic flavor about this story—its men philander, it is true, but seemingly only to appreciate more comprehensively the love of "true" women. "A Thing Apart" is a thoroughly wholesome American love story. This may damn it in the eyes of some—but its heroine wouldn't want to be liked by any who were not palpably and even ostentatiously wholesome. So there you are!

The realist wave has touched shallow waters. Charles Caldwell Dobie, in his "Broken to the Plow" (Harper), an uneven story of love and finance, gives here and there passages of undeniable interest. His washerwoman says "damn" quite competently; nor does his hero count it untoward to offer his cigarette case to a lady. Flashes of life are to be found in parts

of the dialogue, which is at times touched with real vigor and spice. Conceding the above, however, little is left to rejoice over in the volume: the plot is trite, the characters, except for the hero, but half revealed; and the narrative itself limps along with a heavy, leaden step. Were it not for the glimpses of real people saying real things that are caught at rare intervals, one would appraise this as an ultra-mediocre novel.

A corking yarn which makes no pretense of being anything else is "The Man in the Dark" (Dutton). Albert Payson Terhune has succeeded in endowing an action story with real people instead of the all too usual type characters. The story itself is ingenious and holds the attention until the last whistle has blown—and even for a little while after that. It makes excellent reading not only for the T. B. M. but also for the Fagged and Weary Æsthete. Many of us are getting just a wee mite tired of the autobiographical, introspective, neurotic, and erotic novel that seems to be the fashion at present. Undeniably that sort of thing has its place, too. It helps to show us the significance of everyday happenings. But a steady diet of it leads one to the conclusion that if Romance isn't dead, she is at least suffering from anæmia. It is a relief to come upon a book that confines itself to the physical rather than to the mental. And it is certainly most refreshing to find a novel that boasts an honest-to-Gosh hero and heroine for its central figures.

If it's a rainy evening and you don't feel like going out to the movies, yet want just such a diversion, "The Wolf

of Purple Canyon" by Charles Kenmore Ulrich (McCann) will do as a perfect substitute. For it contains all the thrills. There are bandits and revolvers, thrilling rescues following narrow escapes, dangerous characters and ones with real strength. Briefly the plot centres around a man who is regenerated through the love of a girl who has faith in him and who calls him a "man among men". She is quite a human person in spite of her going to the Purple Canyon, for at one time she regrets that she discarded her powder puff before leaving New York.

An American author, boastfully hunting for the psychology of pre-war Russia, plants himself in a conservatory of love affairs cultivated by idling persons of wealth. The heavy scent of this garden is taken to be Russia. There is an occasional suggestion of a surrounding hedge of proletarian dissatisfaction but the mental state of the masses is disregarded. Of course, the American joins the love-making many, but "Red Flowers" (Boni and Liveright) by Francis Haffkine Snow is not a bouquet of wildly amorous adventures. Most of the specimens are pink.

Grace Livingston Hill's "The Tryst" (Lippincott) can be read by all members of the family, as her publishers testify. For while there is plenty of mystery, youth, and beauty, and even a murder and a dying criminal's confession, there is nothing in this volume to stir the pulses of a censor. There is more than a dash of religion in the book but it has a definite note of sincerity. The heroine names a new village Joyville, which almost makes her a rival of the heroine of the Glad books.

FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in September in the public libraries in the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. Galusha the Magnificent	Joseph C. Lincoln	APPLETON
2. Main Street	Sinclair Lewis	HARCOURT
3. Her Father's Daughter	Gene Stratton-Porter	DOUBLEDAY
4. The Brimming Cup	Dorothy Canfield	HARCOURT
5. Alice Adams	Booth Tarkington	DOUBLEDAY
6. The Flaming Forest	James Oliver Curwood	COSMOPOLITAN

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. Main Street	Sinclair Lewis	HARCOURT
2. Alice Adams	Booth Tarkington	DOUBLEDAY
3. The Brimming Cup	Dorothy Canfield	HARCOURT
4. Galusha the Magnificent	Joseph C. Lincoln	APPLETON
5. Her Father's Daughter	Gene Stratton-Porter	DOUBLEDAY
6. The Age of Innocence	Edith Wharton	APPLETON

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Main Street	Sinclair Lewis	HARCOURT
2. The Brimming Cup	Dorothy Canfield	HARCOURT
3. Alice Adams	Booth Tarkington	DOUBLEDAY
4. Her Father's Daughter	Gene Stratton-Porter	DOUBLEDAY
5. Growth of the Soil	Knut Hamsun	KNOFF
6. The Age of Innocence	Edith Wharton	APPLETON

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Main Street	Sinclair Lewis	HARCOURT
2. The Brimming Cup	Dorothy Canfield	HARCOURT
3. Her Father's Daughter	Gene Stratton-Porter	DOUBLEDAY
4. Growth of the Soil	Knut Hamsun	KNOFF
5. The Age of Innocence	Edith Wharton	APPLETON
6. Helen of the Old House	Harold Bell Wright	APPLETON

WESTERN STATES

1. Main Street	Sinclair Lewis	HARCOURT
2. The Brimming Cup	Dorothy Canfield	HARCOURT
3. Moon-Calf	Floyd Dell	KNOFF
4. Growth of the Soil	Knut Hamsun	KNOFF
5. The Age of Innocence	Edith Wharton	APPLETON
6. Alice Adams	Booth Tarkington	DOUBLEDAY

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. Main Street	Sinclair Lewis	HARCOURT
2. The Brimming Cup	Dorothy Canfield	HARCOURT
3. Alice Adams	Booth Tarkington	DOUBLEDAY
4. Galusha the Magnificent	Joseph C. Lincoln	APPLETON
5. Her Father's Daughter	Gene Stratton-Porter	DOUBLEDAY
6. Growth of the Soil	Knut Hamsun	KNOFF

GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Mirrors of Downing Street	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
2. The Mirrors of Washington	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
3. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
4. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
5. Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	<i>Margot Asquith</i>	DORAN
6. Back to Methuselah	<i>Bernard Shaw</i>	BRENTANO

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
2. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
3. The Mirrors of Downing Street	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
4. Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	<i>Margot Asquith</i>	DORAN
5. The Americanization of Edward Bok	<i>Edward Bok</i>	SCRIBNER
6. Mystic Isles of the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

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2. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
3. The Mirrors of Washington	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
4. Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	<i>Margot Asquith</i>	DORAN
5. White Shadows in the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
6. Mystic Isles of the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY

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WESTERN STATES

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6. Mystic Isles of the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY

FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

Danish Poetry of the Last Century

ADAM OEHLenschläGER remarked that he who writes in Danish writes for an audience of a few hundred. And I have no doubt that he remarked it with pride; with an unconscious reservation concerning the advantage of small audiences. For the Danish poet and his readers agree on the excellence of compactness, the self-sufficiency of their brotherhood in the midst of the cosmopolitan and cumbersome "great" nations.

The nationalistic period inaugurated by Oehlenschläger in the early nineteenth century is romantic in character, but it is the "classic" period of Danish letters; the Danish equivalent for "the spacious days". And for this reason: the masters before him had been followers of foreign models; he was pure Dane. The critics dismiss rather deprecatingly his early work composed under the influence of German romanticism; the real Oehlenschläger, conceived not as a dramatist but as a lyric poet, emerges with his great poem "The Golden Horns". Here everything is Danish; the form inspired by the sagas, the matter inspired by the ancient drinking horns that had just been unearthed in Jutland. There follows a series of heroic ballads and local lyrics, the true Danish gesture, sweeping, eloquent, half incomprehensible to the peoples beyond the sacred boundaries.

Oehlenschläger set the tradition for the poets to come. Everything must be Danish. For landscape, beech forests and flat pastoral country bordered by the blue Sound; for epic characters, northern gods and Scandinavian

heroes; for lyric characters, the honest Danish farmer and the wholesome Danish girl; for emotion, the calm earnest devotion of Scandinavian youth for Scandinavian maid; for religion, a mild, liberal Lutheranism. These are the elements that, in various combinations, compose Danish poetry of the last century. The elements of material established, the innovator's path could only lead to experiment with form. As usual, the tendency was toward music. Christian Winther, an admirable lyrist, contributed a suave melody to Danish metre that tempted half the musicians of Denmark to devising music for his more popular verses. His content is mainly divided between conventional Danish landscape and romantic emotion; his poems rely too much on that melodiousness of which he was the first, but not the most subtle master. Holger Drachmann is much better. Both his music and thought are more various. And Drachmann himself was one of those rare figures whose external personality breathes an aroma over their work. He lived on into this century, and his amazingly romantic exterior, his delight in shocking a people which secretly delights in being shocked, seem still to hover near his seductive lyrics, fanciful, devil-may-care, properly melancholy. And his work is not his only monument. There is an old inn in Copenhagen, the Drachmanns Kro, a low-ceiled, heavy-beamed farmhouse, whither the young repair. Amid the innumerable relics of his earthly existence, and the congenial sound of chatter and lute-strumming, he is standing, the bottle-loving, girl-

loving old man, his shiny bald head with the wreath of tufted white hair, his high-bridged, fastidious nose, his cynical mouth, his beard, and the familiar black cloak drawn round his tall frame.

The fate of any set tradition for the content of poetry overtook the Danish tradition. All these elements of Danish national life, the realistic material of Oehlenschläger, became the abstract material of poets at the end of the century. The landscape, the emotions, the characters, gradually became as conventional as Greek mythology. The reaction was twofold: decadence and revival. Decadence was an exotic growth on Danish soil; it bloomed for a short season and was winter-killed immediately thereafter. The revival is of highest importance. It is exemplified in several minor poets, each singing the glory of his own province. Perhaps the nearest parallel in America is the beautiful sincerity of Mr. Frost. The greatest figure of the revival, and indeed, the greatest figure in Danish poetry since Oehlenschläger, is Johannes V. Jensen. He has an intellectual imperialism which, were he not also a great artist, would still be of impressive scope. It is impossible to compare him; he is charting new regions. He is as Danish as Oehlenschläger, but he has expanded "little" Denmark to include the whole world, perhaps the whole universe. His series of books—I cannot call them novels—"The Glacier", "The Ship", and "Christopher Columbus" (the last has just appeared), is a perspective of the wanderings of the white race. Time is non-existent; there is only the timeless wanderlust of the human soul. And Mr. Jensen portrays his native Jutland as the beating heart which has sent the blood of the wandering race coursing through the ut-

termost arteries of the world. Columbus was a Lombard; the Lombards were of the race of Jutland, the blond white race. There is the symbol. We are not dealing now with charming little Denmark, a pastoral archipelago sweetly content with its memories of departed greatness, we are dealing with that Denmark which

created a world out of sorrow,
and out of eternal yearning.

I include Johannes V. Jensen among the poets not only for the poetry of his conception, which, indeed, is also tinged with science, but especially for his scattered lyrics. They are few, but each is the beginning of a new tradition or the revival of an old tradition. He is romantic and realistic, cosmic and scientific. Above all, he is Danish. I have not mentioned the few exceptions who have held their own apart from the nationalistic fold. The most important, perhaps, is Frederik Paludan-Müller. J. P. Jacobsen may be classed as a semi-exception; his treatment of the elements is unique, but not the elements themselves.

The limitations of such an indigenous school are obvious. But for the makers of tradition, such as Oehlenschläger and Johannes V. Jensen, limitations do not exist. And even in those poets whose scope is narrowed we find an admirable enthusiasm, a patriotism which puts to shame our use of the word, and much poetry of high inspiration.

ROBERT HILLYER

Discovering the United States

GEORG BRANDES was recently moved to state that "to write in Danish is almost to write in sand". It was the wail of a man who has written approximately fifty books of about one hundred thousand words each, or

five million words in a language spoken by not quite three million people. When in truth any of the Scandinavians—and the same applies to the Walloons of Belgium, the Dutch, the Serbs, the Finns, or the peoples of any of the small nations—write they are forced to keep their minds on the eventual translator. Without this much-scorned intermediary they cannot possibly hope to win. They have to have a larger audience than their native lands can furnish.

From this drawback American writers have never suffered. For whatever they create there has been a mighty host of potential consumers at home and still another host in England. They have never had to take the foreign language field into consideration. Nor have their exports been considerable. Now however, indubitably as a result in part of the war, the literature of the United States is being sought after by countries from which we were supposed only a short while ago to learn and be borrowers.

A century ago Longfellow was in Copenhagen where he made quite a stir, both there and here, by rummaging around in Danish literature and importing a little of it in his own metric mold. Today "Politiken" of Copenhagen is running Lee Wilson Dodd's "The Book of Susan" with an advance notice stating in so many words that this is the novel which brought an army of new subscribers to "The Saturday Evening Post" and then caused Dutton's to be besieged by a million men with money in their wallets, when they brought out the story in book form. Europe has caught the American spirit. And she wants our literature now more than ever.

Adolphe Brisson, writing recently in "Le Temps", says that "Peg O' My

Heart", or as it is known in Paris, "Peg de mon Cœur", is one of the best American plays that has ever been heard in France. That the author, Hartley Manners, was born in England tends to put the praise "on low", but Mr. Manners holds fast to a New York address, so that the expression *pièce américaine* does not need modification. M. Brisson states quite candidly that the play is "incredibly naïve" and yet is "touching" and "captivating" and so on. He asks this question: "Is its great success in Paris due to the adaptation made by MM. Yves Mirande and Maurice Vaucaire?" What is really back in his mind is the fact that Paris is not in the habit of borrowing from New York and he simply cannot understand how this reversal has come about. But it has been coming for a number of years and may almost be said to have arrived. There was a time when France knew nothing of American literature apart from such as had been left behind over there by members of the diplomatic corps, with particular reference to Franklin, Fenimore Cooper, John Quincy Adams, and Albion W. Tourgée of more recent date. *Nous avons changé tout cela!*

The extent to which this increase in the carrying power of American literature is responsible for the fact that we allowed the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott (August 15th) to pass virtually unnoticed, is not easy to determine. It is to be hoped however, for evident reasons, that it played a large rôle. For the commonest topic in foreign magazines during the months of August and September was the author of the Waverley novels. A newspaper such as "Aftenposten" of Christiania—which is not the greatest Scandinavian daily—devoted a long article

to Scott in which two excellent points were made. The writer referred to the influence Scott had had in Denmark on the writings of B. S. Ingemann (1789-1862) and Carsten Hauch (1790-1872). The former wrote a long series of novels based on Danish history, the obvious but unexploited teaching of which was, "Don't despair!" The latter, who died and is buried in Rome, also wrote historical novels one of the best of which is entitled quite simply "Robert Fulton" (1853). It is worth translation. The other point made by this writer is that though Walter Scott's method of dealing with historical material has long been superseded, he proved that if you wish to have success with historical novels you will do best to confine yourself to your own land and your own people. The remark is neither trite nor self-evident. There is a grateful field for the American novel in the history of this country. If an adequately endowed writer were to spend about twenty years writing a novel based on the life of Thomas Jefferson it would send the translators of the Old World to their pads and dictionaries.

France too celebrated the anniversary of Sir Walter Scott. In so doing, the "Mercure de France" told this story: Long ago, a man stepped up to a newsstand at the Euston station in London and asked for one of Scott's novels. The clerk told him he did not keep them on hand. "What, you do not have the novels of Walter Scott for sale?" "No," replied the clerk, "I do not keep them, for if I did it would be impossible for me to sell anything else." That day has of course gone. The same clerk, or his grandson, is now supplying his clientele with copies of "Main Street". We have been discovered.

In Germany, two of the most popu-

lar writers at the present time are Walt Whitman and Mark Twain. Whitman's diary has just been translated by Hans Reisiger and is being devoured. But this is not strange. Whitman has long been read and admired in Germany. Nor is Mark Twain unknown in the Fatherland. The great firm of Ullstein brought out recently a translation of "Tom Sawyer", by Ulreich Steindorff, of which one critic says: "Place this book in the family and the father will have to be a man of strong will to prevent a quarrel over the question as to who shall have the first chance at it." The same critic compares Mark Twain with Ludwig Thoma whose recent death Germany is now lamenting, and who acquired his first fame as contributing editor of "Simplicissimus". He says: "Compared with the ravishing humor and good nature of Mark Twain, Ludwig Thoma's stories read like flat repetitions." Even Germany is finding out what we really can do.

In Italy, the Minister of Education, a man hardly worthy to unlatch the shoes of his predecessor, Benedetto Croce, in matters intellectual, has asked that a collection be made of all the noteworthy books written by Americans on the six hundredth anniversary of Dante's death. This is a long advance from the days when the most that Italy derived from the United States was such money orders as Italian laborers saw fit to send to the Old Country.

Exactly thirty-three years ago, Knut Hamsun wrote his first book. Entitled "Intellectual Life in America", it was a vitriolic picture of what he then regarded as American sham, conceit, deceit, and general spiritual hollowness and emptiness. Today Hamsun derides his own initial effort. He is not including the work in

his "Collected Writings". He has changed his mind. He has discovered us. And this discovery all along the line should make for better writing in this country.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

French Notes

TWO books by Ambroise Vollard. Two books by Emile Hovelacque. Two books by Albert Thibaudet.

Controversy has been raging about the Post-Impressionist exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. *About* is not the right word. *Apropos of* would be better, as the discussion had little to do with art itself. Some anonymous critics found the pictures immoral. Which provoked a rush to the museum. Disappointment followed. Some others were concerned only with the commercial side of the question, and suggested that Europe was trying to dump on America the productions which no longer fetched high prices over there.

Others incriminated the distorting influence of Post-Impressionism, and all foreign movements in general, on the genuine and unhampered development of young American painters in American schools. Yet a few consider that it was a remarkable exhibition; they have learned a great deal from it (not to find themselves better or worse on the next morning, only a little less ignorant). And this has awakened their interest in the lives of such painters as Renoir, Cézanne, Degas, Redon, Van Gogh, Matisse, etc. Not so long ago, much literature had suddenly multiplied around the personality of Paul Gauguin. Even "Noa Noa" and the Journal were quoted by our well informed. Concerning Renoir and Cézanne, nothing can be more highly recommended than Ambroise Vollard's two recent biographies.¹

Vollard himself has his place in the history of modern painting. A picture-dealer, but first of all a friend and a confidant of artists, a humorous giant whose fund of stories and anecdotes seems inexhaustible, and a keen appraiser of men and of pictures, Vollard is responsible for the "discovery" and recognition of several contemporary painters. His books contain no dogmatic development, no criticism ex cathedra. They are first-class biographies which give us good living portraits of the man Cézanne and of the man Renoir, as they stand facing their work and not thinking much about the "Hall of Fame" or post-mortem high prices. To any technician, to any intelligent amateur, "Cézanne" and the newly published "Renoir" will be good reading. With the rough, taciturn figure of Cézanne at Aix-en-Provence, contrasts the explosive, childish, and genial person of Renoir. And do not miss the story of the latter's dinner with Rodin. There Vollard is at his best.

In a wholly different field, Emile Hovelacque is also the author of two recent volumes, "China" (1920) and "Japan" (1921).² M. Hovelacque, who is a General Inspector of Public Education in France, is known in this country for his "Les Etats-Unis et la Guerre",³ and for possessing the most portentous beard ever sent on a mission from France to America.

In view of the Washington conference on the limitation of armaments (to be precise in our terms as well as limited in our hopes) and on the Far Eastern problems, it may not be untimely to signal these works. They present an epitome of general knowledge on the two countries,—their history, present political situation, and a large development allotted to art and

¹G. Crès, publisher.

²E. Flammarion, publisher.

³Alcan, publisher.

the spiritual manifestations of the Yellow Race.

In an article on these same books,⁴ Félix Bertaux asks for a better study of what might be called "intellectual geography". What he says of a tendency of some French minds since the war to shut themselves up into isolation and thus drift into further misunderstanding of foreign mentalities, is true also of other peoples. Great and progressive nations have shown, since 1919, a marked laziness and non-curiosity concerning the inner life of each other, the deep motives underlying political events and accidents; what we need is not more superficial information but some methodical and intelligent knowledge. "To study the Englishman, the German, the Russian from within", says M. Bertaux, "would be far more useful than to indulge in those inquiries by reporters who hurry between two trains, getting statements which they misinterpret, or describing a country by the number of factories, armories, and bathtubs it possesses."

It is not only a question of piling up data (although that is better than the other excess, that of know-nothingism). A few recent works show a hopeful tendency in actually explaining the spirit of races and nations to each other, and therefore dissipating such distrust and misrepresentation as survive even material and analytical knowledge. Hovelacque's "Chine" and "Japon" are among these works.

More twin books. After "Les Idées de Charles Maurras", here is "La Vie de Maurice Barrès" by Albert Thibaudet, who is one of the best equipped scholars of the generation neither "old" nor "young". There is not much use in criticizing here this criti-

cism and presenting this presentation of Maurras and Barrès, the two great conservative leaders in French contemporary thought and politics. Let us only recommend these books as being most thorough, honest, complete, and yet sanguine and vivid commentaries. Thibaudet has the advantage of not belonging to the party of the men he portrays, and the merit of not hitching himself to an opposite party. Therefore, and because of the unusual qualities of the author, this double contribution to the intellectual history of modern France is a most valuable one.

PIERRE DE LANUX

News from Germany

LEONHARD FRANK'S wonderful book "Der Mensch ist Gut" (Man is Good) is now circulating freely. It was published in Switzerland during the war, a weapon and a banner for all pacifists. Frank's impassioned anti-war tracts in story form are carried along by a living torch of a style and a passionate conviction rooted in a mental, moral, and physical hatred of the loathly thing called war. "Glory" appears in his pages only to be spat upon; the realities of war are there instead—terror and despair and abominable pain in every form. The amazing and frightful procession of war cripples which actually took place during the Revolution is anticipated in unforgettable pages in this book, conceived two years earlier.

The young Viennese author, Karl Hans Strobl, one of the premier novelists here, has written a new novel of great imaginative power. Strobl has a number of books to his name, among them a thrilling "Life-Romance" or romantic biography of that Austrian heir-apparent, Franz Ferdinand, whose murder precipitated the World

⁴La Nouvelle Revue Française, Aug. 1, 1921.
⁵Nouvelle Revue Française, publisher.

War. He is also part editor of a magazine called "The Orchid Garden" which contains nothing but tales of the uncanny, and tremendously bizarre and fantastic pictures. His book "Gespenster in Sumpf" (Ghosts in the Swamp) has for its plot the unearthly adventures of a party of Americans who visit the ruins of Vienna. And what a Vienna! Scarcely a stone left upon another of the public buildings. Giant rats and scavenger dogs fighting with fever-stricken inhabitants in frightful cellar retreats—a Vienna of years hence, haunted by subtler horrors and in the claws of a creeping, inescapable doom. A powerful and enthralling book for strong-nerved readers.

Another amazing new ghost book is A. M. Frey's "Spuk des Alltags" (Ghosts of Everyday) which leads through ordinary front doors and commonplace streets into haunted country. Some of these masterly short stories are equal in magic and hovering horror to Edgar Allan Poe. Frey is another of the young men who contribute to the Munich "Orchid Garden".

Karl Friedrich Nowak, the well-known Austrian war correspondent whose revelations from behind the scenes "Der Weg zur Catastrophe" (The Road to Catastrophe) made a sensation here last year, has just published a very brilliant and exhaustive history of the last phase of the war in one large volume, called "The Collapse of the Central Powers". It is a great feat to have compressed the vast mass of material into so comprehensive, exhaustive, and yet portable a form. Nowak has preserved his customary praiseworthy objectivity.

A number of interesting new plays have appeared—Georg Kaiser has published the second part of "Gas"—symbolic, staccato, strange, impres-

sive, and obscure. An art which might, which should have originated in America. Walter Hasenclever has published "Jenseits" which has already been seen on the stage in the provinces. It is a hysterical, unnatural play, with psychology more theoretical than human. Karl Schönherr, the author of "Faith and Home" and "A People in Need", etc., has deserted his broad-tongued Tyrolese peasants and written a very intense and human drama of the woes of the physician, which he calls "Kampf" (Struggle). Every main character is a physician or a doctor's wife or sweetheart—from the old specialist at the university past every grade of struggling doctor to the half-starved young medical student. The struggles of these real loving and suffering creatures are after all more sympathetic than the nervous woes of the theoretic creations of the expressionistic drama.

German book production statistics for 1920 have just been published and make interesting reading. 32,345 new books were published, as compared with 26,104 in the year 1919. 19,078 were books published for the first time, 8,715 were new editions, and there were 4,552 magazines. The book dealers' trade paper took statistics and discovered that the largest class of books was belles-lettres, including 6,647 works. It is plain that Germany's spiritual renaissance is making great progress—and many of these works of literature appear in beautiful editions. Gustav Kiepenheuer of Potsdam, for instance, publishes a huge white quarto volume twice a year, entitled "Die Dichtung". The paper is a joy to the touch, the printing a pleasure to the eye, the poetry a balm, a tonic, or a wholesome irritant to the mind.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

DOROTHY DANCES

By Louis Untermeyer

THIS is no child that dances. This is flame.
Here fire at last has found its natural frame.

What else is that which burns and flies
From those enkindled eyes . . .
What is that inner blaze
Which plays
About that lighted face . . .
This thing is fire set free—
Fire possesses her, or rather she
Controls its mastery.
With every gesture, every rhythmic stride,
Beat after beat,
It follows, purring at her side,
Or licks the shadows of her flashing feet.
Around her everywhere
It coils its threads of yellow hair;
Through every vein its bright blood creeps,
And its red hands
Caress her as she stands
Or lift her boldly when she leaps.
Then, as the surge
Of radiance grows stronger
These two are two no longer
And they merge
Into a disembodied ecstasy;
Free
To express some half-forgotten hunger,
Some half-forbidden urge.

What mystery
Has been at work until it blent
One child and that fierce element?
Give it no name.
It is enough that flesh has danced with flame.

THE GOSSIP SHOP



Charles Chaplin

Just before he sailed for England and received a wonderful greeting there, that little genius and big person, Charles Chaplin (everyone is beginning to drop the undignified diminutive) gave a farewell dinner in New York. It was an evening to be remembered; and fortunate were the dozen or more who gathered to do him honor. What a list of guests it was! Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, of course; Neysa McMein, more radiant than ever; Frank Crowninshield, who has made the screen star forever popular in society; Georgette Le Blanc, whose English is as quaint as Chaplin's French; Rita Weiman, fresh from Hollywood with \$25,000 in her already plethoric purse; Harrison Rhodes and his sister, both of whom knew Charles when...; Alexander Woolcott, rotund and jolly as ever, with a whole batch of new jests; Sally Farnham, who has just done a head of the President, and now says she will do one of Charles; Ralph Barton, who has gone quite mad over the protagonist in "The Kid"; Edward Knoblock, tired after his hard work on "The Three Musketeers" and looking forward to the voyage back home with his host; and Charles Hanson Towne, who thinks Chaplin the greatest man in the world today, and is about to burst into lyric ecstasy over his genius.

Never were such stunts pulled off in one small room! The waiters could

hardly be induced to go to the kitchen between courses, fearing to lose even one mot, quip, or joke. You never knew when one of the celebrities present was going to take it into his head to do something devilish. To see Madame Le Blanc reclining on a couch, looking for all the world like a rejuvenated Bernhardt, and murmuring, after Eddie Knoblock (as Armand) had asked her, "*Etes-vous Camille?*", "*Non je suis Camille faux!*" — well, one might live a hundred years and never hear anything quite so tragically comic, or comically tragic, as you prefer. It was a superb moment that any artiste might have been proud of.

Then there was the side-splitting Apache dance of Knoblock and Chaplin (himself); the peerless charades of Crownie, the beloved—he was at his best, which is saying a lot; the exhibition cabaret one step by Miss Weiman and Charley Towne; the tightrope stunt of Aleck Woolcott; but beyond all and above all, the rich satire on a French drama by Chaplin and Fairbanks—a marvelous exhibition of pantomime, when, without a bit of scenery, one felt the shades literally being lowered, the door closed, the unseen gas jet turned down, the phantom cigarette lighted, and the imaginary ashes dropped upon the nebulous rug. Enter the furious Douglas who, in perfect French, tells of his dead love, his sense of loss over the faithlessness of his mistress. Then Chaplin's answers in imitation of the same tongue—uttered so beautifully, so pathetically, through the use of such simple words as *demi-tasse*, *garçon*, and *donnez-moi l'addition*—

which latter line one of the waiters took literally as an order, and sped on all-too-willing feet to the cashier's desk. Finally, after a tense scene lasting perhaps four or five minutes, Douglas begins to search the back of the neck of Charles; and the latter cries out in agony, in a voice which only a New York street gamin could approximate, "You're dead right, kiddo. It's a carbuncle!" (Quick curtain.) Only, there wasn't any curtain; but you felt that there was, through the sheer wonder of these two really great actors.

Someone had told Lola Fisher where the party was being held; and she called up Charley Towne when things were at their height. The charming star of "Honors Are Even" lives just around the corner from the restaurant which will go down in history as the place where this gathering was held; and Towne, delighting in surprises, took the whole gang to Miss Fisher's apartment where a second amazing party began to grow. Miss Fisher and Charles Chaplin had never met, though each had of course seen the other on the stage and on the screen. The little actress has just the humor that Chaplin loves; and together they did an imitation of a German grand opera which can never be duplicated—one of those sadly lost half hours—lost, because its spontaneity was its finest quality. But not lost to those who heard it—a rich, rare treat, with improvised makeup and "business" and the indefatigable Knoblock at the piano.

Long life to you, Charles Chaplin! No wonder they cried out to you from England, in the words of Margie, "You *must* come over!"

But, also, you *must* come back. We need you here.

Chicago is remarkably silent this month. Perhaps Ben Hecht is preparing to publish another novel to run a race with the new editions of "Erik Dorn". However, Harold Waldo, as usual, send us an anecdote from the coast. This one concerns the fortunes of John Cowper Powys, the constant lecturer and sometime author, and his brother Llewellyn (which reminds us that Llewellyn Jones of the Chicago "Evening Post" was recently in this town, and we enjoyed his conversation much. He tells us that he is not a highbrow as is commonly supposed. His reason is that he has never had a formal college education. We think that a poor reason. An informal college education is fully as good. Robert Nathan, the author of "Autumn", is of the opinion that no one with the name Llewellyn could possibly have hair that isn't curly. Has any BOOKMAN reader straight hair, and also the name Llewellyn?). Well it seems that—

Lem Parton, newspaper man of San Francisco, took the Powys brothers out in a Ford coupé that he hadn't learned how to drive excessively well. Every time they approached another car, the Powys team exclaimed in chorus, "My word! my word!" In short, Parton's driving made them nervous and they made him nervous and he made them nervous back again. It was a really frightful time. But Parton delivered these two inveterate Elizabethans safely at their hostel; and it suddenly smote him where he keeps his pride that he hadn't made such a bad mess of it after all—had killed no old ladies and broken no children's legs nor ruined any stately traffic cops—so he held out a tentative suggestion of another ride. In the country, he opined, out on the open road, where traffic was less dense, trees green, and air sparkling fresh, motoring was really a delight. "Oh yes, indeed!" responded one of the Powys brothers, "yes, yes—one could even leave the bally machine beside the road and enjoy a walk!" There is a legend down by the Bay to the effect that when John C. and his brother first came to San Francisco, they got off the train miles before it reached town and walked in!

The first night of Somerset

Maugham's "The Circle" was filled with dignity, cheers, and Mrs. Leslie Carter's gowns. It was enough to see John Drew and Ernest Lawford act, however much we may have been oppressed by the overwhelming nearness of the great and the somewhat great. That reminds us that we heard yesterday a discussion between Mr. Drew and Frank Craven of "The First Year", as to which wore the gayer shirts. Mr. Drew claimed that his was his "railroad pattern shirt"; yet he assured us that its stripes were mild in comparison with one which his family had banned but which he still wore on occasion. Until this is proved, however, we must give the palm to Mr. Craven, who once wore a pattern of blue flowers across his bosom in our presence. However, this seems to be a question of fashion rather than taste, and we are woefully lacking in knowledge (our fashion editor is on her vacation, and we haven't time to give John Bishop of "Vanity Fair" a ring, or even Cosmo Hamilton. Alas!). It was worth the trip to "Little Lord Fauntleroy" to see Douglas Fairbanks gallantly smiling as Miss Pickford acknowledged the plaudits of an audience which included—etc. etc. Alice Duer Miller, in a box, still frightened us. We have never been so terrified as when she came into the Gossip Shop recently. A very gentle and splendid person she is; but we became humble before her. Perhaps that's because we think that her "Manslaughter", appearing in the SatEve-Post, is one of the best stories we've read in many moons. It takes a great deal to make us read a serial, too! Not long ago we saw "The Dibbuk" at the Yiddish Art Theatre. It is a series of striking Rembrandtesque pictures. Such staging! Such grouping! We venture to say that there is none so

good on Broadway. A young Jewish friend of ours, seeing us with our parent, remarked, "Good God, what are you doing here?"—and we wondered, too. At "Main Street" there were many editors. Dr. Smythe, of the "Times", Glenn Frank of "The Century", Henry Canby of "The Literary Review". The second act of this dramatized version of the book seemed to us very fine. McKay Morris as Dr. Kennicott will probably be seen doing his stint many moons from now; for it is he who makes the play. Carol Kennicott, in spite of all that Miss Tell can do, still remains an unappealing figure. We attended the performance with a young lady who had not read "Main Street" (the book) and she enjoyed herself. (She is very frank, too.) We forgot to mention that both the publishing Alfreds were there—Harcourt and Knopf—and "Main Street" (the book) is sold in the lobby. So that's that!

Arnold Mulder sends us the following note from Michigan. We suggest that if any of our readers are invalided or curious about their own vocabularies, they make a dictionary trip (either local or express) and let us know the results of the journey.

Is the twentieth century writer equipped with as large a vocabulary as Shakespeare, or has he even as many words as Milton? The former, we were told in English class, used 15,000 words, while the latter had some 8,000 at his command. This, you remember, was always contrasted with the 400 or 500 words with which the average person gets through life.

Myrtle Koon Cherryman, author of "Songs of Sunshine" (1908) and "Rhymes for Rainy Days" (1915), as well as of books of modern fables, took the trouble to find out what the size of her own vocabulary is. To this end she recently took a systematic journey through the New Collegiate Dictionary and checked off every word which she knew how to use. And the amazing total was 81,500, more than twice as many as used by Shakespeare.

The experiment was begun as a kind of

game which soon turned from jest to earnest. Mrs. Cherryman learned a great many curious facts about many of the words she already knew that made them richer. There is the word *sulky* for instance—a one-seated rig—"so called", says *Friend Dictionary*, "because of the fact of its carrying but one person", the implication seeming to be that the young man who feels sulky rides by himself in one of these lonesome things instead of on a regular buggy seat (or flivver A. D. 1921) with his girl beside him. Then there is *truckle* (to be fawning or subservient, to "truckle under to"), so called from the fact of the "truckle-bed" in which the pupil (at English schools presumably) slept and which was shoved under the bed of the master during the daytime! Then there is that droll word *gamp*, meaning an old-fashioned, baggy umbrella, which, the dic. says, is probably so called from the umbrella Sairey Gamp, in "Martin Chuzzlewit", carried.

Mrs. Cherryman's experiment shows that a journey through the dictionary can be made highly exciting.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, whose new book is appearing this fall, is so little like one's idea of a conventional explorer that we rush to say so in the first line. Slight, soft-spoken, keen-minded: he might almost be a poet or a philosopher. The first, in fact, he once was; and his profession before he started daring the far north, so to speak, was that of a professor of anthropology. He told us, among other things, that he is writing a book for boys. We can imagine how delightful that book will be; for we are now reading with great joy his earlier "My Life with the Eskimo", which ought to please boys old and young. Stefansson's achievement in the arctic was one of intelligence as well as endurance. It had apparently always been a fixed idea that it would be an impossibility to live on the free ice floes without provisions—that there was no animal life after solid land had been left behind. Stefansson found, however, and it seems absurd that someone had not thought of it before, that the seal, when the ice is first being formed, rests in a sort of box-place, over which the ice forms. (We hesi-

tate to deal with naturalistic subjects, for to our shame we now hear from that charming lady Mrs. Rinehart, that one "shoots at night" and one "catches tarpon", but one does not "shoot tarpons at night". "Nature faker!" says she to us.—Alas! poor Gossip Shop.) A hole, made by the breath of the seal, pierces the entire ice formation. This is covered by several feet of snow. The only way to find it is by the use of dogs. The dog having scented the animal, the rest is easy. The snow scraped away, the ice chopped—and dinner, breakfast, supper, fuel, clothing, etc. is at hand. This simple fact has made Mr. Stefansson's extraordinarily long expeditions possible. He does not have to "dash". Nor does he travel in discomfort. His diaries, written with a fountain pen, are carefully kept. He writes at night, so he tells us, in perfect comfort. He likes the north. He considers it a good place to live. We were particularly interested in the explorer's statement that his decision not to be a poet sprang from a reading of William Vaughn Moody's "Gloucester Moors". "If a man can write a poem like that", he told us, "why should I write poetry at all?" Of course, our reply naturally would have been, "Well! If you hadn't showed more courage than that in the north, we would think that you weren't particularly brave." However, we'll not quarrel with the fates. Perhaps the world has lost a great poet in gaining a great explorer, or perhaps, dreadful thought, we have simply one bad poet less. However, the fact that Mr. Stefansson writes well, makes his books on the north doubly valuable, and oh, so many times more entertaining.

Four first novels on the fall list have

caused a stir of one sort or another. Here's a "Who's Who" of the guilty authors. Edward Alden Jewell, whose "Charmed Circle" is a story of young life in Paris, is from Grand Rapids, Michigan. An actor, a newspaper man, a traveler, married, and with one child (the publishers do not tell us its sex), he should have a broad knowledge of life. We have never met him; but one literary editor says that he used his picture simply because it was the first author's photograph he had seen in years that was presentable. Does this mean that we may be sued for libel by the Authors' League? Jewell now lives in New York City. John Dos Passos, about whose head blows a veritable tornado aroused by the appearance of "Three Soldiers", is a New York man, son of a prominent lawyer, a Harvard graduate, a member of the Morgan Harjes Ambulance unit at the French front before we entered the war, and later, of our own Army Ambulance. At present he is traveling in the East. His essays on conditions there are appearing in various magazines, among them "The Freeman", and in the New York Sunday "Tribune". Ben Hecht, of the staff of the Chicago "Daily News", is the best conversationalist to whom it has ever been our privilege to listen. We think that "Erik Dorn" is written in a style which reflects this fact. We like it. He has a wife, a family, and a great love for the special reporting which he does so brilliantly. Stephen Benét is already so well known to the Gossip Shop that it seems quite unnecessary to explain him further. We learned yesterday from his brother, however, that the Benét père is now also writing, having retired from the United States army. What a family! "The Beginning of Wisdom", we hear, will be followed by

"Young People's Pride". This novel will soon appear serially in "Harper's Bazar", which is henceforth to run the works of younger novelists.

The September number of "The Bookplate Magazine", London, is a memorial to Claud Lovat Fraser, the young English artist whose recent



death was a great loss to the English theatre. It was his scenery which contributed so much to the success of "The Beggar's Opera" in London. Writing of him, Haldane Macfall says:

Amongst the brilliant young folk who used to take possession of my flat of an evening, the sculptor Gaudier, and Enid Bagnold, who made a mark in verse, and the rest, Lovat was one of the wittiest and brightest and most gifted of them all. Gaudier fell in action at twenty-four or so, and now Lovat has passed away at thirty-one. Yet it seems only yesterday that the big laughing dandy was sitting on the floor making bookplates and caricatures and decorations with a reed pen as unconcernedly and naturally as a bird sings.

His bookplates, mostly made with a reed pen, often enhanced by colour washes, are always marked by that rhythm of line and mass which are the bedrock of all his decorative achievement. There is in all he wrought a sense of fresh air and the picturesque country life of England. Even the slightest of his works is lyrical—there is a song in everything he ut-

tered. Lovat was so glad just to be alive. He was an affectionate, generous fellow and liked everything and everybody; and if there were ever anything in his life which did not make for happiness it was the act of anyone that seemed unfriendly—he would fret about it and wonder if he had himself been to blame. Such a man breeds friends, and every one who knew him loved him—you could not help yourself. And to me this good will to the world breathes from all his lyrical art in whatsoever form expressed....

The bookplate for Sir Herbert Tree was originally designed as the cover for *Thoughts and Afterthoughts*, but Tree decided on an alternative. I suggested that it should become his bookplate. Tree admired it but wanted to know if there were any sinister suggestion in the smallness of the figure reclining under it. "That," said Lovat neatly, "is the old Adam." "I'm afraid," said Tree with a sly glance at me, "the critics would say that there was too much Tree and too little of the old Adam." Lovat was ready: "But if there were too little Tree and too much old Adam you would play to empty houses," said he. Tree laughed hugely: "How well Lovat understands the conceit of the profession!" he chuckled.... Lovat spent many delightful evenings with Tree in "the dome" of His Majesty's Theatre; and was greatly liked by Tree. It was indeed for Tree that he made his first theatre designs; and for Tree's book of collected essays that he made some of his earliest book-decorations with the reed pen akin to his bookplates.

We liked best of the poetry in the August magazines, "Our Time" by David Osborne Hamilton in "Poetry"; "The Land Turtle" by Hans Trausil in "The Measure"; "Oriental Love Song" by Robert J. Roe in "Contemporary Verse"; "To Carl Sandburg" by Amy Lowell in "The Nation"; "Evening" by Sara Teasdale in "The New Republic"; and, most of all, "In Praise of Johnny Appleseed" by Vachel Lindsay in "The Century".

November twentieth is the date before which answers to our literary questions should arrive. It isn't necessary to wait until you answer them all to send your letter. Please state, however, whether or not it was necessary for you to look up the answer. The best three replies will receive a book prize. (Any book in "The Edi-

tor Recommends".) The September questions were apparently the easiest yet; for answers to them piled in like the first snow. Prize-winners are Miss I. Norton of Cleveland, Ohio, Katharine Terrill of Burlington, Iowa, and Eliza Buckner Marquess of New York City (she lives on our street, we note—must be a literary street). No one from New Jersey this month, though Mrs. Kraybill of Asbury Park was close in the race. The second of the September questions was somewhat ambiguous, so we accepted several answers, while number five was answered as follows by many—a quotation which was curiously like Sir Boyle Roche's:

What has posterity done for us
That we, lest they their rights should lose,
Should trust our necks to gripe of noose?
John Trumbull in "McFingal", a burlesque satirising Whig and Tory.

We suspect Mr. Bartlett of having had a hand in the matter.

Here are the new questions sent in by Ada Burke, of Charleston, South Carolina:

1. Who are said to be the originals of the following characters in fiction (name the book and author)?
 - a. Diana of the Crossways.
 - b. Eugène de Rastignac.
 - c. Lady Kitty Ashe.
 - d. Mr. Tonans.
 - e. The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue.
 - f. Glenarvon.
2. Who was "the lady from Philadelphia"?
3. Place the following excellent servants:
 - a. Mark Tapley.
 - b. William, the hotel waiter.
 - c. Dolly, the chambermaid who captured a highwayman.
 - d. Dulloo, the sals.
4. What poet, being under sentence of death, wrote his epitaph in the form of a ballade?
5. Place these boys:
 - a. Six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls!
 - b. Tommy Upmore.
 - c. Prince Mamillius of Sicilia.
 - d. Terence (or Fibsy) McGuire.
6. What artist's (and autobiographer's) father gave him a box on the ears so that he would remember seeing a salamander in the

fire? And what modern French writer, in which book, has borrowed the occurrence?

7. Name three works of fancy in which the plot turns upon a likeness between two of the characters.

The answers to October's questions are:

1. The apples in question were consumed by the clerk at Mr. Wilkins Flasher's while Mr. Weller was affixing his signature to papers in connection with Mrs. Weller's will. ("Pickwick Papers", chapter 55.)

2. The quotation is from "The Wage-Slaves" by Rudyard Kipling.

3. A peculiar librarian is described in chapter 6 of "Main Street".

4. A brief and satirical account of the Peace Conference occurs in H. G. Wells's "The Outline of History".

5. A Spanish officer, recognizing Tweed from Nast's cartoon "Tweed-le-dee and Tilden-dum", arrested him.

6. The words appear in "Pudd'nhead Wilson" (heading of chapter 5).

7. In Stockton's "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine" (chapter 2) the shipwrecked members float to an island where they find all the comforts of home. Being New Englanders, they pay for value received.

The Women's National Book Association wants more members. Its program this year proposes to bring the bookseller and the author together in person, and to have a monograph written for distribution on "what the writer thinks of the bookseller" and "what the bookseller thinks of the author". For the latter subject, Sophie Kerr, who addressed the first meeting of the Association this year, is said to have put in a big offer in advance. We think it an excellent thing to bring booksellers and authors together. We find them (booksellers we mean) as a rule quite as delightful as authors, if not more so; but then, so many of them are, too; that is, are authors. It was with pain, as well as joy, that we heard that Mrs. Hahner's Miss Field, of Chicago fame, has been or is shortly to be married. Then there is that young lady at New York Brentano's, Miss Lawlor, who is so enthusiastic that she sells us two volumes of Pat-

rick Chalmer's poetry, when we have no money whatsoever in the bank and very little in the purse. Have you ever read "Green Days and Blue"—excellent light verse writes P. Chalmers. Oscar Williams is a bookseller as well as a poet, and we must never forget Henry Smith and Matthew Baird, Jr., to say nothing of Mr. La Belle, and our favorite Will Solle. Dozens of others, including Bob Holli-day himself, and surely not the least, Fanny Butcher of Chicago, whom we have never met, and a young lady in Detroit who sat near us at dinner and who has a name we are loath to forget (she may be found at Sheehan's and her name, we think, is Glennishaw). So, more power to the Women's Book Association!

Carl Sandburg told us when we were in Chicago, that the book with the greatest circulation in the United States was a certain mail order catalogue. Perhaps the cook book would quarrel with that statement. At any rate, Mrs. Bertha Oppenheim, who raises pears, apples, and peaches on her modern farm in our native state, writes us the following letter. It almost makes us homesick!

Here in Vermont the mail order catalogues have started on their travels. Our rural mail carrier does not know where to put his feet, so crowded is his old Ford car, or his older Concord buggy, with parcel post packages.

No city dweller can possibly visualize the joys of these thick, dictionary-like books, and what their coming means to a farm community. Full of wondrous illustrations and descriptions of every possible thing of utility, of every imaginable article of luxury, carefully arranged, well described; tabulated with painstaking exactness as to quality, price, weight, and a hundred other things besides.

Long before the books arrive, one hears: "Strange, that catalogue has not gotten here yet." Or, "I wonder where my catalogue is, anyway."

Well, it has come, bigger, fuller, more enticing than ever. Chores are done, supper is over. Young and old gather round and take turns poring over this book of a thousand desires. It

furnishes entertainment day after day, night after night. It evokes long discussions. It matters little whether, after all, one really buys. The joys of city shops, city lights, city luxuries come close, all steeped in the haze of enchanting distance and unattainableness.

Not that we do not order. On the contrary, we buy everything from washing machines to silk handkerchiefs, from rubber boots to Victrola records, from tooth paste to souvenir spoons. I verily believe that there exists nothing tangible on the face of the earth not listed in these marvelous catalogues.

They are a part of our community life, vital and engrossing like the Grange and the Village Improvement Society. They come with the glory of the reddening leaf and the content of harvest time. They bring with them the first touch of Christmas cheer. God bless the mail order catalogues!



Sir Gilbert Parker

We met Sir Gilbert Parker in a hotel which particularly suited him. It was dignified, decorous, carefully appointed—in fact, the sort of hotel that English duchesses no doubt always choose when staying in New York City, where the curtains are of heavy pink velvet, and the light is bad. Far from commercial in appearance; but extremely expensive! Sir Gilbert is an energetic gentleman. He is enthusiastic about the motion pictures. He has now returned to England for a vacation before resuming his activities in Hollywood. Presently a new novel will appear. The plot of it was divulged to us. It is a secret, however. If you must know the secret, you will find it presently in one of the popular magazines, "with a Canadian background". It was a great honor to have the author of "The Right of Way" visit us in the Shop. We are about to have rugs on the floor and curtains. We should have felt so much more comfortable if they had been in place. Sir Gilbert is, indeed,

a very splendid gentleman for an author.

Archibald Marshall, we hear, has at last consented to lecture and is staying over in America a month longer for this purpose.

MOVING FORCES

The Mississippi flows and flows
In mighty volume to the sea;
The trade wind blows, and blows, and blows;
The sun climbs to its apogee;
From Henry Ford, his factory,
A steady stream of cars we're sighting;
The tides move everlastingly,
And H. G. Wells continues writing.

The Amazon's vast current goes
Into the deep; with spendthrift glee
The nation's money Congress throws;
Frank Bacon's "Lightnin'", you'll agree
Will run till nineteen ninety three
Before its vogue shows signs of blighting;
High grows the towering Redwood tree,
And H. G. Wells continues writing.

Vesuvius's crater shows
A stream of lava breaking free;
Niagara roars, and Broadway glows;
Lloyd George perennial seems to be;
The oceans surge from key to key;
Ruth with his bat is ever smiting;
Cyclonic storms go on a spree,
And H. G. Wells continues writing!

Essay

Floods, earthquakes, sandstorms make men
See;
The stars move on, the heavens lighting;
Time rushes toward eternity,
And H. G. Wells continues writing!
Berton Braley

Some people are simply dogged by adventure. Hearing from Christopher Morley that "Tommy", the Dutch sailor boy of McFee's "Casuals of the Sea", was once more in these parts, your Gargling Gossip went down to see him. Tommy is now an American citizen with a wife and baby in Brooklyn; he has been for some time a second mate in the Ward Line. When we saw him he had just signed on in the steam trawler "Ripple" to go on a treasure hunting expedition off the Virginian Capes. We wished we

could have gone along: the "Ripple" breathed the very odor of romance. But Tommy will be back from the treasure hunt (we are sworn to secrecy as to details) by the time this is published. Does anyone know of a job for him ashore? He is twenty-five, strong and amiable and faithful, but he has weak lungs and the doctor says he must leave the sea.

The interest in spiritism—public interest, at least—has waned. Yet there will always be a curiosity as to the phenomena of the occult, particularly when it is authenticated or connected with such names as those of Whistler and Pennell. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's "Whistler Journal" will contain Whistler's own statement of his belief in spirits, an account of the Pennells' endeavor to communicate with Whistler, and of the echoes of Whistler by Dr. L. C. Alexander. Dr. Alexander, it seems, thought that Whistler enabled him to make drawings and write art criticisms after his death. This authoritative story of Whistler's connection with spiritism should be of particular interest, in view of the talk of the "spirit paintings" of Mrs. W. H. Smith, said to have been done by Whistler.

The Vice-President-at-Large of the Alabama Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. J. C. Long, sends us the following note of an O. Henry celebration held recently at Selma, Alabama. The idea for this, she tells us, was sprung from something said in our magazine. So much the better, say we.

The beauty spot of North Carolina, which is conceded by all to be Grove Park Inn, is not alone Asheville's *raison d'être*. O. Henry, the master of short story writers, made his home in Asheville for many years, and his grave in beautiful Riverside cemetery, Asheville, is vis-

ited each day by scores of his admirers from far and near. On September 11th, known as O. Henry Day, the entire city with hundreds of tourists observed O. Henry's natal anniversary in a way most fitting. O. Henry pictures were shown at four of the local motion picture houses. These four pictures which took their titles from O. Henry's stories were "Roads of Destiny", with Pauline Frederick as the star, "The Passing of Black Eagle", "Tele-machus' Friend", and "A Phillistine in Bohemia". The Federated Club women took an active part in the sale of tickets, and a portion of the net proceeds will go toward an O. Henry club house for the women's clubs.

An added feature of the celebration was the address, that evening, at the Majestic motion picture house, by Mrs. Charles M. Platt, chairman of the committee in charge of the O. Henry celebration. Mrs. Platt recalled many personal experiences of the author and his stories, many of which went forth from the O. Henry Studio in the American National Bank building in Asheville. At the close of her address, Mrs. Platt introduced Mrs. William Sydney Porter, O. Henry's widow, who resides near Asheville. As Mrs. Porter graciously acknowledged the storm of applause which greeted her, we felt that the sentiments of a nation had been expressed by Alphonso Smith, O. Henry's biographer and editor, in a telegram which was read at the celebration saying, "O. Henry is helping to make the whole world kin, by revealing to it a common source of sympathy, a common fund of laughter, and a common bond of admiration. In honoring him, Asheville will honor not only the state that gave him birth, but those nobler traits of human nature which found in him both interpreter and exemplar."

We were sorry to miss Lew Sarett, when we were in Chicago. He writes us from the Red Lake Indian Reservation, that our letter to him was three weeks late, "from which", he says, "you may judge the remoteness of this little Indian village that I make my headquarters". He is working on his second book of poems now, to be called, probably, "The Box of God". It is difficult though, he says, to keep at work when you can see jumping trout out the window, and big timber and bushes black with blueberries waiting to be picked. We envy him, as we envy Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant her stay in New Mexico. Ap-

parently a Gossip must spend his days envying those about whom he chatters.

Fred Lockley writes an account from Oregon, of an Oregonian who has migrated to New York City:

Mary Carolyn Davies, author of "The Husband Test", was born at Sprague, Washington, of Welsh and Danish ancestry. "We come by our love of writing naturally," said L. L. Davies, her brother. "My mother was richly endowed with the creative gift and her mother also was a writer. My father was a miner, and for eight years we lived in Casalo, B. C., on Kootenay Lake. Casalo was a unique community, very different from the ordinary American village or small town. While we were there we published a magazine. All of our family wrote for it, as well as other members of the community. It was hand written throughout and the illustrations were also hand work. We produced each week twelve copies, which circulated throughout the entire community until everyone had read them.

"When my sister Mary was fourteen years old and still had braids down her back she was writing clever verse. While she was in high school she wrote a story and sent it to the 'Youth's Companion'. They sent her a check for forty dollars. This decided her to take up a literary career. To secure the money to go to the University of California she taught school for a year in eastern Oregon, near a little settlement called Post. Each day she rode three or four miles to her school on horseback. Riding has always been the one thing, next to writing, which she most loves. She attended the University of California for two years, majoring in English literature. This was in 1911 and 1912. Here she won the Emily Chamberlain Cook prize and the Bohemian Club prize, both awarded for the best verse produced by a student during the year. During her stay at the University she came under the influence of Professor Gayley and of Warren Cheney. They encouraged her to make literature her life work. She also became well acquainted with Jack London and his wife Charmian. Their friendly interest stimulated her greatly, and at their advice she went to New York University. She became a member of the Poetry Society of America, and when she came back to Portland was elected president of the Women's Press Club of Portland.

"In 1918 she published her book of verse entitled 'Drums in Our Street', and in 1919 a one act play entitled 'The Slave with Two Faces'. Her book of child verse, 'A Little Freckled Person', also published in 1919, is going very well. 'Youth Riding', another of her books, is a collection of her more recent verse. 'The Century', 'Harper's', 'The Atlantic', 'The Cosmopolitan', 'The Bookman' and many other high class magazines have published her work."

We hear from Missouri, with a note from Betty Earle—and a poem!

We Missouri editors, writers, and near-writers had our place at the Missouri Centennial Exposition at Sedalia. We were served Governor Hyde with fruit cocktail; Lieutenant-Governor Lloyd with fried chicken and corn-on-cob; J. Breckenridge Ellis with tomato salad and a delightful homespun tune; Mrs. Louise Platt Hauck and Mrs. Ruby Freudenberg properly sliced with honey-heart watermelon; and finally Publicity itself peppy as green mints.

Missouri's a hundred years old now, and dignified in spite of self-made jokes and show-me skepticism. We are proud of her, editors, writers, near-writers alike; and the enclosed verse proves it! Doesn't it?

ONE HUNDRED YEARS

One hundred years—and in the place
Of wilderness, a wheat-held space
With fields full-golden makes the run
Of acres countless in the sun
And rich as sunlight's own vast face.

Such is the state. Her arms embrace
The food of multitudes, her pace
Moves upward among visions span
One hundred years.

Scorn not her patience in the race
For saintliness. While footsteps trace
A path of service nobly done,
Mute on her brow, as on a nun,
Calm golden-rod has wreathed a grace
One hundred years.

Grace King, of New Orleans, whose last book "Creole Families of New Orleans" was sold out in that city before it had time to reach the book store counters, has gone promptly to work on another that promises to have an even greater local appeal. It is a biography of the dramatic life of Madame Girard, a French teacher who lived in New Orleans. Miss King is also at work on a scenario of old New Orleans days, which she has been induced to write for the movies. This is, of course, anticipated with keen interest; for, more than any other southern writer, Miss King knows how to find and utilize in literature the human interest element in the history of her native state.

THE BOOKMAN



December, 1921

THE HUNDREDTH AMENDMENT

Oliver Herford

TAKING YOUR HUSBAND'S NAME IN VAIN

St. John Ervine

WHAT ABOUT MOTION PICTURES?

Sir Gilbert Parker

THE WORST CHRISTMAS STORY

Christopher Morley

THE WHY OF THE BEST SELLER

William Lyon Phelps

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THE BOOKMAN



THE HUNDREDTH AMENDMENT

A Chapter from The Outline of Posterity

By Oliver Herford

AFTER the passage of the Ninety-eighth Amendment making it a misdemeanor to "*manufacture, sell, own, possess, purchase, nurse, dandle or otherwise caress or display that effigy of the infant form commonly known as a Doll*"...the abolition of that feathered symbol of vicarious maternity, the Stork, followed as a matter of course.

The passage of the Anti-Stork Bill or, to be more accurate, the Ninety-ninth Amendment, thanks to the tenacity and tact of President John Quincy Epstein, was the most expeditious piece of legislation put through by the hundred and fifth Congress.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the introduction of lectures on obstetrics into the curriculum of the kindergartens had done much to educate the child vote and that at the time the fate of the Stork was hanging in the balance, that once esteemed Bird of Prurient Evasion was already becoming unpopular and well on its way to join the Dodo.

And now the department of government devoted to the cause of Infant Uplift, having abolished the Mock-Offspring and settled the fate of the Bird of Nativity, cast about for some new Field of Endeavor.

And what more fitting than that they should light upon that hoary old impostor masquerading under the several aliases Santa Claus, Saint Nicholas, Kris Kringle, and Father Christmas?

At once the Propaganda was started.

Press agents were engaged, lecture tours arranged, magazines subsidized.

No matter what it might cost, this "Vulture gnawing at the Palladium of Infant Emancipation" must be destroyed!!

Santa Claus, once, in the memory of living men and women, adored by children and winked at by their parents, was now branded as an impostor, a mountebank, a public nuisance, and a perverter of infant intelligence.

Santa Claus was an outlaw from the Commonwealth of Reason.

It was "thumbs down" for Santa!

It may be well to explain right here (since none of the events chronicled in this History has yet happened) that the movement for the Emancipation and Self-Determination of Infants, which has now taken such great strides, had its initiation in the presidential term of Miles Standish Sovietski when Congress extended the franchise to every child over five years of age who had made any serious contribution to literature or higher mathematics.

It was in the same year that President Sovietski signed the Sixty-fourth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, prohibiting the publication of fairy tales, and Congress suspended the Limitation-of-Search Act in order that private libraries and nurseries might be raided without warning and all copies of the forbidden works summarily seized and destroyed.

Simultaneously with the federal enactment, the states of Washington, Illinois, Nevada, and Oregon, ever in the advance of any great intellectual movement, passed laws prohibiting *"the personification or representation, public or private, in theatre, music hall, club house, lodge, church fair, schoolhouse, or private residence, of any supernatural, fairy, or otherwise mythical person or persons or fraction thereof"*.

The passing of a Constitutional Amendment was now an almost everyday occurrence. Indeed, since the ratification of the Forty-fourth Amendment prohibiting the use of sarsaparilla as a beverage (coffee and tea had been legislated out of existence five years earlier) the enactment of a new Amendment excited little or no comment. Even the Seventy-ninth Amendment forbidding *"the use of caviar, club sandwiches, and button-*

hole bouquets, except for medicinal purposes", received only casual notice in the Metropolitan Dailies.

The twentieth century was rapidly nearing its close and the political apathy that for fifty years had been gradually benumbing the Public morale now threatened to paralyze completely what little still remained of courage and initiative.

Even the latest work of Bernard Shaw, "A Bird's-Eye View of the Infinite", published (with a five volume preface) on Mr. Shaw's hundred and fortieth birthday, aroused so little resentment that his projected visit to the United States had to be abandoned, in spite of the fact that "Bean and Soup o'Bean", written only a week earlier, was acknowledged to have contributed largely to the triumph of the Seventy-ninth Amendment, making Vegetarianism compulsory in the United States.

The Hundredth Amendment passed quickly through the earlier stages of routine and perfunctory debate without any appreciable sign of anything approaching popular protest.

Here and there a guarded expression such as "Poor old Santa! I'm sorry he's got to go!" was voiced, in the privacy of a club, by some elderly gentleman. Nothing more.

Somewhere, behind Somebody, was a Power that directed and guided,—perhaps threatened. Nobody knew who or what or where it was or in what manner it worked, but work it did and to such purpose that, after a scant week of cut and dried speech-making that deceived no one, the Amendment was submitted unanimously by both houses of Congress and the foregone conclusion of ratification was all that remained to make the abolition of Santa Claus an accomplished fact.

Then, inevitably as fish follows soup, followed the ratification.

The Hundredth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, prohibiting Santa Claus, slipped through the ratification process like an oil prospectus in a mail chute. There was only one hitch, Rhode Island, but since Rhode Island had refused to ratify a single one of the last Seventy-nine Amendments, her action was accepted as part of the program and a proof of unanimity.

So Santa Claus was abolished?

Not so fast please!—Who's writing this History anyway?

* * * * *

'Twas the night before Christmas
And in the White House
Not a creature was stirring
Not even a

For the benefit of the clever reader who may have guessed the word left out in the last line of the above quatrain, I will explain that the asterisks are used in obedience to a clause of the Ninety-first Amendment prohibiting, both in speech and print, the use of the word * * * * * which, as the political emblem of the Free People's Party (now happily defunct), came into such contempt that it was made a misdemeanor "*to print, publish, own, sell, purchase, or consult any book, pamphlet, catalogue, circular, or dictionary containing the word * * * * **". It has been estimated that over eighty million dollars' worth of Century and Standard dictionaries were destroyed in the first year of this Amendment's operation. The loss in Nursery Rhymes, children's books, and Natural Histories is beyond computation.

But to return to the White House.

President John Quincy Epstein had retired to his study on the second floor shortly before midnight, taking with him the engrossed copy of the Hundredth Amendment which now only

required his Spencerian signature to expunge the name of Santa Claus forever from the American speech and language as utterly and irrevocably as the forbidden word * * * * *.

The hours passed in a perfectly orderly manner, like school children at a fire drill—*one, two, three, four*—without pushing or jostling—*five, six, seven, eight*—(don't you think history is much more interesting in the form of a simple "Outline" like this than spun out in the common manner?)—*nine, ten*—! At eleven o'clock the door of the President's study was burst open by the order of the Vice President, Rebecca Crabtree, now, by a sudden and mysterious stroke of Fate, herself become the President of the United States.

For John Quincy Epstein was dead.

How or just when he died will never be known. Always a cold, forbidding (not to say prohibiting) man, his body when found was still cold—if anything colder; his watch which should have marked the exact moment of his demise, was ticking merrily, so the exact moment will forever remain unrecorded.

But Santa Claus still lives and will live forever!

On the massive gold-inlaid-with-ivory desk (a Christmas gift from the United Department Stores of America), lay a paper, inscribed, and signed in the President's handwriting, and sealed with his official seal.

It was the presidential veto of the Hundredth Amendment; and by virtue of a clause in Amendment Thirty-three "*no Constitutional Amendment vetoed by the President shall ever be resubmitted to the country nor any fraction thereof*—"

Santa Claus will live forever! Hur-ray for Santa Claus!



NEW YORK AND THE ENGLISH VISITOR

By Henry B. Curry

With Sketches by Frances Delahanty

IF the report is true that Sir James Barrie, most popular of living writers these days in the English-speaking world, will soon reinforce the procession of oversea authors who have been visiting "the States", he cannot expect to duplicate the bizarre and memorable welcome enjoyed by Charles Dickens four score years ago.

European statesmen have been hinting that America is still too isolated, not to say colonial, in its foreign policy. With far more vigor and far less courtesy certain of our own literary folk, led by Sinclair Lewis, Floyd Dell, and Zona Gale, have emphasized this diplomatic criticism with a sudden domestic rebellion against the micropolitanism of our social life. But the vastly widened vision of American culture within the memory of men still living gains a curious testimonial

through the difference between our national appraisal of the literary lion in 1842 and in 1921. Never again will the Yankee world be stricken with a "Dickens epidemic"; never again will a New York editor trumpet the arrival of an author with the big-type exclamation, "God grant we may not all go crazy with joy!"

Ibáñez, Maeterlinck, Chesterton, Squire, Wells—none of these writing tourists can, of course, compare in popularity, either abroad or at home, with the Boz who was related to the people through all of Mr. Lincoln's prepositions. Yet there was a spontaneous, pastoral, and strident simplicity in this country's reception of Dickens that still appears, when one revives the record, much more remote than its actual date. Tom Moore, at an earlier period, had won a hospital-

ity infinitely less strenuous. Even the revered Lafayette, a co-savior of the nation with immortal George, acquired fewer tributes, it is said, of American popularity than did the merry spinner of the *Pickwick* tales.

Despite his alien medium, his exotic field, Maurice Maeterlinck, among the recent pilgrims, has come closest to the trail of hysteric hospitality trodden, with some reluctance, by the English novelist. Barrie, no doubt, would come closer. But the approach of either successor to the Dickens progress would still be estimated in terms of Einstein relativity.

The New York tributes to Maeterlinck might even have been modeled upon those devised to gratify Boz. Each of the two writers, furthermore, began his visit by apparently seeking seclusion. Upon arriving at the Carlton House on the afternoon of Saturday, February 12, 1842, Dickens made known that, until after "the grand ball" of which he was to be the central figure at the Park Theatre two days later, he would deny himself to callers. Maeterlinck essayed a similar sequestration upon his recent arrival at the apartments of his host, A. A. Anderson, in the Bryant Park Building. The novelist was socially introduced, the day after his arrival, through a dinner at a private house, being entertained by Cadwallader Colden. Promptly, too, the poet became the guest of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., at her home in Fifty-fifth Street. The day succeeding each dinner came the special pageant to delight the visitor—Dickens going to "the great Boz ball" and Maeterlinck to "the Blue Bird ball". At each affair amateurs socially prominent gave tableaux from the author's works. For the "world's première" of the "*Oiseau Bleu*" no corresponding exemplar could have

been conceived by way of compliment to a writer of prose fiction: the English-speaking stage then lacked both Hopper and "Mr. *Pickwick*". But a virtual equivalent in point of honor was the exceptional dinner for Boz at the City Hotel—a feast presided over by Washington Irving. At this dinner, moreover, the Englishman addressed the public in a long and graceful speech; which might be thought to have its place upon the visitor's program akin to M. Maeterlinck's address at Carnegie Hall; for Dickens had not come to lecture.

Those numerous differences, however, that marked the visit of Dickens have more interest for present-day observers than the various similarities. In journalism, for example, two famous Gotham editors—Horace Greeley of the "*Tribune*" and James Gordon Bennett, Sr., of the "*Herald*"—disclose their personal rivalry, their contrasting policies, and their virtual agreement, nevertheless, to combat the adulation with which American read-



ers and certain American papers were surfeiting "the country's guest".

There had been some crude suggestions of publicity—unintentional, no doubt. The "*Tribune*" had been running instalments of "*Barnaby Rudge*". Local publishers had announced "a spirited and faithful portrait of Boz"

as well as new editions of "Rudge" and "Pickwick Papers". "The Boz Waltzes" were brought out soon after the great ball. Vague allusions to the author's visit had been made until, at last, on Monday, January 28, the "Tribune", in the course of a column of foreign news that reached Boston per the steamship "Britannia" the previous Saturday, announces that "Charles Dickens, the distinguished author of 'The Pickwick Papers', 'Master Humphrey's Clock', etc., with his wife, are likewise among the passengers". They had been eighteen days in transit.

Three days later Mr. Greeley observes: "Charles Dickens, our country's well-beloved visitor, will give us a call here in The Commercial Emporium, if he is not beslavered and lionized into loathing us. We hope to get a look at him, but begin to despair of it if he is to be disgusted with such liquorice doses as the following in

Monday's Boston "Transcript"; and Horace adds the "Transcript's" paragraph regarding Boz as "one of the most frank, noble-hearted gentlemen we have ever met with—perfectly free from all haughtiness and apparent self-importance....His lady, too, is most beautiful and accomplished and appears worthy to be the partner and companion of her distinguished husband." The "Transcript" some days afterward is quoted to record that when Dickens entered a Boston theatre, "the whole audience rose *en masse* and gave him three cheers". Next Greeley reprints the author's speech at a Hub dinner, on which occasion "O. W. Holmes"—doubtless "The Autocrat"—"was one of those that sang a capital song".

Monday, February 14, the "Tribune" makes known that

Charles Dickens, with his lady, reached our city on Saturday in the steamboat from New Haven, and was allowed, with very little annoyance, to proceed to his room at the Carlton House. A very miscellaneous, but not large, assemblage had collected on the wharf [at the foot of Beekman or Fulton Street] where he landed; but they were content to gratify their curiosity in silence. We believe he was permitted to spend the evening and the Sabbath undisturbed—to go out and in unannoyed by a spy standing ready to note down his words and caricature his actions. If the facts were otherwise, he will at least do our country the justice to satisfy himself that his tormentors were not Americans.

(A slap presumably at Bennett's Scotch origin and his rather sensational methods.)

Quite otherwise had been the "Herald's" outburst of the previous Friday:

Today the chronicler of the sad and simple "annals of the poor" may, by possibility, reach this Babel of the New World. [Population something more than 300,000.] He certainly will tomorrow, in time to eat his mutton hot at the Carlton—in which case we hope that the fast-anchored Isle of Manhattan may not be "frighted from its propriety".

Boz! Boz! Boz! Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! is all that we hear and see in this city at the



present time. "Where is Boz?" "When will he come?" "When will he go?" "How does his lady look?" "Is she young?" "Is she pretty?" "How does she dress?" "How does she wear her hair?" "Are you going to the great Boz ball?" "Can you, for the love of Heaven and \$25 to boot, get me a ticket for that awfully interesting occasion?"

Tickets for the ball are selling at \$50 to \$100, and at least \$2,000 will be spent on the

streets".... "He was busily engaged in writing until 8 yesterday, when he and his lady dressed for dinner, ordered a hack, came quietly down stairs about 5 o'clock, and were drawn to Cadwallader Colden's, where they dined and spent the evening with a



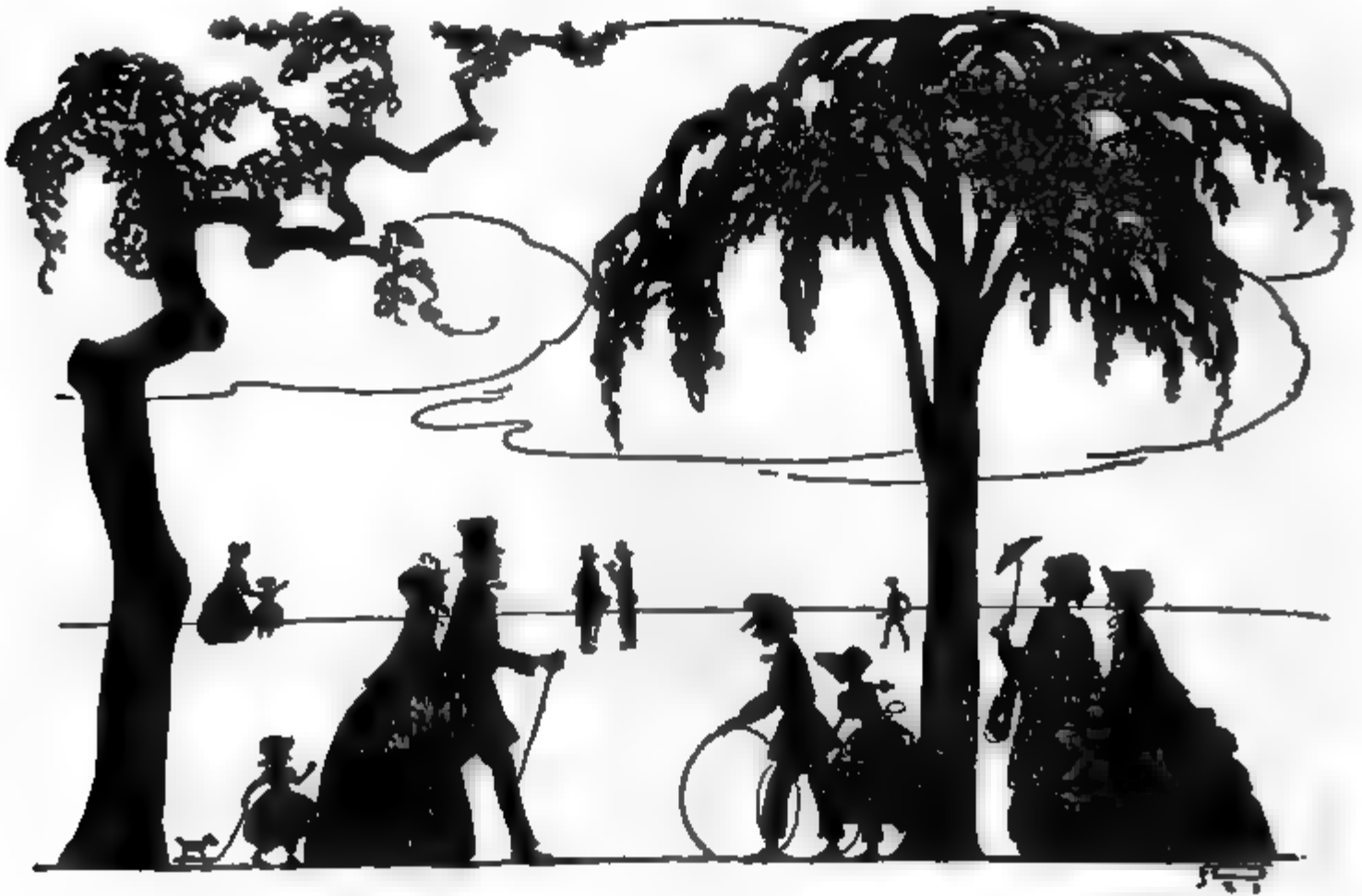
decorations alone. [The regular price of the tickets, just as of those for "the Blue Bird ball", was five dollars each.]

Four columns of fine print in the "Herald" are devoted on Monday, the fourteenth, to details of the wondrous ball to be enjoyed that night. The reader learns, besides, that Boz "and his amiable lady occupied their snug little parlor yesterday up three pairs of stairs at the Carlton till near dark". In taking "apartments" here, Bennett had told, "on the North side of the great Broadway ridge, he has damned forever the Astor, the City and the Waverly hotels. He has had set aside for him and his excellent lady a *parlor, drawing room* and two bed rooms looking on Broadway and Leonard

'werry' recherche party." This David Cadwallader Colden, a descendant of the famous physician, lived at 28 Laight street, between Varick and Hudson streets.

If the "Herald" gossiped frothily half in earnest and half in jest, the "Tribune" showed a self-restraint that no American newspaper would dare indulge today upon a like occasion. Asserting all the privileges of "personal journalism", Mr. Greeley merely stated, when the extraordinary ball had come and gone:

The Boz ball last night was probably the most splendid affair of the kind ever witnessed in this city. We have neither room nor time for any details of the arrangements this morning. It must be sufficient to say generally that



everything went off in the finest style, and the party had not thought of breaking up when we went to press.

But Mr. Bennett did full justice to his "advance notices"; such as:

The Dickens fever is rising to its culminating point.... The Dickens fever is getting to be outrageous. Yesterday every ticket for the ball was sold, and a premium of \$15 to \$20 was freely offered. All the fashionables are preparing—the Motts, the Hones, the Joneses, the Livingstons, the Cheesmans and 10,000 others. In dress alone the preparations will cost probably \$30,000—everything done for cash. The spring trade was never so flourishing in Broadway. Never was there such a time in New York.

The Park Theatre, as mentioned, was the scene of what the New York "Post", then as now conservative, was willing to accept as "the most magnificent fete ever given in this city". Second playhouse on the same site, the Park allured society to 18-20 John Street, near Nassau. The theatre burned in 1849.

A committee of "leading citizens" had decided that "the inside of the theatre should be made to represent a

magnificent saloon hung with chandeliers"; that, in addition to the "tableaux vivants" to be placed on a special stage in the back of the auditorium, "the stage part should be highly embellished with designs from the works of Boz"; that "the audience part should be ornamented with festoons of flowers, garlands, draperies, etc."; that, moreover, "the committee should appear in full ball dress and wear distinctive rosettes". But "all fancy dresses" were to be "rigidly excluded". Indeed, so "recherche" was this function that the decorations alone were to cost \$2,500.

Evincing no little enterprise, the "Herald" chronicled this thaumaturgic festival in two editions the next day; and with "the special Boz edition" you obtained a supplement, on fine paper, that carried twenty engravings of all the tableaux, of the theatre interior, and of Dickens as he had just appeared in Boston. At Worcester, and

presumably at the Hub, he was seen as "a middle-sized person in a brown frock coat, a red figured vest, somewhat of the flash order, and a fancy scarf-cravat that concealed the collar and was fastened to the bosom in rather voluptuous folds by a double pin and chain". But at the New York ball, said the "Post", "he was dressed in a suit of black with a gay vest; and Mrs. Dickens in a white, figured Irish *tabinet* trimmed with mazarine blue flowers; a wreath of the same color around her head, and with pearl necklace and earrings. Her hair was curled in long ringlets." Three thousand guests were present, \$6,000 was "taken in", and "the festivities passed off with much good feeling".

A "second edition" of the ball was given two days later. But although it was "attended by 300 highly respectable and well-dressed gentlemen and ladies" it proved disappointing because Boz himself was indisposed and absent.

At the City Hotel, on the west side of Broadway between Thames and Liberty Streets—which had been the most famous hostelry in town before the Astor House was opened in 1836—the "superb dinner" of February 19 assembled, said the "Tribune", "some 700 or 800 of the citizens of New York, embracing much of the Intellect,

Social Eminence, Literary Character and Worth of our city....The chair was taken by Washington Irving, assisted by [United States District] Judge [Samuel R.] Betts, Messrs. John Duer, Philip Hone, Gulian C. Verplanck, John A. King, James D. P. Ogden, as vice presidents." Who were the authors present, aside from Irving, one does not learn. In view, however, of the vast material wealth and huge population that confronted M. Maeterlinck, it is suggestive to reflect that this dinner to Dickens might readily have included such sterling writers as Emerson, Poe, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Bryant, Whittier, and Prescott—to give an offhand list. And yet the creator of "The Blue Bird" could have met Amy Lowell and the Broadway dramatists. The menu must have been Gargantuan, for even up at Hartford Mr. Dickens had enjoyed "a truly excellent dinner" of more than four score dishes, including thirty-seven entrées.

Returning to New York in early June, the novelist "and lady" sailed for home in "the fine packet ship George Washington". Because, the "Herald" explained, "Mrs. Dickens, having made her calculation, found this hasty departure necessary, as she is determined there shall be no Yankee born in her family."

THE WHY OF THE BEST SELLER

By William Lyon Phelps

THERE is no formula to fit the best seller. The Bible and Shakespeare are best sellers, and among authors of our time, such kindred souls as Henry Adams and Harold Bell Wright are emphatically in this class, though Wright somewhat more emphatically than Adams. The novel, "Main Street", which included among its targets people who buy best sellers, is itself a best seller. The inhabitants of Main Street would seem to have a counter-weight in a balancing number of those who laugh at them. Thus, at all events, the country is safe. Complacency finds its complement in ridicule.

I admire both "Main Street" and its author; I rejoice in his success; but the cyclonic popularity of the book—if foreseen—might conceivably have tempered its zeal. To prove that people need it as much as they apparently want it, it should circulate only among the élite and be either vaguely irritating or downright incomprehensible to the general. Instead of being caviar, it is shredded wheat. The other alternative is that there are two million five hundred thousand élite readers in America, allowing conservatively five readers to every copy, and remembering that the sale has considerably increased since I began to write this article. Now to believe that there are millions of the élite in America is to believe that this is indeed God's country; such a belief would put the believer forever on Main Street. The publishers do not regret the popularity

of the book; and I hope Mr. Lewis has no qualms. He now has leisure to write even a better one, which he is certainly capable of doing.

Although Emerson's squirrel did not envy the mountain, that was because he was Emerson's squirrel, not a real one. Nearly everything small would like to be big. Many of the German dramatists who scorn Sudermann have unsuccessfully tried to copy his methods—so I read in the work of a German critic. There is no doubt that Henry James would have rejoiced in an enormous public, though in his art he followed the Rehoboam method. The small colleges have their distinct and inimitable merits; of which most of them are quietly and justly proud; but a few of them advertise the benefits of smallness so energetically that if it always paid to advertise, they would lose the quality advertised, as Professor Briggs has said in his own way.

Almost every great poet, dramatist, and novelist has been famous and popular in his own lifetime. Exceptions are only apparent; either the author has died young or his best work has appeared posthumously. Let no sour author trust in posterity. Posterity is far more cruel than the contemporary public; contemporaries abuse, but posterity forgets. When an author is really great, posterity ratifies contemporary opinion. Unfortunately, however, the fact that greatness is popular does not mean that popularity is a true indication of greatness. Where

a once popular author is gone but not forgotten, I mean, when he is damned by posterity, there were dissenters while he was yet alive. Remember the exalted position of Southey and remember what Byron said of him.

Leaving out the rare appearances of genius, there is always I think a discernible reason why a poem, novel, or play is popular. When somebody frowns and says, "I cannot understand why Harold Bell Wright should sell by the million," he is simply saying that he does not understand human nature. Although many individuals are cruel and selfish, the average person can be easily touched by an imaginary hero or villain—David was instantly stirred by the story of the ewe lamb, yet perhaps at that moment Bathsheba was in the room with her knitting. No critic believes that "Lightnin'" is as good a play as "Riders to the Sea", but "Lightnin'", which I am sorry to say bored me, is exactly the kind of thing that we call sure fire. It hit the centre of the bull's eye, and, as in most plays and stories, the impelling force was a luscious mixture of sweetness and melodrama. It was what people call "wholesome", which depends perhaps somewhat on the stomach. The vogue of "Lightnin'" is more interesting than the play; I mean we can learn more from it.

The two novelists whose books enjoy the biggest sales in America are Gene Stratton-Porter and Harold Bell Wright. In part they owe their circulation to the invincible sentimentality in the human breast. America has no monopoly of this emotion. These two authors are surely not inferior to the beknighted Hall Caine, Marie Corelli, and the late Mrs. Barclay in England, to the late Georges Ohnet in France, to a hundred sloppy novelists in Ger-

many. Every human heart has a percentage of slush. Why should we be surprised at the vogue of Harold Bell Wright when we remember the Dempsey-Carpentier fight? What must Tex Rickard really think of the intelligence of the public? Nothing like this had been seen since the days of Barnum—the expectation of millions whipped to just the right froth, so that whether the fighters were in condition or not, the public was precisely ripe for picking. It was a shame not to take the money. And how fortunate that Dempsey won, as I fervently hoped he would! If he had lost, the world would have wallowed in a trough of sentimentality. In France, the home of art and intelligence, in Paris, the home of intellectual cynicism and mockery, Carpentier would have eclipsed not only Marshal Foch, but all the poets and dramatists. He might have had any decoration. His wife and child would have come to America; it is terrifying to think of the sentimental gush that would have been slobbered on this excellent family. Carpentier is undoubtedly a good fellow and an attractive personality, and I understand that Dempsey is not popular. But for one thing we should all be grateful to Jack Dempsey—he saved us from ourselves.

I am informed on good authority that one of our motion picture actresses—not *the* one—receives weekly five hundred sentimental letters from American men. The private irregularities of a millionaire apparently interest more newspaper readers than disarmament or the League of Nations. Therefore let no one wonder at the vogue of Harold Bell Wright, and let no one waste any ammunition on it. His books are certainly better reading than the sensations just mentioned. Any one of his novels costs

less than a ticket to a musical comedy, and gives more in return.

A word of encouragement to public librarians. Along with ministers of the gospel and teachers in the grade schools, public librarians form the finest class of people in America, because they do the most good. Their opportunities for helpfulness come every day, and most of them are eager to take advantage of the chance. Now their bugbear is Harold Bell Wright. Every time a boy or a girl asks for Harold, they vainly try to give him something else. And their souls are filled with distress when the child walks off with Harold under his arm.

I believe it is better that the infant, whether in or out of his teens, should read Harold Bell Wright than not read at all. And surely his elders, who inhale sentimentality in other forms, cannot justly cast a stone. Wright knows how to tell a story adapted to an elementary grade of intelligence; the reader discovers that books are a permanent source of happiness; with them at any moment he may change his environment and his companions, and live in a world of excitement. After a time, he will in many instances proceed to better and more subtle books, and find happiness of a finer kind. He is in the garden of printed pages; let him not forget that the one who led him through the gates was Harold Bell Wright. My pity goes out to the boy or girl who is not brought up with books; who grows up without any insurance against life.

Personally, I have had enough of Harold Bell Wright. I have read every word of two of his books—"When a Man's a Man", and "Helen of the Old House". This "Helen of the Old House" has the ingredients nicely mixed. It is filled with dripping sen-

timent. There is not a single real character, no one who resembles a complex human being. Each person is put there to support the thesis—which is, that the only way out of labor troubles is for employer and employé to work harmoniously together. An employé who strikes without good reason is every whit as bad as a German imperialist, says Harold Bell Wright; and an employer who is only a profiteer is bad in just the same way. Granted. Let us then organize against both offenders—against the corrupt capitalist and against Bolshevism. Here Harold is undoubtedly Wright.

Whatever may be this book's offenses against literary art—and I saw enough without looking for them—it is really a sermon preached on the labor question. And as his solution is correct, true statements being usually unoriginal, it is possible that many of his readers will profit by his discourse, skilfully adapted as it is to their comprehension. I believe his motive is excellent; he wishes to use his prodigious popularity to help his country and humanity. He knows well enough that the shortest cut to the ordinary intelligence is by the sentimental route, and like a spellbinder, his muzzle velocity is very high. The difficulty is that if the world could be saved by sentimental melodrama, we should have been saved long ago. Nearly all sentimental melodramas are on the side of virtue; as were the novels of Oliver Optic and Horatio Alger, Jr.

I have no particular desire to join the army of those who satirize virtue. As between virtue and vice, even in this ridiculous world, virtue actually seems to me less absurd than vice.

The case of Gene Stratton-Porter is not quite so easy as that of her running mate. The publishers tell us that

¹Published by D. Appleton and Co.

nine million copies of her books have been sold. With five readers to each copy, this means a circulation of forty-five million. She is a public institution, like Yellowstone Park, and I should not think she would care any more than a mountain for adverse criticism. She does, though. Wise men know that more than half the things that appear in print are not true, and yet many have such a superstitious reverence for type that an attack or a misrepresentation fills them with real agony. Even those whose position seems immovable—Pope, Tennyson, Henry James—suffered torture when they read an adverse criticism printed in an ephemeral paper, and written by a nobody. One of Yale's greatest presidents, in the eighteenth century, saw an unfavorable criticism of his book in an English journal, and he immediately fainted away.

Gene Stratton-Porter lives in a swamp, arrays herself in man's clothes, and sallies forth in all weathers to study the secrets of nature. I believe she knows every bug, bird, and beast in the woods. I believe she recognizes every sound in a forest, and can tell you what caused it. She is primarily a naturalist, one of the foremost in America, and has published a number of books on flora and fauna, illustrated with photographs of her own taking. These books—which are closest to her heart—have only a moderate sale. Thus she hit upon the plan of writing sentimental novels, in which her observation of nature is brought to the attention of America. I have no doubt that she has led millions of boys and girls into the study of natural objects; that she has accomplished in this way much permanent good.

She is as full of energy as Roosevelt, and as hearty an American. She

could have retired on a fortune long ago, but she will never retire until the day of her death, which I hope may be long distant. She is eaten up with ambition, and with the joy of life; few have more fun in their daily existence than she. I have no doubt that if the public could see some of the letters which she receives by the cartload, they would share her belief that she has not lived in vain.

I have read three of her novels—"A Girl of the Limberlost", "A Daughter of the Land", and the one just published, "Her Father's Daughter". The first of these, with all its nature lore, was rather too sentimental for me, and the third impossible; but I defy any unprejudiced person to read "A Daughter of the Land" to the end, without enthusiasm for the story. The style is so crude that one must determine not to be stopped by it; one must not quit. Apart from the lack of stylistic art, one will find an admirable story, with a real plot and real characters; nothing is shirked or softened in the course of the novel, and the heroine is a girl that holds one's attention, not merely by what happens to her, but by what she is. There is a certain grandeur in the conception of the tale, like a great architectural idea disguised by bad drawing. Furthermore, just now, when everybody thinks everybody else ought to be a farmer, this epic of the farm has a particular importance. Here was a girl who really loved the country; loved living on a farm; loved all kinds of agricultural work; loved to make and see things grow. And, as presented in the novel, this love is understandable and intelligible. There are not many such girls. But it would be well if there were more.

*Published by Doubleday, Page and Co.

Living all her life in daily contact with nature, there is an elemental force in Gene Stratton-Porter which partly accounts for the hitting power of her novels. But in her latest story, "Her Father's Daughter", her passion for the California mountains and deserts has made her neglect not only the graces of style but the reality of her supposedly human beings. Linda, the high school wonder, is an impossible person; and the contrast between her, as a child of nature, and her supposititious sister, Eileen, stands out too grossly. By far the best things in this book are the cooking receipts and the intimate facts about the desert. Here the reader feels like a child in the author's hands.

In addition to the literary shortcomings of this novel, it is sadly marred by anti-Japanese propaganda. Somebody in California has been stuffing our novelist, who is more gullible in international politics than in the

study of nature. The villain of the story is a Japanese, who, enraged at losing his place at the head of his class in the high school, attempts to murder the boy who outpaced him, and is himself done to death by Katherine O'Donovan, the Strong Cook, otherwise the best character in the novel.

Despite my disappointment in "Her Father's Daughter", I shall read Gene Stratton-Porter's next novel. If she is not a literary artist, she is anyhow a wonderful woman. No one lives closer to nature than she; and her undoubted vigor comes partly from this contact.

But if one wishes to see the difference between girls that are made to fit a purpose, and a real girl—the difference between puppets and humanity—let one, after reading "Helen of the Old House", and "Her Father's Daughter", study with attention Booth Tarkington's "Alice Adams".

NIGHT OF THE TACIT-ABSOLVING

By Willard Wattles

BEE and blossom to cling to,
Bird and dim tree,
Crag for the roe-buck to spring to,
Rivers that run to the sea.

Strength of the mountain upbearing
Cloud on its crest,
Seal of your kiss I am wearing
Here on my breast.

Night of the tacit-absolving
Girdle of day,
Chalice of double-dissolving—
Love, have thy way.

THE WORST CHRISTMAS STORY

Another Adventure in the Career of Dove Dulcet

By Christopher Morley

WE had been down to an East Side settlement house on Christmas afternoon. I had watched my friend Dove Dulcet, in moth-riddled scarlet and cotton wool trimmings, play Santa Claus for several hundred adoring urchins and their parents. He has done this for many years, but I had never before seen him insist on the amiable eccentricity of returning uptown still wearing the regalia of the genial saint. But Dove is always unusual, and I thought—as did the others who saw him, in the subway and elsewhere—it was a rather kindly and innocent concession to the hilarity of the day.

When we had got back to his snug apartment he beamed at me through his snowy fringes of false whisker, and began rummaging in the tall leather boots of his costume. From each one he drew a bottle of chianti.

"From a grateful parent on Mulberry Street," he said. "My favorite bootlegger lives down that way, and I've been playing Santa to his innumerable children for a number of years. The garb attributed—quite inaccurately, I expect—to Saint Nicholas of Bari, has its uses. Even the keenest revenue agent would hardly think of holding up poor old Santa."

He threw off his trappings, piled some logs on the fire, and we sat down for our quiet annual celebration. Dove and I have got into the habit of spending Christmas together. We are

both old bachelors, with no close family ties, and we greatly enjoy the occasion. It isn't wholly selfish, either, for we usually manage to spice our fun with a little unexpected charity in some of the less fortunate quarters of the town.

As my friend uncorked the wicker-bound bottles I noticed a great pile of Christmas mail on his table.

"Dove, you odd fish," I said. "Why don't you open your letters? I should have thought that part of the fun of Christmas is hurrying to look through the greetings from friends. Or do you leave them to the last, to give them greater savor?"

He glanced at the heap, with a curious expression on his face.

"The Christmas cards?" he said. "I postpone them as long as I possibly can. It's part of my penance."

"What on earth do you mean?"

He filled two glasses, passed one to me, and sat down beside the cheerful blaze.

"Here's luck, old man!" he said. "Merry Christmas!"

I drank with him, but something evasive in his manner impelled me to repeat my question.

"What a ferret you are, Ben!" he said. "Yes, I put off looking at the Christmas cards as long as I dare. I suppose I'll have to tell you. It's one of the few skeletons in my anatomy of melancholy that you haven't exhumed. It's a queer kind of Christmas story."

He reached over to the table, took up a number of the envelopes, and studied their handwritings. He tore them open one after another, and read the enclosed cards.

"As I expected," he said. "Look here, it's no use your trying to make copy out of this yarn. No editor would look at it. It runs counter to all the good old Christmas traditions."

"My dear Dove," I said, "if you've got a Christmas story that's 'different', you've got something that editors will pay double for."

"Judge for yourself," he said. From the cards in his lap he chose four and gave them to me. "Begin by reading those."

Completely mystified, I did so.

The first showed a blue bird perched on a spray of holly. The verse read:

*Our greeting is "Merry Christmas!"
None better could we find,
And tho' you are now out of sight,
You're ever in our mind.*

The second card said, below a snow scene of mid-Victorian characters alighting from a stage coach at the hospitable door of a country mansion:

*Should you or your folk ever call at our door
You'll be welcome, we promise you,—nobody
more;
We wish you the best of the Joy and Cheer
That can come with Christmas and last through
the year!*

The third, with a bright picture of three stout old gentlemen in scarlet waistcoats, tippling before an open fire:

*Jolly old Yule, Oh the jolly old Yule
Blesses rich man and poor man and wise man
and fool—
Be merry, old friend, in this bright winter
weather,
And you'll Yule and I'll Yule, we'll all Yule
together!*

The fourth—an extremely ornate vellum leaflet, gilded with Oriental designs and magi on camels—ran thus:

*I pray the prayer the Easterners do:
May the Peace of Allah abide with you—*

*Through days of labor and nights of rest
May the love of Allah make you blest.*

"Well," I said, "of course I wouldn't call them great poetry, but the sentiments are generous enough. Surely it's the spirit in which they're sent that counts. It doesn't seem like you to make fun—"

Dulcet leaned forward. "Make fun?" he said. "Heavens, I'm not making fun of them. The ghastly thing is, I wrote those myself."

There was nothing to say, so I held my peace.

"You didn't know, I trust, that at one time I was regarded as the snappiest writer of greeting sentiments (so the trade calls them) in the business? That was long ago, but the sentiments themselves, and innumerable imitations of them, go merrily on. You see, out of the first ten cards that I picked up, four are my own composition. Can you imagine the horror of receiving, every Christmas, every New Year, every Easter, every birthday, every Hallowe'en, every Thanksgiving, cards most of which were written by yourself? And when I think of the honest affection with which those cards were chosen for me by my unsuspecting friends, and contrast their loving simplicity with—"

He broke off, and refilled the glasses.

"I told you," he said, "that this was the worst Christmas story in the world! But I must try to tell it a little better, at any rate. Well, it has some of the traditional ingredients.

"You remember the winter of the Great Panic—1906, wasn't it? I had a job in an office downtown, and was laid off. I applied everywhere for work,—nothing doing. I had been writing a little on the side, verses and skits for the newspapers, but I couldn't make enough that way to live

on. I had an attic in an old lodging house on Gay Street. (The Village was still genuine then, no hokum about it.) I used to reflect on the irony of that name, Gay Street, when I was walking about trying not to see the restaurants, they made me feel so hungry. I still get a queer feeling in the pit of my stomach when I pass by Gonfarone's—there was a fine thick savor of spaghetti and lentil soup that used to float out from the basement as I went along Eighth Street.

"There was a girl in it too, of course. You'll smile when I tell you who she was. Peggy Cassell, who does the magazine covers. Yes, she's prosperous enough now—so are we all. But those were the days!

"It's the old bachelors who are the real sentimentalists, hey? But by Jove, how I adored that girl! She was fresh from upstate somewhere, studying at the League, and doing small illustrating jobs to make ends approach. I was as green and tender as she. I was only twenty-five, you know. To go up to what Peggy called her studio—which was only a bleak bedroom she shared with another girl—and smoke cigarettes and see her wearing a smock and watch her dab away at a thing she intended to be a 'portrait' of me, was my idea of high tide on the seacoast of Bohemia. Peggy would brew cocoa in a chafing dish and then the other girl would tactfully think of some errand, and we'd sit, timidly and uncomfortably, with our arms around each other, and talk about getting married some day, and prove by Cupid's grand old logarithms that two can live cheaper than one. I used to recite to her that ripping old song 'My Peggy is a young thing, And I'm not very auld', and it would knock us both cold.

"The worst of it was, poor Peggy

was almost as hard up as I was. In fact, we were both so hard up that I'm amazed we didn't get married, which is what people usually do when they have absolutely no prospects. But with all her sweet sentiment Peggy had a streak of sound caution. And as a matter of fact, I think she was better off than I was, because she did get a small allowance from home. Anyway, I was nearly desperate, tearing my heart out over the thought of this brave little creature facing the world for the sake of her art, and so on. She complained of the cold, and I remember taking her my steamer rug off my own bed, telling her I was too warm. After that I used to shingle myself over with newspapers when I went to bed. It was bitter on Gay Street that winter.

"But I said this was a Christmas story. So it is. It began like this. About Hallowe'en I had a little poem in 'Life'—nothing of any account, but a great event to me, my first appearance in Big Time journalism. Well, one day I got a letter from a publisher in Chicago asking permission to reprint it on a card. He said also that my verses had just the right touch which was needed in such things, and that I could probably do some 'holiday greetings' for him. He would be glad to see some Christmas 'sentiments', he said, and would pay one dollar each for any he could use.

"You can imagine that it didn't take me long to begin tearing off 'sentiments', though I stipulated, as a last concession to my honor, that my name should not be used. There was no time to lose: it was now along in November, and these things—to be sold to the public for Christmas a year later—must be submitted as soon as possible so that they could be illus-

trated and ready for the salesmen to take on the road in January.

"Picture then, the young author of genial 'greeting cards', sitting ironically in the chilliest attic on Gay Street—a dim and draughty little elbow of the city—and attempting to ignite his wits with praise of the glowing hearth and the brandied pudding. The room was heated only by a small gas stove, one burner of which had been scientifically sealed by the landlady; an apparatus, moreover, in which asphyxia was the partner of warmth. When that sickly sweetish gust became too overpotent, see the author throw up the window and retire to bed, meditating under a mountain of news-print further applause of wintry joy and fellowship. I remember one sentiment—very likely it is among the pile on the table here: it is a great favorite—which went:

*May blazing log and steaming bowl
And wreaths of mistletoe and holly
Remind you of a kindred soul
Whose love for you is warm and jolly!*

"My, how cold it was the night I wrote that."

Dove paused, prodded the logs to a brighter flame, and leaned closer to the chimney as though feeling a reminiscent chill.

"Well, as Christmas itself drew nearer, I became more and more agitated. I had sent in dozens of these compositions; each batch was duly acknowledged, and highly praised. The publisher was pleased to say that I had a remarkable aptitude for 'greetings'; my Christmas line, particularly, he applauded as being full of the robust and hearty spirit of the old-fashioned Yule. My Easter touch, he felt, was a little thin and tepid by comparison. So I redoubled my metrical cheer. I piled the logs higher and higher upon my imaginary

hearth; I bore in cups of steaming wassail; blizzards drummed at my baronial window panes; stage coaches were halted by drifts axle-deep; but within the circle of my mid-Victorian halloo, all was mirth: beauty crowded beneath the pale mistletoe; candles threw a tawny shine; the goose was carved and the port wine sparkled. And all the while, if you please, it was December of the panic winter; no check had yet arrived from the delighted publisher; I had laid aside other projects to pursue this golden phantom; I ate once a day, and sometimes kept warm by writing my mellow outbursts of gladness in the steam-heated lobbies of hotels.

"I had said nothing to Peggy about this professional assumption of Christmas heartiness. For one thing, I had talked to her so much, and with such youthful ardor, of my literary ambitions and ideals, that I feared her ridicule; for another, my most eager hope was to surprise her with an opulent Christmas present. She, poor dear, was growing a trifle threadbare too: she had spoken, now and then, of some sort of fur neckpiece she had seen in shop windows; this, no less, was my secret ambition. And so, as the streets grew brighter with the approach of the Day, and still the publisher delayed his remittance, I wrote him a masterly letter. It was couched in the form of a Christmas greeting from me to him; it acknowledged the validity of his contention that he had postponed a settlement because I was still submitting more and more masterpieces and he planned to settle *en bloc*; but it pointed out the supreme and tragic irony of my having to pass a Christmas in starvation and misery because I had spent so much time dispersing altruistic and factitious good will.

"As I waited anxiously for a reply, I was further disquieted by distressing behavior on Peggy's part. She had been rather strange with me for some time, which I attributed partly to my own shabby appearance and wretched preoccupation with my gruesome task. She had rallied me—some time before—on my mysterious mien, and I may have been clumsy in my retorts. Who can always know just the right accent with which to chaff a woman? At any rate, she had—with some suddenly assumed excuse of propriety—forbidden me the hospitality of her bedroom-studio; even my portrait (which we had so blithely imagined as a national triumph in future years when we both stood at the crest of our arts) had been discontinued. We wandered the streets together, quarrelsome and unhappy; we could agree about nothing. In spite of this, I nourished my hopeful secret, still believing that when my check came, and enabled me to mark the Day of Days with the coveted fur, all would be happier than ever.

"It was two days before Christmas, and you may elaborate the picture with all the traditional tints of Dickens pathos. It was cold and snowy and I was hungry, worried, and forlorn. I was walking along Eighth Street wondering whether I could borrow enough money to telegraph to Chicago. Just by the Brevoort I met Peggy, and to my chagrin and despair she was wearing a beautiful new fur neckpiece—a tippet, I think they used to call them in those days. She looked a different girl: her face was pink, her small chin nestled adorably into the fur collar, her eyes were bright and merry. Well, I was only human, and I guess I must have shown my wretched disappointment. Of course she hadn't known that I hoped to surprise her in

just that way, and when I blurted out something to that effect, she spoke tartly.

"'You!' she cried. 'How could *you* buy me anything like that? I suppose you'd like me to tramp around in the snow all winter and catch my death of cold.'

"In spite of all the Christmas homilies I had written about good will and charity and what not, I lost my temper.

"'Ah,' I said bitterly, 'I see it all now! I wasn't prosperous enough, so you've found someone else who can afford to buy furs for you. That's why you've kept me away from the studio, eh? You've got some other chap on the string.'

"I can still see her little flushed face, rosy with wind and snow, looking ridiculously stricken as she stood on that wintry corner. She began to say something, but I was hot with the absurd rage of youth. All my weeks of degradation on Gay Street suddenly boiled up in my mind. I was grotesquely melodramatic and absurd.

"'A rich lover!' I sneered. 'Go ahead and take him! I'll stick to poverty and my ideals. You can have the furs and fleshpots!'

"Well, you never know how a woman will take things. To my utter amazement, instead of flaming up with anger, she burst into tears. But I was too proud and troubled to comfort her.

"'Yes, you're right,' she sobbed. 'I had such fine dreams, but I couldn't stick it out. I'm not worthy of your ideals. I guess I've sold myself.' She turned and ran away down the slippery street, leaving me flabbergasted.

"I walked around and around Washington Square, not knowing what to do. She had as good as admitted that she had thrown me over for some

richer man. And yet I didn't feel like giving her up without a struggle. Perhaps it all sounds silly now, but it was terribly real then."

"At last I went back to Gay Street. On the hall table was a letter from the publisher, with a check for fifty dollars. He had accepted fifty of the hundred or so pieces I had sent, and said if I would consider going to Chicago he would give me a position on his staff as Assistant Greeting Editor. He added a remark that stuck in my head. 'Get into a good sound business,' he wrote. 'There will never be a panic in the Greeting line.'

"When I read that letter I was too elated to worry about anything. I would be able to fix things with Peggy somehow. I would say to her, in a melting voice, 'My Peggy is a young thing', and she would tumble. She must love me still, or she wouldn't have cried. I rushed round to her lodging house, and went right upstairs without giving her a chance to deny me. I knocked, and when she came to the door she looked frightened and ill. She tried to stop me, but I burst in and waved the letter in front of her.

"'Look at this, Peggy darling!' I shouted. 'We're going to be rich and infamous. I didn't tell you what I was doing, because I was afraid you'd be ashamed of me, after all my talk about high ideals. But anything is better than starving and freezing on Gay Street, or doing without the furs that pretty girls need.'

"She read the letter, and looked up at me with the queerest face.

"'Now no more nonsense about the other man,' I said. 'I'll buy you a fur for Christmas that'll put his among camphor balls. Who is he, anyway?'

"She surprised me again, for this time she began to laugh.

"'It's the same one,' she said. 'I mean, the same publisher—your friend in Chicago. Oh Dove, I've been doing drawings for Christmas cards, and I think they must be yours.'

"It was true. Her poor little cold studio was littered with sketches for Christmas drawings—blazing fires and ruddy Georgian squires with tankards of hissing ale and girls in sprigged muslin being coy under the mistletoe. And when she showed me the type-written verses the publisher had sent her to illustrate, they were mine, sure enough. She had had her check a day sooner than I, and had rushed off to buy herself the fur her heart yearned for.

"'I was so ashamed of doing the work,' she said—with her head on my waistcoat—'that I didn't dare tell you.'"

Dove sighed, and leaned back in his chair. A drizzle of rain and sleet tinkled on the window pane, but the fire was a core of rosy light.

"Not much of a Christmas story, eh?" he said. "Do you wonder, now, that I hesitate to look again at the cards I wrote and Peggy illustrated?"

"But what happened?" I asked. "It seems a nice enough story as far as you've gone."

"Peggy was a naughty little hypocrite," he said. "I found out that she wasn't really ashamed of illustrating my 'greetings', at all. She thought they were lovely. She honestly did. And presently she told me she simply couldn't marry a man who would capitalize Christmas. She said it was too sacred."

CHINESE LYRICS
BY TU MU
TRANSLATED BY WITTER BYNNER
AND
KIANG KANG XU

*I CLIMB TO LOOK-OUT CEMETERY¹
BEFORE LEAVING FOR WU-HSING²*

*I could serve in a good reign, but not
now.*

*The lone cloud rather, the Buddhist
peace...*

*Once more—and then off beyond river
and sea—*

*I climb to the Tomb of Emperor
Chao.³*

BY THE PURPLE CLIFF⁴

*On a part of a spear undecayed in the
sand*

*I burnish the sign of an ancient king-
dom...*

*Spring, if the wind had not aided Chou
Yü,*

*Would have fastened both Ch'iao girls
in Copper-Bird Palace.*

NOTE: Explanatory notes to these poems will be found
in the Contributors' Column.

紫崖一水小皇亭

皇亭小水一崖紫

*A MOORING ON THE CH'IN-HUAI
RIVER¹*

*Mist veils the cold stream and moon-
light the sand
As I moor in the shadow of a river-
tavern,
Where girls, unminding a perished
kingdom,
Echo the Song of the Courtyard
Flowers.²*

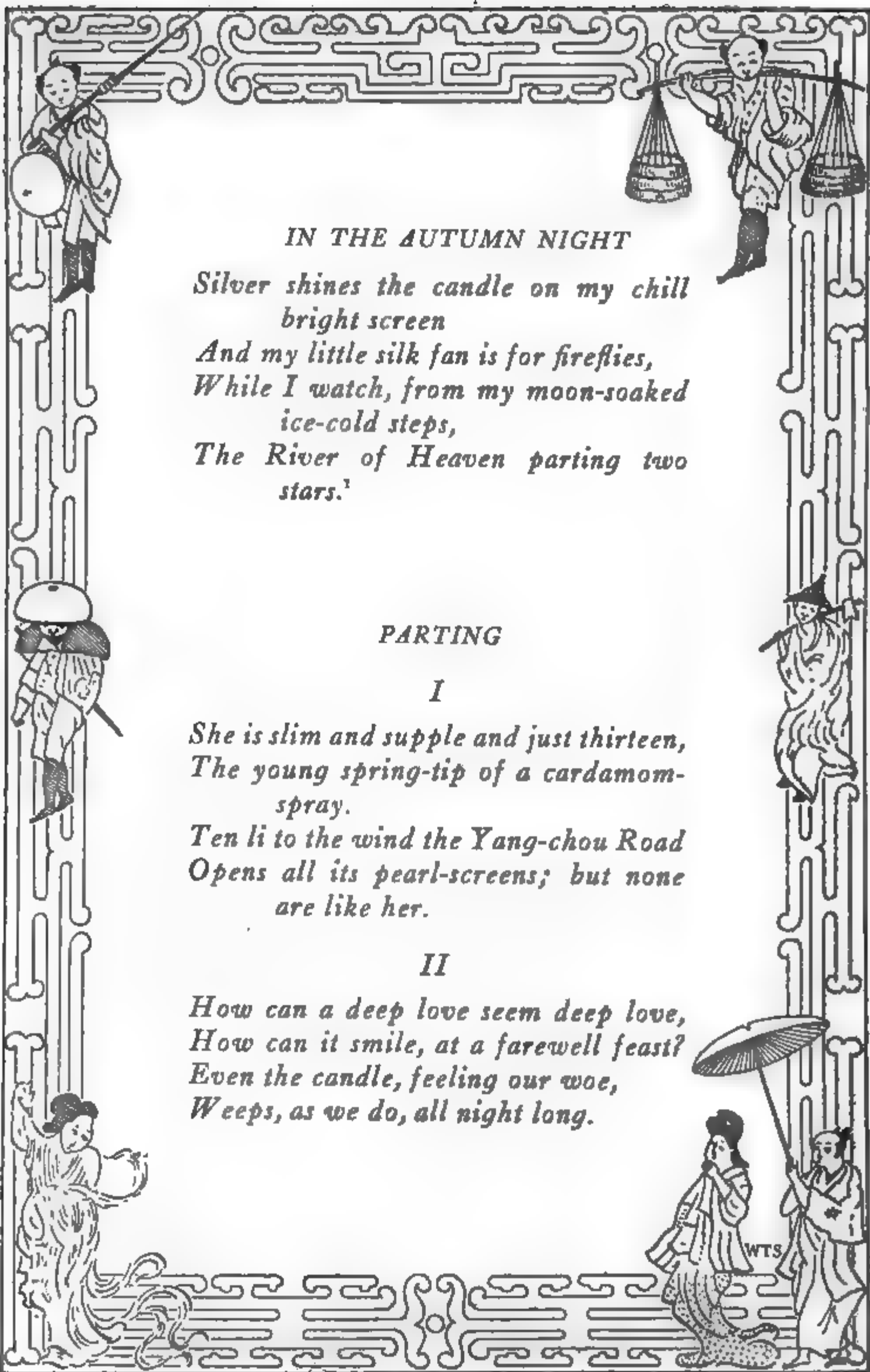
*A LETTER TO HAN CHO
THE YANG-CHOU MAGISTRATE*

*There are faint green mountains and
far green waters,
And South-River grasses unfaded with
autumn,
While, clear in the moon on the twenty-
four bridges,³
Girls, white as jade, are teaching flute-
music.*

A STATEMENT

*With my wine-bottle, looking by river
and lake
For an exquisite lady to dance on my
palm,
I wake, after dreaming ten years in
Yang-chou,
Known as fickle, that's all, in the Street
of Blue Houses.⁴*

W.T.S.



IN THE AUTUMN NIGHT

*Silver shines the candle on my chill
bright screen
And my little silk fan is for fireflies,
While I watch, from my moon-soaked
ice-cold steps,
The River of Heaven parting two
stars.¹*

PARTING

I

*She is slim and supple and just thirteen,
The young spring-tip of a cardamom-
spray.
Ten li to the wind the Yang-chou Road
Opens all its pearl-screens; but none
are like her.*

II

*How can a deep love seem deep love,
How can it smile, at a farewell feast?
Even the candle, feeling our woe,
Weeps, as we do, all night long.*

*THE GARDEN OF THE GOLDEN
VALLEY¹*

*Stories of passion make sweet dust,
Calm water, grasses unconcerned.
At sunset, when birds cry in the wind,
Like a girl's robe fall the petals.*

A NIGHT AT AN INN

*With no companions at the inn,
I concentrate my lonely pain
And under the cold lamp think of the
past
And am kept awake by a lost wild-
goose² . . .
Out of a misty dream at dawn,
I read, a year late, news from home
And remember the moon like smoke on
the river
And a fisher-boat moored there, under
my door.*

WTS.

WHAT ABOUT MOTION PICTURES?

A Reply

By Rt. Hon. Sir Gilbert Parker

IT is easy to throw stones. Anyone can do it. It is an industry not an art. The article in *THE BOOKMAN* of November in which motion pictures are attacked describes motion pictures as an industry not an art, and the author throws it about like stones. His sweeping would-be destructive assault will not injure motion pictures. If the writer had permitted himself further knowledge and more careful consideration he would have avoided some of his bitter pessimistic statements. Pessimism is the easiest resort of the mind shocked by what it sees with too much vividness and realism. One result of the late war was to make everyone anxious, and some it has made tragically pessimistic. That I think is so with the author of the article in *THE BOOKMAN*.

Most people will agree with him as to the large number of bad films. It is apparent to all with what he calls a "mental flicker" but how few careful-minded people will agree with his general conclusions! In the earlier part of his article he condemns all who produce motion pictures. They are called "a commercial and speculative enterprise and nothing more", "a cheap and gaudy piece of merchandise"; and we are told that if they were all "censored off the face of the earth,...the only effect upon the intelligence and art of the country would be one of lasting benefit". And what a poor opinion of the people of his own country is shown

in this: "It was and is the mirror of the aspirations of a peculiarly unimaginative, repressed, and mentally starved people, a people who have in the overwhelming main been taught to value only a devitalizing and despiritualizing material success, arrived at by a curious duality of ethical teaching and practice."

I look around me, and I see the American people, great in commerce and industry, leading the world in applied science with a gift for vast organization; a people so dominant that it has admitted a million immigrants a year and absorbed them and made the mass of them good Americans; a nation that has never been defeated in war; which has a social life of magnificent fineness and vitality; a national scheme of existence of rare merit in comparison with all other nations, and with a gift of imagination which even the most critical foreigners admit; and this people is called "unimaginative, repressed, and mentally starved". Could a foe of the American people say worse?

Then the writer becomes explicit regarding the "reputable authors" who have at times yielded to the importunities of the movie producers. These are the sort who "have either ostensibly or actually taken the attitude that there is no help for the situation, that the movies are an institution by illiterates, of illiterates, and for illiterates, and pocketed the easy money". Isn't it

sweeping and dark-spirited and harsh on people like Rex Beach and Rupert Hughes, Mary Roberts Rinehart and Gertrude Atherton, Ralph Connor (a Presbyterian minister) and Zane Grey, James Oliver Curwood, Samuel Merwin, and other "reputable authors" who have given their books to the film and written original stories for the film stage? And as for England, look at Sir James Barrie and Edward Knoblock, Somerset Maugham and Arnold Bennett, Robert Hichens and Elinor Glyn, Henry Arthur Jones and Pinero, most of whom have written direct for the screen stage, and all of whom have given their books and plays for adaptation. Also Maeterlinck and D'Annunzio. These are people who debase themselves by losing all sense of honor or of art and "pocketing easy money".

We are also told that American writers are planning their new books with a view to screen production. Oh, gentle kindly critic, what a simple faith in the "reputable authors" of the English-speaking world! I am a British author. Ten of my books have been filmed, and let me say that the author of the article in *THE BOOKMAN* is wrong when he says that not one scenario has been produced in this country for a motion picture with a significant idea. Here is his charge: "In almost every instance where good novels and plays and short stories have been drawn upon for movie material, the ideas have been distorted and sentimentalized out of all recognition." Could anything be more out of touch with fact! The first thing a first-class motion picture producer asks is, "What is your theme?" He wants a "significant idea". He insists on it. I am speaking of the great firms—Lasky, Goldwyn, Metro, and others. It is the theme they want primarily

and before all. Is there no significant idea in one of Barrie's plays—in "What Every Woman Knows" and "Sentimental Tommy", two first-class films? The former picture was produced by William De Mille, formerly a dramatist of note and the son of a dramatist, with whom is associated at Lasky's Thompson Buchanan and Elmer Harris, both dramatists, and Douglas Doty, former editor of "The Century" magazine. At Goldwyn's is Rupert Hughes, now *producing* his own films, and Clayton Hamilton, a lecturer of English literature in Columbia University, and others of note. Rita Weiman has written for both Goldwyn and Famous Players. And these are all selling their souls for "easy money"! Two films done from books of mine were successes last year and this year—"The Right of Way" and "Behold My Wife!" (done from "The Translation of a Savage")—and the public will agree that they were faithful reproductions of the main idea of both books and were altered very little. Indeed it was the public which decided what the end of "The Right of Way" should be, for the Metro made two endings, a happy and a so-called unhappy ending—that is, the ending of the book—and the *exhibitors* insisted on the book ending. I only mention this to substantiate my point. I can indicate a hundred films within my own knowledge where there is a main idea carried out with power and simplicity and fidelity to the author's text. What about the plays that have been dramatized? Have they all been mangled? We know they have not. Was "Madame X" mangled?

After a long and malevolent attack—no doubt honest—on the motion pictures, the author of the article says: "American motion picture producers have shown excellence in only two

fields, that of satiric and farce comedy, and in exploiting the beauty and health, the freshness and naïveté of American girlhood." This is in strange contrast to "a collaboration of hack fictionists, illiterate continuity writers, vainglorious directors, simpering flappers, and strutting pomade addicts", of which he speaks in his earlier paragraphs. In the first part of his article he says: "The outlook, indeed, is dim. Everything makes not only for the statically uncompromising condition of the average man but for his actual debasement.... His narrow and material predilections are not only recognized for what they are; they are systematically exploited and debauched."

It is plain to be seen that the writer cannot be judged fairly by his own statements. They are contradictory, badly argued, and dangerous—dangerous to people who do not know the motion picture world and who regard it as a "sink of iniquity". He says that no distinguished actors or actresses have joined the film-stage. What about John Barrymore, Elsie Ferguson, George Arliss, the Farnums, Pauline Frederick, William Faversham, and in England Matheson Lang and many others? Is the film world so barren of artistic talent? At the end of his article, after stating that there is no art in the American motion pictures, he says: "The German films, 'The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari' and 'The Golem', and various French and Italian projects show a tendency abroad to grasp the particular problem of the movies and to evolve an art form peculiar to that medium." Does anyone who saw "Dr. Caligari" think it shows more art than "Broken Blossoms" or "The Whispering Chorus" by Cecil B. De Mille? It shows some wonderful effects in light-

ing and distance, but no more than such men as the De Milles and Griffith and others know.

The author is rather hopeless of his own country, but I am not. I have given a year of my life at Hollywood studying the film industry. No one influences my judgment. It is independent. I will say this without fear of being proven wrong, that the life at Hollywood compares most favorably with life in all places where industry and art are at work, and I am convinced that even now motion pictures are an industry *and* an art. Penrhyn Stanlaws, an art illustrator of fame, is now with the Famous Players, and that he would be in a concern which is only an industry does not bear consideration.

I agree with the author of the article, and I have said it often enough, that seventy-five per cent of the films are bad, and that the proportion of masterpieces is small, but how old is the film industry? It dates back not more than twenty years, and what is expected in that time? It was Mr. Zukor, I think, who first proposed the five-reel film, and he was laughed at for his vision; but he was right. It is only a few years since close-ups were first used, and motion pictures have been developing with marvelous skill and power in the recent past. One need not look for too much all at once. This new industry and art has gone wonderfully ahead since the day of the nickelodeons. I am convinced of this, that the chief film producers are as earnest in making good films as any writer or any critic or any citizen of the country. But no sneers must be hurled at film producers because they want money to develop their work. Money is needed for both industry and art.

After all it is the public that decide,

and if the public demand better pictures they will get them. I repudiate wholly "the fourteen year old intelligence" of the average attendant at the films. I look round me at the motion picture theatres and ask myself if the average intelligence is fourteen years. I am deeply convinced it is not. A phrase is so easy to make and so few phrases are honest in fact. It's like that phrase "too old at forty", while the greatest achievements in the world have been made by men well over forty. I have small faith in phrases. As a rule they are manufactured for effects of wit and brilliancy. Looking back at my year at Hollywood, I can say with truth that I am convinced that producers of the better sort—and all producers in the theatres and music halls are not of the better sort—are anxious to exhibit good artistic films. Take the last two great successes: "The Three Musketeers" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy"—are they not clean and good in presentation? Have they not ideas, and are not those ideas presented on the screen? Is it to be supposed that Edward Knoblock, a famous playwright, would lend his name—he a dramatist and an authority on French history and costume—to a piece of "hokum"? He did not, and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is as legitimate on the film stage as in the book or Mrs. Hodgson Burnett would not have allowed it to be produced. Douglas Fairbanks invested in "The Three Musketeers" against the advice of many who said costume films will not pay, and his vast risk has paid him well as all the world knows. To his credit he has made two great films in one year, "The Mark of Zorro" and "The Three Musketeers", and Mary Pickford, a rare and most talented actress of the film, has never produced an unworthy picture. Modesty and

earnestness and fine ambition are the dominant characteristics of these people, and Rupert Hughes's recent film, "The Old Nest", is a guarantee of high purpose and domestic truth.

I can see in the past year a marked increase in good films, and the great film producers mean to give them and are now trying hard to do so. I know the inside and outside of the chief studios of Los Angeles and Hollywood and I firmly state that there is as high an average of intelligence and wholesome living and commendable conditions to produce good artistic work as in any other section of artistic life. One bad case goes into court and a cry goes up that the whole industry and art is tainted, but that is not said when some alarming and degrading event occurs in social life. An individual case must not be taken as the estimate of the whole, or how long would the world last? If as the author of the article asserts, "the fourteen year old intelligence" in a state of arrested development with its "sinister burden of prejudices, taboos, neuroses, and superstitions" is responsible among other things for "the laws for the minorities" and "specifies the sort of education the succeeding generation shall have", then I think it is not so bad a fourteen year old intelligence, for there are good laws and there is a very good system of education in this country. If there are good laws and a good system of education I refuse to believe that in a country which has these things the film industry is on the downward path.

Who frequent the films? The best average minds of the country. Who attend the films shown in schools and Sunday schools? The best religious minds of the country, not debased or degraded intelligences. Who are ministering in motion pictures to all these

people? The film producers who are giving the public increasingly good films. Pessimism is a disease, optimism is a virtue, and I am on the side of virtue where the films are concerned. The state and the public are those who decide what films may be produced, and no glowing articles in magazines can make the public believe that the film world is either short-lived or is on the way to doom. It cannot and will not destroy a taste for the speaking stage, but it develops a dramatic sense and motion pictures have given education to the masses. It is not through the plays done on the film stage. They make up about two-thirds of the whole evening's entertainment; there are shown also interesting pictures in animal and scientific life, in geography and in the costumes and customs of countries. I am a fairly well educated man, but I have learned much from the films. It is too easy learning, is it? Well, is it better to learn easily or not at all? Let us have faith. The film industry and art has come to stay. Believe in it and help it,

encourage it and improve it, but in improving it do not impulsively and ungraciously belittle it. Suppose a film costs a million dollars—that goes out in work and wages and goods, and if it makes five million dollars that reaches the public again in due time. The film producers are not fools. They will give the public what it demands, and in the end the public is always right. They find out the truth and they live up to it.

The film world is a world in the making; give it a fair chance and it will justify itself. Men like Charlie Chaplin, a genius, are getting away from slapstick comedy and farce, as "The Kid" plainly shows; and Charlie Chaplin is proving he is a master-actor in comedy which includes pathos and wit and humor. Douglas Fairbanks also is moving steadily upward. Both are producers as well as actors—give them and give the whole film world a living opportunity. This immense business is a part of the people's life; help it by fair criticism, uphold it with faith and hope. It has come to stay.

TRIUMPH

By Joseph Andrew Galahad

I SAW three wondrous things today—
 I saw the sun set in the sea:
 I saw an apple tree in bloom:
 I saw a mill upon the Dee.

And all I viewed the long night through
 Within my four walls smug and gall,
 Was sun and sea, and apple tree,
 And turning wheel and water fall!

HERMAN MELVILLE

By Raymond M. Weaver

With an Engraving on Wood from an Old Photograph by L. F. Grant

IF ever, my dear Hawthorne," wrote Melville in the summer of 1851, "we shall sit down in Paradise in some little shady corner by ourselves; and if we shall by any means be able to smuggle a basket of champagne there (I won't believe in a Temperance Heaven); and if we shall then cross our celestial legs in the celestial grass that is forever tropical, and strike our glasses and our heads together till both ring musically in concert: then, O my dear fellow mortal, how shall we pleasantly discourse of all the things manifold which now so much distress us." This serene and laughing desolation—a mood which in Melville alternated with a deepening and less tranquil despair—is a spectacle to inspire with sardonic optimism those who gloat over the vanity of human wishes. For though at that time Melville was only thirty-two years old, he had crowded into that brief space of life a scope of experience to rival Ulysses's, and a literary achievement of a magnitude and variety to merit all but the highest fame. Still did he luxuriate in tribulation. Well-born, and nurtured in good manners and a cosmopolitan tradition, he was, like George Borrow and Sir Richard Burton, a gentleman adventurer in the barbarous outposts of human experience. Nor was his a kid-gloved and expensively staged dip into studio savagery. "For my part, I abominate all honorable respectable toils, trials, and tribulations of every kind whatso-

ever," he declared. And as proof of this abomination he went forth penniless as a common sailor to view the watery world. He spent his youth and early manhood in the forecastles of a merchantman, several whalers, and a man-of-war. He diversified whale-hunting by a sojourn of four months among practising cannibals, and a mutiny off Tahiti. He returned home to New England to marry the daughter of Chief Justice Shaw of Massachusetts, and to win wide distinction as a novelist on both sides of the Atlantic. Though these crowded years had brought with them bitter hardship and keen suffering, he had sown in tears that he might reap in triumph. But when he wrote to Hawthorne he felt that triumph had not been achieved. Yet he needed but one conclusive gesture to provoke the world to cry this as a lie in his throat: one last sure sign to convince all posterity that he was, indeed, one whom the gods loved. But the gods fatally withheld their sign for forty years. Melville did not die until 1891.

None of Melville's critics seems ever to have been able to forgive him his length of days. "Some men die too soon," said Nietzsche, "others too late; there is an art in dying at the right time." Melville's longevity has done deep harm to his reputation as an artist in dying, and has obscured the phenomenal brilliancy of his early literary accomplishment. The last forty years of his history are a record of a



Herman Melville

stoical—and sometimes frenzied—distaste for life, a perverse and sedulous contempt for recognition, an interest in solitude, in etchings and in metaphysics. In his writings after 1851 he employed a world of pains to scorn the world: a compliment returned in kind. During the closing years of his life he violated the self-esteem of the world still more by rating it as too inconsequential for condemnation. He earned his living between 1866 and 1886 as inspector of customs in New York City. His deepest interest came to be in metaphysics: which is but misery dissolved in thought. It may be, to the all-seeing eye of truth, that Melville's closing years were the most glorious of his life. But to the mere critic of literature, his strange career is like a star that drops a line of streaming fire down the vault of the sky—and then the dark and blasted shape that sinks into the earth.

There are few more interesting problems in biography than this offered by Melville's paradoxical career: its brilliant early achievement, its long and dark eclipse. Unhampered by diffidence—because innocent of the essential facts—critics of Melville have been fluent in hypotheses to account for this "complete change". A German critic patriotically lays the blame to Kant. English-speaking critics, with insular pride, have found a sufficiency of disruptive agencies nearer at home. Some impute Melville's decline to Sir Thomas Browne; others to Melville's intimacy with Hawthorne; others to the dispraise heaped upon "Pierre". Though there is a semblance of truth in each, such attempts at explanation are, of course, too shallow and neat to merit reprobation. But there is another group of critics, too considerable in size and substance to be so cavalierly dis-

missed. This company accounts for Melville's swift obscuration in a summary and comprehensive manner, by intimating that Melville went insane.

Such an intimation is doubtless highly efficacious to mediocrity in bolstering its own self-esteem. But otherwise it is without precise intellectual content. For insanity is not a definite entity like leprosy, measles, and the bubonic plague, but even in its most precise use, denotes a conglomerate group of phenomena which have but little in common. Science, it is true, speaking through Nordau and Lombroso, has attempted to show an intimate correlation between genius and degeneracy; and if the creative imagination of some of the disciples of Freud is to be trusted, the choir invisible is little more than a glorified bedlam. Plato would have accepted this verdict with approval. "From insanity", said Plato, "Greece has derived its greatest benefits." But the dull and decent Philistine, untouched by Platonic heresies, justifies his sterility in a boast of sanity. The America in which Melville was born and died was exuberantly and unquestionably "sane". Its "sanity" drove Irving abroad and made a recluse of Hawthorne. Cooper thrived upon it. And of Melville, more ponderous in gifts and more volcanic in energy than any other American writer, it made an Ishmael upon the face of the earth. With its outstanding symptoms of materialism and conformity it drove Emerson to pray for an epidemic of madness:

O Celestial Bacchus! drive them mad.—This multitude of vagabonds, hungry for eloquence, hungry for poetry, starving for symbols, perishing for want of electricity to vitalise this too much pasture, and in the long delay indemnifying themselves with the false wine of alcohol, of politics, of money.

From this it would appear that a

taste for insanity has been widespread among poets, prophets and saints: men venerated more by posterity than by their neighbors. It is well for Socrates that Xantippe did not write his memoirs: but there was sufficient libel in hemlock. In ancient and mediæval times, of course, madness, when not abhorred as a demoniac possession, was revered as a holy and mysterious visitation. Today, witch-burning and canonization have given place to more refined devices. The herd must always be intolerant of all who violate its sacred and painfully reared traditions. With an easy conscience it has always exterminated in the flesh those who sin in the flesh. In times less timid than the present it dealt with sins of the spirit with similar crude vindictiveness. We boast it as a sign of our progress that we have outgrown the days of jubilant public crucifixions and bumpers of hemlock: and there is ironic justice in the boast. Openly to harbor convictions repugnant to the herd is still the unforgivable sin against that most holy of ghosts—fashionable opinion; and carelessly to let live may be more cruel than officiously to cause to die.

Melville sinned blackly against the orthodoxy of his time. In his earlier works, he confined his sins to an attack upon missionaries and the starchings of civilizations: sins that won him a *succès de scandale*. The London Missionary Society charged into the resulting festivities with its flag at half mast. Cased in the armor of the Lord, it with flagrant injustice attacked his morals, because it smarted under his ideas. But when Melville began flooding the very foundations of life with torrents of corrosive pessimism, the world at large found itself more vulnerable in its encasement. It could not, without absurdity obvious

even to itself, accuse Melville of any of the cruder crimes against Jehovah or the Public. Judged by the bungling provisions of the thirty-nine articles and the penal code, he was not a bad man: more subtle was his iniquity. As by a divine visitation, the Harper fire of 1853 effectually reduced "Pierre"—his most frankly poisonous book—to a safely limited edition. And the public, taking the hint, ceased buying his books. In reply, Melville earned his bread as inspector of customs. The public, defeated in its righteous attempts at starvation, hit upon a more exquisite revenge. It gathered in elegiacal synods and whispered mysteriously: "He went insane."

To view Melville's life as a venturesome romantic idyl frozen in mid-career by the *deus ex machina* of some steadily descending Gorgon is possible only by a wanton misreading of patent facts. Throughout Melville's long life his warring and untamed desires were in violent conflict with his physical and spiritual environments. His whole history is the record of an attempt to escape from an inexorable and intolerable world of reality: a quenchless and essentially tragic Odyssey away from home, out in search of "the unpeopled world behind the sun". In the blood and bone of his youth he sailed away in brave quest of such a harbor, to face inevitable defeat. For this rebuff he sought both solace and revenge in literature. But by literature he also sought his livelihood. In the first burst of literary success he married. Held closer to reality by financial worry and the hostages of wife and children, the conflict within him was heightened. By a vicious circle, with brooding disappointment came ill health. "Ah, muskets the gods have made to carry infinite combustion," he

wrote in "Pierre", "and yet made them of clay." The royalties from his books proved inadequate for the support of his family, so for twenty years he earned a frugal living in the custom houses in New York. During his leisure hours he continued to write, but never for publication. Two volumes of poetry he privately printed. His last novel, surviving in manuscript, he finished a few months before his death. Though it is the second half that his critics have felt bound to regret, it seems that in serenity and mental equipoise, the last state of the man was better than the first.

It has been our tradition to cherish our literature for its embodiment of Queen Victoria's fireside qualities. The repudiation of this tradition—as a part of our repudiation of all tradition—has made fashionable a wholesale contempt for our native product. "I can't read Longfellow," is frequently remarked; "he's so subtle!" Our critical estimates have labored under the incubus of New England provincialism: a provincialism preserved in miniature in the first pages of Lowell's essay on Thoreau. At present we need to have the eminence of the section recalled to us; but during the period of Melville's productivity, it was at its apex, and in its bosom Melville wrote. This man, whose closest literary affinities were Rabelais, Zola, Sir Thomas Browne, Rousseau, Meredith, and Dr. John Donne,—a combination to make the uninitiated blink with incredulity,—was indebted to Nathaniel Hawthorne for the best makeshift for companionship he was ever to know: one of the most subtly ironical associations the imps of comedy ever brought about. Nor was the comedy lessened by Mrs. Hawthorne's presence upon the scene. Shrewd was her instinctive resent-

ment of her husband's friend. Viewed by his neighbors "as little better than a cannibal and a 'beach comber'"—such was the report of the late Titus Munson Coan in a letter to his mother written immediately after a pilgrimage to Melville in the Berkshires—Melville turned to Hawthorne for understanding. Frank Preston Stearns, in his "Life and Genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne" (1906) says that for Hawthorne "the summer of 1851 in Lenox was by no means brilliant.... Hawthorne's chief entertainment seems to have been the congratulatory letters he received from distinguished people.... For older company he had Herman Melville and G. P. R. James, whose society he may have found as interesting as that of more distinguished writers." But Mrs. Hawthorne had studied Melville with a closer scrutiny and was not so easily convinced of Melville's insignificance. Melville had visited the Hawthornes in the tiny reception room of the Red House, where Mrs. Hawthorne "sewed at her stand and read to the children about Christ"; in the drawing room, where she disposed "the embroidered furniture" and where, in the farther corner, stood "Apollo with his head tied on"; in Hawthorne's study, which to Mrs. Hawthorne's wifely adoration was consecrated by "his presence in the morning". Mrs. Hawthorne looked from the "wonderful, wonderful eyes" of her husband—each eye "like a violet with a soul in it"—to Melville's eyes, and confessed to her mother her grave and jealous suspicion of Melville:

I am not quite sure that *I do not think him* a very great man.... A man with a true, warm heart, and a soul and an intellect,—with life to his finger-tips; earnest, sincere and reverent; very tender and *modest*.... He has very keen perceptive power; but what astonishes me is, that his eyes are not large and deep. He seems to see everything very accurately; and how he

can do so with his small eyes, I cannot tell. They are not keen eyes, either, but quite undistinguished in any way. His nose is straight and rather handsome, his mouth expressive of sensibility and emotion. He is tall, and erect, with an air free, brave, and manly. When conversing, he is full of gesture and force, and loses himself in his subject. There is no grace nor polish. Once in a while, his animation gives place to a singularly quiet expression, out of these eyes to which I have objected; an indrawn, dim look, but which at the same time makes you feel that he is at that moment taking deepest note of what is before him. It is a strange, lazy glance, but with a power in it quite unique. It does not seem to penetrate through you, but to take you into itself. I saw him look at Una so, yesterday, several times.

Mrs. Hawthorne must ever enjoy a lofty eminence as one of Melville's most penetrating critics. Her husband dwelt apart, and less because he found the atmosphere of New England wholly uncongenial than because he shared his wife's conviction that he was like a star. And shrewdly his wife resented the presence of a second luminary—treacherously veiled and of heaven knows what magnitude!—in her serene New England sky. Time may yet harp her worst fears aright.

For despite his comparative obscurity, Melville is—as cannot be too frequently iterated—one of the greatest and most unusual geniuses of our native literature. And his claim to such high distinction must rest upon three prime counts.

First—because most obvious—Melville was the literary discoverer of the South Seas. And though his ample and rapidly multiplying progeny includes such names as Robert Louis Stevenson, Charles Warren Stoddard, John La Farge, Jack London, Louis Becke, A. Safroni-Middleton, Somerset Maugham, and Frederick O'Brien, he is still unsurpassed in the manner he originated. On this point, all competent critics are agreed.

Melville's second achievement is most adequately stated by the well-

known English sea writer, W. Clark Russell, in "A Claim of American Literature" (reprinted from "The North American Review" in "The Critic" for March 26, 1892).

When Richard Henry Dana, and Herman Melville wrote, the commercial sailor of great Britain and the United States was without representation in literature....Dana and Melville were Americans. They were the first to lift the hatch and show the world what passes in a ship's forecabin; how men live down in that gloomy cave, how and what they eat, and where they sleep; what pleasures they take, what their sorrows and wrongs are; how they are used when they quit their black sea-parlors in response to the boatswain's silver summons to work on deck by day and by night. These secrets of the deep Dana and Melville disclosed. ...Dana and Melville created a new world, not by the discovery, but by the interpretation of it. They gave us a full view of the life led by tens of thousands of men whose very existence, till these wizards arose, had been as vague to the general land intelligence as the shadows of clouds moving under the brightness of the stars.

And to Melville and Dana, so Russell contends, we owe "the first, the best and most enduring revelation of these secrets". On this score, Conrad, Kipling, and Masefield must own Melville as master.

Melville's third and supreme claim to distinction rests upon a single volume, which, after the order of Melchizedek, is without issue and without descent: "a work which is not only unique in its kind, and a great achievement", to quote a recent judgment from England, "but is the expression of an imagination that rises to the highest, and so is amongst the world's great works of art." This book is, of course, "Moby Dick", Melville's undoubted masterpiece. "In that wild, beautiful romance"—the words are Mr. Masefield's—"Melville seems to have spoken the very secret of the sea, and to have drawn into his tale all the magic, all the sadness, all the wild joy of many waters. It stands quite alone; quite unlike any other book

known to me. It strikes a note which no other sea writer has ever struck."

The organizing theme of this unparalleled volume is the hunt by the mad Captain Ahab after the great white whale which had dismembered him of his leg; of Captain Ahab's unwearied pursuit by rumor of its whereabouts; of the final destruction of himself and his ship by its savage onslaught. On the white hump of the ancient and vindictive monster Captain Ahab piles the sum of all the rage and hate of mankind from the days of Eden down.

Melville expresses an ironical fear lest his book be scouted "as a monstrous fable, or still worse and more detestable, a hideous and intolerable allegory". Yet fabulous allegory it is: an allegory of the demonism at the cankered heart of nature, teaching that "though in many of its visible aspects the world seems formed in love, the invisible spheres were formed in fright". Thou shalt know the truth, and the truth shall make you mad. To the eye of truth, so Melville would convince us, "the palsied universe lies before us as a leper"; "all deified Nature absolutely paints like a harlot, whose allurements cover nothing but the charnal house within". To embody this devastating insight, Melville chooses as a symbol, an albino whale. "Wonder ye then at the fiery hunt?"

An artist who goes out to find sermons in stones does so at the peril of converting his stone pile into his mausoleum. His danger is excessive, if, having his sermons all ready, he makes it his task to find the stones to fit them. Allegory justifies itself only when the fiction is the fact and the moral the induction; only when its representation is as imaginatively real as its meaning; only when the stones

are interesting boulders in a rich and diversified landscape. So broadly and vividly is "Moby Dick" based on solid foundation that even the most literal-minded, innocent of Melville's dark intent, have found this book of the soul's daring and the soul's dread a very worthy volume. One spokesman for this congregation, while admitting that "a certain absorption of interest lies in the nightmare intensity and melodramatic climax of the tale", finds his interest captured and held far more by

the exposition of fact with which the story is loaded to the very gunwale. No living thing on earth or in the waters under the earth is so interesting as the whale. How it is pursued, from the Arctic to the Antarctic; how it is harpooned, to the peril of boat and crew; how, when brought to the side, "cutting in" is accomplished; how the whale's anatomy is laid bare; how his fat is redeemed—to be told this in the form of a narrative, with all manner of dramatic but perfectly plausible incidents interspersed, is enough to make the book completely engrossing without the white whale and Captain Ahab's fatal monomania.

In "Moby Dick", all the powers and tastes of Melville's complex genius are blended. "Moby Dick" is at once indisputably the greatest whaling novel, and "a hideous and intolerable allegory". It is, as Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. has said, "Kipling before the letter crossed with Sir Thomas Browne. Out of the mere episodes and minor instances of 'Moby Dick', a literary reputation might be made. The retired Nantucket captains Bildad and Peleg might have stepped out of Smollett. Father Mapple's sermon on the book of Jonah is in itself a masterpiece, and I know few sea tales that can hold their own with the blood feud of Mate Radney and sailor Steerkilt." Captain Hook of "Peter Pan" is but Captain Boomer of "Moby Dick" with another name: and this an identity founded not on surmise, but on Sir James Barrie's professed indebtedness

to Melville. There are, in "Moby Dick", long digressions, natural, historical, and philosophical, on the person, habits, manners, and ideas of whales; there are long dialogues and soliloquies such as were never spoken by mortal man in his waking senses, conversations that for sweetness, strength and courage remind one of passages from Dekker, Webster, Massinger, Fletcher, and the other old dramatists loved by Charles Lamb; in the discursive tradition of Fielding, Sir Thomas Browne, and the anatomist of melancholy, Melville indulges freely in independent moralizings, half essay, half rhapsody; withal, scenes like Ishmael's experience at the Spouter-Inn with a practising cannibal for bedfellow, are, for finished humor, among the most competent in the language. When Melville sat down to write, always at his knee stood that chosen emissary of Satan, the comic spirit: a demoniac familiar never long absent from his pages.

The astonishing variety of contradictory qualities synthesized in "Moby Dick" exists nowhere else in literature, perhaps, in such paradoxical harmony. These qualities, in differences of combination and emphasis, are discoverable, however, in all of Melville's writings. And he published, besides anonymous contributions to periodicals, ten novels and five volumes of poetry (including the two volumes privately printed at the very close of his life). There survives, too, a bulk of manuscript material: a novel, short stories, and a body of verse. And branded on everything that Melville wrote is there the mark of the extraordinary personality that created "Moby Dick".

Though some of Melville's writing is distinctly disquieting in devastating insight, and much of it is very uneven

in inspiration, none of it is undistinguished. Yet only four of his books have ever been reprinted. The rest of his work, long since out of print, is excessively rare, some of it being practically unavailable. The scarcity of a book, however, is not invariably a sign of its insignificance. It is one of the least accessible of Melville's books that Mr. Masefield singles out for especial distinction. "The book I love best of his", says Mr. Masefield, "is one very difficult to come by. I think it is his first romance, and I believe it has never been reprinted here. It is the romance of his own boyhood. I mean 'Redburn'. Any number of good pens will praise the known books, 'Typee' and 'Omoo' and 'Moby Dick' and 'White Jacket', and will tell their qualities of beauty and romance. Perhaps 'Redburn' will have fewer praises, so here goes for 'Redburn'; a boy's book about running away to sea." Even more difficult of access is "Pierre"—a book at the antipodes from "Redburn". Far from being a boy's book, "Pierre" was prophetic of the pessimism of Hardy and the subtlety of Meredith. From "Redburn" to "Pierre"; from "Typee", a spirited travel book on Polynesia, to "Clarel", an intricate philosophical poem in two volumes: these mark the antithetical extremes of the art that mated poetry and blubber, whaling and metaphysics. The very complexity and versatility of Melville's achievement has been an obstacle in the way of his just appreciation. Had Melville turned from his "Travels", to write "The City of Dreadful Night", the incompatibility would have been no less extraordinary or bewildering.

Indeed, Melville's complete works, in their final analysis, are a long effort toward the creation of one of the most complex, and massive, and original

characters in literature: the character known in life as Herman Melville. "I am like one of those seeds taken out of the Egyptian Pyramids," he wrote to Hawthorne while he was in the middle of "*Moby Dick*", "which, after being three thousand years a seed and nothing but a seed, being planted in English soil, it developed itself, grew to greenness, and then fell to mould. So I. Until I was twenty-five, I had no development at all. From my twenty-fifth year I date my life. But I feel that I am now come to the inmost leaf of the bulb, and that shortly the flower must fall to the mould." And as Melville grew in disillusionment, he grew in astonishment. In his relentless pessimism he boasted himself "in the happy condition of judicious, unencumbered travellers in Europe; they cross the frontiers into Eternity with nothing but a carpet bag,—that is to say, the Ego."

Though he boasted that he crossed the frontier into Eternity with nothing but a carpet bag, he had, in fact, sent more bulky consignments on ahead. And at the final crack of doom, this dead and disappointed mariner may yet rise to an unexpected rejoicing. For at that time of ultimate reckoning, according to the eschatology of Mr. Masefield:

Then the great white whale, old *Moby Dick*, the king of all the whales, will rise up from his quiet in the sea, and go bellowing to his mates. And all the whales in the world—the sperm-whales, the razor-back, the black-fish, the rorqual, the right, the forty-barrel Jonah, the narwhal, the hump-back, the grampus and the thrasher—will come to him, "fin-out", blowing their spray to the heavens. Then *Moby Dick* will call the roll of them, and from all the parts of the sea, from the north, from the south, from Callao to Rio, not one whale will be missing. Then *Moby Dick* will trumpet, like a man blowing a horn, and all that company of whales will "sound" (that is, dive), for it is they that have the job of raising the wrecks from down below.

Then when they come up the sun will just be setting in the sea, far away to the west, like a ball of red fire. And just as the curve of it

goes below the sea, it will stop sinking and lie there like a door. And the stars and the earth and the wind will stop. And there will be nothing but the sea, and this red arch of the sun, and the whales with the wrecks, and a stream of light upon the water. Each whale will have raised a wreck from among the coral, and the sea will be thick with them—row-ships and sail-ships, and great big seventy-fours, and big White Star boats, and battle-ships, all of them green with the ooze, but all of them manned by singing sailors. And ahead of them will go *Moby Dick*, towing the ship our Lord was in, with all the sweet apostles aboard of her. And *Moby Dick* will give a great bellow, like a fog-horn blowing, and stretch "fin-out" for the sun away in the west. And all the whales will bellow out an answer. And all the drowned sailors will sing their chancies, and beat the bells into a music. And the whole fleet of them will start towing at full speed towards the sun, at the edge of the sky and water. I tell you they will make white water, those ships and fishes.

When they have got to where the sun is, the red ball will swing open like a door, and *Moby Dick*, and all the whales, and all the ships will rush through it into an anchorage in Kingdom Come. It will be a great calm piece of water, with land close aboard, where all the ships of the world will lie at anchor, tier upon tier, with the hands gathered forward, singing. They'll have no watches to stand, no ropes to coil, no mates to knock their heads in. Nothing will be to do except singing and beating on the bell. And all the poor sailors who went in patched rags, my son, they'll be all fine in white and gold. And ashore, among the palm-trees, there'll be fine inns for the seamen.

And there, among a numerous company, will be Fayaway, and Captain Ahab, and Jack Chase, and Jarl, and Toby, and Pierre, and Father Mapple, and Jackson, and Doctor Long Ghost, and Kory-Kory, and Bildad, and Peleg, and Fedallah, and Tashtego, and Marnoo, and Queequeg. But it seems hardly likely that Melville will there find Hawthorne to tempt by a basket of champagne into some little shady corner, there to cross their legs in the celestial grass that is forever tropical, and to discourse pleasantly of all the things manifold which once so much distressed them. In my Father's house are many mansions.

KARI AASEN IN HEAVEN

By Johan Bojer

With Sketches by Florence Howell Barkley



KARI AASEN was married to Peter Aasen. They had together made the clearing for their little farm, and many an evening had lain down weary in their big, wide bed. Like two good plow horses they had pulled hard and easily side by side, and they could not imagine the possibility of anything happening to the one of them that did not happen to the other too. It is true that when Peter had been to the town he came home drunk and beat his wife; but the next day he was so remorseful that he beat himself.

One day Kari took to her bed, and Peter sat on a stool beside her, and asked over and over again whether she did not feel better. She kept on answering, too, that now, thank God, she felt better; but at last Peter saw that his wife was so ill that it would be better to go for the priest.

That night Kari suddenly saw that it was not Peter who sat by her bedside, but a man clothed in white garments, who had come to fetch her; and she burst into tears and pleaded: "No, no! I would rather stay with Peter!"

"What do you say?" asked her husband, who was sitting watching beside her.

But at last Kari saw the white-clad figure spread his wings, and heard him say: "Now, Kari, you must come

with me." And Kari was obliged to go with him, for he took her up in his arms. They went out of the cottage and up into the air, and the Aasen buildings grew smaller and smaller; past both the sun and the stars, and much, much farther. Then Kari began once more to whimper and complain, but the stranger dried her tears and said: "Be glad of heart, for now all your troubles are at an end."

"Oh, I was so happy where I was," said Kari. "And Peter—will he be left there all alone, old and worn out as he is?"

"God will take care of him," said the stranger. "Rejoice that you will soon be in Paradise."

Kari tried to rejoice, for she had always intended to manage so that she would go to heaven when she died; but at the same time she could not help wondering whether Peter would remember to mend the sheep's tether.

At last they stopped at a great, golden gate, much larger than the gate of the magistrate's house, and passed through a garden where a number of children were playing. Among these Kari recognized a neighbor's child that had died of scarlet fever, and she said to herself: "If ever I go back to earth again, I'll tell the mother that the little one's happy where she is." But this made her remember her own little boys down on the earth, who were probably asking after their mother now.

Suddenly they turned up a moun-

tain with terraces and little white houses, exactly like something she had once seen in a picture. And if that wasn't her brother standing outside one of the houses—he who had been so poor and miserable on earth! He looked so happy now, that Kari called to him: "Good day, Ola!"

"Why, is that you, Kari?" said her brother. "This is my house," he went on, "and now I'm not bothered with either taxes or debts. I've got plenty of both food and firing, thank goodness, and I've no need to work myself to death to make both ends meet. When you've seen the Almighty, you mustn't forget to look in here."

Kari was quite touched, but once more she thought: "Poor Peter! he'll be alone on the earth, toiling and moiling as before."

At last they reached the top of the mountain, and here stood the Almighty's own house. It was much larger than the great cathedral she had seen once when she was in the town. The Almighty, in bishop's robes, was just going in, but stood still on seeing her.

Kari began to tremble, for she had heard that the Almighty was very severe, and she knew that she had many a time been different from what she should have been: so she stood still with downcast eyes and folded hands.

"Ah, good day, Kari!" She heard to her astonishment that it was the Almighty himself who was speaking so gently to her. "Welcome to heaven! Come and shake hands with me as our custom is."

Kari went timidly up to him, and falling on her knees, began to cry, for she thought this was so much too good for a poor sinner like herself.

"Rise, my child!" said the Almighty, and he dried her tears and told her that she must be happy now,

for all her sorrows would be turned into joy and happiness here in heaven.

At this Kari found courage to say: "You mustn't for all the world think that I've had a hard time before either. It's only bad people who say that Peter beat me, and I can't recollect that he ever took so much as a drop of spirits when he was in town. He was so good and kind to me, and we lived so happily together, that I don't remember that there was ever so much as a bad word between us."

"It's quite right and proper for you to speak so well of your husband," said the Almighty. "But now you must go with the angel there, and look about you in Paradise, and then decide what you want to do, and what you want to be here; for it is the custom here for everyone to be what he or she likes best."

"Oh," thought Kari, "it can't be very much that I'm good for"; but the angel who had fetched her now took her with him, and they descended the mountain, but on the other side. They crossed little lakes that shone rosy in the light of heaven, and on which swam flocks of white swans, singing more beautifully than she had ever heard anything sing before. The angel told her that these swans had also been people on earth, and that they had all had a talent for singing, but no money to pay for their training; so the Almighty had made them into swans, that they might be able to sing as beautifully as they liked. Along the banks Kari saw a great many water-lilies rocking on the waves, with their open chalices turned toward the sky. The angel told her that these had been especially women who had been poetically inclined, but had never become what they meant to be on earth, and so the Almighty had blessed them in this way. The butter-



"They began to work, as they had done when they were newly married"

flies that fluttered about them were the Almighty's thoughts that now and then lighted and rested for a time on their petals.

The angel then asked Kari whether she would like to be either a swan or a water-lily.

"Gracious, no!" she said, for she was thinking once more of Peter; and supposing he came here some day, it was not at all certain he would know her again if she were a water-lily.

The angel showed her other lakes on which white and red boats were sailing about with gaily dressed people on board playing on musical instruments. And she saw a large garden in which young men and women were dancing and gazing at one another with enamored glances. They were couples who had been separated on earth, and who came together here; and the girls who had been plain and deformed on earth were the most beautiful of all

here, so that they never sat out a single dance.

The angel asked Kari whether she would like to pass her time on board one of the boats, or become young and beautiful among those who danced. But Kari did not wish for either. And now too she remembered that the hay-harvest would be going on down at Aasen, and how would Peter ever be able to get in the hay all alone!

Then Kari saw a great festival, where people sat eating and drinking at a richly spread table. Most of them had roses in their hair and were dressed in silk and velvet, and they leaned over to one another, and drank toasts, and laughed so that they could be heard a long way off. The angel said that many of them had been poor on earth, and that a feast such as this had been their greatest wish, and so they were now having what they wanted. Then Kari saw another gar-

den, in which slender women were walking with knights in narrow, grassy paths, each couple hidden from the others by trees and bushes, and it was thus they would have it. They whispered together of love, and embraced each other with sighs and kisses and oaths of fidelity; and they were so happy that they forgot everything else in Paradise. The angel asked whether Kari would decide upon a life like this, but Kari answered: "Gracious, no! I'm too old for such nonsense now!" She thought of saying that if she should choose an occupation, she would take a few pounds of wool and set to work to spin; but she was afraid that would not be fine enough for heaven.

The angel showed Kari a large gathering of men and women who were discussing complicated questions, adopting resolutions, and voting one another to the position of chairman; and he said that this was what these people had most desired on earth, and so they were allowed to amuse themselves in this way through all eternity. They looked exceedingly happy too, for their faces shone like little suns.

Kari shook her head, however, saying that this was a thing she had never understood.

Finally the angel showed her a garden in which a number of women were occupied in looking after little children. The angel said that some of these women had lost their children in life, but had found them again here, while others had longed for a child in life, but had never had one, generally because they had not married; but here they had the children of which they had dreamed, and nursed them, and put them to sleep, and washed and dressed them, and had never dreamed there could be such happiness even in heaven.

Kari thought, however, that when her own little boys were motherless on earth, she could not bring herself to take charge of other people's children here.

When at last the angel brought her back to the Almighty, he was obliged to say that Kari could not make up her mind to anything.

"What!" exclaimed the Almighty. "Is there nothing in the whole kingdom of heaven that you think good enough?"

Kari fell upon her knees and burst into tears. "Oh, it's not that, for everything is too good for me; but—but—" and she could get no further.

"Don't be afraid to say what you want, for here everyone receives what he or she most desires."

These words encouraged Kari, and she said: "If that is the case, then I should like most of all to go back to earth again; for I can't see how Peter's going to manage alone."

All the angels standing round looked in alarm at the Almighty, for they had never yet heard of anyone wishing to give up Paradise in order to return to earth. But the Almighty only smiled, and said: "Would you like me to have your husband brought here at once?"

"My very humble thanks," said Kari, "but then Christian and Simon would be left without both father and mother."

"Yes, I've still got something for your boys to do on earth," said the Almighty. "But what is it you want, then?"

"Couldn't I go back to Aasen?" asked Kari timidly.

"I suppose I must let you then," said the Almighty. "But your body's already buried, so you'll always be invisible; and there's not much that you'll be able to do either."

"I could go with Peter wherever he

and with the boys where they said Kari. "If I could do that I'd be just as happy as the angels in Paradise."

"Well, I suppose I must let you," said the Almighty good-nally. And he patted her on the head and told the angel to take her to earth again.

When they had gone so far down through the clouds that she could see down, Kari was quite beside herself with joy. She recognized the cottage, the cowshed and the fence a long way off. Smoke was rising from the chimney, so they must have been cooking.

The angel now took leave of her, and she could easily find her way alone. When Kari came nearer, she saw that it was early morning, for the flowers were covered with dew, and the bees were trooping across the fields with their scythes and rakes on their shoulders.

Peter came out of the cowshed, carrying the red-flanked cow which he was going to tether, and then he carried in the milk. Poor fellow, he'd been milking himself today, and now his work he was not much accomplished to.

Kari perceived that he neither saw nor heard her, but she followed him into the kitchen, seated herself on the hearthstone, and watched him strain the milk. It was done carelessly, and as it should have been done. Then, when she saw, had not been noticed, he spilled much of the milk on the floor when he emptied the pail, and the milk pan was not clean either. 'T was he knew, the idiot, that in that way his milk would soon go sour?

She then followed him into the bedroom when he went to wake the boys, to help them with their clothes. Then, the younger, asked whether Peter had come home, and his father said that he must leave off forever ask-



"Poor fellow, he'd done the milking himself"

ing questions—mother would come as soon as she could. Kari patted both Simon and Christian on the cheek, but neither of them seemed to notice it, though Christian looked several times straight toward where she stood.

From that time, an entirely new life began for Kari at Aasen. When the boys went to the forest to fetch wood, she went with them to guard them from evil. When Peter was taking in the hay on hot days, she followed him and tried to make his burden lighter. At night she remained beside his bed and the boys', to see that they had no bad dreams. When Peter rose on Sunday mornings, she tried to steal into his thoughts and make him decide to

go to church. She went into the cowshed once every day to protect the cows from disease; and in the autumn, when frosty nights came, she went about the fields and persuaded the frost not to touch Peter's corn.

Toward the end of the winter, Peter made up his mind to take a trip into the town, and now Kari did not know what to do. Should she go with him, or should she stay at home with the boys? It ended with her staying at home, and while the boys tried to cook their own food and to see to the cows in the cowshed, she went about with them trying to show them how to do it.

When Peter came home he was drunk, and beat the boys just as he had so often beaten her; but the next day he was remorseful as he had always been, and because, thank goodness, his conscience was not ruined yet.

One day a strange woman came to the house with a bundle under her arm, made herself at home, and took over the work in the kitchen and the cowshed. A little while after, Kari saw that Peter was thinking of getting married again. "Poor old fellow!" she thought. "Is he really going to throw himself away on another woman?" She had to look on while her dresses and linen were used by the stranger. Later in the spring, preparations for the wedding were made, and one day the neighbors appeared with baskets on their arms, and drank to the happy couple.

The boys went about looking bashfully at one another, for they were thinking of their mother. Kari went with the little wedding-party to the church, and sat far back in the choir, and watched Peter being wedded to another woman.

"It's too bad!" thought Kari. "She

hasn't even tied his silk neckerchief properly round his neck. It usen't to be like that when I did it." The boys sat down in the nave, and looked on at the ceremony with wide-eyed wonder, and Kari hastened down to them and sat between them.

"I shan't be wanted at Aasen now," she thought; "and perhaps the Almighty would still take me back to heaven." But it might be that she would be more necessary to Peter than ever, and so it ended in her going back to Aasen with the party, and remaining there as before.

Things were very different for Peter now. He and his new wife frequently fought, and the boys were so ill-treated by their stepmother that they often cried themselves to sleep.

The Almighty had seen all this, however, and one day an angel came flying down to Kari, and asked her if she would go with him to Paradise.

"Oh no!" said Kari. "I don't think I should have a day's happiness there either, so long as things go with Peter as they're going now." So she stayed on, and was comforted in knowing that Peter thought of her more and more, and talked about her to the boys when the woman was not present.

Years passed, and the boys grew up and took places in the parish. They got on, and one of them married a farmer's daughter, who inherited both farm and land, and the other took a girl with money, and bought a boat and nets, and began fishing on a large scale.

A day came when Peter lay ill in the bed in which Kari had closed her eyes, and she sat on the edge of the bed, and passed her hand over his eyes in the hope that he would see her. At last he looked up and gazed at her. "Oh, is that you, Kari?" he said. "Yes, thank God, it's me," said Kari.

"And I think we shall soon live together again." "I expect you're pretty angry with me because I took another woman into the house," said Peter sadly. "May the Almighty be as sure to forgive you as I am," said Kari, as she wiped his brow.

"He doesn't know what he's saying," said the woman, who was fidgeting about the room. "I'd better send for the priest."

At last Peter was free to go with Kari, and outside the door stood an angel, waiting to take them both to Paradise.

When they were brought before the Almighty, they held one another by the hand as they had done the day they stood before the altar to be wedded. As before, the Almighty bade them welcome, and told them to look about and decide what they would like to be.

An angel took them about and showed them all the splendors that were to be seen; and when at last they went back, the Almighty said: "Well, Peter Aasen, what have you decided upon for yourself and your wife?"

Peter, who now knew that he might be exactly what he most wished to be, answered a little hesitatingly: "If you had a little piece of land that we could begin on, as we did when we were newly married, it would be more than we have deserved."

At this the Almighty laughed, and said to an angel: "Go with them to the great clearing, give them tools and timber for a cottage, and as much land

as they want." And the angel took them to quite another part of Paradise, where Peter saw the finest land he had ever seen; and here the angel asked how much they wanted.

Kari and Peter looked at one another. "Well," said Peter, "on earth we had three cows, but now we can do with two."

The angel then gave them so much land that they would soon be able to feed two cows, and afterward, he said, they could add as much new land as they liked. At this Kari and Peter looked at one another, and thought they had never been so well off.

And then they began to work, as they had done when they were newly married. Peter dug, and Kari pulled up roots and made the ground even with the fork; and now and again they straightened their backs, wiped the perspiration from their brows, looked at one another, and laughed. As when they had first married, Peter was so industrious that he would not even have an afternoon nap; but Kari, as in their young days, would go out to him in the field, with his afternoon coffee in a little tin can. When they began to build the cottage, they decided that it should be exactly like the one at Aasen; that would be so nice when their sons came. And when at last they had a roof over their heads, and lay once more in their comfortable wide bed, they both agreed that no one in all Paradise could be so happy as they two.

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PLACES

By Sara Teasdale

I

TWILIGHT

Tucson

A LOOF as aged kings,
Wearing like them the purple,
The mountains ring the mesa
Crowned with a dusky light;
Many a time I watched
That coming on of darkness
Till stars burned through the heavens
Intolerably bright.

It was not long I lived there,
But I became a woman
Under those vehement stars,
For it was there I heard
For the first time my spirit
Forging an iron rule for me,
As though with slow cold hammers
Beating out word by word:

“Take love when love is given,
But never think to find it
A sure escape from sorrow
Or a complete repose;
Only yourself can heal you,
Only yourself can lead you
Up the hard road to heaven
That ends where no one knows.”

II
FULL MOON

Santa Barbara

I LISTENED, there was not a sound to hear
In the great rain of moonlight pouring down,
The eucalyptus trees were carved in silver,
And a light mist of silver lulled the town.

I saw far off the grey Pacific bearing
A broad white disk of flame,
And on the garden-walk a snail beside me
Tracing in crystal the slow way he came.

III
WINTER SUN

Lenox

THERE was a bush with scarlet berries,
And there were hemlocks heaped with snow,
With a sound like surf on long sea-beaches
They took the wind and let it go.

The hills were shining in their samite,
Fold after fold they flowed away;
“Let come what may,” your eyes were saying,
“At least we two have had today.”

THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

III: OWEN JOHNSON

With a Sketch by William Gropper

IT is Owen Johnson's triumph that every boy who has gone to college since he wrote his young-lad books, looks upon him as the dean of the authors of that type of fiction. It is his tragedy that, after a round dozen or more of years wherein he has compressed much literary work, he is still referred to as "the author of the Lawrenceville stories". All his later books are passed over, with the exception of "The Salamander", and one goes inevitably back to that first thrilling success, that time when he depicted the boy mind, the boy heart, as few writers since Mark Twain have done it. "The Tennessee Shad" and "Stover at Yale" are also always spoken of, in any summing up of his achievement, as well as that fine little golf story in one of his earlier collections—I think it's called "Par 3". Yet since those days of glory, those days of vigorous production—he was hailed as a boy wonder when he brought out "Arrows of the Almighty"—he has written "The Woman Gives", "Making Money", and now "The Wasted Generation".

He is but forty-two years of age—at that period of his life when he should be on the forward march. One thinks of his "Stover at Yale", with its truth and humor, and sighs over the stuff that followed it—with the exception of one. It is true that many of the most astute reviewers have found much to praise in his latest volume; and it is significant that they are of the older school, who first ac-

claimed him loudly. They speak of it as a fine interpretation of certain phases of the World War.

One remembers Johnson's golden opportunities. No young man ever started out so propitiously. A good fairy must have watched over his cradle. His father was a distinguished literary figure of what might be called the mid-Victorian era of American letters, and has since become our Ambassador to Italy. His mother is a splendid, cultured woman. Young Johnson had chances hurled at his door, and with the common sense of the astute youth he was, as well as with no small equipment of talent, he seized them as they came his way—made the most, for a time, of his growing popularity, certainly coined money, married and reared a family, was a good fellow at The Players and other clubs—in short, became highly considered in the tumult and passion of New York life.

During the war he produced little. One slender volume about France came from his hitherto prolific pen—that was about all. Hearst had gobbled him up, had seen the great possibilities in him; and it was rumored that he had signed a five years' contract for all his literary output, at a fabulous salary. He was to be free and untrammelled; there were to be no demands whatever made upon him for "sex stuff"; he would simply sit comfortably at home, a pad upon his knee, and let the words flow, or not, as it suited his whim.

But Johnson is, when all is said and



Owen Johnson

done, an artist of no mean parts. And artists cannot be tied down to contracts, cannot have life run for them on too smooth wheels. There must be conflict, always, a bit of worry, if the true man of letters is to accomplish what he was ordained to accomplish. One novel a year—or less—would mean only a few hours' work a day; then golf in the afternoon, a bit of reading, and a dinner party, followed by a theatre or the opera. An ideal life for an American gentleman of letters, still in his robust thirties! It sounded glorious—and it *was* glorious, for a time. But not glorious for Johnson's art. He did not care to keep the contract, and it was broken, I believe, by mutual consent.

At any rate, his next serial appeared in his first love, "McClure's". They ran "The Wasted Generation", spoken of above, only this year.

Johnson has changed publishers, as he has changed editors, several times. He has had Bobbs-Merrill, Stokes, and now Little, Brown and Company; and I think one or two others, maybe Macmillan in those distant days when he was writing boy stories. In between he made a dramatization of "The Salamander", and Carroll McComas, if I remember correctly, played the part of the girl who kept herself from being scorched. It ran about two weeks on Broadway; but people had not forgotten his splendid adaptation of "The Return from Jerusalem" for the wonderful Madame Simone, and an original play for Nazimova called "The Comet", which ran for two years in and out of New York; and Arnold Daly in Johnson's delicate one-act bit, "A Comedy for Wives".

It has been said of Johnson that no one loves a harmless practical joke more than he. There are lots of his friends who know that he will never

give his correct name when he calls them on the telephone: it is always the Federal Income Tax Collector, or some such dreadful ogre; and he loves to leave strange cards at editorial offices and then run away like a school-boy. It is this spirit in him, perhaps, which has caused his stories of youngsters to be so popular. You see, he is still a boy at heart; he will never grow up, never be spoiled by success—and he has had his goodly share of it. Socially, too, he is popular, much in demand, though he is strong in his likes and dislikes, and never wastes much time on people he does not care for. He can order a good dinner; and how he does love the gastronomical side of life! He is extravagant, sometimes to the point of foolishness. It's always a taxi or a hansom for him, when he isn't riding in his own limousine; but, unlike many writers, he does not bore even his best friends, when he dines with them, with long monologues concerning what he is doing or is about to do. Indeed, he is very modest about his work. He has often said that a man's books should speak for him; that all one has to say should be embodied in one's fiction. He certainly practises what he preaches. He is, in many ways, the most unliterary literary man I ever knew. But he does love the great books of all time, and he has read deeply, drunk deeply at those fountainheads of prose which have been his inspiration. He prefers the French writers to the English; and though his father is a poet of some distinction, the son has not inherited his taste for verse. Yet in his prose one will often encounter the singing phrase that proclaims a poetic inheritance.

He has had many charming and stirring friendships. He admired

Theodore Roosevelt, and often made pilgrimages to Oyster Bay to lunch with the former President. During the war he was bitterly anti-German, and used whatever influence he had to spread the gospel of France. As a child, he had been to school in the country of Balzac; and after he had published "The Spirit of France" the French government decorated him with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. He is genuinely and openly proud of that decoration, and always wears it.

If he is not a profound philosopher, he has a penetrating, incisive mind, though sometimes he appraises people unjustly, and is intolerant of their human shortcomings. What he needs is discipline. His novels always, to me, run to verbosity. Yet he has never, since the days of "The Varmint", joined that group of overwriters who grind out columns for the turnover of magazines at so much per word. The legend is that Johnson was piqued when his one and only serial in a certain publication brought him so much fame but very little money; for in those days he was not highly paid. But to jump in a few years out of the \$3,000 class into the \$25,000 class, is an achievement of which any young author might well be proud.

Johnson once got mixed up in politics. He wanted to see General Leonard Wood made President, and he worked hard and unselfishly and untiringly to that end. He was honest, too, in his purpose. He had no ax to grind; though there were unkind lookers-on who said that he had his eye on an ambassadorship. Nothing, I think, was further from his thoughts; for he knew how much wealth an ambassador needs these days. He was content to see his father appointed by Wilson. As a mat-

ter of fact, young Johnson would make an almost ideal envoy at any foreign court; for he is thoroughly cosmopolitan, speaks French and Italian fluently, and has the necessary *savoir-faire* to make him a credit to the United States. When he is fifty who knows but that he may go abroad in some such capacity? But now, he seems to be quite content in his native land, with his wife and family about him. His political adventurings were short-lived. With his colorful and honest temperament, he could not cope with hard-boiled senators and charlatans in the ring at Washington, and he came back greatly disillusioned, and bravely said so. Enough of that sort of thing for him! Never again! A little of it went a long way. But he should have written some political stories—they might have been good stuff.

Johnson, above all things, is charming. A man is known by the company he keeps. Perhaps, then, it would be illuminating to give a list of those men with whom the novelist has always been more or less intimate. For years he was adored by, and adored in turn, Arthur Bartlett Maurice; and it was while the latter was editing *THE BOOKMAN* that young Johnson's series of questions for college students, which had formed a passage in "Stover at Yale", was reprinted by Maurice—a literary interrogation list that stumped us all, and was exceedingly clever. He probably set the fashion for Edison and others; for he is a bit of a pioneer. Witness "The Salamander". It came five years before its time; now we realize its bitter truth. There is no doubt that his questions set the literati talking—and squirming; and it was all great fun. It may have been that Owen was at his old business of playing a practical joke. Nevertheless, the thing he

ted a storm, a veritable up-
 Not in years had ignorance
 ore plainly shown up; and
 college man hung his head and
 cover, with a pathetic percent-
 twelve or so in his favor.

arice and Johnson are as thick
 er; but the author of the Law-
 ville stories has kept other
 ids over a long period of years;
 he has been catholic in his tastes.
 last book is dedicated to Hugh
 lpole, though one imagines that
 s is a more or less recent spiritual
 . He likes Frank Crowninshield
 ry much indeed; but his great
 avid and Jonathan attachment was
 with the late Walter Hale. That was
 a fine, solid, enduring friendship; and
 Johnson felt the artist's death keenly.
 Christian Brinton, the art critic, has
 always been close to him, the recipient
 of many confidences; and so have Gari
 Melchers, Austin Strong, Charles Han-
 son Towne, Harry Lindeberg, the ar-
 chitect, who was his best man at his
 last wedding. Then there are several
 actors and painters and singers of
 note with whom he has been on inti-
 mate terms. He is very fond of all in-
 terpreters of the arts, and when he
 gives a reception or a dinner he never
 makes a mistake. He likes things to
 be right—he is almost Teutonic in his
 passion for precedents and form. He
 never takes chances, socially.

What does he look like? James
 Montgomery Flagg has made a splen-
 did, slashing drawing of him, though
 Johnson now has even less hair than
 when that likeness was made. He has a
 rather florid complexion, dreamy eyes,
 and lips that curl and reveal a certain
 worldliness. Yet there is a fine spirit-
 ual side to Owen Johnson. He loves
 the stillness of the country, though he
 is also city mad. He exudes physical
 health, and though it would be better

for him if he took off ten or fifteen
 pounds, he cannot be called too stout.
 There is a roguish look about him, a
 daredevil gleam in his eye when he is
 not working too hard. No one enjoys
 a banquet more than he. Then all his
 inhibitions vanish, all his dignity goes
 —particularly when it is a stag affair
 —and he becomes almost the court
 jester, as fond as Charles Lamb of
 atrocious puns, and is the ribald, flam-
 ing, delightful companion that he loves
 to be and knows so well how to be.
 For he can talk brilliantly, insert the
 almost Oliver Herfordlike bon mot
 into his conversation, make memorable
 phrases—when he is in the mood.

Like most professional writers,
 Johnson is delightful and tractable—
 unless his copy is tampered with.
 There is that memorable episode of his
 run in with "Everybody's Magazine"
 when that periodical was publishing
 his novel "Making Money". It seems
 that the serialization of it began long
 before the manuscript was completed;
 and the final instalment reached the
 office at the very last moment. It was
 felt that certain knots in the plot had
 not been untied. But Johnson had
 sailed for Europe. One of the assist-
 ant editors volunteered, in the emer-
 gency, to wind things up satisfactor-
 ily.

When Johnson returned from his
 trip abroad he read a curious distor-
 tion of his last chapter. He could not
 believe his eyes. It was as though
 someone had taken his child and ar-
 putated one of its arms, a toe or tw
 and chipped a bit off the left ear. I
 was a distracted parent. A tota
 changed brain-child stood before h
 He was furious; and it is said that
 threatened all sorts of damages un
 his own version was printed in
 next number, so that he could be
 tistically justified.

The editors, of course, consented. The files of "Everybody's" offer interesting proof of one of the most amazing contretemps between editor and author in the history of magazine making. There is no doubt that Johnson won out; he has many letters from admiring readers to prove that his own version was the better of the two.

Owen Johnson may still write a novel that will atone for many old transgressions. He is capable of big ideas, and of putting those ideas upon paper. He is still very definitely in the literary ring, and he has a tremendous following. One of these days—let us hope it will be with his next book—he may beautifully record some of the captured magic from Olympus.

TWO WAYS

By John V. A. Weaver

ONCET in the Museum
We seen a little rose

In a jar of alcohol—

You turns up your nose:

"That's the way people think

Love ought to be—

Last forever! Pickled roses!

None o' that for me!"

That night was fireworks

Out to Riverview—

Gold and red and purple

Bustin' over you.

"Beautiful!" you says then,

"That's how love should be!

Burn wild and die quick—

That's the love for me!"

Now you're gone for good...say,

Wasn't they no other way?...

THE EDGE OF COBBLER'S WOOD

By John Farrar

With Sketches by Gordon Ross

COBBLER'S WOOD lay across the buttercup meadow. From Anne's house its great pines and smaller oaks seemed very dark against the afternoon sun. Anne had always known that it was a magic wood, that down among the soft pine needles and under the green bushes elves played games so delightful that no child could imagine them. She had always known, too, that when she was old enough to go across the buttercup meadow to Cobbler's Wood alone, she would find something magical: a fairy ring in the yellow-green grass by the clear spring, a humming-bird carrying an elfin rider into the shadows, or a slender green nymph bathing in the black pool that was at the centre of the wood.

This afternoon Billy Allen had been playing with her. They had been digging a hole to see if they could reach China on the other side of the world; but Billy had grown tired of digging, and had run away to play baseball with the boys. Anne liked baseball, too; but not on a day like this, when she knew that magical adventures were waiting her. She would be braver than any boy. She would dare the silences and the mysteries of Cobbler's Wood.

She looked back at the windows of the house to see if anyone was watching. Then she ran swiftly into the meadow, snatching at the yellow petals of the buttercups as she passed. Soon

the pine trees seemed to lift their heads far far above her, and she found herself in the great stillness at the edge of the wood. She was a little frightened, but the gay waving of the buttercups comforted her. One of her feet hurt. There was a round pebble in her shoe. She could feel it pressing against her heel. She sat down on the green carpet of moss to take off the shoe. Then she heard someone singing. It was a tiny voice, but sweet to hear. The sound of it singing came from behind Anne. For a while she listened, not quite daring to turn about to discover who the singer was.

*If I were a little human child,
Instead of a silly elf,
I'd never dance upon the flowers,
Nor stay all by myself.*

*If I were a little human child,
I'd learn to eat and play,
Instead of chasing stars by night
And butterflies by day.*

Slowly Anne turned about. Then she saw, sitting on the brown old stump of a tree, a funny little boy—or was it a boy?

His bare legs and arms were as brown as an Indian's, and he wore a bright red feather in his hair. His lips were smiling; but there was one strange thing about him. That was his nose. It was long and pointed and curled at the tip. Surely this was not a boy's nose. Anne jumped up and stood looking at him.

"Stop staring at my nose," he said

suddenly. "It's not a polite thing to do."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Anne. "But would you consider it most im-

"A Mikumwess is an Indian elf. You know this hasn't always been Cobler's Wood. It was once an Indian hunting ground, and now it is the



"Stop staring at my nose," he said.

polite if I should ask you what you are?"

"Certainly. Very impolite to ask me what I am; though I don't at all mind informing you as to who I am. Will that serve?"

"Oh yes! Quite as well," Anne hastened to assure him humbly.

"Well," and the little fellow's nose twisted to one side. "I am the Mikumwess."

"But"—Anne started to speak.

"Don't interrupt me," he scolded.

great medicine wood of the Indian fairies."

"Oh!" exclaimed Anne, for she did not at all understand what he meant.

"Medicine," went on the Mikumwess, "is Indian for magic, you see. Now I am the guardian of the edge of the wood." He stuck out his chest quite proudly. "I keep little girls like yourself from finding all the marvelous things that lie in the centre of the wood, deep down in the black pool."

"Oh!" exclaimed Anne, and the tone

of her voice when she said it showed that she was very unhappy because she must be kept from seeing the wonders of the Indian medicine wood.

The Mikumwess looked at her solemnly, then he hopped down from the stump. He came over toward her and held up his finger, just as a preacher sometimes does when he is telling you to be good.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Anne," she told him, but he was so serious that her voice trembled as she spoke.

"Anne," he went on, and he seemed to grow even more solemn. "Do you like poetry?"

"Oh I do, I do," and she clapped her hands. "I like poetry, and especially *your* poetry."

This seemed to please the little Mikumwess mightily. He jumped and ran. He threw his hands over his head in glee. Truly Anne could not have spoken more wisely, for it is well known in the shadows of Cobbler's Wood that the Mikumwess is too fond of making verses. Just as some people like jam on buttered toast, and others eat too much ice cream, so the Mikumwess had a bad habit of making verses and of saying them to people, often when they did not want at all to hear them.

"Listen to this one," said he and he took both of Anne's hands in his and danced her about as he sang:

*I'd rather be a cricket or a mouse or a wren,
Or a woodchuck or a tree,
I'd rather be a cow or a sheep or a hen
Than a foolish chickadee,
Than a chick-a-dee-dee-dee.*

"But I like chickadees," said Anne. "They are cunning little birds, and always so happy."

The Mikumwess laughed.

"So do I," he whispered. "That's the nicest thing about poetry. You can say just what you don't think."

"Now!" said he, with a shake of his nose. "Now—I'm going to take you with me."

"With you?" Anne had never felt so happy in her life. "Are you going to take me with you to the black pool in Cobbler's Wood?"

"Yes," said the Mikumwess, and he took her hand firmly in his. She liked him very much. He was so gay and, if it were not for that funny nose, so nice to look at.

How they whisked through the forest! It was almost like flying. The bushes seemed to open their branches to let them pass. Anne had never seen the woods so beautiful. The pine trees seemed larger than ever before, and as she looked up, their round trunks almost reached to the sky. Presently they were at the edge of the black pool. It was no longer just a small circle of water under the pine trees. It was a great lake, stretching out and out, still and smooth and dark, with far far on the other side, the faint black line of trees showing like black lace against the sunset. Anne was frightened.

"It's very late," she told the Mikumwess. He seemed not to hear her; but stood looking out over the water.

"It's very late," she repeated. "I shall miss my tea."

"Nonsense," said he. "You'll do nothing of the sort. Listen to this one:

*Some children may take crumpets
Or cookies with their tea,
While some may favor muffins,
They're not the food for me.*

*If you should give me caramels,
I'd beg from you instead
The only food for teatime,
Just jam on buttered bread!*

"I like toasted crumpets *very* much," Anne told him. She did not wish to hurt his feelings; but it seemed to her foolish always to be

saying such absurd things, even though the Mikumwess called it poetry.

"Now," he said, not paying any attention at all to what she had said about the crumpets, "we are going out to that island."

"What island?" asked Anne, for in all the length and breadth of the black water that lay before them there was not even the tiniest of islands.

"Of course you don't see it, my dear, because it isn't there yet. However, presently, my dear, presently."

He leaned down now, and picked up a flat red stone from the edge of the lake. He took it in his hand carefully, drew back his arm, and threw it out over the water.

"Count the skips!" he commanded. The stone hit the black water and bounced off; again it hit, again and again. Then it stopped.

"Twenty-six!" shouted Anne, and she clapped her hands. Even Billy Allen, who was very clever and oh, so strong! could only skip a stone seven times. Then the strangest thing happened. The flat red stone did not sink. It remained floating on the water. At first Anne could scarcely see it; but soon she realized that it was growing. Larger and larger it

grew, until suddenly she realized that it was no longer a flat bare stone. It was the island. Trees grew on it.



Brigadier General Holly



Robber-Baron
Goldenrod

Great pines towering high, beautiful curving willows on the shore. In the centre of the island there was something huge and snow-white that looked like a mountain. It was indeed a

beautiful island. Anne looked at it wonderingly.

"Come," said the Mikumwess, taking her hand, "it is very late. The Micabo will be growing impatient. It is long past my hour."

"But there is no bridge," said Anne, as the Mikumwess seemed just about to drag her into the cold water.

"How careless of me, my dear Anne," he apologized. "Of course not; not yet, at any rate"; and he leaned down to pick up a long, long pine needle. Swish! and he threw it into the water.

It grew wide and it grew long, until finally it lay, a shining yellow bridge, leading straight out to the island. Anne and the Mikumwess stepped out upon it, and the sound of their walking was just as loud as if the bridge had really been a bridge and not just a pine needle from the ground of Cobler's Wood.

As they approached the shore of the island Anne saw something waving and gleaming. Could it be a sword? There seemed also to be a crowd of people rushing to and fro.

"What's the matter?" she asked the Mikumwess, who was staring at the crowd with a puzzled look in his eyes.

"The matter is, my dear, that *I* don't know what is the matter."

So they hurried forward. As they stepped upon the land there hurried toward them a little old man with an extremely red nose and bushy white whiskers. He wore a suit of armor and a helmet which sat crookedly on his head. It was easy enough to see why this was so, for he kept waving a long sword over his head. The blade of the sword was very broad, and the hilt of the sword very long. It was, in fact, much too large for the little old man, and every time he waved it, he hit his own helmet. On his other arm was a heavy shield.

"You must go back!" he shouted at them, breathlessly. "There is danger here. Back! Back!"

"Don't be absurd!" said the Mikumwess; for that impolite expression seemed to please him vastly. "We cannot go back. There is no bridge."

Anne looked about, and saw that he was quite right. The pine needle bridge had completely disappeared.

"Of course you know who I am," said the little old man.

Anne admired the Mikumwess very much, for he did not hesitate an instant. Doubtless their heads would have been chopped off had he not known the name of the important gentleman.

"Yes, of course," the Mikumwess replied. "You are Brigadier General Holly, of the Army of Fall and Winter Flowers."

"Quite right, quite right," mumbled the general. He actually seemed very pleased that the Mikumwess had known his name. Though, after all, he *was* wearing a sprig of holly in his helmet.

"What shall we do with the two of you?" he went on. "A great war is in progress. Those silly Summer

Flowers are fighting. Do you know why they are fighting? It's because they want to bloom all winter—and we can't have that. That would be too terrible. So we must fight them. What a foolish time for you to visit the island, and who is this *person* with you?"

"This is Anne," explained the Mikumwess.

General Holly was silent. He looked at Anne as though he did not like her and even as though he thought she was an enemy. As they stood there a tall slender young lady ran toward them, weeping. She threw her arms about General Holly's neck.

"Take them away!" she pleaded. "They'll be killed. Take them away!"

"Now dear Lady Mistletoe," the general spoke to her most calmly, "there is no way for them to go. Please do not cry so much. Your tears will spoil my new green cloak."

Lady Mistletoe, whose face was so pale that Anne thought she should have been in bed and under a doctor's care, did not listen to General Holly, but went on weeping. The Mikumwess took Anne's hand again and led her away toward the edge of the wood.

"Don't worry, my dear," he whispered. "They do it every year. Every year the Summer Flowers revolt and wish to keep on blooming all winter. Isn't General Holly an absurd old fellow? Do you know, he and Lady Mistletoe are quite insane. Why! They're really not flowers at all. They're just *berries!*"

Now they were coming into a grove of grey birches through which ran a tiny brook so silver in color that it was beautiful to see. Anne would have liked to stay there forever looking up through the misty green of the leaves toward the pink glow of the sunset sky.



"She stood looking up at the Micabo"

"We must hurry," said the Mikumwess. "It will be dark soon."

The birch grove now opened into a mossy space in the wood, where the brook was lost in a thick green carpet and many closed gentians bloomed. Ahead of them was a clashing and a clamor, and before they had time to run, a battle was in progress before their eyes. Anne was frightened, but the Mikumwess drew her back of a tree trunk.

"It's nothing," he whispered. "They make a great deal of noise and fight all the time, but nobody is ever hurt. Splendid fun, really. Watch them."

Anne had never seen so many bright colors. There was the deep purple of the asters and the bright scarlet of the salvia, the delicate pink of the wild rose and the yellow and orange of the wild lilies. Backward and forward they moved, these little people with their splendid cloaks. The Mikumwess became very excited.

"See!" He pointed with his finger to a wiry young fellow who was leaping about with a long thin golden sword in his hand. "That's Captain Aster and there, oh there! is the leader of all the Summer Flowers. Who is he, do you think?"

Anne looked. She saw a proud man in a bright though somewhat tattered yellow cloak. His hat was green and from the side of it waved a crest of yellow plumes.

"It's goldenrod!" she shouted.

"Yes, so it is. Aren't you clever, my dear. It's Robber-Baron Goldenrod, and wouldn't you be happy to have shoes like his!"

Anne did admire the boots. They looked like those which courtiers wear in the pictures, only Goldenrod's were bright orange with green buckles.

The Mikumwess was growing careless about keeping out of sight of the warriors. He was becoming so interested in the battle that he let go of Anne's hand.

"Listen to this one!" he shouted. "It's a war song."

*If drums could not be beaten,
And guns could not be shot,
We could have a war with pillows
Just as well as not.*

*Now, when a pillow hits you,
It feels just soft and thick;
But it's lots more fun than being shot
By a bullet or a brick.*

"Oh! Oh! Dear Mikumwess," shouted Anne, for he had become so interested in his song that he had run off and she was all alone. She was just beginning to cry when she felt someone's hands upon her shoulders. She looked about. It was General Holly.

"I knew it!" he said sternly. "You are Lady Sweet Pea. You are spying on us! I shall keep you prisoner. You shall never be a spy again. No, never!"

"But"—and Anne commenced to cry.

"It's no use crying, my dear; you cannot fool old General Holly. I've seen too many Christmases and too many of Mistletoe's tears and kisses

to be softened by a lady's sorrows. Come! Guards, ho!"

Two little field asters hopped toward Anne and took positions one on either side of her.

"March!" commanded the general, and they went on across the mossy space and into the forest again.

"Watch out! The snap-dragons are coming!" shouted one of the Aster Guards. As quick as a wink Anne found herself free. She saw a troupe of angry snap-dragons leaping after the fleeing general and his body guards, just as though they were animals instead of flowers.

She was alone. That was better than being a prisoner, but it was growing darker now in the woods. Soon it would be night time. What if the island should turn into a stone again and she should find herself in the cold black water of the pool in Cobbler's Wood! She was too frightened to cry. She tried to think what Billy Allen would do. He would be very brave. She tightened her fists and walked along quickly.

Now there seemed to be fewer trees in the woods. She hurried. Perhaps she would find the Mikumwess.

"Mikumwess! Mikumwess!" she called. How loud her voice sounded floating out among the trunks of the trees! She was so happy when she found herself in a great open space, entirely surrounded by black pine trunks that stretched up and up so that it was quite impossible to see the tops of them, or even their lowest branches. In the centre of the clearing was an Indian totem pole. It seemed made of living faces, instead of those carved from wood. At the top of the totem pole, high above her, she saw ten gleaming stars moving about in a circle, and from their points streamed fire, and it was beautiful to

see. Now Anne no longer felt afraid. She felt calm, as she had sometimes felt before when she sat with her mother looking out at the still sky and the full moon.

Behind the totem pole was a great white tent, an Indian wigwam, she knew. Toward this she went, as though she were being drawn by some magic power.

Slowly she went in. It was such a large space that she felt just as small as a bee must feel when it becomes lost in the great cup of a white tulip. All about the edges of the hall stood Indian warriors, tall, solemn, and brown, with feathered caps upon their heads and bright colored blankets wrapped about them. Outside it had been dark, but here a great white light shone from the peak of the tent, where flashes of lightning darted about. One of the Indians was playing on a red drum, and the noise was the rumbling of summer thunder. There was a whisper from the lips of the great Indians:

"The Micabo! The Micabo!"

There now appeared in the centre of the wigwam a giant creature. The huge Indians bowed down their heads, the lightnings flashed more brightly, and Anne felt very small in the glow of their magnificence. Again there was a whisper:

"The Micabo! The Micabo!"

As soon as her eyes became accustomed to the brighter light, Anne looked up at the figure before her. It was a mighty rabbit, white and furry, just like Peter Rabbit at home who nibbled lettuce from her hand. On his head the giant white rabbit wore a head-dress of red feathers, and though he was very terrible to see his face had a kindly look. For a time all was silent in that bright place, until Anne began to wonder if it would sud-

denly fade away and prove itself a dream. Then, one of the giant Indians spoke, and his voice was like the sound of mountain brooks swollen with spring floods.

"Bring the flowers before the Micabo."

The curtains of the wigwam parted, and the flowers rushed in, helter skelter. So many colors filled the place that Anne felt as though she were lying in a beam of sunlight colored by a stained glass window.

There was Robber-Baron Goldenrod and Brigadier General Holly, and they were arguing, the one with the other. All through the crowding company of the flowers little quarrels were taking place. Anne shrank back against the orange blanket which wrapped the legs of one of the giant Indians.

Then a voice sounded. It was a voice sweeter than the sound of distant pine branches swayed by a soft wind. It was the voice of the Micabo, the giant hare, the great deity of the medicine forest.

"Do not quarrel," it said to the flowers. "Go back to your own places in the wood. Why should you wish to bloom for more than your appointed span? The kind Lord who lives at the end of the Rainbow has created you in beauty and in light. Bow your heads humbly before him and ask forgiveness."

Ashamed, the bright flowers knelt, and there was a deep silence. A cold wind blew for a moment. It was the breath of the Lord who lives at the end of the Rainbow.

Anne felt someone plucking at her sleeve.

"Oh Mikumwess!" she started to shout; but the little fellow, who had been hiding between the giant Indian's legs, clapped his hand over her mouth and took her hand. She did

not want to leave that place. For a moment she stood looking up at the Micabo, but he did not see her. The Mikumwess led her firmly away. She would have liked to stay forever in that white place, so still and holy was it.

"Why did you take me away?" she asked the Mikumwess when they were outside and running through the dark wood.

"The Micabo would never let you come to the medicine wood again," he said; "and I want you to come. I like you." And he gave her hand a squeeze.

At the shore he found a pine needle. Swish! and there was another bridge. Before Anne knew it, they had dashed through Cobbler's Wood and were back at the stump.

"Well!" said the Mikumwess, and Anne thought he sighed a bit. "It's just your teatime. Run along home."

"Must I go?" asked she.

"Oh yes, of course; but you'll come again. Do you like me a little?"

"Indeed I do—if only your nose

were not quite so long you'd be *much* nicer than Billy Allen."

Then the Mikumwess vanished sadly. It was a curious thing. As he melted away, it seemed to Anne that he suddenly reached up his hand to his face, and that in the place of the long crooked nose was a tiny nice boy's nose. However, she could not tell. Only this she knew, that his eyes were filled with laughter. Just before his form faded out completely, she heard him say, "Listen to this one"; and his song was floating all about her, even after she could no longer see him.

*Salvia's a gay flower,
But not so gay as mine,
Roses are for duchesses,
Forty, fair, fine.*

*Lilies, if you wish them;
But oh, the flower for me,
Olinging, tiny, delicate
Lady Sweet Pea!
Oh yes! Oh yes! the sweetest flower
Is—Lady Sweet Pea!*

"I wonder," thought Anne, as she went back through the buttercup meadow toward the lighted dining room windows of home, "did he really think I was Lady Sweet Pea?"

STORM SONG

By Karle Wilson Baker

MY bosom with the beat of wings is troubled as the day is falling;
Within my bosom hungry birds are circling on the wind and calling.

My breast is blinded by the rain and buffeted by weary flying.
My bosom with the beat of wings is troubled, and with bitter crying.

MY FABIAN SUMMER

By Mary Austin

DURING the first decade of the present century the most coveted and hazardous adventure of the English-speaking Intellectual, was being invited to address the Fabian Society. It met weekly at King's Hall, presided over by a fox-colored half-god, with a barely perceptible brogue and a habit of kicking up the cloven hoofs of his mind in a manner so engaging that you forgave him for having at the same time kicked the dust of obliquity on yours. There were, of course, speakers who declined to meet Mr. Shaw in debate on the ground that he kicked dust in proportion as he found himself unable to meet your thrust. What I suspect is that nobody knew whether G. B. S. could meet an argument or not, since by the time the argument had reached its destination, he had already moved on to his next position.

The Fabians are Socialists, but to the American whose associations with the word are all of Rand School and red neckties, it must be explained that the relation of Fabian Socialism to Marxian, is about the relation of early Christianity to Methodism. Fabianism in its best days was an incandescent state of mind in the heat of which the existing social order was expected to drop noiselessly into ash. Permeation rather than political action was its method, and the history of its interests provides the stuffing for a full-sized book. Besides Shaw it numbered H. G. Wells, and Sidney and Beatrice Webb, to mention only easily

recognizable names among its members. Whoever survived a Fabian debate with enough of his original intellectual integument to cover his quivering soul, could thereafter count himself among the intellectually considerable.

About the end of the decade, Mr. Wells, whose mind began to itch for the world horizons that have since engaged his attention, thought it time for the Society to emerge from its perpetual discussion into a competent political instrument. The Webbs thought not, with the result that it was finally Wells who emerged—spent missiles of the encounter still strewed the field of radical literature of that time—leaving the Fabians securely "Webbed", as he put it, in the factual entanglement of the Minority Poor Law Report. There were other defections and offshoots, notably the Guild Socialists, but it was to the parent society that I found myself engaged this summer in the character of American Lecturer, not without misgivings that the Fabians couldn't be what they once were, or they wouldn't have had me. Could I have imagined that the implications of a Fabian summer included fox trotting with George Bernard Shaw and acting a leading part in my own play burlesquing one of our most valued institutions to which I myself had played prophet, I should probably have avoided it, and so lost the most memorable of my European vacations.

The Fabian Summer School for this year occupied the premises of a large

private school at Prior's Field in the lovely shire of Surrey, during the month of August. There was a sprinkling of Americans in attendance, and a professional Irishman come down from London to explain that the Irish Revolutionists were more long-suffering and noble-souled than any other revolutionists (which is very likely the case). This information did not, however, in the least affect the characteristic British detachment of the Fabians. That was what struck the Americans, the preponderance of local English interests, and the fact that whether it were the League of Nations, Irish Freedom, or the Rates that was discussed, there was an apparent failure to evoke the disposition to do something about it which characterizes American gatherings of this quality. If it had not been for an experience which I shall undertake later and probably unsuccessfully to describe, I might have been still in the dark as to how the "permeation" of the English mind by the Fabian doctrine is accomplished.

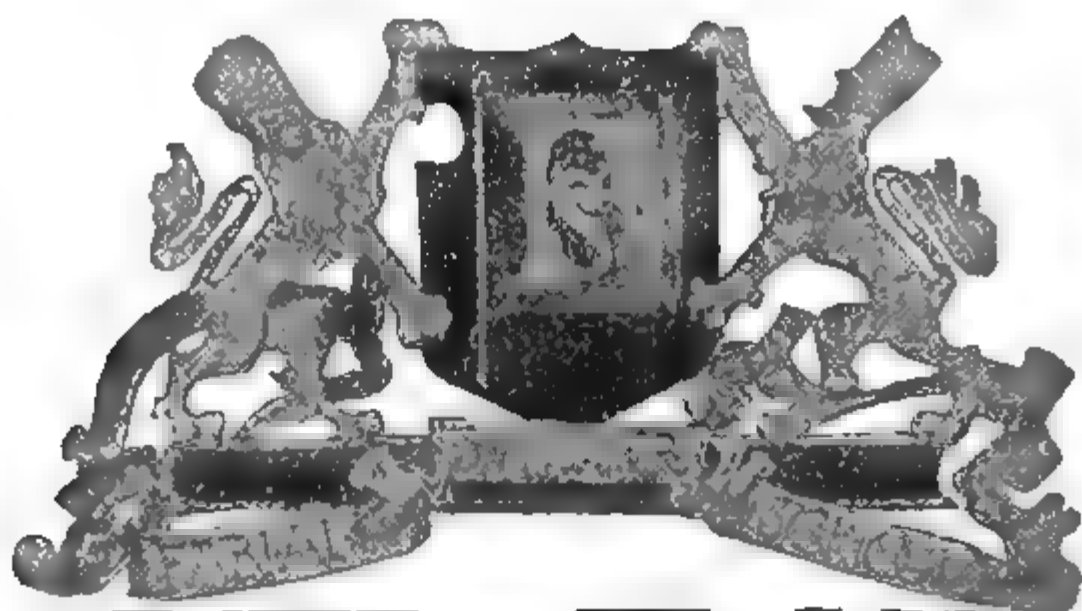
Oddly, the one international problem which struck a spark was American Prohibition as discussed by our own Jessie Havens Butler. Prohibition was not on the original program, but actually received as much attention as all other combined international topics. One other subject of Anglo-American irritation came up in a fashion which compensated us for much that has recently been written and said in England about American intolerance in connection with the suppression of books under the Comstock Act. It came up in reference to the stoppage of Dr. Marie Stopes's book "Married Love", which in England had been well received. It is true that the English suppressed Havelock Ellis's work, so that his profound scientific contribu-

tion can only be purchased by his countrymen in New York, but for the moment English criticism chose to overlook that circumstance and to consider the stoppage of "Married Love" as an evidence of our failure to arrive at national adulthood.

The truth about these two contradictions is that in England science is so newly made respectable, if it is quite, that sex discussion in the severity of scientific terminology appears indecently clothed. On the other hand the American, whose cradle science has rocked, finds himself put out of countenance by the lush and, to his thinking, often lascivious sentimentality with which sex information unblushingly disports itself before the European mind.

Now I had promised myself that when Dr. Stopes came down from London to lecture on Women as Mothers, I would attempt some clarification of a question which had brought my country into undeserved repute; but I reckoned without the invincible British proprieties which Mr. Wells and Mr. Galsworthy have called by more acidly descriptive names. Dr. Stopes on arriving had been notified that her lecture must be deleted of all significant information on the subject of sex. This from the Fabians, and under a director who went from that office to prison for the sake of her opinion on the iniquity of the present British Rates!

There were other evidences of the Anglo-American entente of conventional attitudes. At times when the younger members were on their feet I could have imagined myself somewhere east of Fifth and south of Twenty-third without closing my eyes. There was Mr. Joad, with his hurt intolerance of American intolerance, and Joseph Cohen declining the Com-



FEMINA

A REVUE IN THREE ACTS

I A PAGEANT OF THE PAST

II A SCENE FROM THE PRESENT

III A MASQUE OF THE FUTURE

WILL BE GIVEN IN THE GYMNASIUM

munity Theatre
movement for

America on the ground of its being an insufficient substitute for the Socialist party, in that kindly spirit with which, when I was fresh to New York and used to try to make suffrage speeches, the New York contingent—Heaven knows they ought to have been thankful for *anything* fresh on the suffrage question—used carefully to stroke my arguments back into the pattern of their standardized propaganda.

There is a ritual of discussion among the Fabians which renewed my conviction, daily, that there is such a thing as the American temperament. First you lecture, then you are asked questions, finally you are discussed, all

ON FRIDAY EVENING~

AT 9 O'CLOCK



of which you are expected to meet

with an unmoved countenance. After this you are allowed to answer as much as you can remember, which puts a speaker accus-

tomed to the instant uptake of American debate at a serious disadvantage. One wonders if this habit of making a ritual of debate, no doubt the temperamental expression of a people whose favorite and most frequent dessert is milk pudding, isn't partly responsible for the incalculably slower movement of social response. One felt sure of it, hearing Lee Wilson Dodd describing two years of attempted pure milk and housing reform which accomplished less than would have been managed by any small town

women's club in the middle west in three months.

Between the lectures there were long walks in lovely Surrey byways, much tennis, folk dancing in the gymnasium, and jazz in the evening. Every Friday night there was a revue in which the Fabians wholeheartedly burlesqued one another to their own great delight, and with that feeling for character which has always distinguished the English novelists. Even the American members did not escape, though one felt a measure of consideration for our national sensitiveness which is, one suspects, one of the inescapable handicaps of a continuing democracy. It is only when personal idiosyncrasies are the hall mark of an accepted social caste that its members cease to wince under the desecrating finger and no doubt we afforded the material for revues. One understands in a long stay in any European society, how inevitable it is that the American should talk a great deal about himself, realizing that his chief justification is a background which is not only unfamiliar but unimaginable; about which, until the last two or three years, the European has not been even intelligently curious. The Americans at the Fabian Society this summer appreciated that they had been spared, and responded at the last with their share of the entertainment in a burlesque of one of our least understood institutions, the Court of Domestic Relations. To the English who have accepted with complacency the existence in their midst of a class of professional correspondents, as a corrective to their divorce laws, the very idea of a court of domestic relations raises a faint, derisive horror. So we played it up to them in the key of their own recent reactions, and the happy Fabians rocked with laughter.

That was at the end of the week devoted to Women's Interests, and the announcement of it posted in the Common Room bore the Fabian device, with Webb and Shaw rampant, that decorates this account of it.

To most people outside of England, the Webbs, Sidney and Beatrice, and Bernard Shaw *are* the Fabians. As an example of the imposing, the monumental impression that can be made by a married pair working in entire intellectual complement, the Webbs are unsurpassed. It is to them the Fabians owe the sky-piled pyre of economic fact on which it is expected the existing social order will finally be immolated. I seldom feel that conflagration so near at hand as I did when I heard Beatrice Webb tell the assembled Fabians that prayer is one of the indispensable items of successful economic and sociological research. We worked over that ground pretty thoroughly the next morning, Mrs. Webb and the American Lecturer, pacing up and down the grass walk, touching the necessity of saturating all our experiences of the heart or of the intellect in the older, more experienced layers of being, before suffering them to crystallize as forms of social procedure.

It was directly afterward that I had the experience before referred to, of admission to the collective mind of the English.

It was the quiet end of the afternoon; there was a hot smell of roses in the air, pricked from every corner of the lovely English gardens with shafts of cheerful laughter. I was leaning against the parapet by the lily pond, thinking of nothing in particular when, by such degrees that I am unable to fix the precise moment of its happening, England laid a warm, covering hand on me. What had been an

American observer was lost in the sudden onset and lapsing of wave on wave of intimacy so perfect that it was only by the narrowest margin of alien consciousness that I was aware of what was going on in me. No, it was not because, like most people, I have inherited English strains. I'm French too, yet permanently outside the French consciousness. I'm Scotch also, by descent, but besides thinking that a handsome Scot is the handsomest of men, I have no Celtic affinities. It was simply that the collective English mind had widened suddenly and made room for me. This is the peculiar gift of the English, the source of their genius for politics which has distinguished them among nations.

Perhaps this inclusion in the English consciousness, which was not for this occasion only, had something to do with my falling so readily into the Shavian cult when Mr. Shaw came down for the whole of the last week; for how could Shaw so successfully alternately tickle and annoy the public sense of England if he were not completely inside it? One recognizes him instantly, quite the tallest man in any company, straight as a pine that has stayed a full-orbed moon on its top. The fox-colored hair and beard have gone moon-white around the Indian summer glow of his face, reflecting the autumnal mellowness of his mind.

There is an extraordinarily clean-blown look about Shaw at sixty-five, such a windy, star-bright look as one surprises occasionally at the edge of October evenings. Of the Irish impishness that made him once so exasperating in debate, there is left spiritual dexterity that pricks you to join him in what must never be mistaken as a statement of Shaw's belief, but the search for that which is worthy to be believed.

It is this search for reality informing all his talk, that makes Shaw so misleading to quote. He suffers the fate of all brilliant people, that of being lost in the blaze in his own fireworks. What he said to the Fabians was the speech of a Socialist to Socialists, and not to be attempted by the uninitiate. Of things said in conversation, besides the impression of an incorruptible geniality, there remain glints and flashes.... "Irish independence? Well, I'm a Socialist, I'm not so much for independence,...interdependence...a characteristic island civilization. We might produce it...we've never really had an island parliament, you know..."

"Birth control...what right have you to say to life, It shall not be? How do you know you didn't struggle with your parents to be born as much as ever parents struggled to prevent you...a continuing process of life.... What do we really *know*!"

"What's a book, once it's done?" he said. "My books mean very little to me...the finish to a phase of thinking.... Tell your niece not to go into the theatre unless she can't help it. As a career it's not worth it...it's an expression...one must be satisfied to be used."

Finally we talked of his coming to America. That was at Hern Bay, where the Guild Socialists were in session. At Canterbury seven miles away I had run into Sinclair Lewis coming out of the Cathedral Close, and learned that he had sold 300,000 copies of his book. What else could I do but produce as my own particular counter-irritant, that I was on terms with G. B. S. which permitted me to take promising young American authors to tea with him without waiting to be invited. Mr. Shaw does not really take tea, which gave him more time to talk.

This he did, looking not unlike some ancient pagan deity consenting to be pleased with mortals. Meanwhile we held our cups and breathed softly not to break the spell. W. K. Ratcliffe was there, and one or two Guilders. I recall a lad with a stiff leg and a distinguished service order and the engrossed, uplifted watchfulness of a happy dog, eyes on his master.... I asked G. B. if it were true that he had refused a million dollars for his film rights because the producer had insisted on talking art when Shaw wished to talk money.

It was true, he admitted, twinkling reminiscently over the kind of art talk an American film manager had been primed with, expressly to talk to Shaw. "But the truth was," said G. B., "that I had my lawyer figure it out for me, and found that after I had paid the American tax, the English tax, and the super-taxes on that mil-

lion, I should be about fifteen thousand dollars out of pocket."

We wished to know if that meant that he would never come to the United States at all. The only other way that the possibility had been presented to him, had been to be led about by a lecture bureau and exhibited for the most money. "How could I let a man sign up for me, when I might say something the first day that would upset all his calculations?" he protested.

What I proposed was that we should form a Shaw Committee which would permit him the greatest number of public appearances compatible with entire personal freedom. "I ought to have come ten years ago," he said. But at the last there was yielding in his look. It could be managed I think. It should be managed. Even if the only way is to invite the Fabian Society to hold its next summer session in New York.

ENEMIES

By Laura Benét

I AM afraid of the dark
That it will not let me alone;
The intimacies of its silence
Would kindle a stone.

But I'm more afraid of the light
For its spaces snatch my breath,
And make me question the time
I shall travel with death.

THE SKETCH BOOK

ON TAKING YOUR HUSBAND'S NAME IN VAIN

By St. John Ervine

I HEARD lately of a lady who vigorously exemplified "the triumph of hope over experience", as Dr. Johnson defined re-marriage, for she has had three husbands, two of whom are alive and reputed to be flourishing. The singular thing about this lady is not that she has been married three times, for many persons have voluntarily suffered such a fate, but that although her third husband and she are living in what Boswell called "conubial felicity", she insists on being called by the name of her first and only deceased husband. This insistence would appear to be a touching avowal of devotion to the memory of number one, unlikely, I imagine, to stir any responsive emotion in the breasts of the second and third husbands, were it not for the fact that the first husband had a title and the other two are commoners. He was a lord! I thought to myself, "This lady is a sort of Vicar of Bray. Husbands may come and husbands may go, but she will still be Lady Annabel Dismay!" And thinking of her, I thought also of some clever women whom I met in America a year or so ago, whose feminist faith is so pronounced and hearty that they refuse altogether to share their husbands' names. My lady of title only refuses to share the names of any husbands she may contract or has contracted since the decease of the first one, but my American friends decline to share

the name of any husband, dead or alive, first or last. Each of them is willing to be endowed with a man's worldly goods, but not with his surname. She will live with him, but will not be labeled by him. She will bear his children, but will not bear his name. She will suffer all of the inconveniences of marriage—and there are many of them—but she will not enjoy one of the conveniences.

The excuse made for this refusal is more honorable to the American ladies than the excuse made for the lady of title who insists on keeping the name of her first husband while she is living with her third; but it does not appear to me to be so practical. After all, there are some social advantages readily yielded to Lady Annabel Dismay which would not be yielded, readily or otherwise, to plain Mrs. Dismay. It is hardly flattering to the lady that she should use a title to obtain prestige which she seems incapable of winning on her personal merits, but since that prestige appears to be worth possessing, she may be said to have a common-sensible sort of mind, though not, perhaps, a highly idealistic one. At the sacrifice of a little pride, she obtains a considerable amount of attention and deference from subordinate persons which is no doubt very gratifying, besides being exceedingly useful. It is otherwise with my American friends. They do not secure any social advantages or amenities through their behavior. On the contrary, they must occasionally lose some. She gives up some of her pride, but they insist on the possession of

more than is reasonable, and as always happens to people who do that, they must now and then have to endure contumelious treatment.

They say that a woman who abandons her maiden name on marriage commits a spiritual outrage on herself and is a traitor to her sex by acknowledging socially a superiority in the male which she denies politically. By giving up her own name and accepting his in exchange for it, she acknowledges that he has the right to impose his name upon her and that she is his inferior. That point of view is hardly so sensible, when deeply considered, as it seems when superficially considered. A woman who has established a reputation as a novelist under her maiden name is obviously at a disadvantage if, after marriage, she publishes subsequent books under her new name. The public which knows and likes the stories of Miss Susan Smith-Smythe will not easily recognize the same author in Mrs. Richard Robins-Robinson, and unless she continues to use her maiden name for publishing purposes, she will not only have to begin a new career with her husband, but also one with her public. That, however, is a matter easily arranged without indignity to anyone. It may be said that there is trouble and inconvenience in having to explain that Mrs. Richard Robins-Robinson is Miss Susan Smith-Smythe, "the writer, you know!" but they cannot be any greater than were the trouble and inconvenience of explaining that Miss Mary Ann Evans was "George Eliot, the writer you know!" or the still greater trouble of explaining that Miss Mary Ann Evans really remained Miss Mary Ann Evans when she appeared to be Mrs. George Henry Lewes. It certainly is not so difficult to explain that Mrs. Robins-

Robinson is Miss Susan Smith-Smythe as it would be, in certain circumstances, to explain that Miss Smith-Smythe is really Mrs. Robins-Robinson! There must be a considerable amount of embarrassing and even incomprehensible explanation made before a registration clerk can be persuaded to think otherwise than cynically when Miss Susan Smith-Smythe and Mr. Richard Robins-Robinson ask for a bedroom at his hotel; and chambermaids, notoriously austere persons, must surely be confirmed in their worst suspicions about the "goings on" in high society when they find Lady Annabel Dismay openly sharing apartments with Mr. Small Beer whom she somewhat brazenly describes as her husband. There may be hypocrisy in persons pretending to be married when they are living in what is technically known as sin—though hypocrisy is sometimes the tribute which vice pays to virtue—but there is more than hypocrisy, there is sheer silliness, in people who insist on behaving as if they were not married when in fact they are.

For practical purposes, we may assume that any custom which has survived for centuries has done so because the generality of mankind have found it to be a convenient custom. We do not call a married woman by the surname of her husband either to insult or to degrade her, but because it is socially convenient to do so. It is definitely useful in our intercourse with other people to know that this man and that woman are married to each other. We are saved, for example, from the unpleasantness and embarrassment of saying inappreciative things about a man to his wife by the fact that she has been introduced to us as Mrs. So-and-so. Heaven knows what social chaos would be caused if

married women were to insist on being introduced as Miss This-or-That! The inappreciative things we say about a man may be justly and sincerely said, but we cannot expect his wife to like them or to like us for saying them; and since social relationships are made possible as much by the things we do not say as by those we do, mankind has had to invent a number of signs by which we may readily recognize the people to whom we may safely say true or malicious things and the people to whom it is not safe to say them. Mrs. Robins-Robinson can see the fun of your calling Mr. Johns-Johnson a pernicious ruffian or an unprincipled scoundrel, but I doubt whether she will see much fun in such descriptions when applied to her husband. It may be good for her to know how the world regards him, but she will not thank you for enlightening her, assuming that she believes a word you say; and in any event it cannot be good for you to discover that you have been saying such things about him to his wife when you fondly imagined you were saying them to a single woman. You will certainly be a little more discreet or, as some would say, hypocritical when next you engage in conversation with an apparent spinster.

As a matter of social convenience, therefore, everything can be said for the custom of husband and wife sharing the same name—whether that name be the husband's or the wife's is immaterial—and there is nothing to be said for the proposal that each should retain the pre-marriage name. There might be something to be said for the suggestion that names, as well as persons, should be joined together in holy matrimony, so that Miss Smith and Mr. Robinson, on marrying, should become Mr. and Mrs. Smith-

Robinson, were it not for the fact that social convenience would be ill-served when the little Smith-Robinsons grew up and married the children of the Brown-Johnsons. Millicent Smith-Robinson and George Brown-Johnson, on marrying, would become Mr. and Mrs. Smith-Robinson-Brown-Johnson. The difficulty of announcing the names of the third and fourth generations of the Smith-Robinsons and the Brown-Johnsons would be more than any butler would relish!

But it is when we consider the use of the husband's name by the wife as an outrage on her individuality that we discover how thin is the argument for a woman keeping her maiden name after her marriage. Why should she refuse to be known by the name of her husband whom she has chosen for herself, and continue to be known by the name of her father whom she has not chosen? If it is an outrage on her spiritual nature to be called Mrs. Richard Robins-Robinson when she has freely consented to love, honor, and live with Richard—is, in fact, most eager to do so—how much more diabolical must be the outrage of having to endure the name given to her at her birth by one of her parents, and that one, in her judgment, the less important of the two, for whom she may or may not feel affection? We choose our friends and our lovers, but our relatives are imposed upon us. A woman can only escape from this indignity of answering to a name not of her choosing by marrying and adopting a name not of her husband's choosing. She, indeed, has more choice in that matter than he had. He has to be Richard Robins-Robinson, whether he likes it or not, but she need not be Mrs. Richard Robins-Robinson unless she chooses to be. I confess I see no way out of the difficulty other than

sensibly recognizing that it is not a difficulty at all. To take your husband's name in vain, that is to say, to take it and not use it, may comfort a woman's sense of her own value, but it is a very bothersome business and is hardly worth the trouble. And, after all, millions of women for centuries have endured the indignity without noticing that it is an indignity. An indignity which is not known to be one is not an indignity: it may actually be a delight.

CARL SANDBURG

By Sherwood Anderson

HE comes into a room where there is company heavily and slowly, staring about. His eyes are small and blue-faded. Everyone knows a personage has arrived but there is no swagger to him.

He is not a physically strong man although he looks like the stuff out of which champion middleweights are made—a fighter who has given up fighting, gone out upon another road, out of condition for fighting. His eyes are not strong and he reads little. He is an eternal sitter-up o' nights drinking quantities of black coffee.

In conversation concerning the two subjects that absorb him—labor and poetry—he is unsure of himself, makes startling statements hesitatingly and covers his uncertainty with a blustering manner. There is no intellectual smartness and oddly enough no intolerance.

A distinguished Frenchman came to my house and wanted much to meet Sandburg so I had him up for an evening. They sat and stared at each other—both helpless. Sandburg took

from his pocket a paper covered with figures and began to tell the Frenchman of the number of tons of coal mined in the state of Illinois each year, the number of miles from Chicago to Dallas, Texas, how many railroads come into Chicago, what Mr. Gary said at the time of the steel strike.

Silence settled down upon the two men. One might have cut the silence into little squares and rolled it into balls.

I led Sandburg to the piano and he began to sing, thumping steadily on two or three chords.

His voice is mellow and rich and he has the gift of song. He sang nigger songs, a song of the boll-weevil, one about Jesse James, another about a tough girl of the city streets whose lover had proved unfaithful.

Sandburg singing, naively, beautifully, was something the Frenchman understood and loved. Later he told me that the evening was one of his really fine experiences in America. On that evening we were all so absorbed that while Sandburg sang a robber crawled in at a window and going into his sleeping room robbed the Frenchman of his clothes, his money, and his luggage—thus giving him, in addition to his evening with Sandburg, a strikingly true picture of what life in Chicago is like. I've a notion that he went home to France inclined toward the suspicion that Sandburg and I were in league with the robber.

There is a growing tendency, as his fame goes up in the world, to speak of Carl Sandburg as a He man, an eater of raw meat, a hairy one. In Chicago newspaper local rooms he is spoken of as John Guts. I do not think of him so although I've a suspicion that he

sometimes writes under the influence of this particular dramatization of his personality.

Buried deep within the He man, the hairy, meat eating Sandburg there is another Sandburg, a sensitive, naive, hesitating Carl Sandburg, a Sandburg that hears the voice of the wind over the roofs of houses at night, a Sandburg that wanders often alone through grim city streets on winter nights, a Sandburg that knows and understands the voiceless cry in the heart of the farm girl of the plains when she comes to the kitchen door and sees for the first time the beauty of our prairie country.

The poetry of John Guts doesn't excite me much. Hairy, raw meat eating He men are not exceptional in Chicago and the middle west.

As for the other Sandburg, the naive, hesitant, sensitive Sandburg—among all the poets of America he is my poet.

MENCKEN AND MENKEN

or

THE GIFT OF TONGUES

By William McFee

THERE is something to be said for the Æsopian fox who lost his tail. He made the best of a bad job. By careless neglect he found himself bereft of a beautiful and useful part of his personality. Without loss of time he began a publicity campaign. He employed scientists who declared that tails were germ-carriers. He interested educators who discouraged tails in the schools. The vixen's clubs invited him to lecture, and passed a number of resolutions calling for legislation prohibiting tails everywhere....

But what extenuation can one find for a fox, renowned for his courage and cunning, blessed with one of the finest, stiffest, and most bushy tails in the world, who preaches that not only are foxes better off without tails, but that the ideal fox has not sufficient sense to distinguish between the bark of a dog and the cluck of a hen?

To abandon the allegory, H. L. Mencken has demonstrated once more the eternal truth that very clever men must have their pet folly. It is most extraordinary how often a man of indubitable genius will founder in this most fatal quicksand of language-mongering. Many years ago, say in 1901, Bernard Shaw, then a newspaper man writing under a number of pen names, used phonetic spelling as an excuse to write immense letters to the press. The old "Morning Leader" would contain column after column of Shaw's amusing piffle about the mistakes we poor Englishmen made in pronouncing our own tongue. Spelling seems to have the same fascination for brilliant minds that perpetual motion and the punctureless tire have for young mechanics. But young mechanics have the great justification that they seek a stark utility beyond the realms of art. The spelling reformer has never betrayed the ultimate motives of his mania.

It is almost incredible that it should be necessary to call the attention of so shrewd a critic to the fact that a word may be logical and clear and correct, and ugly to look at. Yet Mr. Mencken seems never to have reflected that the beauty of a book may be enhanced not only by the arrangement of the words on the page but by the arrangement of the letters in the words. To take Mr. Mencken's own examples, *axe* and *centre* are prettier than *ax* and *center*. Which is possibly the reason why Mr.

Mencken dislikes them. *Honour, harbour, tenour* are actual English words, not phonetic symbols like *mazda* and *veritite* and *oxide*. There is also another reason for that exasperating *u*, if I may whisper it. *Honour* is pronounced *honour*, not *honor*, whereas *ancestor* is pronounced that way, not *ancestour*. Of course, no one will ever believe an Englishman knows anything about pronouncing his own tongue. Scots, Celts, Welsh, Germans, and Americans unite in crushing him if he raise ever so mild a protest at their weird and wonderful emendations. Many English, out of consideration for the foibles of others, change their own pronunciation to oblige, and for a quiet life.

In brief, words of the *honour* and *tenour* type are rightly spelled with the extra vowel not only because they are thereby identified with a particular meaning, but because the genius of the language demands it. One might almost say that we spell them that way for the same reason Mr. Mencken retains the double consonant in his name instead of dropping it as idiotic or nonsensical. Mr. Mencken demands further information about our peculiar fads, and it is singular that he never by any chance asks a question that an English man of letters cannot answer. Why add an *e* to *annex* and *form*? Because, your honour, *annex* is one thing and *annexe* another. Because *form* has a multitude of meanings active and substantive, whereas *forme* is a technical term. *Kerb* is a noun with a definite meaning, and *curb* is a noun and a verb of general application. When we come to *gaol* and *jail*, I am afraid Mr. Mencken will laugh if I contend that *gaol* is the better word. It has, to an Englishman, more significance than *jail*. Its appearance in a sentence has a sombre

and foreboding effect upon that sentence. It is as much superior to *jail* as the German word *verloren* is to the French word *perdu*. Moreover, although I fear Mr. Mencken is by now so furious that he will not listen, we pronounce it *gaol*, not *jail*... With regret one has to call attention to another point which Mr. Mencken has missed. Our word *superior* does not come direct from the French. It comes direct from the Latin. The French expression *Seine Supérieure* would be translated *Upper Thames* not *Superior Thames*. And it is the rule in English grammar when forming an adjective from a noun to modify the spelling. Mr. Mencken will find the same astounding idiosyncrasy in Italian. Mr. Mencken has not given this matter adequate attention. Twenty-five years ago English newspapers had *patent-insides*. I can remember them.

Mr. Mencken professes to ignore, in considering the new American Language, both "the jargon of the intellectual snobs and the gibberish of the vulgar". I think he is scarcely wise. To the stranger who comes to dwell in America both the jargon and the gibberish are revelations of the possibilities of the English tongue. What Mr. Mencken calls "the everyday discourse of ordinary educated folk" differs very little from the discourse of the same sort of folk in England. Nothing is more puzzling to an Englishman after reading American fiction and newspapers than to come here and find ordinary people speaking ordinary good English with practically no provincialisms or slang intermixed. The main difference is that the American attempts to explain to you how he *feels*, whereas an Englishman is reluctant to admit the existence of emotion at all.

But out in the open one can enjoy true sport. What joy to discover that when one needs a hair cut, one can enter a *tonsonial parlor*! And it almost robs the grave of victory and draws the sting of death to know that instead of an undertaker the family will call in a *mortuarian*. These, I take it, are what Mr. Mencken would call the jargon of the intellectual snobs. But "the gibberish of the vulgar" is equally alluring. It is the most vivid thing in the world. Mr. Mencken cannot persuade me he does not like it. I'll tell the world he does!

In all seriousness, however, the phrase "American Language" is scarcely needed yet except to indicate a certain peculiar offshoot of written English known as publicity writing. As far as I know there is nothing like it on earth. The Englishman tells you his pills are worth a guinea a box, or he begs you to "furnish with taste" at his store, or advises you to insist on a particular brand of mustard. The Frenchman or Spaniard hires a black-and-white artist who draws so extremely well that one simply has to pause and read the context. But the American publicity writer has lost touch with earth altogether. He has become so afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi* that he will write whole pages of advertising about the cardinal virtues. I pick up a current periodical and I read:

Towering above fear, buttressed with honor, meeting the assaults of circumstance with the strength of rightness, stands integrity.

Now to a European of average intelligence, this is a distinctly new departure—to write advertisements about an unmarketable abstraction. Of course the publicity man may argue that he is selling integrity. To that a European can offer no reply. It is

something entirely beyond his experience.

To the man of letters, however, this particular adventure of the advertiser is serious. It implies that literature will have to abandon many forms and phrases and seek a means of expression not yet appropriated by the sales department. And the only means the present writer sees available at present is the continual use of good English. Mr. Mencken will never be able to use the American Language. It is already preempted. And in the future, when his own vigorous and sledgehammer style has been stolen by the publicity hounds, even Mr. Mencken may be forced to fall back on the despised English Language to distinguish his own essays from the advertisements.

THE NEW WORD IN PLAY PRODUCING

By Zona Gale

PRODUCING a play seems to me, as I have recently watched it, to be partly the art of dealing with people. And the new word in dealing with people is to deal with them, not to direct them.

Watching Mr. Brock Pemberton staging my play, I used to think that if one of the oldtime producers were to enter the theatre, he would say: "But this man is not doing anything. He just sits there." It was true that he seemed just to sit there, hour after hour. The director of my fears, he who stood tense or wild in the midst of the players and cried that fire from heaven had fallen on such and such a reading, or bit of business, or tempo—he was not in the theatre. Soon he will not be in any theatre. Or in any

other creative work. Which means almost all work.

Instead there was, in this case, a man who sat in the house, half way back, and who at first said principally: "From the beginning, please." Or, "Once more, that scene." And very often: "Come now. Let's all help." There also was I who in those first days kept saying to him: "Don't you think that should be read so and so?" or "That oughtn't to be done so, just there" or "That isn't the right reading." And the invariable reply would be: "Let's let them get the lines first." "Let's see if they won't come to that in a day or two." In the first weeks of rehearsal I must have said these things literal scores of times and always to that same reply, delivered without impatience and without a shadow of turning.

Gradually, in instance after instance, it was clear that the suggestion which I had been so eager to make was either finding its way into the reading by the feeling of the actors, or was being supplanted by something of their own creation that was better. When I spoke of this—"It means so much more when they find out a thing for themselves," the producer said.

After a time, at the close of a rehearsal, he would go down to the front row and say: "I have a few notations—will you take them down?" He would make innumerable suggestions, and the company would note them on their parts. When a member of the company asked how a line should be read the first reply from the producer was usually: "How do you feel that line—what do you feel is the most natural reading?" Again and again he asked them for suggestions. If a line needed something and I could not make the suggestion, he would ask the one to whom it belonged to try to think of

the thing he would like to say in such a situation. Some of the least unsatisfactory lines, therefore, came from the company themselves.

Often it seemed to me that the producer thought of himself as one of the company. And as if industrial difficulties might be solved if only all the cooperators in industry could recognize themselves in this way. That which Walter Hampden welcomes as "industrial and artistic cooperation" was assuredly here. It is the new word in industry as in art—the third word, the human factor. Yet in the end this play was shot through from first to last with the ideal of naturalism which all along had been the ideal of the producer—but he had developed it, he had not stamped it on from without.

This attitude cannot be unique. There must be others of the modern stage who are producing in this way, but it is not the old way, and it is not the way in which the public generally thinks of a production being made. Nearly everyone has said: "Isn't it a terribly difficult experience, having a play put on? Isn't it nervous work? Don't you have to fight for your own interpretation?" But it was not difficult. There was nothing "nervous" about it—excepting that one couldn't engage all the actors who applied for the parts. And as for my own interpretation, my fear was that they were sometimes reading a line in my way to please me when they knew it would be better some other way. I have always believed stage people to be the most likable people alive, and now I know it.

There is far more reason why play producing should be nervous work than that routine work should be so; because, first, there is no routine to follow and, second, everybody involved is in some degree a creative artist—

who carries his own authority. By reason of the daily intimacy and the swift work and the high pressure and the risk for everybody, it is true that irony or arbitrary authority or lack of sympathy could make of play producing about as uncomfortable an association as—any other association dominated by “nerves”. Perhaps, as Dr. Joseph Jastrow once suggested, all these things are not alone in the domain of art and of ethics but of manners. Or perhaps it is merely that theatrical producers, in common with all other business men, are eliminating waste—waste nerves along with the rest. The roots of art are fed and watered by undivined agencies. In this case I believe that the work ran smoothly because the producer was more intent on getting out of every creative worker his creative bit than in remembering that he was the director and that his way was best. He was not only directing a play—he was dealing with people. The final art.

A LANDMARK PASSES

By Arthur Bartlett Maurice

THE Pension Vauquer is no more! Till yesterday, the structure which Henry James felicitously described as “the most portentous setting of the scene in all the literature of fiction” had, for a full hundred years, remained substantially true to the picture that Honoré de Balzac drew in the pages of “Père Goriot”. The house and the garden with its well and graveled walk were there for the contemplation of the literary pilgrim. Over all there was the brooding silence of ten decades. But that was yesterday. There is little silence there today. For where Trompe-la-Mort whis-

pered his cunning temptations in the ear of Eugène de Rastignac; where Goriot, the Lear of French fiction, wept over the ingratitude of his daughters; where, of an eventful eve-



The Pension Vauquer

ning, there came the tramping of feet, the clang of muskets against the pavement, and the ominous command: “In the name of the King and the Law!”, now honks, not the horn of regal Renault or pompous Panhard, but the horn of the ubiquitous Ford, or of its French equivalent, the Citroën. The “most portentous setting of the scene in all the literature of fiction” has become an auto-service station.

“Mme. Vauquer (*née de Conflans*) is an elderly person, who for the past forty years has kept a lodging house in the Rue Neuve-Sainte Genevieve in the district that lies between the Latin Quarter and the Faubourg Saint-Marcel.” These are the opening words of the novel that posterity seems to have accepted as Balzac’s masterpiece, the most glorious stone of that vast edifice which is the *Comédie Humaine*. The house stood at the lower end of the Rue Neuve Sainte-Genevieve, just where the street begins to slope down to the Rue de l’Arbalète. Balzac, in

his day, found the quarter the ugliest and the least known of all the quarters of Paris. Ugly and unknown it remained all through the nineteenth century and the first two decades of the twentieth. To find it today is like finding one's way to the heart of a maze. That remoteness had the virtue of preserving it till the last from the invasion of the modern Hun, the apartment constructing architect. Ugly as it is, it possesses an amazing fascination. With the dirt and squalor and gloom the glamour of the dark old world is there. Here is no Haussmannized Paris, but a vestige of the ancient Lutetia that knew the Valois. The shades of the Villon of history and of the Quasimodo of Hugo's fantastic imagination, lurk in

such streets as the Rue Saint-Médard and the Rue Mouffetard.

Balzac identified the Pension Vauquer as being in the Rue Sainte-Genève. But the names of Paris streets are subject to frequent changes, and long ago the Rue Sainte-Genève became the Rue Tournefort. The actual number of what was till yesterday, by reason of its unchanged state, its romantic appearance, and its vivid associations, the show place among all the shrines of French fiction, was 24. From that doorway Eugène de Rastignac went forth in the night to make his way to the heights of the cemetery of Père Lachaise, and from its eminence to shake his fist at the city spread out beneath him with the ringing cry of defiance: "A nous deux maintenant!"

THE PRAIRIE TOWN

By Helen Santmyer

LOVERS of beauty laugh at this grey town,
Where dust lies thick on ragged curb-side trees,
And compass-needle streets lead up and down
And lose themselves in empty prairie seas.

Here is no winding scented lane, no hill
Crowned with a steepled church, no garden wall
Of old grey stone where lilacs bloom, and fill
The air with fragrance when the May rains fall.

But here is the unsoftened majesty
Of the wide earth where all the wide streets end,
And from the dusty corner one may see
The full moon rise, and flaming sun descend.

The long main street, whence farmers' teams go forth,
Lies like an old sea road, star-pointed north.

THE LONDONER

Christmas and Christmas Presents—Advice to Those Who Would Give and Those Who Would Receive—Chaliapin—Rafael Sabatini—Sir William Robertson Nicoll's Seventieth Birthday—Novelists for Washington—Mr. and Mrs. Reginald McKenna—A Cry for a New Sherlock Holmes Book.

LONDON, October 1, 1921.

BY the time these notes are in print we shall be once more in the throes of Christmas. What we shall feel like I cannot pretend to say, but at the moment it seems as though the weather would be torrid, and accordingly one for the open air rather than for the study. Roaring fires will not have their place. Books which we have received as Christmas presents will not have their bindings curled as the result of too close proximity to the fire. Out of door hammocks, a warm sun upon the page, and a gentle slumber will be the order of the day. To one who has just returned from a summer holiday the thought of Christmas is singular, but if we are to have a warm Christmas perhaps it will merely be a sort of extension of the summer holiday. So be it. We must learn to sacrifice the book trade for another season.

Nevertheless, the book trade is waking up here, as I understand it shows signs of doing in America. The shops are full of books, and sometimes customers appear. I met a man the other day who boasted of having bought three copies of a book of my own. He was a friend indeed! Would that all my friends would do as he did. The others are more inclined to criticize the book from the gratuitous copy they have received. Books, I think, are more looked in the mouth than any other kind of gift horse. It is a weak-

ness of ours that we do not value what has been given to us. I have noticed this in the case of things which have been given to myself. Not that I have many things given to me, unless I ask for them. I fancy I am like the girl in the anecdote, whose friends were discussing a suitable present. "I know," said one; "let's give her a book." "Oh," was the reply. "No. She's got one." I suppose they gave her a penwiper instead, unless she had to take the will for the deed. I am now engaged in a great Christmas present campaign. I have already commissioned a Royal blue silk dressing gown with primrose facings. But I don't expect I shall get it.

The best Christmas present is a book. It may be a bad book, but at least it is something which does not perish, and even a bad book can be scanned. Moreover, it can always be lent, and so lost. An ornament has to meet with a strange accident, and in any case donors seek their gifts upon the mantelpiece, and are restless if they miss the abhorred shapes. Ties have to be worn, however terrible their hues. Cigars have to be—well, one has to take a few puffs, and if the giver is a near relation the whole box has to disappear slowly, like the baseless fabric of a dream or the face of the Cheshire Cat in "Alice in Wonderland". Sweets and candied fruit go too quickly, and one cannot keep them to one's self. Only a book is truly

manageable. Would-be thieves are discomfited by the fact that one can claim it in virtue of the inscription. If it is a bad book it can be laid down without a qualm; if it is a good book it is a lasting delight. There is no present like a good book. I must think of some good books. It would be useless to mention any here, because they would not reach me in time for the Day; but I shall tell my friends.

All this may suggest in me a somewhat grasping nature. It may appear as though I guided my friends in the way of my own wishes. Such a suggestion would be an injustice; but I will explain. For some years I noticed that presents at birthdays and at Christmas were growing fewer. Last year I received no presents at all on my birthday. Only one person recalled that I had a birthday. Such regret filled my heart at this neglect that I took steps to proclaim the omission. The result has been satisfactory. People are quite ready to give when they know that a gift is expected. Think how one feels over the question of tips to hotel servants. One knows they are expected; the whole difficulty is one of amount; and as the servants assuredly expect as much as they can get our gross over-tipping is greatly in favor of a continuance of the tipping system. My advice therefore to those who would receive Christmas presents is to point out the most acceptable present. This, I say again, is a book. To the donors I think it should be said that all gifts are a greater satisfaction to the giver than to the recipient. It is the spirit, the kind thought, that matters.

If I were giving books I should do a very daring thing. I would give a book that I liked. It is the greatest compliment, and if the person receiv-

ing the book has the bad taste not to like it that book can be borrowed and thus kept without hesitation. One's own library is increased. The point to be noticed here is that it is inadvisable to give a book which one already possesses. I have known other presents given upon this system, always with satisfactory results. One person used to give me presents quite unsuited to any requirements of mine, and then kindly made use of the gifts himself until they were worn out. This he called living upon the communal system. He may also have been following the advice of a friend, which was: always give what the recipient would never in any circumstances buy for himself. This advice can be followed especially well in the matter of books. It is a cheering sight to see a donor settle himself calmly and comfortably by the Christmas fire with a book which he has himself just given. One feels his happiness as one's own, largely by comparison with one's own feelings of deprivation.

I hope these remarks will be found helpful. They are the consequence of long study and observation. Moreover, if the book given happens to be in fact a work by Stendhal or some other writer of the greatest delightfulness the joy of possession is incomparable. I do not know a joy greater than that of acquiring without effort a book long desired. And for the giver the words, "How did you know I wanted it?" are the finest reward in the world. To give the right thing is to taste a joy in comparison with which the joys of imagined paradises are as nothing.

* * * *

A joy I have just tasted is the invitation to attend the great Chaliapin concert in London. It came from the blue, was accepted over the telephone,

and its fulfilment was one of the true pleasures of my life. I had heard Chaliapin before, when Sir Joseph Beecham showed that he, as well as his son, the conductor and operatic organizer, was a musical enthusiast; and ever since then I had dreamed of the day when I should hear him again. It is not, of course, simply that Chaliapin is the greatest singer I have ever heard. He is more than that. He is the greatest actor I have ever seen, and his personality is one of the most dominating, if not the most dominating of all, that I have ever recognized. To see him the other night holding a huge audience so that it listened breathlessly to his lightest pianissimo, or working its enthusiasm to a pitch almost unbearable by his singing in other shades, was an experience not to be forgotten. Chaliapin was for some time kept out of England by some sort of agitation arising from political animosity; but now that the ban has been removed, and he is quite the correct thing from the society point of view, I expect we shall do all we can to prevent him from leaving us at all. I think he is going to America, also to sing on behalf of the Russian refugees, so American readers will have an opportunity of hearing his voice and of seeing his extraordinary domination of audiences.

* * * *

I am very glad to hear that Rafael Sabatini has had a success in the United States. He is a sincere and able writer of "costume" stories, and a most delightful man. For years he has been writing these stories of past times, with a much greater knowledge of the periods than is usually shown by practitioners in the historical novel. Those who like "Scaramouche", therefore, have before them a feast of the older novels, so that I see no end

to the popularity of Sabatini now that he has been "discovered". An Italian by birth, and possessed of an exceptional knowledge of English as well as other languages, Sabatini can range the whole world in search of picturesque scenes and decorations. Moreover, he is not only a novelist, but has prepared for the stage dramatizations of several of his books. He is a great big fellow, with the most modest manner in the world, very far from the accepted notion of the literary man. Indeed he is not, in that sense, a literary man at all, although his knowledge of literature, and his appreciation of it, would compare favorably with that of many who are more pretentious in their display. He does not disdain the details of common life, a fact which makes him refreshing as a companion; for there is a common sense about his attitude toward things which makes all of interest and considerably eases interchange of conversation.

This is a trait which I should like to see celebrated. We have many writers with keen perceptions; but there is one class more to my own taste than some of the others. This is a class sometimes rather misunderstood. Where others talk about literature, and love it, and practise it, these men are the simple ones who do their work and who take a technical interest in the work of others, but who do not set up as literary lights and have no solvents or theories about art. It is very good to find a writer who has no public theories about art, who does not write about other writers, but lives simply and productively, doing the work that suits him best and not disdaining the work of others in a different genre. Most of the writers I know (and I am glad to think that my acquaintance is not restricted to writers, who as a class can sometimes be irri-

tating) are pursuing some peculiar theory of art whenever they read a book by another writer. They think it should be a different kind of book altogether. Well, there is room for all kinds of books, and our opinions of the different kinds and of the different writers is likely to vary with taste and age. Only the simple ones, by which I mean those with simple, unaffected tastes, get the real delight out of books. What would I not give to be one of them!

* * * *

And yet there is a fascination about the other thing also—the close and expert study of what is being written. To this also I cannot pretend. Few can give ripe understanding to the life and literature by which they are surrounded. The weak ones get cynical perhaps, or intolerant or envious; and only the strong ones remain. One of these strong ones is this month celebrating his seventieth birthday. I refer to Sir William Robertson Nicoll. Another is Professor Saintsbury. Professor Saintsbury has probably read everything ever written, and while one may at times be horrified by his judgments one finds next these some appraisement so excellent that one hesitates to dismiss the verdict which has seemed so wrong. Take, for example, Mr. Saintsbury's prefaces to Messrs. Dent's edition of Balzac. It is amazing that an Englishman could have written them with such profound appreciation. Take, again, his notes on Paul de Kock. They are admirable. And then get hold of his short history of English literature. It is crammed with information, often expressed in a way to make one writhe, but full of news from the depths of an incomparable experience. In other work I believe that Mr. Saintsbury annoys æsthetic students by some insen-

sitiveness of perception. What remains is enough for most of us. He is a full man. His interest in letters is humane.

If we say that of Professor Saintsbury, what can we say of Sir William Robertson Nicoll? Here is this marvelous journalist, who knows everybody and everything with a minute and pitiless knowledge, to whom not only books but people are the simplest of delights; and we find that he is seventy years of age, old enough to be a father to some of us, and yet as juvenile and whimsical as the youngest. Sir William can talk for an afternoon and at the end of it be as yet but turning back the flyleaf of the tremendous store of experience which he has garnered. Ask him any question about the life of the books of England during his long career, and hear how immediately he answers. Hear him speak on the books which a man must read if he is in this profession or that. Listen to his appraisements. In all there is this wise and keen unsentimental understanding, so rare in men of any age. It is not only that the judgments are suggestive, it is that they are direct. Sir William has not to pull aside a veil of theory or prejudice: he is a realist. His judgments have always been the judgments of a realist. He is sure because he has thought much. One may disagree: I do not say that one can always accept his verdicts. The point I am making is that they are the verdicts of a man who knows things from the inside. He is no amateur, but a professional. He is expert. And whatever is said by the expert will command attention simply because of that enormous fund of experience and understanding lying behind the individual expression of opinion. Poe said that it was the quality and not the quantity of obser-

vation that mattered, and it is the associations of a richly filled mind that give significance to a man's every utterance. It is the shrewdness of understanding behind any speech which separates that speech from its more flowery rivals. What I want to say is that there are no flies on Sir William.

* * * *

I hear that two of the best-known of our novelists—at least—are bound for Washington, to write about the Conference. This, at a time when the constitution of the official party is still a matter of conjecture, is stimulating. The reports written by these two men should make lively reading, as they are both free critics of public affairs, and have some authority behind their pronouncements. Do not be surprised to find, therefore, that strange things are sent over the wires. There will be a little less of that diplomatic wrapping which has to cloak the true feeling of many correspondents. This is all to the good, as it makes to some extent for the much-desired thing, open diplomacy. Both men are extremely sympathetic to the American view, and opposed to all that may be described as sharp practice in politics. It is a testimony to the international importance of the Conference that our newspapers, and yours, should seek representatives so free from official bondage and so well known for their independence of judgment and fearlessness of the consequences of expressing that judgment.

* * * *

Reginald McKenna and his wife, who are on their way to the United States, will be something new in the way of typical visitors. Mr. McKenna is, of course, one of the ablest financiers in this country, although he was recently described in a local paper (in the district in which he had taken a

summer house) as "an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer". He is a keen bridge player and a terrifying golfer. His golf playing is the most mathematical thing ever known in that line. In partnership with his wife he can take the heart out of any rival pair in a foursome. Taking the club in his hand, he consults the prospects. "I shall drive 180 yards," he says—and does so. "You", he adds to his partner, "will drive 120 yards.... The ball will be two yards from the hole"—and it is so. How can one play against such calculation? His wife is a good musician and her interest in and knowledge of current literature is exceptional. This is not only in belles lettres, but in the more abstruse branches of literature. Mr. McKenna is chairman of one of our biggest banks, which a short time ago amalgamated with another bank. It happens that this bank is the one which honors my own cheques, but I can never remember its name. The other night, when I was filling up a club cheque form, I was robbed of all means of recollecting the bank's name. "What on earth is the name of my bank?" said I, in perplexity. "There's the chairman sitting over there," answered a waggish friend. "Ask him." It was in that glance that recollection came, for I knew the name of the bank of which Mr. McKenna is the head. It will be of interest to novel readers to know that Mr. McKenna is the uncle of the novelist so deservedly popular both in America and in England.

* * * *

John Galsworthy's new novel, "To Let", seems to be scoring a considerable success here. It is the last volume of the Forsyte "Saga", and it tells a very simple and poignant love story about two of the younger members of the family. English people have a

warm corner in their hearts for the Forsytes, and I should think would be loath to let them go altogether. By this I do not mean that a clamor will reach Mr. Galsworthy similar to that aroused by the death of Sherlock Holmes; but it will be enough. I cannot describe the thrill I received the other day in a provincial town, on seeing a big poster for "The Strand Magazine" bearing the words: "New Sherlock Holmes Story". I suppose no modern figure has ever been such an electrifying one. Most people seem to love stories about crime and its detection, and the methods of Holmes have been from the start exactly what we all needed. While I was away I bought a copy of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "Mystery of Cloomber", which I had not read. To my regret it is not about Holmes, but belongs to a rather

older genre. However, it is very readable, and if I ever read at all on summer holidays I should by now have finished it. The trouble is, that what we want is Holmes. It is to be hoped that there will one day be a fresh batch of Holmes stories, for there can be no question that we shan't be happy till we get it. What could be more delightful than a Christmas with snow outside, and a warm fire within, and drawn curtains after a vigorous day in the crisp air; and a cigar or pipe, with suitable accompanying refreshment, and a new volume of Sherlock Holmes? The mere thought of such a heavenly situation fills me with expectation. Positively Sir Arthur must give ghosts and fairies a rest and tell us some more earthly romances of the detective.

SIMON PURE

CAGES

By Stirling Bowen

FOUR walls enclose men, yet how calm they are!
They hang up pictures that they may forget
What walls are for in part, forget how far
They may not run and riotously let
Their laughter taunt the never-changing stars.

In circus cages wolves and tigers pace
Forever to and fro. They do not rest,
But seek so nervously the longed-for place.
Our picture-jungles would not end their quest,
Or pictures of another tiger's face.

On four square walls men have their world, their strife,
Their painted, framed endeavors, joys and pain;
And two curators known as man and wife
Hang up the sunrise, wipe the dust from rain
And gaze excitedly on painted life.

BROADWAY, OUR LITERARY SIGNPOST

By Kenneth Andrews

AFTER all the most striking quality of Sinclair Lewis's standard history of Gopher Prairie, Minnesota, is its strict impartiality. The author's attitude is that of an entomologist who has for years patiently studied the habits of some negligible insect, and who most painstakingly transfers his voluminous notes to the printed page. He has no theory to prove about the insect; he is interested solely in discovering how it functions. "Main Street" is not so much an interpretation as it is a reference work, an encyclopædia on the fauna to be found clustering about remote railway stations.

From pages crammed with data about back yards, tin cans, and dirty streets Gopher Prairie emerges. It emerges in its ugliness and emptiness, its crude good nature and bluff wholeheartedness. Carol Kennicott is presented with the same precision, the same detachment. Brought into contact with Gopher Prairie she behaves in the only way she could behave, as a frog in the laboratory kicks and twitches in certain ways when certain acids are dropped on him. How well the author has sustained his non-partizanship is best indicated by the partizanship of his readers. A referendum on the question, "What do you think of Carol Kennicott?" would divide the country into fairly equal camps. She would carry the metropolitan and industrial centres and lose heavily in towns under thirty thousand and in the rural districts.

This impartiality, which is the soul of the book, is the very thing to make its dramatization difficult. Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford get around the difficulty quite neatly—they simply ignore it. There is nothing impartial in their treatment of Carol. In their hands she is little more than a scapegoat. Fifteen minutes after her arrival in Gopher Prairie she takes a look up Main Street, wrinkles her nose and says, "There are a few things I'm going to do to this town", or something to that effect. That was not the way to introduce her. In the play, as in the book, her case should have been fairly presented. We should have felt that Carol was at least in earnest; we should have seen that she was goaded into making her crusade by real hunger of spirit; that, from her standpoint, the redemption of Gopher Prairie was a matter of self-preservation. We need not approve of what she does, but we should know why she does it. Otherwise strange things happen to the story. Will Kennicott himself seems something of a fool to put up with her. The Gophers seem normal, pleasant souls amazingly tolerant of this interloper from Minneapolis who insults them and their old home town. That is not "Main Street".

Still, for two acts, the play holds up surprisingly well. The attempt to distil into stage atmosphere all those pages of data on Gopher Prairie is more adroit than it seems to be. It is played before an atrocious cardboard

street scene which has the effect of reducing much of the authors' good work to the level of hick comedy. The card party in the Kennicott living room completes the picture of Gopher Prairie. We have a small town society evening in the raw with all its inane small talk, its petty neighborhood gossip, its boisterous and prolonged glee over nothing to speak of. Culturally it is pretty barren; and with a little encouragement we might share Carol's point of view, at least for the moment. But we get no encouragement. Carol makes a complete fool of herself. To stimulate a taste for the better sort of thing, and to awaken interest in her Little Theatre movement, Carol and Erik Valborg (who is an electrician in the play) recite a portion of Stephen Phillips's "Marpessa". This means nothing whatever to the Gophers; and after recovering from their consternation they laugh poor Carol out of the room; and the audience raucously joins them. It is amusing, but a shameful burlesque of what Carol really tried to do.

The scene in the bedroom, the best in the play, is a splendid feat of condensation. Here the true values of the book are preserved. Into this half hour is compressed all the monotony and petty routine of the Kennicotts' married life. Carol, for the time being, is a moving figure. Her impotent exasperation and rebellion are understandable, at least. And the act ends on a gorgeous moment with Kennicott starting off into the blizzard to respond to a call from old Valborg, with Carol stung out of her self-absorption and realizing at last the rugged heroism of the man she married.

But the last two acts narrow down to Carol and her woes, and the authors pay the penalty for their injustice to her. They have failed to interest us

in Carol and her woes; we have no comprehension of her, and no patience for her; and the play naturally grows increasingly dull.

Arthur Richman, in his mild little last year's comedy, "Not So Long Ago", mildly suggested some of his qualifications as a dramatist. He seemed to have an easy glibness in the sketching of character. He seemed to have a delicate sense of atmosphere. He seemed to have the faculty of knitting into a compact pattern unrelated, trifling illustrations of his theme. All promising attributes for a new writer to have, and Mr. Richman was regarded as a dramatist of promise, who would do innocuous and pleasantly diverting little pastels, and do them fairly well. But such, it seems, was not the goal of his ambition. All those attributes, which were dimly foreshadowed in his first play, have been amazingly intensified. They might be said to have turned sour. The result is a limpid, poignant, most unpleasant tragedy called "Ambush", which has little to recommend it save the cold logic and relentless plausibility of its development.

For the tragedy of Walter Nichols is plausible enough once you accept the author's valuation of him. Nichols is presented as a thoroughly incompetent, gentle, middle-aged soul who means no harm to anybody, but who is totally bereft of what may be called the manly virtues. He is inefficient as a clerk, inefficient as a husband, woefully inefficient as a father. He is so weak that we are apt to be more irritated than touched by him. We feel that the ambush into which he is pressed is set for him, not by the inexorable hand of fate, but by his own weakness. He has been unable to give his daughter the blessings her acquisi-

tive young soul craves, so she has gone out after them, and found them, and paid the price for them. Nichols, bewildered and inept, tries to do his duty as a father, but has not the faintest notion how to go about it. He invests the slender fortune he had been saving for her in wildcat oil stock and loses all of it. Worry over this makes him lax at the office and he loses his job. Rent day comes, and he has no money. He is beaten, helpless. There is no way out—for him. He accepts money for the rent from his daughter's current lover and takes a job from him, which makes his humiliation complete. Even his quaint honor, to which he has feebly clung, is sacrificed.

It is the unhappy story of a weakling's failure to stand up under fire; but it is not a stimulating or suggestive or exalting tragedy. It was all Nichols's fault in the first place and it is all his fault in the end; for even in the end a stronger man would have fought his way out. And if we have little love for Nichols we have still less for his family. The daughter seems needlessly brusque and sharp and callous; and the mother who encourages her own offspring in the life of easy virtue is the least prepossessing of all.

Still in judging the play we should of course grant the author his prem-

THE DRAMA SHELF

"Miss Lulu Bett" by Zona Gale (Appleton). In its published form the play has two last acts: the one the public liked and the one Miss Gale wrote first.

"Representative One-Act Plays by British and Irish Authors" edited by Barrett H. Clark (Little, Brown). A cumbersome title, but it does tell you what the book is. The plays—twenty of them—are representative; and the author gives biographical and bibliographical notes on each author.

"One Act Plays" by Alice Brown (Macmillan). *"Joint Owners in Spain"* and *"The Hero"*, both of which were produced by Stuart Walker, are the high lights in this collection of nine plays; but there are others which are almost as good.

"Producing in Little Theaters" by Clarence Stratton (Holt). A great many things are packed into this comparatively short book. It is designed as a handbook for the harassed producer of amateur plays. A hundred full-length plays and a hundred one-act plays suitable for amateurs are listed; and a suggestive note (such as "for sophisticated only") is given under each title.

ise. He does not choose to tell an attractive story, but the story he does tell is well told. It is pared down to its essentials, it is compact with minute observation, the people are keenly and consistently portrayed. After the first act, where there is a little too much underlining and re-emphasis, the grim tale moves grimly to its grim conclusion; and the clarity and incisiveness of the writing are faithfully conveyed through the acting and the producing of the play.

Booth Tarkington's *"The Wren"* gives the impression that it is a bright, vivacious Tarkington comedy suffering from low blood pressure. It does not seem to be quite its normal self. It should have much of the whimsicality and caprice of *"Clarence"*, but is so subdued, so very discreet that it is not whimsical or capricious at all. It is as though the chill New England atmosphere, with which the author has suffused his play, has had an inhibitory effect on him, causing him to check himself cautiously at just the places where he had meant to be gayest.

Seeby, the very industrious young person who manages everything and everybody in Cap'n Olds's summer hotel, was surely just the person for Mr. Tarkington to write a play about. But he somehow fails to make of her

the bustling, wistful, Barriesque little figure she might well have been. Perhaps her portrait is a little too life-like; she is no more or less appealing than any youthful New England school teacher who runs her father's hotel in the summer time. And the rest of the play seems similarly underdeveloped. The material is there, but not much is done with it. The affair between Mrs. Frazee, from the city, and Roddy, the painter of terrible pictures, is such a very circum-spect affair that it can scarcely serve as the axis around which to turn even so slight a play. Roddy does not care particularly for Mrs. Frazee, he just likes to talk to someone while he is painting. And she does not care much for him. Frazee who, naturally, turns up unexpectedly, is most perfunctory in his jealousy. He does not care much either. It was a violinist last winter, and now it is an artist; and he is not quite sure that he would mind if his wife did run away from him. Little Seeby adores Roddy, but he is so preoccupied with his financial difficulties that he cannot keep his mind on his love making. Frazee takes his wife back to the city, and Seeby goes up the beach with Roddy to talk to him while he paints; and that is the end of the story.

It is a provokingly absent-minded play.

"A Bill of Divorcement" by Clemence Dane is a carefully, cunningly wrought play. It treats of a phase of the divorce question which is English, not American. The audience is even asked to suppose that an amendment to the English divorce law which is pending has been passed. We may suppose that the play was written as propaganda in support of this English law. It is frankly a thesis play, and

the thesis is one which has little to do with life in this country. Yet the impossible happens. So vivid is the story into which the author trans-mutes her thesis that the thesis, happily, is entirely forgotten; or rather it is absorbed into the story and serves if anything to stiffen it and root it even more deeply in reality.

It is rooted deeply in the realities of human experience. That is why it quickly transcends the special, local conditions which provide its background. That is why it is as poignantly moving in this country as it was in England. After all the special pleading is secondary. After all the play really grows out of the very human frailties of the three members of the Fairfield family, and each of them is really struggling for the right to live.

Margaret Fairfield, as we come to know her in the beginning, is not a particularly strong woman; she is now, and always has been, swayed by her daughter and the others about her. She is deeply in love with a man who is deeply in love with her, but is not quite sure that her duty does not lie with her insane husband. It is true that she married him in the fervid war days, when values were distorted; for sixteen years he has been in the insane asylum as a result of shell shock; but still she is not quite comfortable in taking up a new life without him. She is afraid her happiness is too good to last, and her indefinable trepidation communicates itself to us.

Her daughter, Sydney, is a different type. She is sharp and buoyant and modern; but in her there is a suggestion of the highly strung, over-sensitive temperament of the father who, even before his appearance, casts a sinister shadow over the household. Sydney, too, is engaged to be mar-

ried; and in her case also we have that curious sense that her happiness is too good to last.

Then Fairfield comes. He has been cured of his insanity and has escaped from the asylum and returned to his home. A grey shell of a man he is, sane, but still a quivering convalescent, seemingly trembling on the verge of madness.

In his eyes Margaret is still his wife. With his old nervous fervor he beseeches her to return to him—he pleads for his right to live. Her love for him is gone. She has given her love to another man—and she has the right to live. Vacillating still she is ready to forego her happiness; but in the end it is Sydney who makes the sacrifice after she learns that her father's madness was in reality inherited, and that she herself may have the taint in her blood.

When a play with a mission turns out to be such a superb play one always wonders whether the play was written to serve the mission or whether the mission was appropriated

to serve the play. And we invariably suspect the latter.

Avery Hopwood began his career as a dramatist with a play about clothes. They are still his favorite theme. "The Demi-Virgin", the latest play to come from his hand, is mostly about clothes. For the greater part of the evening people are either taking off clothes, or being urged to do so or threatening to do so. One objection might be that they begin too early. Mr. Hopwood should realize that there must be a certain crescendo in his audacity. The shocks should be sparingly applied up to, say, ten o'clock. Otherwise they lose their power.

"Love Dreams" is an agreeably coherent little romance, set to agreeable tunes by Werner Jannsen, made to seem much more important than it is by the presence of the agreeable Tom Powers. Though someone should talk to this sterling young actor about keeping better company.

COBWEBS

By Jeannette Marks

MY thoughts are like cobwebs:
 Sometimes my fingers are all feathered with them
 And they play tanglefoot with death;
 Sometimes they spread a canopy to dew and sun
 Where love may find a home beneath their tented shade;
 Again, they fling a line of silk,—
 A lariat will noose the furthest star!
 Sometimes my thoughts are bags of flaccid grey,
 Traps for the joy that, glittering, drifts;
 Again, they catch the wind of enterprise
 And, bellying sails of dream, dart out to sea,
 With coasts beyond the world for port!

THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

Prose Poetry

NO matter how drab and unpleasant Sherwood Anderson's stories may seem on the surface, there seems to me to move underneath the simplicity of his sparse style, the poetry and the rhythm of souls struggling to express themselves. This curious ability to give voice to the tragedies of starved lives is his greatest achievement. He has never done it better than in "The Triumph of the Egg" (Huebsch). All of the stories are not successful. The short novel "Out of Nowhere into Nothing" I have never liked. Possibly it is simply because I'm incapable of understanding it. But such magnificent pieces of writing as "Brothers", "The Door of the Trap", and "The New Englander" are closer to the soul of the American peasant (the word is used for want of a better) than any writing done in this country except certain of the poems of Carl Sandburg. Whatever your prejudices for or against modern writing are, it seems to me that you must study Sherwood Anderson, even though you do not understand or approve him.

The Arrogant Young

ALICE DUER MILLER has the gift of writing lightly and keenly of light and keen people. Her Lydia of "Manslaughter" (Dodd, Mead) is as captivating as she is hateful: not a type, surely, but a portrayal of the most stimulating as well as the most disturbing characteristics of the mod-

ern American girl of wealth. Mrs. Miller only occasionally allows her excellent sense of plot to draw her away from smart dialogue and faithful characterization. We could wish that Lydia, convicted of manslaughter and broken in prison, had not, in the end, captured her hero. She would have been even more fascinating to me had she remained a villainess instead of becoming a heroine. However, as a study of American types and as entertaining reading, there are few better stories this fall.

Wine, Flowers, and Jade

THE colors and the spirit of translated Chinese lyrics so often catch the imagination and draw it out through a mist of beauty, that for me, at least, it is quite impossible to judge as to their actual merit as English verses. Florence Ayscough and Amy Lowell in their "Fir-Flower Tablets" (Houghton Mifflin) seem to me, however, to have kept the level of their work higher than most translators. Miss Lowell has succeeded admirably in fusing her own style with that of the Chinese poets, so that while at no time she cries forth from these exquisite things, "I am Miss Lowell", yet they are obviously the work of a master technician and a poet who understands so well the subtle qualities of color tones and voice tones that she is especially qualified to reproduce the delicacies of oriental thought. All this has not said what a joy this carefully edited and annotated book of verses

proves. There is wistfulness, passion, languor, and quiet humor.

When I have finished my poem,
I laugh aloud in my arrogance.
I rise to the Country of the Immortals which
lies in the middle of the sea.
If fame followed the ways of the good official,
If wealth and rank were long constant,
Then indeed might the water of the Han River
flow North-West.

Slowly these beautiful rhythms and quaint images drug you. Where, in so much of Miss Lowell's own verse, she wakes you with a crash of cymbals and a flash of scarlet banners, here she lets the oriental poets with their wagging heads take you on a lone drinking bout or into a blossom-filled mist. I know of few volumes where such a wealth of beauty can be found. One of the translations from Liang T'ung-shu, called "Calligraphy", might well stand as a review of her book:

CALLIGRAPHY

The writing of Li Po-hai
Is like the vermillion bird
And the blue-green dragon.
It drifts slowly as clouds drift;
It has the wide swiftness of wind.
Hidden within it lurk the dragon and the tiger.

The writing of Chia, the official,
Is like the high hat of ceremonial.
It flashes like flowers in the hair,
And its music is the trailing of robes
And the sweet tinkling of jade girdle-pendants.
Because of his distinguished position
He never says anything not sanctioned by precedent.

LIANG T'UNG-SHU, 18th Century

Books of the Sea

TO describe fully the delights of William McFee's collected essays would be simply to quote them all, and in full! "Harbours of Memory" (Doubleday, Page) contains most of his best pieces, though one or two things that he has done for THE

BOOKMAN recently make us earnestly pray that there will be a new volume of essays in the spring or fall. Humor, colorful narrative, wise observation of books, calm views of life: all told with the tang of blown salt and the whistle of wind outside. Literature on the open sea—it is like lying in an open boat blown by auspicious winds and piloted by a silent and efficient helmsman, with a pillow at one's head and an apotheosis of the five-foot shelf at one's elbow. This is a book that few can quarrel over. The ingredients are of the first water and McFee has not failed in the mixing.

Nature Romances

AN extremely intelligent young Englishwoman who said that she did not care for novels, asked me not long ago if there was anyone in America who wrote like W. H. Hudson. "William Beebe, perhaps", I replied. "Oh!", said she, "the man who wrote the wonderful pheasant book!" How characteristic of the English that they should know this extraordinary scientific work of Beebe's and not his thoroughly delightful and readable essays. "Jungle Peace" was good indeed; but "Edge of the Jungle" is better. The magic of creating romance from the tiny event is Beebe's. He writes as few Americans can. There is fire, delicacy, poignancy in stories of flowers, butterflies, and forest sounds. He makes a poem of a butterfly's wing and a tragedy of the life of the ant. Such a book of travel essays has never been produced in America; and the best of it all is—he is a careful scientist. These are not fairy stories. They are true.

—J. F.

THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Jessie B. Rittenhouse

EXAMINING the field of magazine verse, month after month, forces one to the conclusion that the old-line magazines need a vigorous rejuvenation, a blood-transfusion from some of their younger and more robust competitors. What, for instance, has happened to "The Atlantic", toward which poets have yearned, chiefly in vain, since the beginning of things in America? It grows more and more anæmic in its poetry, only now and then showing a flash of its old vitality. "The Century" is more alive and we have selected from its September issue "Lake Song" by Jean Starr Untermeyer, a lyric whose music and mood are admirably at one and which has its own haunting quality. Sara Teasdale has in the same issue "The Wise Woman", a keenly turned bit of psychology.

"Poetry" presents a group by Marya Zaturensky, the young Russian girl who has been but a few years in this country but who uses our tongue as sensitively as if born to it, while keeping her native moods and the touch that differentiates her. In most of her poems she draws upon Russian sources and so brings over into her work a certain strangeness, the charm of the unfamiliar, together with the passionate feeling of her race. These particular poems do not illustrate this side of her work but they show her in other phases. The second, "An Old Tale", has the quaintness of some bit of folk poetry.

And now we have "Tempo" and

"Voices", two more magazines that offer their challenge to the sleepy gods. The first edited by Oliver Jenkins at Danvers, Massachusetts and the second by Harold Vinal at Boston. Both start promisingly, particularly "Voices", which has one of Hortense Flexner's strong and arresting sonnets and several other worth while things. One of the best offerings in "Tempo" is by Mr. Vinal who modestly keeps himself out of his own magazine.

For the last two years the brothers Simon and Jo Felshin have drawn the attention of those who attended the annual symposium of student-poets at Columbia, presided over by Professor Erskine. Simon, who graduated last year, is now in Paris whence we have just received his first book, "Free Forms", work whose feeling is so genuine that it would carry it irrespective of form but which has also its beauty. Jo Felshin who is, we believe, to graduate this year at the University, is already appearing here and there in the magazines. We take from "Contemporary Verse", "Creed", a homely affirmation of fundamental things.

LAKE SONG

The lapping of lake water
Is like the weeping of women,
The weeping of ancient women
Who grieved without rebellion.

The lake falls over the shore,
Like tears on their curven bosoms.
Here is languid, luxurious wailing.
The wailing of kings' daughters.

So do we ever cry,
A soft, unmutinous crying,
When we know ourselves each a princess
Locked fast within her tower.

The lapping of lake water
Is like the weeping of women,
The fertile tears of women
That water the dreams of men.

Jean Starr Untermeyer
—*The Century*

THE SPINNERS AT WILLOWSLEIGH

The old women sit at Willowsleigh. They spin,
And shriek and sing above the humming din.

They are so very old and brown and wise,
One is afraid to look them in the eyes.

Their bony fingers make a chilly sound,
Like dead bones shaking six feet underground!

Their toothless singing mocks—they seem to
say:

"What I was yesterday you are today;

Stars kissed my eyes, the sunlight loved my
brow—

You'll be tomorrow what I am now."

They dream and talk—they are so old and
lean

And the whole world is young and fresh and
green.

Once they were flowers, and flame, and living
bread;

Now they are old and strange, and almost
dead!

The old women spin at Willowsleigh; they fool
And scold, and sleep. Once they were beautiful.

Marya Zaturensky
—*Poetry*

AN OLD TALE

What shall we say of her,
Who went the path we knew of? She is dead—
What shall we say of her?

Men who are very old
Still speak of her. They say
That she was far too beautiful; they say
Her beauty wrought her ruin. But they
Are very old.

The old wives break their threads, they shake
their heads.

They shake their heads when men will speak of
her;

They say she was too beautiful.

I must not think of her, I must
Not speak of her! My mother says
One should not think of her.

She went the path we knew of; she is dead.
They say few knew her truly while she lived,
Though men will speak of her.

It really does not matter she is dead.
One need not think of her, although one night
Folks heard her weeping yet beside a pool,
One moonlit springtime I could swear she
sang!

But she is dead—one must not think of her.

Marya Zaturensky
—*Poetry*

SEA URGE

I have a need of windy water breaking
Along the dunes and crying of the sea;
The touch of winds and day when it is waking
And quiet nights, these things are dear to me.
I have a need of wharfs and lonely piers
When spring comes back to flower in the town,
A need of bays and harbors and old weirs
And brooding hills above them, looking down.
They who have felt the wind upon their lips
And marked the tides that rise through golden
noons

Must always dream of dim seas and tall ships
And boats at twilight on forgot lagoons.
Always they stand and watch upon a shore
For ghostly sails and masts that pass no more.

Harold Vinal
—*Tempo*

CREED

If I have Beauty to give, I shall give it simply,
As my mother gave me her breast, as my father
taught me prayers.

If I have houses to build they shall be simple.
If I have stories to tell, answers to make,
I shall make them without flourishes, and with
a simple heart.

I shall make friends with God,
And give my hand in token of peace to Death;
And have laughter and a friendly heart for
men.

I shall accept the years as they steal up, with
a faint smile to myself,

And greet Old Age quietly and with gladness,
As a wiser, kindlier friend than Youth.

And I shall live and die not needing hope or
knowing fear.

If I have Beauty to give, I shall give it simply,
And be content with silence for an answer.

Jo Felshin
—*Contemporary Verse*

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

YOUNG AND IN PARIS!

By Carl Van Doren

EIGHT or ten years ago American poetry began to look up. It discovered that verse to be sweet did not need forever to wear the mildew of Tennysonianism, or to be strong did not need to keep on forever blowing the very brazen bugle of Rudyard Kipling. It experimented, it aspired, it used its brains—and it was read. One knew that sooner or later the novelists would follow after. It looks now as if they were taking over the primacy of interest in native literature, if not the primacy of excellence. The year 1920 was a year to set down in the annals of the novel; so has 1921 been. And the second of these years has this importance: it shows signs of varying the single tone on which the revival of fiction began. Naturalism, it seems, is not to be the only school. Here is Donn Byrne letting his fancy run, in a very Celtic cloak, across the centuries and the continents with Marco Polo to love and win and lose Golden Bells, daughter of Kubla Khan. Here is Robert Nathan settling his imagination in a dainty village and delicately building up a story almost as full of sugar and spice as the nice little girls of the nursery rhyme. And here is Edward Alden Jewell blithely disregarding the war and the times and returning to the perennial theme of youth at play in Paris.

Youth with him plays very innocently, a reputable pension the scene of its activities and its hero Kenneth the amiable yet knowing boy who skylarks

with the inflammable hearts of the middle-aged pensionnaires and in the end, instead of finding a sweetheart, finds a mother and takes a swim. As a whole the book is not so clear as it might have been made; part of the time it suggests the whimsical heroics of Leonard Merrick or of William J. Locke; and part of the time it suggests a parody of that romantic fiction in which plots are laid and detected, villains and adventuresses encouraged through many chapters and then properly labeled and punished in the final chapter. But "The Charmed Circle" suggests neither of these kinds too much. It is gay in its own way, clever in its own way, touching in its own way. The ancient Cassiendia everlastingly nibbling at her turnips; Bromley the Voeuf with his entangled interests in the street cars of Athens and the fair sex of all lands; the so sensitive Mrs. Brathers, with her languors and her longings and her perturbations and her strong waters on the side; Cyprienne of the opera with her color schemes of saffron and silver-grey and sapphire blue, and her enchanting mystery; Kenneth himself, so demure at the Pension Bernard and yet so masterful in Montmartre—these and the various minor figures and their brisk careers, if they do not always fall into completely lucid pattern, yet in their own right are all amusingly seen and very deftly recorded.

What gives the book its highest quality, however, is the skill with which it has caught the color and perfume of Paris—of Paris as seen through the eye of the affectionate

and remembered by them when all the more barbarous splendors of other cities fade from the recollection. As regards this Mr. Jewell is probably orthodox: believing, it may be hoped, that Paris is after all the most civilized community in the world, and therefore the most varied, the most intense, the most profitable for a sophomore like Kenneth to have his joyful fling in.

The Charmed Circle. By Edward Alden Jewell. Alfred A. Knopf.

HERE ARE LADIES!

By Marguerite Wilkinson

HERE are poets! Seldom does a season bring more interesting collections of verse by women. Books that must be mentioned briefly deserve consideration at length.

"The Contemplative Quarry" by Anna Wickham, ably introduced by Louis Untermeyer, should be read slowly and thoughtfully. It is a veritable poetic thunderstorm. It shows the lightning of a swift, vivid, uncertain modern intellect zigzagging from wrath to love and from scorn to faith. Many books are interesting because they move in straight lines, or at a tangent, toward individual solutions of life's problems. This book is interesting chiefly because it does not. To acclaim love and to doubt it, to defy man, as a feminist, and then to offer him the specious homage of precedence, to inveigh against the church and then to pray reverently to the Mater Dolorosa in one and the same book,—surely this is to offer a series of unusual contrasts in thought and emotion.

If we compare "Out of the Womb of Mother Sin" with "Mater Dolorosa",

or "The Unremitting Weariness" with "The Wife's Song", or "Counsel of Arrogance" with "God, I Am Broken", we shall find a greater wavering than that of lyrical feeling changing from mood to mood. Anna Wickham has found no philosophical trail as yet, and has made none. She is a brave and honest explorer who gives a faithful and passionate record of impressions in terse and vigorous poetry. It is good to hear her say:

God send a higher courage
For to cut straight and clean!

Like Anna Wickham, Jean Starr Untermeyer adds her word to the explanation of womanhood.

The lapping of lake water
Is like the weeping of women,
The fertile tears of women
That water the dreams of men.

The lyrics in "Dreams Out of Darkness" surpass those in Mrs. Untermeyer's first book, "Growing Pains". She has grown. The growth is made evident in the sincere subjectivity of her new work, in the intensity of the new moods, in the freedom and subtlety of the new organic rhythms which she uses.

Several of the poems fall below the level of the rest of the collection, but it is not of these that I shall speak. Rather let me praise the feminine pathos of "Little Dirge", the keen truth of "The Old Tune", the hardihood of "To a War Poet", the grave excellence of "Lullaby to a Man-Child", and the fine insight of "The Altar". Most of all I wish to pay tribute to "The Passionate Sword", the noblest poem in the book and one which I shall not soon forget. This book strikes deep and reaches high. It has strong roots and brave branches.

If Hazel Hall lacks the aggressive valor of Anna Wickham and the fervent bravery of Jean Starr Unter-

meyer, she has, instead, the profound courage of a cloister. "Curtains" is a rarely beautiful book. In it I find a character as firm as granite and, occasionally, the accent of genius.

What does she know of life and what has she to give? She knows a room with grey walls, the "watchful corners of a ceiling", a brown window-sill and as much of the sky as can be seen through the window, thread, needles, and the texture of the cloth that she makes into cuffs for bishops and dresses for babes. But she gives a luminous beauty wrought out of her intimacy with these inanimate things, a spiritual radiance that is the result of a perfect assimilation of limited experience.

"Counterpanes", "Things That Grow", and all the lyrics in the section called "Needlework" are thoroughly original. No woman ever wrote who could find more meanings in sewing. It must suffice to quote "The Long Day":

I am sewing out my sorrow,
Like a thread, wearing it thin;
It will be old and frayed to-morrow.
Needle, turn out; needle, turn in.

Sorrow's thread is a long thread.
Needle, one stitch; needle, two.
And sorrow's thread is a strong thread,
But I will wear it through.

Then not only will sorrow
Be old and thin and frayed;
But I shall have, to-morrow
Something sorrow has made.

There is fortitude to be found, also, in Florence Kilpatrick Mixter's fluent sonnets gathered together under the title, "Out of Mist". The finest, I think, is "Sanctuary". "St. Patrick's Cathedral" and "All Soul's Eve" are good lyrics and there is merit in "Invocation".

Jeannette Marks is at her best when she writes brief and simple lyrics in conventional metres. The long poems

in "Willow Pollen" are written in free verse that is colorful, inventive, and pleasantly fanciful, but "The Tide", "The Nest", "Two Candles", and "Wait Awhile" have more power over mind and heart. "Steps" is a miracle of condensation and "Repetends" is perfectly phrased. "Willow Pollen" is written without any affectation.

The same thing may be said of "The Lifted Cup" by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. The lyrics in this little grey volume are brief and scrupulously made. They have the precision of cameos. If we think that "The Dream", "Protest", and "One Star" have been too gently felt and written, we may say that they represent the low ebb of the book's excellence. We must admit that "Unsung", "The Wall", and "The Green Tree in Fall" are remarkable for clarity, grace, simplicity, and sincerity. At this high tide of its value the book reveals clean, fine feeling. Probably nothing in her first volume, "The Door of Dreams", was so good as the three short lyrics just mentioned.

Miss Rittenhouse's technique serves her purpose admirably. The short lines, the quick metres, the modest, inconspicuous rhyming are all appropriate to what she has to say. Her critical acumen makes it impossible for her to take out of the ink bottle those things which should be left in it. Sometimes she pleases us with a keen truth spoken casually, as in the last lines of "We Who Give Our Hearts in Spring":

We are caught into the flame
Where the golden fire runs,
All its ardor is the same
In the flesh or in the suns.

Here, in this book, are small fires, bright and warm, toward which those who value good taste may hold out their hands.

"Vigils", by Aline Kilmer, is well named. It tells the story of a wakeful

spirit keeping watch over the spiritual treasure life has given, sometimes proudly, but sometimes, as in the title poem, with the exquisite humility of arrogance broken down. It is a much finer book than "Candles That Burn", Mrs. Kilmer's first offering, in which she gave us the simple, pleasing, domestic songs of a likable young mother.

In "Vigils" we find a new dignity and austerity. We find a sensitive intellect throwing light upon the shadows of suffering. If the suffering is not beautiful, the chiaroscuro is. Sometimes Mrs. Kilmer can claim a kinship with Christina Rossetti.

Technically, too, Mrs. Kilmer has grown. The rhythms of these new lyrics, shaken as they are by the realities that they express, are more moving than the placid and even tunes of her earlier poems. Even the occasional flippancies in which she indulges help to keep the poems strong and cool, certain and keen. "Atonement", "The Gardens", "The Night Cometh", and "Shards" have an astonishing depth of tragic sincerity. Only thirty short lyrics are to be found in the book, but every one of them is worth reading. Mrs. Kilmer does not force us to pay in hours what we owe in minutes.

I might quote one of the tragic lyrics in full, but at this season it seems wiser to choose the last stanza of the gay and charming "Song Against Children".

The Contemplative Quarry and The Man with a Hammer. By Anna Wickham. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

Dreams Out of Darkness. By Jean Starr Untermeyer. B. W. Huebsch.

Curtains. By Hazel Hall. John Lane Co.

Out of Mist. By Florence Kilpatrick Mixer. Boni and Liveright.

Willow Pollen. By Jeannette Marks. The Four Seas Co.

The Lifted Cup. By Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Vigils. By Aline Kilmer. George H. Doran Company.

O the mistletoe bough, the mistletoe bough!
Could anyone touch it? I did not see how.
I hung it up high that it might last long,
I wreathed it with ribbons and halled it with
song.

But Christopher reached it, I do not know how,
And he ate all the berries off the mistletoe
bough.

Truly, here are ladies, and poets!
May Apollo give them all becoming
garlands!

PAINT AND CIRCUSES

By Paul Rosenfeld

HARTLEY'S book assembles, among many dainty papers, some of the happiest essays on American art that have been written, those contributed several years since by Willard Huntington Wright to "The Forum" not excepted. One must go to "Adventures in the Arts" for the most brilliant vision of the ritual dances of the Indians, for the deepest understanding and justest appreciation of Ryder, Homer, Twachtman, Davies, Marin, O'Keeffe, Fuller, Robinson, and Martin, recorded in prose. For the author is one of those men like Blake and Whistler, born both for painting and for literature. If color is this New Englander's major medium, poetry and prose find him a minor material no less grateful. The self-same glimmer of genius that makes his pigment to vibrate, and carries his dark luscious still-lives, his regal and diabolic lilies, his rubber-plants catatonic and autumnal, over the border-line of things into the fluid electric ether of art, is present too in the handsome incrustations of his cold splendid poetry, in the colored, clever, and star-dusty passages of the best of his essays. Stemming as a proseman, one would say, from Pater, Francis Thompson, and Henry James, fellow

Parnassians; continuing to paint the lily, to stroke dowager velvets and satins, to hammer on the gold of æsthetic phraseology, he has nevertheless succeeded in developing a personal profile of style.

Where he has really wrought, Hartley has made the rather opulent language of his predecessors more simple, more slight, more fluffily iridescent. Subject-matter has been lightened, made less Parnassian and inherently brave, more racy and naive. Hartley has striven to make his writing a superior sort of talk, part of a seriously developed æsthetic of a spirit exquisitely temperate and urbane. Doubtless, he would be pleased to give his readers the sensation of having shared in the best of the conversation; of having met him on Fifth Avenue with swagger-stick, gardenia, and Scotch shawl, in a fair mood produced, say, by the news that he had been elected corresponding member of the international society of dadas; of having strolled with him, looked into shop windows, visited a gallery or two, taken in a turn at a vaudeville house, stepped into a circus dressing room while commenting epigrammatically on some of the problems present to the modern artist. And in the most glistening bits of his essays on modern painting, on acrobatics, on acting, on the poetry of the 'nineties, on New England précieux, on photography, on dadaism, we are brought face to face with the identical elegant, distinguished, weary Hartley demonstrated by the heavy figs, pomegranates, lustrous bananas of his paintings; by large spaces of royal purple and cold dandified blue, by butter-gold yellows bruised with Greco shadow-blacks, by thick creamy whites and reds like madly thumping drums, by rhythms

like those of tumblers and trapeze swingers and circus clowns.

For whether he be writing on Redon, worshiper "of the lip of the flower, of dust upon the moth wing, of the throat of the young girl or the brow of the young boy", or of a vaudeville gymnast who "gives you chiefly the impression of a dragon-fly blown in the wind of a brisk morning over cool stretches of water"; whether stating that Emily Dickinson "wears with one as would an old-fashioned pearl set in gold and dark enamels", that Henry James "is surely, in all his elaborateness, trying to square the rose and compute the lily, algebraical advances upon a most simple thesis", or that "the stage... is a place for the laughter of the senses, the laughter of the body: a place for the tumbling blocks of the brain to fall in heaps"; we perceive the distraught Brummel among the American moderns, seeking to drown himself in a sea of handsome color and animal grace, that the restless ticking of his rationalizing New England brain cease an instant, that the rock in his Puritan heart shatter. Here, too, the elongated person with the Pied Piper eyes and Emersonian proboscis who very probably dreams of living a sort of Helio-gabalus, amid porphyry, purple, and gold, of wearing heavy robes of the Tyrian dye, and strolling languorously down galleries attended by a horde of servants carrying things, tries to transcend the arid empty space about him by playing with bits of bright silk, curious toys, heavy and fantastic flower-cups. Grace and charm and peacock-like magnificence hide and yet betray utter fatigue with never having really lived. Author and audience are in tacit conspiracy to fix their minds on some jolly and curious fragment of physical unthinking life, on

"minstrels of muscular melody", on girls who play ivory and silver diamond-studded accordions, on "the brilliant excitation of the moment", that the immanence of death and corruption be forgotten.

Hence, Hartley at the buffalo dance of the Tesuque pueblo, or before the canvas of some older or modern American, or before a photograph by Stieglitz or Sheeler, is a personality, a developed, often brilliant, always sensitive artist mobilized for American criticism. Himself a modern painter, erecting the expression of his own blood and character on the base furnished by the creation of Cézanne, highly perceptive, versed in reading the sensuous cipher of painting, he translates into life again as directly through literature as through pigment the impulses received from the work of his forerunners and contemporaries. Where the impressions of so many other painters and critics remain, for want of strictly literary power, in a sort of limbo this side of reality, Hartley's are automatically fleshed in a crisp verbal image, a passage of appropriately tinted prose, appear as poetry. Either too indifferent or too subtle, one scarcely knows which, to be much besides an impressionist, he scarcely ever fails to seize, in the painters with whose work he has lived, the quality of life they communicate, the substance without sense of which all technical analysis is vain. One might long scrutinize the color-language of O'Keeffe, for instance, without arriving at anything nicer than Hartley's:

Georgia O'Keeffe has had her feet scorched in the laval effusiveness of terrible experience; she has walked on fire and listened to the hissing of vapors around her person.... She looks as if she had ridden the millions of miles of her every known imaginary horizon, and has left all her horses lying dead in the tracks.... She wears no poison emeralds. She wears too

much white: she is impaled with a white consciousness.

Has ever anyone more neatly recreated the charm of Arthur B. Davies than it is recreated in these sentences:

He [Davies] is the highly sensitized illustrator appointed by the states of his soul to picture forth the pauses of the journey through the realm of fancy. It has in it the passion of violet and silver dreaming, the hue of an endless dawn before the day descends upon the world. You expect the lute to regain its jaded tune there. You expect the harp to reverberate once again with the old fervors. You expect the syrinx to unfold the story of the reed in light song. It contains the history of all the hushed horizons that can be found over the edges of a world of materiality. It holds in it always the warm soul of every digit of the moon.

Or the character of Winslow Homer in the essay called by his name? Or that of Redon, or Twachtman, or poor Rex Slinkard, or of half a dozen other painters discussed by this artist?

Like painter, like critic. If Hartley the essayist, whether he be discussing paint or circuses, exhibits some of the same magic glimmer that passes into the opaque color brushed by Hartley, his work is limited by some of the same shortcomings that limit the beauty of the surfaces rubbed by the painter. Some want of nervous stamina, perhaps, keeps the man from fully developing the greater portion of his canvases to a completely satisfactory degree. Oftentimes, one finds one's self demanding a greater degree of tumescence than he has brought to his painting. He breaks off, becomes wearied with his conceptions, too soon. The man himself is always flitting from flower to flower, from lily to fruit, from still-life to mountain landscape, from Maine to New Mexico, from New York to Paris or Berlin. His pigment reveals the vagabond libido. Something of genius he always records, some noble distinction, but only seldomly the whole fine presence of fully developed artistry. A

similar source of irritation is to be found at instants in the greater number of essays, on painting and circuses both, collected in Hartley's book. The organization of his material is not always athletic and hard. Even as fine a piece of writing as the chapter on the Red Man, with its relation of Indian dancer to modern artist, wanders slightly. Other pieces annoy with a too great plentifulness of bare, unsupported statement. Where one wants definitions, developments, approfondizations, one is oftentimes dismissed with an airy wave of the hand, an epigram, a cleverness. But, after all, it is useless to cry over unspilled milk. There is sufficient rich wet in both Hartley the painter and the proseman to give us plenty of cause for spending our time in rejoicing. For, after all, the painter is one of the most significant personalities in the contemporary situation in art. Here, at last, in the ranks of American art, is a creature whom the world delights; a craftsman civilized sufficiently to have his own perception of things. Hartley the proseman with all his shortcomings, remains one of the truest and most poetic critics of American painting, one of the very rare, fanciful, and dainty essayists of the time. We would be much poorer without the iridescences of either.

Adventures in the Arts. By Marsden Hartley. Boni and Liveright.

ROUND AND ABOUT SOUTH AMERICA

By Frederick O'Brien

NO American traveler who writes books is better outfitted in experience, languages, keenness of observation, and disregard of dangers and hardships, than Harry A. Franck.

In "Working North from Patagonia" he covers in more than 600 pages of text and 176 photographs almost the entire sweep of South America from north to south, and gives a rounded view of nearly a dozen countries, their peoples, lands, customs, economics, and politics. I doubt if anyone has so completely described the varied aspects of South America in a volume as has Franck. In a previous book, "Vagabonding Down the Andes", he has written of all of the lower America not covered in this one.

Franck is informative, critical, and always interesting. With a vast fund of comparisons from many parts of the world, he interprets what he sees in instructive and often fascinating passages. But he is an incurable moralist and devotee of efficiency. He sees sloth, sin, and stupidity in most of the human beings of all South America, and only in the abundance and beauty of nature does he find nepenthe for the faults of the multi-colored races of the hot regions below the Caribbean Sea. Franck is not a romanticist nor a humorist, and one must not look for the excusing graces in his book. There are other and strong qualities which, doubtless, would suffer beside them.

Franck walked and worked much of the way he leads us. He saw the life of the cities and the fields, the pampas and the palaces, the factories and the bagnios. In this book as in his others, he surpasses as a commentator upon outlandish things because he stays near the ground, dwells among the majorities, views the entirety of the social structure, and not—as with most travelers—merely the obvious and entertaining. And, it must be stressed again, Franck understood intimately the talk of the thousands he conversed with, could follow the gossip

of street and shop, of train and boat, and thus learn the spirit of the people. He is no amateur wandering among strange sights, but a seasoned adventurer sizing up civilizations, and apportioning credit and debit with a trained and fearless hand. He has no pride of position in his lodgments but sleeps anywhere he may, and often with vagabonds, Indians, or even cattle. He knows the history and statistics of his countries, and intermingles them with incidents and bizarre habits.

Franck found in French Guiana the worst of French colonial government, and French officialdom abroad is only less inept and cruel than the Portuguese. Franck's description of the convict system of Cayenne is harrowing,—death, torture, and filth on every side. The chapter glows with indignation at the horrors of the scene.

One cannot encompass the huge area of "Working North from Patagonia" in a page or two. It is a book for leisurely reading, filled with acute revelations of the inside of the nations visited, with no padding and no bathos, and wanting only less *hundred per cent Americanism*, less opposition to Africanism, and more toleration for the fops and lights o' love of the cities, for the grafting priests and the mad pursuit of pleasure, to be just what we ask in travelogue. On the mechanical side, the volume is well printed and bound.

Working North from Patagonia. By Harry A. Franck. The Century Co.

BABIES AND BASEBALL

By Alexander Woolcott

IN reviewing any book I admire and enjoy so hugely as I do this "Seeing Things at Night", which has been

made by pitching together a lot of stray leaves from the writings of the inexhaustible and immeasurable Heywood Broun, it requires a continuous self-repression to keep from cheering so loudly that the reader will say, "This fellow doth protest too much". Yet if one is to be temperate and chill in reporting on such a treasure chest of wisdom and fun and beauty, the mere announcement of an average book's publication would, on the same scale, be an excessive attention.

It might be simpler just to say that a rereading of these fugitive papers of his foreshadows (even if it does not establish) him as an American peer of Chesterton and Barrie. At least there are nuggets of their gold in the vein he has struck. But mentioning them in the same breath with him invokes an awkward comparison, for while he has his fleeting resemblances to both, he is more like Milne than either and is really like no one in the world. There is, to be sure, a dash of the genial and sheepish Will Rogers.

Perhaps some ground could be gained by boldly proclaiming him the most delightful American essayist since Charles Dudley Warner; but I am inclined to think E. S. Martin is that and anyway, if you were to read only the essays in this, the book of Broun's heart, you would miss the richest and most beguiling things in it. You would miss three or four enchanting fantasies, such as that short story, at once frolicsome and profound, which he has called "The Fifty-first Dragon". And you would miss "Inasmuch", one of the best Christmas stories I know. It is one which Mr. Dickens would have relished and which Kate Douglas Wiggin should read aloud around the fire come Michaelmas.

Someone is always shaking his head

and lamenting that so whimsical and errant a fancy as Heywood Broun's should be tethered to the daily stake of literary and dramatic criticism, declaring it a pity that he should not be free to write anything which comes into his ruminant head. Which complaint is wildly absurd, because that is precisely what Broun does do. Under the title of "The New Play" or "Books" he has written blandly away about babies and baseball, war and women, parsons and pugilists. You pick up what guilefully purports to be a review of such a book, say, as "The Ways of the Circus" and soon find yourself following along so characteristic a bypath as this:

Perhaps it is not quite fair to go on as if lions were the only living creatures in all the world who are swayed and cowed by firmness and authority. The same weakness may be found now and then among men. All too many of us if hit on the nose with iron bars, either real ones or symbols, do little more than lions in similar circumstances. We may growl and roar a little, but we do not show resentment in any efficient way. And like the lions, we are singularly stupid in not making working alliances with our fellows against the man with the iron bar. By and by we begin to go through the hoops as if the procedure were inevitable. Having made a protest we feel that our duty is done.

Broun really meets the specifications which the great Mr. Mencken gives as those of the only kind of critic worth reading—the kind who, on picking up a new biography of Roosevelt, say, will glance through it and then dash off his own views on Roosevelt. Broun is the kind that picks up a new biography on Roosevelt, reads forty pages into it and then, by way of comment, writes a captivating piece about whisky, Joan of Arc, and airedale terriers. He, surely, is no pernicky chaperone of the belles of belles lettres. He has to be watched himself.

"Seeing Things at Night" is such a capital title for a volume of dramatic criticism that it seems a pity it was

used for a book which is anything but that. Considering how many plays Broun has docilely attended, there is suprisingly little about plays and players in it. Even the chapter called "Spanking Manners" proves, on inspection, to be no review of a Laurette Taylor production but an engaging piece on the beating of babies.

What we have here, then, is a book as miscellaneous as a diary or a scrap basket, yet as personal as a tooth brush. It has Broun, himself, as its unity—for all the books and plays and people that pass through his fey mind come out recognizably colored and encrusted. It's the sauce that determines this pudding. And it has another unity—the unity of an unflagging hostility against all bigotry, the world around. You might call the book "The Rise of Heywood Broun", a story of adventure, with Dr. John Roach Straton as the villain and H 3d as the leading juvenile. There are, of course, other characters—among them a repellent fellow to whom are attributed several boorish and objectionable remarks. He is identified only as A. W.

The collection contains most of his best work and not much of the inferior stuff into which he occasionally flounders. One notes with regret the omission of some of his briefer masterpieces. There was, for instance, his review of the first play produced by Butler Davenport at his own little theatre in East Twenty-seventh Street, New York. It was a dirty little play. Broun lifted one shaggy paw and struck it down with a single sentence. "Someone should spank young Mr. Davenport", he said, "and take away his piece of chalk."

I miss, too, the Geoffrey Stein suite. Mr. Stein appeared in 1917 in Wedekind's study of morbid adolescence,

"Frühlingserwachen", which Broun translated neatly enough as "The Spring Offensive". He gave it as his opinion that Mr. Stein's performance was the worst he had ever seen on any stage, or words to that effect. Mr. Stein brought suit for libel, which was thrown out of court on the grounds that a dramatic critic's opinions did not have to be intelligent. They merely had to be his own. The next time Broun had occasion to review a performance by the mooted Stein, he was ever so gentle. He merely said that Stein's performance wasn't up to his usual standard.

It does seem to me that room for that diverting episode should be made in the next edition of "Seeing Things at Night". It might be managed by cutting out Broun's pun based on the startling similarity between the words *carnal* and *Cornell*.

Seeing Things at Night. By Heywood Broun. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

CAN A WIFE WRITE HER HUSBAND'S BIOGRAPHY?

By Sydney Greenbie

DEAN CROSS of Yale says she can't, at least not at this stage of man's self-consciousness. "The relation between husband and wife is so intimate," he argues in the last "Yale Review", "that it is hazardous for either to write the biography of the other....Sometime, no doubt, the existing restraint will be removed from their pens, and then we shall have some entertaining biographies." I think that Charmian London has broken through those restraints in "The Book of Jack London". It seems that five years of widowhood have in no way lessened the strain of her grief, nor have they minimized the

ardor of her great love and devotion. And she does not hesitate to give us every fraction of her worship. But it is also certain that few wives would at the same time have laid bare the past of their husbands with the honesty, lack of false modesty, and departure from the conventional that Charmian London evinces. Nor is she playing up to people "who delight in picturesque crime", though she tells us that another Dean, Dean of American Letters, said that "Jack London was a self-confessed felon, and ought to be behind the bars today". There is nothing in her life of Jack that smacks of "good influence" and "conversion", not even as much as Jack himself confessed to in "Martin Eden" and "John Barleycorn". Jack did not become a "good" man. What Charmian London sets out to do is to show up a man who emerged from the worst type of American social conditions into a generous and noble creature simply because these qualities were always latent in the man. And she shows that even to the last day of his life Jack had to struggle against the currents of life which sought to bear him back again downstream. She is portraying, in a sense, not her individual husband but the America or the social consciousness of America which aims to give the underdog a chance. And to me she has given an accurate picture of the Jack London I was fortunate enough to know.

I have always believed that the coming and going of a really great man in the world is unaccompanied by any bluster. If there is blare of trumpet it is not of his making, but of the mob's. If of his making, he is not a great man. No one of the few great men I have known convinced me more of this than Jack London.

I had been late in making my reser-

vation for a plate at a dinner given to Jack some years ago and was in consequence placed in a corner near the door. Jack was late. As he appeared in the doorway, I said to my companion, "There he is", and looked up into his bright, smiling face. There must have been something in my look that spoke to Jack, for he put out his hand to me—a total stranger—warmly, and passed on to his seat at the other end of the room. And in that moment I felt that I knew Jack London.

A few years after that I was in San Francisco and called up Glen Ellen by phone. Jack's sister, Eliza, answered. I wanted to come out to the ranch. Without consulting Jack, she told me what train to take and that I would be met at the station. Others also drifted in as casually, and from the moment of my arrival I enjoyed a hospitality such as I have seldom known elsewhere. Thenceforward I thought I really knew Jack London. But now that I have read "The Book" I am sure I do.

"The Book of Jack London" will scandalize a good many. It is too much of a rib of its Adam not to do so. Charmian London did not march shoulder to shoulder with Jack for over ten years without becoming thoroughly imbued with his spirit. But there will be enough of those of us who stand bareheaded before man to make her story of Jack London more than worth while. It is regrettable that, carried along by her ardor and her grief, Mrs. London should have

been so unfortunate in much of her phrasing. Intensely eager to convey that which was hers through an exceptional and wondrous relationship, she seems to struggle for expression and, often unable to get exactly the word she is after, she permits herself to coin new words and new combinations of words, when all along the simpler word lies there at hand. One cannot find justification for *bepuzzlement*, *funning*, *unveracity*, *startlement*, and a tendency to hold back the reader's interest by verbosity. One regrets that, having drawn such a vivid portrait of her husband, she has not equally developed the dramatic possibilities in the men and women who affected his life and thought. Cloudsley Johns, for instance, evidently one of Jack's closest and most enduring friends, might just as well have been an inscription on the wall. I still don't know who he is and what he did.

But withal, those of us who knew Jack London ever so slightly feel that in her book Charmian London has given us a life-sized portrait of the man. More than that, as his wife she has held herself up to him as the mirror for his personality; and in her love, her devotion, her understanding, we see Jack London as it would have been impossible for us to see him through any other medium. "The Book of Jack London" will be an inexhaustible source for other studies of Jack London that may come.

The Book of Jack London. By Charmian London. Two volumes. The Century Co.

A GROUP OF BOOKS WORTH READING

By Heywood Broun

EDNA FERBER'S new novel "The Girls" (Doubleday, Page) represents a triumph of feeling over form. Miss Ferber has chosen as a plot scheme the tricky and troublesome formula of three generations. The device compels her to reproduce life again and once more in practically the same terms. Existence has, to be sure, its rhythms and its repetitions, but they seldom fall into patterns exact enough to suit the convenience of the novelist. Without attempting a definition, form ought to be something which sits as easily upon a writer as an old hat. Indeed there are times when it is eminently proper to doff it altogether. These are the moments in which Miss Ferber excels. Only let her go bareheaded and there is every evidence that breezes are blowing. The stiff plan of her story is forgotten once she begins to let her characters shift for themselves without regard to arriving at any definite point at a given time. There is emotion in "The Girls" and with it a persuasive clearheadedness. It is eloquent in its appeal for the right which the new generation seems to insist upon before all others—the right to be wrong. The book follows the development of a female line from its place in the home out to sunlight. Before we are done we know the chief figures of the novel intimately. Some of the minor sketches are meagre. Miss Ferber has not quite forgotten that she is a writer of short stories and she is inclined to be satisfied at times with fast blocking in of two-dimensional folk. She tries occasionally to make a sentence or so do the work of a paragraph. She relies on these occasions on what F. P. A. has called "complete characterizers". Man with all his subtleties is no fit subject for such easy definition. Miss Ferber is fine enough to take her time, and when she does "The Girls" seems among the most vigorous pieces of work done recently by any of the young Americans.

a field for literature. It is so much easier to cry "Pro German" and "Bolshevist" than to discuss art forms, that "Three Soldiers" (Doran), this novel of the reaction of certain characters to the A. E. F., has not received much consideration without taint of political and economic feeling. There are those who think that John Dos Passos ought to be sent to jail and others who hail him as the first of native authors to tell the truth about the war. We are not disposed to class the book either among lamentations or revelations. It does not seem to us a book which may fairly be accepted as a starting point for generalizations about the army. It was not written to be read by a Congressional Committee or anything like that. "Prove it," some few critics have asked, which seems to us just about as ridiculous as if the reviewers of another day had greeted "Tom Jones" with cries of "Add it up" or had demanded of Zola that he demonstrate the square root of "La Terre". Mathematics ought not to enter into the consideration of "Three Soldiers" any more than politics. It is not important whether there were ten men in the army like Andrews or ten thousand. We feel sure that there must have been at least one, which is ample for the purpose of any artist. Nothing which has come out of the school of American realists has seemed to us so entirely honest. There is not an atom of pose in the book. It represents deep convictions and impressions eloquently expressed. Indeed the eloquence sometimes carries the writer a little beyond the province of realism. There is at times a little more lyricism than is quite compatible with life in the army or elsewhere. Yet it is captious to deplore the occasional imaginative excesses, since nothing but imagination has enabled Dos Passos to reduce so vast and diffuse a thing as the American invading army into a definite personality. The army is the chief figure in the story. When the novelist asks us to meet and regard it there may be many who will object that an old friend has changed beyond recognition.

Apparently the war is still too much a part of life to be accepted unqualifiedly as

That does not matter beside the fact that Dos Passos has brought the millions into such definite shape that we are enabled to get close enough to the huge affair to look squarely into its eyes.

Generally speaking, a new novelist must crawl before he walks. Stephen Vincent Benét in "The Beginning of Wisdom" (Holt) experiments with some of the elementary means of locomotion but then he makes a sudden leap and begins to dance. And his dancing days seem to us much the best things in his book. As an ironist we find him a little self-conscious and plodding, but once he gets to the chapters concerning Philip and Milly he writes with extraordinary ease and beauty. This interlude which summons more emotion than anything else in the book is, curiously enough, the most graceful portion of the novel as well. Once the young Yale student has fallen in love, Benét is willing to cease his somewhat prying analysis and let the boy have his fling. The episode is delightful throughout. Milly, who said it with fox trots, is one of the most appealing heroines we have met in a year among the books. It is rather a pity that Benét felt it necessary to let her die so early in his tale. He has nothing else quite so interesting to offer. The story of the adventures of Philip during the deportation of the I. W. W.'s is interesting, however, and seems to have been derived from first-hand observation. The moving picture incidents on the other hand seem echoes of somebody else. We have no means of knowing whether the California film camps are within the scope of the author's experience, but he manages to make them merely places in a novel. Benét may be identified as a disciple of F. Scott Fitzgerald but it is more than probable that he will go further. The intense gloom of premature pessimism seems more of an attitude than a genuine point of view in the case of this young novelist. He can live it down,—indeed he does. He poses only when he remembers to do so and he shows that he has the ability to lose himself in a character. It does not avail a man to gain the whole world of technical proficiency unless he can abandon at some point or other all interest in his own soul in his enthusiasm for that of somebody else.

It would seem as if an author might justly

assume that the study of life should be simplified by taking just a little slice of it. This is the assumption which Constance I. Smith has made in her striking novel, a first one we understand, called "Ten Hours" (Harcourt, Brace). The theory that one may jump into a foot of life and thereby avoid the danger and trouble of going all the way down to the bottom is not altogether sound. The shorter the interval of time the more prodigious must be the writer's capacity for seeing and understanding. "Ten Hours" is often thrilling and again and again convincing in its story of one extraordinary day in the life of a middle class Englishwoman. There is one stunning dramatic situation in which the woman has to make up her mind within a few minutes to stay or to go. The door which Nora opened at the suggestion of Ibsen beckons her enticingly. Suspense is admirably arranged. Then Celia decides. Her choice does not matter to us here in any such brief criticism. But the scene matters and it seems to us that Miss Smith has handled it rather too much in the fashion of a dramatist. It has been allowed to become the big scene, which is a condition marring to the best interests of a novel. The one scene overtops the rest of the story. The author has been a little impatient to reach it and has accordingly skimmed the rest of her story a little. We do not hear or learn all the things which ought to belong to us after a crowded ten hours. This is a book of promise in which performance is by no means inconsiderable, but the author is not yet sufficiently sure of people to subject them to the exacting test of the close-up.

Booth Tarkington seems to us to lead almost every other American in technical finish. His facility is so great that he has been known to trade upon it. There was a time when he was in danger of establishing himself as just a funny man. That passed beyond recall with "Alice Adams" (Doubleday, Page). No more poignant tragedy has been written in the year. We could even count back quite a way, but already we have deplored the existence of the statistical in literature. Moreover, we have only ten fingers. The tragic method of "Alice Adams" sways us utterly because it is a tragedy in which nobody dies, nobody goes mad, nobody commits suicide. Indeed the people who go down are still fighting at the

end and that is characteristic of man in the face of adversity. They dream even after disaster. The study of Alice herself is masterly in its insight and the picture of her father is just as good. Ironically enough, it has been said that Booth Tarkington did not like "Main Street" and planned "Alice Adams" as an answer. To be sure he has bettered the contentions of Sinclair Lewis but nothing has been offered in rebuttal. The dinner on the hot night completes one of the most devastating pictures of American life which has ever been drawn. And incidentally no living writer can do more with temperature than Tarkington. F. Scott Fitzgerald in a short story called "The Ice Palace" made us feel almost as cold as we ever feared to be, but Tarkington cannot be matched for bringing home humidity. "Alice Adams" is a book to move the heart and wilt the collar.

The most striking and characteristic thing about Rose Macaulay to our mind is her ability to laugh at things and still preserve them safe from ridicule in the land of desire. "Dangerous Ages" (Boni and Liveright) is mostly about the young feminists whom the world has nursed in its bosom. Miss Macaulay understands keenly the points at which satire may be directed against them. She mocks at their deadly seriousness but as she mocks she marches along shoulder to shoulder. Here is the most persuasive propaganda in the world for feminism. Generally speaking, the man who smiles is immediately thrown out of any forward looking group, but now we may all follow the example of Rose Macaulay and ride along in the band wagon even though we do not obligate ourself to join in every cheer down to the ninth and last long rah. Unlike "Potterism" the new novel is but slightly concerned with plot. Miss Macaulay knows now that she can talk her way through and she does. It is almost the best talk in the world and no story is required. The weakness of the book, as in the other, is the fact that the people are just a shade too brilliant to be real. They live in a world in which there are no dishes to be washed.

Harvey Fergusson has accomplished a capital first novel in "The Blood of the Conquerors" (Knopf) by the comparatively

simple process of keeping his eyes open. This is a book which owes its appeal neither to people nor to talk, but rather to land. Mr. Fergusson not only goes back to the soil but he burrows into it. Like the vagrant sculptors of Atlantic City he chooses for his medium sand. After reading the book it is difficult to resist a temptation to step aboard the first train for New Mexico. As one who has passed through that huge territory, which seems to have been devised as a hazard for some cosmic golf course, we can testify that the virtues which Fergusson sees do not leap up at the eye. He has been satisfied with no casual glance. He has wooed the countryside and by and by it has told him its secrets. We do not mean to suggest that the book reads like a travel agent's prospectus. There is vivid description of the conflict of American and Spanish civilization. The hero comes from the old stock. He is admirably realized and understood by Fergusson. Unfortunately the author has not been able to get nearly so well acquainted with his heroine. She remains a lay figure, a lost doll in the middle of the desert.

"Privilege" by Michael Sadleir (Putnam) mystifies us somewhat. Its point of view and its conception of just what is important in the world coincides rather closely with that of "the Duchess". There is a somewhat similar wagging of the head over the scandals in the big house and the goings on of his lordship. Mr. Sadleir boasts in his introduction that true talk has not for an instant been within his intent. He wants more of a gesture than life can afford. The thing which puzzles us is that although all this is repugnant to us, the story is amazingly interesting. Sadleir can afford to venture into the grand manner without fear of ridicule because he does it magnificently. Perhaps we shall be compelled to say against our inclination that "Privilege" is a good book, but we shall not hesitate to qualify that by adding—and a stunt.

May Sinclair's "Mr. Waddington of Wyck" (Macmillan) is perhaps the finest study of a windbag known to literature. No pretender has ever been punctured so cleverly; and yet so great is the art of Miss Sinclair that she presents her fearful bore

convincingly without once letting the reader get fully into his clutches. You feel just as safe as if he were a caged lion within heavy bars. All the fun is yours and none of the danger.

Readers who remember A. S. M. Hutchinson as the author of "Once Aboard the Lugger" will hardly recognize him in his most recent novel "If Winter Comes" (Little, Brown). This is a new man, but he is again delightful. Almost all the larky spirit is gone. There are pranks but they are not quite lighthearted. Indeed the book is almost the tragedy of a whimsical man in a world far too matter of fact for his fancies. Only the ultimate heroine and, we trust, the reader understand him. "If Winter Comes" is fully as humorous as "Once Aboard the Lugger", but this is a deeper current with less splashing. The most conspicuous gain is in feeling. The book chimes all the hours. Few novelists have ever succeeded in knowing and in loving a character as Hutchinson has loved Mark Sabre. The book is not a great novel because the author does not possess sufficient understanding to go all the way round. He has not breath enough to animate the rest after making Mark Sabre live. Mabel, Mark's wife, is carefully observed and seems a person as far as all surface indications go. All the reportorial work about her is excellent. She is a convincing scold, but Hutchinson does not know and does not tell just why the clash between her and Mark was inevitable. There must be something to be said for her point of view, but it is not said. The opening of the book is brilliant. It is as graceful a piece of writing as we have seen in a season. Indeed Hutchinson throughout keeps for himself a high place among the stylists. It seems to us that invention slackens a little toward the end. The story of Sabre's most dire time of trouble is not altogether convincing. Too many things happen to him in too short a time. He becomes at these times a little less a real person than a direct descendant of Job. One feels that the creator, or the novelist, or somebody in authority has set out to tantalize him. In such case he becomes not of the ordinary sort but a person set apart. As such we lose intimacy with him which is not regained until the time of tribulation ends with a turn toward happiness which savors a little of repentance just as the

earlier misfortunes seemed to us to represent revenge.

The modern American novel has so consistently given itself to realism for the last two years that it was not only desirable but inevitable that somebody should speak up for romance. This might have been a person who burned or somebody cool and shrewd who calculated. It seems to us that Donn Byrne detected an opening in the literary field and that he has dashed through it much as a Harvard halfback might dart through the Yale line. Once through he makes a pretty run, but the play is less the result of inspiration than good coaching. Donn Byrne seems to us consciously and determinedly romantic in "Messer Marco Polo" (Century). He has done an excellent job and actually achieved beauty in this rapidly moving story of the Venetian who went to China, but except in rare instances the job is not so good but that one can detect Mr. Byrne in the act of straining every muscle. It is not a book quite calculated to put your heart in your mouth because there is a temptation to emulate the author and keep your tongue in your cheek.

Owen Johnson has managed to get some first-rate talk into "The Wasted Generation" (Little, Brown). For a time he approaches the true problems of the day in fictional manner. This approach is interesting in itself and seems to promise more, but eventually the reader discovers that the intellectual front of the novel is merely intended to conceal a far different sort of business in the rear. To us the major portion of the book seems a melodramatic and conventional war novel. We had hoped for something more because of the auspicious beginning but we fear that Mr. Johnson has created a literary blind tiger. He has made a gesture of something different but before he is done his vast public is regaling itself once again with the stuff which inebriates but does not cheer.

Once to every Englishman comes the urge to write a novel about "the black country" and the blasted fields around the pit heads of the coal mines. No English author, to the best of my knowledge, has ever resisted and accordingly the total of "black coun-

try'' novels is large; but ''The Black Diamond'' by Francis Brett Young (Dutton) is an exceedingly good one. It treats of youth and sex and such things without becoming either painstaking or lyrical. Besides, the reader who is not interested in sex, or has read about it somewhere before, can console himself with the fights. Two of the best brawls which we know of in the modern English novel are included in ''The Black Diamond''. There are some rousing chapters about football as well. As in all novels of English mining towns certain compulsory incidents are included. There is the inevitable accident and the equally inevitable moment when the burly miner comes home intoxicated and beats his wife. But some of it is much newer than this and almost all of it is capitally conceived and written.

Word of mouth information about the folk at Washington is generally much more valuable and interesting than that which is printed. Edward G. Lowry has taken note of the small and intimate details concerning our public men and has put them into print in ''Washington Close-Ups'' (Houghton Mifflin). They remain as lively as anecdotes. It is pleasant to know that Hiram Johnson is ''perhaps the most inveterate movie fan in America''. This fact explains many things in the political career of the gentleman. We are also thrilled to find out that Frank Hitchcock ''never sweats'', but it is a little more difficult to read international significance into this. Our only complaint about Mr. Lowry's book is that he is much too kind. Again and again he diverts himself from saying that some great figure or other has no intelligence and confines his

comment instead to the excellent disposition of his subject.

The anonymous author of ''The Mirrors of Washington'' (Putnam) has been less mindful of people's feelings. He is not so much a gentleman with a duster as a person with a mop. The portrait of Harding is devastating and from the point of view of this reviewer eminently fair and just. In such a book praise takes on an added value and Bernard Baruch should be much heartened by the fact that he is practically the only person in Washington for whom the author has unqualified words of approbation.

It is rather startling to find a member of the younger generation finding his theme in the life of an old schoolmaster in a New England village. It is still more surprising to find the book capitally carried through. It is a slim volume which Robert Nathan has produced in ''Autumn'' (McBride), but he has managed to find room for emotion within his rather scanty pages. In spite of the fact that the task is well done we are not convinced that it is not a penance book. We do not believe that the theme or the manner is one which came unbidden to Mr. Nathan.

This collection of short stories by the conductor of ''The Sun Dial'' is another manifestation of the versatility of one of the foremost journalists of our day. But it is hardly enough to say that Don Marquis is versatile. There is no suggestion of stunt writing in ''Carter'' (Appleton). ''Old Man Murtrie'' is among the finest of native short stories.

FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in October in the public libraries in the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
2. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
3. Her Father's Daughter	<i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i>	DOUBLEDAY
4. The Flaming Forest	<i>James Oliver Curwood</i>	COSMOPOLITAN
5. Alice Adams	<i>Booth Tarkington</i>	DOUBLEDAY
6. Galusha the Magnificent	<i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i>	APPLETON

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
2. Helen of the Old House	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	APPLETON
3. The Flaming Forest	<i>James Oliver Curwood</i>	COSMOPOLITAN
4. If Winter Comes	<i>A. S. M. Hutchinson</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
5. Her Father's Daughter	<i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i>	DOUBLEDAY
6. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
2. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
3. Helen of the Old House	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	APPLETON
4. Her Father's Daughter	<i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i>	DOUBLEDAY
5. Alice Adams	<i>Booth Tarkington</i>	DOUBLEDAY
6. The Flaming Forest	<i>James Oliver Curwood</i>	COSMOPOLITAN

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
2. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
3. Her Father's Daughter	<i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i>	DOUBLEDAY
4. Helen of the Old House	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	APPLETON
5. The Age of Innocence	<i>Edith Wharton</i>	APPLETON
6. Alice Adams	<i>Booth Tarkington</i>	DOUBLEDAY

WESTERN STATES

1. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
2. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
3. Her Father's Daughter	<i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i>	DOUBLEDAY
4. Growth of the Soil	<i>Knut Hamsun</i>	KNOFF
5. The Flaming Forest	<i>James Oliver Curwood</i>	COSMOPOLITAN
6. The Age of Innocence	<i>Edith Wharton</i>	APPLETON

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
2. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
3. Her Father's Daughter	<i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i>	DOUBLEDAY
4. Helen of the Old House	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	APPLETON
5. The Flaming Forest	<i>James Oliver Curwood</i>	COSMOPOLITAN
6. Alice Adams	<i>Booth Tarkington</i>	DOUBLEDAY

GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
2. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
3. Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	<i>Margot Asquith</i>	DORAN
4. Mystic Isles of the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
5. The Americanization of Edward Bok	<i>Edward Bok</i>	SCRIBNER
6. The Mirrors of Washington	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Mirrors of Washington	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
2. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
3. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
4. The Mirrors of Downing Street	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
5. The Americanization of Edward Bok	<i>Edward Bok</i>	SCRIBNER
6. The Next War	<i>Will Irwin</i>	DUTTON

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
2. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
3. The Americanization of Edward Bok	<i>Edward Bok</i>	SCRIBNER
4. White Shadows in the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
5. Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	<i>Margot Asquith</i>	DORAN
6. Mystic Isles of the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
2. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
3. Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	<i>Margot Asquith</i>	DORAN
4. The Mirrors of Washington	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
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6. Mystic Isles of the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY

FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

The Björnson of Bulgaria

WHEN the Allied statesmen came to balance the war books they subtracted a slice from West Hungary, added it to East Austria, and thereby called into existence Burgenland. No one ever heard of it until the time came for the compatriots of Franz Molnar to turn it over to the Austrians. It is approximately fifty miles long by ten or twelve broad, just about large enough in fact to be taken in on a single automobile trip if gas is high and your tires are a bit uncertain. The capital is Oedenburg, thirty-six miles southeast of Vienna, and popular at present as a theme for editorials.

Whether Hungary should retain Burgenland or Austria acquire it is not relevant. But no sooner had it become contested territory than Austria tried to establish her right to it by conjuring up the great men born in it. Joseph Haydn lived his life and composed his immortal oratorios in Eisenstadt, Burgenland. Franz Liszt, J. N. Hummel, and Hans Richter were all Burgenlanders. The famous violinist Joseph Joachim was born in this Austro-Hungarian strip. So were Adam Friedrich Oeser, the artist who exercised such a decisive influence on Goethe, and Winckelmann, one of the greatest students of art Europe has ever produced, and Tilgner the sculptor, and Angeli the portraitist, the latest of them all. He is living even now in Vienna. And Joseph Hyrtl, the renowned Austrian anatomist, as well as Joseph Kainz, the greatest actor of recent times, came from Burgenland.

In this there is a lesson. Let a country find itself in distress—and virtually the whole of Europe has been at war since the war—and it immediately begins to substantiate its claims to greatness by listing the immortals it has produced. Latvia, Serbia, Esthonia, and Burgenland are all doing it. It can easily be overdone. Just as any college graduates in time some men who become famous, so does any country produce some men gifted beyond their fellows. It would be indeed quite easy to compile a list of noted characters who were born on steamers while crossing the Atlantic Ocean.

It is with this in mind that we should attempt to evaluate the merits of Ivan Vazoff, the national poet of Bulgaria, who died on September 22 and whose death has been observed by his countrymen with a pomp and solemnity that have been shown but few poets since the death of Victor Hugo. The Bulgarians are convinced that through the loss of their uncrowned but munificently pensioned poet laureate, European letters have suffered a reverse from which recovery will be difficult. Let us not be ungrateful enough to query the wisdom of their opinion; but part of it is due to the fact that Bulgaria is a small country, has been in profound distress for years, and her list of illustrious sons is none too long. Vazoff was in fact one of the few whose works have been made accessible, through translations, to non-Slavonic European readers and to the two chief peoples of Asia.

Vazoff's case throws light on the

ways of New York City. His chief prose work is "Pod Igoto" translated into English with the title of "Under the Yoke". Written while its author was banished from his country and living in Odessa in 1889, it portrays the struggle of the Bulgarians with the Turks. The action takes place in the Balkan valleys in 1875. The Bulgarians are defeated. European critics rank it as one of the great novels of the Old World. Is it accessible to New Yorkers? The New York Public Library contains nine volumes by Ivan Mincheff Vazoff, all in Slavonic. The Library of Columbia University contains, aside from a few other works by Vazoff, likewise in Slavonic, "Under the Yoke" translated from the Bulgarian into Russian. If not in either of these libraries, it is unlikely that the English translation is to be found in any of the branches. This is one of the first books that either or both of these great libraries should buy.

Vazoff was born at Sopot, June 27, 1850. Leaving school at the age of fifteen, he became a clerk in a store with the usual results to the ledger when kept by a potential poet. In 1870 he read Eugène Sue's "The Wandering Jew" and learned a lot. In 1872 we find him at Constantinople teaching school and writing poetry. Three years later he is employed by the engineers constructing the Sofia-Kustendil railroad. In 1880 he is back in his native Sopot where he brings out a volume entitled "Bouquet de Mai". About this time he finds it convenient to sojourn in Rumania for a while. At Bucharest he becomes a member of the revolutionary committee the end of which is to recruit volunteers to help Serbia in her struggle against the Turks. The rest of his life does not need to be told here. It was one unbroken fight for the libera-

tion of his country. Dramas, poems, short stories, novels, and historical sketches have poured from his pen, admittedly in great numbers, though it is an exaggeration to say, as the Bulgarian papers have said since his death, that "his collected works constitute an entire library".

He did for his country what Björnson did for Norway, though he had an infinitely harder task. After Norway had been under the control of Denmark for four centuries she came under the sway of Sweden. It was Björnson's task to have her achieve her independence. He succeeded in 1905. Bulgaria has been the political football of one country after another for centuries. It was Vazoff's task to have her achieve her independence. He succeeded in 1908. Though never holding a political office, except that of Minister of Education for two years, he did more for his country than all her statesmen combined, for he met with success where they met with failure. It is the way of poets.

Why was Vazoff's task so difficult? Bulgaria is a little larger in area than West Virginia and has a population of about four million—four million Bulgarians, Turks, Rumanians, Greeks, Spanish Jews, Armenians, Tatars, and Gipsies, all speaking their own languages. It is not a case of a melting pot, for they all date back to about the same time. It is rather like a retort or mixing pot. And of Bulgarian itself, there are many dialects or branches. Yet Ivan Vazoff somehow managed to acquire substantial literary fame. Björnson had an old established language ready for his use and a splendid literary tradition back of him. Vazoff had to create his tradition and, to a large degree, the very tongue in which he spoke and wrote.

A remarkable characteristic of the

man was his optimism. We know what Voltaire said in "Candide" derogatory of "naive optimists". He would have classed Vazoff among them. Vazoff himself however believed that the world is gradually growing better, that humanity has more of a chance now than in former years, and that eventually human nature will be as lovely as the woods and hills and valleys of his native land. His optimism may have been a trifle excessive, but "as dead as Voltaire" is a common expression with critics and reviewers in this year of Grace, 1921.

Yet the man knew the force of hate. He wrote, in 1888, a poem in French one verse of which runs:

*Où dono chercher mes chants? Dans la nature?
—affreuse
Et étrangère à moi, tel une tombe odieuse
Par sa beauté sublime et son repos hautain?
C'est un seul sentiment qui fleurit dans mon
âme,
Refleurissant sans cesse et brillant tout en
flammes:
La Haine—cruel enfant des maux lourds et
sans fin.*

It was the mood of a moment. The poem is entitled "My Muse in Mourning".

If America is sincere in her efforts to understand the "Balkan Situation", she would do well to familiarize herself a little at least with Bulgaria's leading writers. Pentcho R. Slaveikoff would in all probability have received the Nobel Prize had he not died (1912) before it could be bestowed upon him. Ivan Vazoff has been translated into English by Edmund Gosse who is not given to frittering away his time on nonentities.

Anyone who wishes to avail himself of the opportunity to mail a unique package to a friend so that the addressee will receive it on the afternoon of December 24 could hardly do better than to go on a foraging ex-

pedition into some part of the country where an exemplar of Vazoff's "Under the Yoke" is obtainable. And when through with it, this friend might pass it on to one of the libraries of Greater New York.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

An Italian Letter

THE current year is rich in documents of the Italian literary crisis and the endeavors to overcome it. Poets have attempted various ways. They attempted a revival of the classics, of the past, as "Il Boccaccino" (Bari, Laterza) shows. This poem in classical octaves by R. Balsamo Crivelli, without a breath of humanism, is a mechanical literary reform of patchwork rhetoric and childishness. It fails in not being written in the thirteenth century language and is devoid of grace of expression. There has also been an attempt to graft the newer formal French expression onto Italian aspirations in the hope of bringing poetry to a higher level. Raniero Nicolai in his "Elogio della Vita" (Milano, Primato Editoriale) is fired by Emile Verhaeren's poetical enthusiasm and Paul Claudel and Paul Fort's stiff expression, without succeeding in giving his verses a personal, or new form: his is merely a plucky attempt and a failure. On the other hand Francesco Pastonchi with admirable craftsmanship tries to overcome this crisis by using a diagram of modern sensation in the traditional form of the sonnet. But "Il Randagio" (Milano, Mondadori) is less than an endeavor, for the poet lacks humanity, his mode of expression is mechanical, and his literary representation is superficial. The conclusion is that the poetical crisis has not been overcome, nor are there any signs of a solution.

The reaction to fiction of lax morality is less mechanical although, up to the present, the results have not borne fruit. Writers of social perversion such as Guido da Verona, Luciano Zuccoli, Alessandro Varaldo, have fallen into disrepute with the public which nowadays prefers Giovanni Verga's masterpieces which are being newly republished, "Opere Complete" (Firenze, Bemporad), or Marino Moretti's quiet prose as in his excellent novel on "romagnolo" life, "La Voce di Dio" (Milano, Treves). Or it follows with interest the reactionary attempts to produce fiction representing faithfully human life and art. To this interest "Rubè" by G. A. Borgese (Milano, Treves) owes its success. Its author, at one time a well-known critic, had become a commonplace writer of newspaper articles or of obliging essays. Although his efficiency cannot be denied, "Rubè" does not succeed in describing Italy during and after the war, but is a poor retracing of other novels that now belong to the world's literature and characterize an epoch, such as: "La Chartreuse de Parme" by Stendhal, "La Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle" by de Musset, or still more "L'Education Sentimentale" by Flaubert. In Borgese's novel only the superficiality of Italian life is described (and often badly described) of that most eventful period from 1915 to 1921. Likewise Michele Saponaro, one of our most promising young writers, has given us an excellent novel, "Nostra Madre" (Milano, Mondadori), describing what in Italy is called the "land problem", a subject which was treated with masterly hand, directly after the Italian "Risorgimento", by Giovanni Verga in "Mastro don Gesualdo". But Saponaro does not describe: he declaims, he

theorizes, and his is not an artistic achievement.

The book which best represents literary Italy of the present year and political Italy of the period above mentioned, must be sought for elsewhere. It is undoubtedly, with all its faults, "La Storia di Cristo" by Giovanni Papini (Firenze, Vallecchi). Papini is one of our most powerful and personal writers; he believes humanity is in danger of falling into an abyss unless a barrier be found. He sees its salvation in a return to the creed of Christ. But while he is spiritually inclined to a return to primitive Christianity, he reminds humanity of the disarmed imperialism of the Roman Church, which is the opposite of the pure spirit of Christianity. In this contradiction is reflected not only his restive soul of a thinker and an artist, but the state of post-war Italy, herself torn between two extremes: those who believe the country will be saved by Bolshevism, and those who think she will return to the imperialism of the Roman Cæsars.

GEROLAMO LAZZERI

Remy de Gourmont and His Friends

THE extent of Remy de Gourmont's influence is difficult to ascertain, because his readers are scattered over space and time. Wherever the "Mercure" penetrated, both in France and abroad, this influence quietly exerted itself, as Gourmont had become the centre and chief inspirer of that review, for a long time the best literary one in France.

Few people approached Gourmont, —there was no such thing as a crowd of young disciples around him. In fact, the very young did not like him. His admirers are to be found among the older, well-trained and sober amateurs of French language and litera-

ture; he has also followers among the believers in certain post-Darwinian theories which his later books expound; but, in our opinion, that element of fame will not prove to be the lasting one. Gourmont as a scientist was not much better than Zola, Brioux, or Léon Daudet. Gourmont as a critic (someone has called him the last of the Encyclopædists) ranks with the best; his "Promenades Littéraires" and his "Livre des Masques" will remain among the most illuminating commentaries on French letters. They deserve the enthusiasm of such connoisseurs as Ezra Pound.

For the leisurely enjoyment of a few, and of himself, he wrote poems—both prose poems and poems in verse—the last volume being "Divertissements", brought out after the author's death, but containing some early fragments, one dating from 1888.

Because of Remy de Gourmont's confined, solitary, misanthropic life, not many commentators have known the human and sensitive side of him, and he enjoyed a reputation for rationalistic, cold and purely analytic intelligence; to his real sensibility, the key is to be found in those "Lettres à l'Amazone" which appeared regularly in the "Mercure", rather than in "Promenades Philosophiques" or in "Dialogues des Amateurs sur les Choses du Temps".

These letters read sometimes as if the Amazone were a mythical person, created for the sake of the letters, rather than as if the letters were written for her. But the Amazone (Natalie Clifford Barney) exists. She occupies a most interesting place in French life and letters. She is American, at least by birth, although spiritually she belongs to America about as much as the great Artemis of Sparta belongs to Kansas. Her house in Paris is the

meeting place of an intellectual élite (not to say, of *the* élite). Last year, she let her "Pensées d'une Amazone" be published in Paris (Emile-Paul). It is a gathering of thoughts far too keen, far too aimless ever to attain popularity on this side of the Atlantic,—although some do not quite lose their edge in an attempt for translation. For instance:

To need revenge—what a lack of perspicacity it betrays!

People say that a person is complicated when that person is simple enough to follow his or her own nature.

Yielding to certain temptations requires a terrific amount of courage.

Sad condition X. is in. Getting bald, and his brain has not yet appeared.

Etiquette is good enough for people without natural grace or harmonious impulses. It is all right for diplomats and parvenus. It cannot replace the fine instinctive politeness of modern individuals with the riches of many races in their blood.

We have just received a little booklet of criticisms and commentaries inspired by the first edition of "Pensées d'une Amazone". Apart from Roger Allard, Francis de Miomandre, Paul Valéry, Israel Zangwill (who remarks that "there is no thought that can frighten this Amazone"), and Anatole France (who exclaims: "Amazone! I kiss your hands with sacred terror"),—the others, however rich in praise, are often erratic. Nothing is more amusing than to see how a woman who does not confirm the habitual rules applied to feminine writers, easily throws the critics off the track....

This book was shown once to an American who was anxious to see it published in this country; on opening it he found this line: "As I was born intoxicated, I never drink anything but water". He closed the book in discouragement, saying: "The American public wouldn't understand...."

Miss Barney has done much to bring

to light the unpublished writings of Remy de Gourmont. With Jean de Gourmont and André Rouveyre, she has taken attentive care of the writer's posthumous influence, and they have even begun running a "Revue Gourmontienne". It is undoubtedly thanks to them that the translation of "Decadence, and Other Essays on the Culture of Ideas" (Harcourt, Brace) has been entrusted to such an able hand as William Aspenwall Bradley's. This book will prove a good introduction to the skeptical and materialistic doctrines of Gourmont.

The last commentary on Remy de Gourmont and his friends has been given by André Rouveyre, in the form of a book, "Souvenirs de mon Commerce" (Crès). Rouveyre is known as an artist, and especially as a wood-engraver. For many years, a "Visage" by him appeared every month in the "Mercure de France". It was always a most cruel supercaricature, and neither friend nor foe was spared. We have also, by Rouveyre, a series of drawings for "Phèdre" and a collection called "Le Gynécée", to which Remy de Gourmont contributed a preface.

André Rouveyre appears now as a writer. Only a dozen woodcuts accompany his book. Besides the figures of Gourmont, Miss Barney, and their friends, there are excellent notes on Guillaume Apollinaire. We shall have more to say about this latter poet, whose influence is so marked on those of the literary vanguard.

PIERRE DE LANUX

The German Book World

UNDOUBTEDLY the most important and most eagerly awaited book of this or many another publishing season is the long forbidden third volume of Bismarck's "Reminiscences".

The former Kaiser's most comprehensible final attempts to hold up the publication have caused English readers to enjoy a few months' start of the German in regard to this most fascinating human document. The legend that Bismarck himself wished to stifle the book during the Kaiser's lifetime has been exploded. For all its absorbing human interest, the weighty volume makes sad reading, like most revelations of great men. It reveals how easily vast catastrophe might have been averted. The German public, eagerly waiting for years to devour this personal explanation of their greatest statesman, bought up the first edition of 200,000 almost entirely in the form of advance orders to booksellers. A second edition of 200,000 is appearing at once. Bismarck himself declared the object of his third volume to be the inculcation of "understanding of the past and a lesson for the future". Another epoch-making man seems to be Rudolf Steiner, founder of Anthroposophy and the comprehensive social-political system which he calls a "Trinity of Social Organism". With the success of his magazine, Rudolf Steiner has descended into the lecture hall and thus popularized will no doubt gain untold new followers. He owns a strange temple-observatory on a hill near Basel, the only work of civilization created during the World War by the cooperation of all "enemies" and called the "Goetheanum". Congresses are to be held here, solemn festivals, instructive scientific courses. The trinity of social organism has already been put into practise by several great manufacturers in South Germany.

An Encyclopædia almost as famous in Germany as the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is Brockhaus's "Konversationslexikon". This fine old pub-

lishing house woke to the unsuitability of an early Victorian title which implied that one's whole desire for encyclopædic knowledge was to improve one's small-talk. A prize competition for a new title brought 4,760 replies and the winning title, chosen by three senders, was Brockhaus's "Handbuch des Wissens".

In Bremen the "Urgötz" has been performed in the City Theatre. This is Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen" in the original draft of 1771. There were countless characters, forty-four scenes, and the performance took nearly six hours. It was not only a literary but a purely human curiosity, for it revealed a fiery young twenty-two year old Goethe, akin to Schiller, and a comparison with the later and approved version of "Götz" shows how much vigor, originality, and sheer genius were stifled in Goethe by his life in little Weimar and his position as a court official.

Neukölln, a suburb in the poverty-stricken north of Berlin, is making a determined effort to do away with the "penny dreadful" which so often shows the youthfully depraved the quick way to criminality. A great library of well printed, good literature, two hundred different books of thirty pages each, has been provided in the Town Hall. Every child or youth who brings a worthless book receives one of the good books in exchange. It is interesting to note that next to the great German animal story-teller Herman Löns appears Ernest Thompson Seton, and that the travel writers include Nansen and Stanley. So far the affair is a great success. Over three thousand worthless books have already been exchanged and other Berlin boroughs are preparing to follow Neukölln's example.

Ernst Toller's "Masse Mensch", a

passionate advocacy of absolute pacifism even in the face of brutal tyranny, has been produced at the Berlin People's Theatre. The effect in certain scenes was so great that the play ceased to be theatre and became life—Toller is welcomed by certain critics as the only expressionistic dramatist of strong dramatic power. Meanwhile the young Communist still serves out his sentence, earned during the wild week in Munich for riot, and has lately been forbidden to write—an abominable torture for a literary man, against which the world of German authors is to raise a roar of protest.

Another work of importance far beyond the books of the day is Fritz Mauthner's "History of Atheism in the Occident", of which the second volume has just appeared. Mauthner, who is famous as a philosophical and philological scholar, has here written a vast work which is described as the "stupendous romance of an idea". This history of free thought rises frequently to dramatic heights in its description of the breaking of the way for freedom of the mind, and is thereby so objective that it is scarcely possible to discover Mauthner's personal standpoint on the question of atheism.

H. L. Mencken's brilliant "In Defense of Woman" is to be issued shortly by the famous Munich house of Georg Müller and the graceful essayist Franz Blei is making the translation. Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street" is exciting the attention of several publishers and will soon be definitely launched in the midst of the German public. S. Fischer, one of the most important publishers of belles lettres, has taken Frank Harris's vividly psychological "Life of Oscar Wilde" and the translation is already well under way.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

THE GOSSIP SHOP



Palmer Cox

One of the first events we remember from the panorama of childhood, is the handing over to us by some uncle, aunt, or grandparent, of a huge red bound volume of "St. Nicholas". There commenced days of golden delight. Brownies! As industrious as ants were the Brownies, and as gay as clowns! They made our days joyous, and scampered through our dreams. It was not until the other day during BOOKMAN WEEK that

we finally met the creator of the famous Brownies. He lives now out at East Quogue, Long Island, by the sea, where he writes verses and makes Brownie cards for his friends. What a kindly, delightful, stalwart old gentleman, who brought along Palmer Smith, his young namesake, for his first trip to New York City. Mr. Cox rambled on about old days in San Francisco, of newspaper work, of his first encounter with Mary Mapes Dodge, then editor of "St. Nicholas", of how she liked his work, and finally, of the creation of the first Brownie, forty years ago. And the Brownie books sell as well as ever! His niece wanted Mr. Cox to stay all night; but no, this was impossible, for Palmer Smith loudly asserted that he must get back to Long Island for Sunday School the next morning.

It was indeed an event when the Goops met the Brownies. Gelett Burgess, that encyclopædia of children's bad manners, came to tell us about how much jam it is possible for a child to hold in one bare hand. If Rose O'Neil had been present with her Kewpies, we should have been a most happy family; but, after all, it was the Brownies who came on the scene first, and they still live their scampering lives in the nursery and over the library shelves. The following verse to ourself surprised us a bit. In fact, it even worried us a little; for it is said that a Brownie knows all things:

There's nothing sure below the stars,
Whatever plans you lay,
The gate will swing, or break the bars
And sin will have its day.
So careful be, and guard your name.
Observing Brownies say,
Be free from all that leads to shame
And bravely go your way.

We would have liked so much to spend last summer in Italy—for many reasons. Perhaps the greatest of these is that one can live comfortably on so little money. That is particularly appealing at this time of the inflocking of bills. It would have been a privilege for the Gossip Shop to attend the Dante celebration at Ravenna, too. However, our Lares and Penates guard us, and Miss K. R. Steege saw fit to write us an account of the happenings.

People of every class and creed and shade of political opinion were there, passing through the narrow street which leads to the tomb. From the Piazza which bears the poet's name, past the house of Guido da Polenta, where Dante was once the honored guest, the crowd came and went from morning until evening. Some had brought flowers, and leaves of laurel were strewed everywhere. Many of these had come by aeroplanes from the villa by the Lake

of Garda from which D'Annunzio had sent them, and they lay on and around the tomb and even in the street outside. From the wall of the Polenta house opposite, there was arranged a series of lights coming through glass so tinted that when the evening came, their rays fell directly over the front of the tomb, causing an effect like moonlight. Behind shone the moon, nearly at its full, and in between rose the tower, also illuminated, where hangs the bell just given by the Communes of Italy. This bell, which is to ring always at the vesper hour, was the form chosen for the gift by Dr. Guido Biagi of Florence, and no more fitting memorial could have been found.

Many offerings were brought in sign of homage to the poet. From the army came a magnificent wreath and trophy of bronze, which was escorted by officers and soldiers and brought on a gun carriage, in a great procession, to be deposited at the front of the sarcophagus. From the city of Rome were sent the gates for the tomb, of metal fused from Austrian cannon. Other countries were represented: America, England, France, and Holland sent their gifts in recognition of the greatness of Dante.

Ravenna had done her very best on this occasion. There was a spirit of hospitality and welcome to all who came, and the citizens vied with one another in the matter of decorations. Beginning with the railroad station, there were flags and flowers; wreaths and garlands of green brightened old walls and dark corners; there was flash and color where usually there must be monotony and dullness. At night shops and houses were illuminated, and bands played in the Piazza. There were receptions, and gala performances at the theatre, and everywhere the people wandered about and there was much singing and talking. Thousands of *Fascisti* had marched from Bologna, and they arrived carrying their banners, full of enthusiasm as they went to pay their tribute of homage at the poet's tomb.

There were several imposing processions, when the flags passed and were lowered before the mausoleum. Delegations came from other cities, some of them most picturesque. Particularly effective was the group from Florence, whose *Gonfalonieri*, the standard bearers, carried the banner of their city, the red lily of Florence, and wore the costume of mediæval days. Some striking figures came also from Rome and Ferrara, while the *Carabinieri* in their gala uniforms added their usual brilliancy to the picture.

First nights gradually become as much a matter of routine as this season's theatrical failures. They divide themselves into several categories, the two most important being the bad

plays at which one may see all the interesting people, and the good plays at which one may see all the intelligent people. (The implication is not entirely true. We find interesting people occasionally intelligent.) Personally, we were so held and bound down by the writing and acting in "Anna Christie" that we attended both the first and the second nights. Seldom has there been seen in New York such a character portrayal as Pauline Lord's. Seldom has there been seen a production so careful as that which Arthur Hopkins has given this play, —the fog which Robert Edmond Jones supplies in the second act gets into the nose, the ears, and sets the rheumatiz aching in old bones. This is not the place for dramatic criticism; but Your Gossip must say this much: take yourself bag and baggage to the Vanderbilt Theatre at the earliest possible. You'll probably meet us there, too; for we shall go again and again! As for who was there—it doesn't much matter. We were too busy watching "Old Chris" and his girl to see. Clare Eames, yes, in a huge white cloak; Dorothy Speare, having just finished a new novel; Ruth Hale, without her husband, who was attending a dinner to H. G. Wells.

We were fortunate enough, the other evening, to have a talk with Mrs. Eugene O'Neill. Some day we are to meet the playwright himself. It is interesting to know that O'Neill's plays of this year are products of several years back. The manner in which he is working now is something quite new, perhaps nearer "The Emperor Jones" in spirit. We heard of the panoramic "Ponce de Leon" which, in its rhythms, is said at times almost to approach the poetic, as did "The Emperor Jones". We hear whispers of a play called "The Hairy Ape", and of a

great trilogy, which sounds fascinating indeed. Why aren't there more playwrights with the courage, doggedness, and insight of O'Neill?

Whatever is happening to Chicago! Old Gene Markey writes us (on yellow paper with green ink) that all the literati are deserting the city of Carl Sandburg and Mayor Thompson and are scurrying to the home of THE BOOKMAN and Mayor Hylan. Now this is not strictly true, Gene; for we have recently presented you with Oscar Williams, that youth who serves poetry customers at Kroch's book store, and whose first book "The Golden Darkness" is filled with delightful lyrics. Also, Pierre Loving is in your midst, and The Bookfellows are to publish his holiday play "Drift-lake", with appropriate illustrations by one Will Rensom. Also, Stephen Vincent Benét has gone to your city to be married, a marriage made possible by reason of the purchase, by your own Henry Sell, of Steve's "Young People's Pride" for that magazine of his, "Harper's Bazar", now dedicated to the fostering of young authors as well as the pursuit of the effete dress-maker. So you see, Gene, you mustn't become too discouraged, even though it does look as if Ben Hecht were about to leave you and to finish his next novel, "Gargoyles", in New York City. Besides, we have it on good authority that you, yourself, are about to return to Broadway.

So Harry Hansen's luncheons have started again, have they? How we should like to run in on deep Carl Sandburg, gay Keith Preston, violent J. P. McEvoy, quiet Sherwood Anderson, wiry T. K. Hedrick, volatile Ben Hecht, efficient Henry J. Smith, Harry, himself—and, dear Gene, yourself (for whom words fail). Gentle

readers, we publish (without his permission) a self-portrait of Chicago's youngest short story writer. And we conclude by appending Gene's latest budget of gossip:



Gene Markey

1. On Friday evening the Society of Midland Authors gave a dinner for Zona Gale, at which Edna Ferber, Stephen Graham (who has just returned from two months' tramping with Vachel Lindsay, and goes back to England in a few days) and Alice Gale made speeches. Observed at the tables were Harriet Monroe, Alice Gerstenberg, Ben Hecht, Clarence Darrow, Fanny Butcher, Edwin Balmer, and about a hundred others.

2. Pierre Loving, the young poet and critic, who, I believe, hails from your fevered civilization, is here for a few weeks. Some of his book reviews are appearing in the new magazine "Youth", which has been launched here this month. The first number of "Youth" featured poems of Oscar Williams, an article by Ben Hecht on the art of Wallace Smith, etc., etc.

3. Keith Preston has had a flattering offer from a London publisher to do a metrical translation of Ovid. (I don't know anyone who could do it so well! And then, he is particularly well equipped after the thesis he wrote for his Ph.D. Wherein he searched the classics for lecherous lines, "making", as he slyly puts it, "two *fleurs de mal* grow where but one had grown before".)

4. Edgar Lee Masters has gone into retirement at his lake cottage, and is finishing a new book—which he is keeping a mystery to all his friends.

5. Ben Hecht, whose violent prejudices against New York are so well known in these parts, may weaken any day. Three offers have come from Gotham that would weaken the resolves of many a richer man. Since the Manhattanization of those eminent Chicagoans, Burton Rascoe and Percy Hammond, one never knows....

6. But one man, I'll venture a prognostication, who will never desert Chicago for the pater and pâté de foie gras of New York, is dear old Sherwood Anderson, once more established at his Palos Park estate, hard at work on a new book. As is Carl Sandburg, the colossus of Elmhurst. To these gentlemen the malodorous grime of Chicago is incense.

Our choice of poems in the September magazines is: "Sea Urge" by Harold Vinal (Tempo), "The Spinners at Willowsleigh" by Marya Zaturensky (Poetry), "Dead Calm" by Robert J. Roe (Voices), "Creed" by Jo Felshin (Contemporary Verse), "Lake Song" by Jean Starr Untermeyer (Century), and "The Miracle" by J. Donald Adams (Dial).

John Curtis Underwood, author of "Trail's End" and of one or two of the most powerful dramatic poems of the American southwest, writes us from Santa Fé. We had written him, asking why it was that the southwestern art movement seemed to be gaining so great a headway.

Among the men who have put Santa Fé on the literary map of North America since Lew Wallace wrote part of "Ben Hur" in the Old Palace in the late 'seventies, are the historians Colonel Ralph Twitchell, pageant director for the last two Fiestas, and Benjamin Read; Charlie Siringo whose "A Cowboy Detective", "A Texas Cowboy", and "A Lone Star Cowboy" have sold in the neighborhood of a million copies; and N. Howard Thorp whose "Songs of the Cowboys", one-fourth his own and three-fourths anthology, is his second collection of the sort.

These are all permanent residents, men of the type who make history as well as write it, men whose personal reminiscences cover the days of Billy the Kid and Pat Garrett, of the coming of the railroad, of the dawn of statehood and the vast and Gargantuan junketings of the legislatures of Colorado and New Mexico in the era before the Volstead Law, of the days

of Bandelier and Charles Lummis and the other earlier archaeologists and forerunners of Dr. Hewett and his colleagues at the School of Research.

There is a wealth of literary and racial tradition and folk lore in the making and in the memory of living men and women, that poets like Alice Corbin Henderson whose "Red Earth" is in its second edition and John Curtis Underwood whose "Trail's End" has been called in New York a poetry guide book to New Mexico, have indicated only here and there. Perusal of the plays of Maud McFie Bloom, a younger contemporary of the four men first mentioned, plays dealing with the native Mexican life in and near the capital for the last hundred years or so, will go far to verify this.

Writers come and go and some remain, poets more particularly thus far. Glenway Westcott, Rose Henderson, Phil Lenoir, and Yvor Winters may be numbered among Santa Fé poets past and present, as well as H. H. Knibbs, better known to many as a writer of fiction, who is here not for the first time, indefinitely. Mary Austin and Natalie Curtis are Santa Fé writers, as is Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant, author of "Shadow Shapes" and "French Perspectives", who recently settled in Tesuque.

The new art museum's free exhibition and studio facilities, and the general policy of the museum and School of Research under the leadership of Dr. Edgar L. Hewett have already made Santa Fé the centre of a southwestern art movement modern as Cézanne and old as the Pueblos whose growth is assured. Sheldon Parsons, art curator, leads the list in local sales. Kenneth Chapman, Carlos Viera, Warren E. Rollins, and Charles S. Rawles are among the older men prominent in this movement.

Of the best-known painters, sculptors, etchers, and workers in pastel who have made Santa Fé their temporary or permanent home, Robert Henri, George Bellows, Albin Polasek, John Sloan, William Penhallow Henderson, and Bror Nordfeldt need no introduction to the general art public. Paul Burlin and Willard Nash indicate the modernist tendency. Olive Rush, Louise Crow, and Katherine Dudley are among the best-known women. Wilfred Kihn, Fremont Ellis, and Will Schuster are the most promising of the younger men. Painters from Taos like Ernest Blumenschein and Victor Higgins are closely affiliated.

It would be comparatively easy to fill a complete copy of THE BOOKMAN with a catalogue of Santa Fé's scenic, climatic, historic, and cultural assets as a literary, art, dramatic, and musical centre. These have all been touched on or amplified in the publications of the Santa Fé Railroad, the School of Research and other museums, and the local Chamber of Commerce. Also in the writings, notably, of Lummis, Ernest Peixotto, E. A. Powell, George Wharton, James and Agnes Laut. They have been shown on the screen to millions since the last annual

Fiesta, the first week of September, under the auspices of the Burton Holmes Travelogues.

In conclusion it may be well to remark that, short of our skyscrapers, Santa Fé is the only place in this hemisphere north of Panama, that has evolved a distinctively American architecture. Concerning this adobe blend of the Spanish and Pueblo styles, modernized successfully in the art museum, in the most beautiful moving picture theatre in America, in the new hotel and post office, and in many commercial structures and private homes and studios, the practical details of comparative cheapness and durability of construction are worth notice.

More and more of the artists are building their own homes and studios here this year. And in this tangible evidence of material well being and a determination to stay with the job, the future of this oldest capital as a centre of light and learning to a machine-stencilled and war-racked continent seems assured. Such is my four years' conviction.

The Detroit Centre of the Drama League offers two prizes for one-act plays, a prize of fifty dollars to be known as The Daniel Quirk Jr. Prize and a second of fifty dollars known as The Drama League Prize. Plays must be in by January fifteenth. The Quirk prize play will be produced by the Ypsilanti Players and mention of this production must be made on all programs of future performances. The same condition will apply to the Drama League play. All manuscripts must be sent to Mrs. Winthrop F. Victor, 1344 Jefferson Avenue, Pontchartrain Apartments, Detroit, Michigan. Manuscripts must not be signed by the name of the author (use a pen name). Neither should the author's address nor any indication of identity appear on the manuscript. Each manuscript must be accompanied by a sealed envelope bearing the title of the play, the pen name of the author, and his real name and address. No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by postage. All plays submitted will remain the property of the author after the first production. In case the judges decide that no play submitted is worthy of a prize, neither

the Ypsilanti Players nor the Drama League is under obligation to make the awards. All plays must be type-written.

The Canadian Authors' Association, formed in March, 1921, to promote the interests of Canadian literature, recently welcomed home Bliss Carman at a recital given in the ballroom of the Ritz Carlton Hotel in Montreal. Mr. Carman has been for some time in retirement, writing verse. Lucky man, say we, as the winter season jumps upon us all with voracious claws. The poet was introduced by John Murray Gibbon, President of the Association, and it was his poem, "Dance of the Maple Leaves", to which children danced in a ballet the climax of which was the crowning of Mr. Carman with a wreath of red and yellow maple leaves.

We are the leaves that run
Red, so red, and ablaze
With the burning of the sun
So many summer days.

We are the leaves unknown
Save to the things that fly,
And now, loose and wind-blown,
Flame up before we die.

But ere we drift beneath
The silence of the snow,
We twine for you a wreath
Of glory as we go.

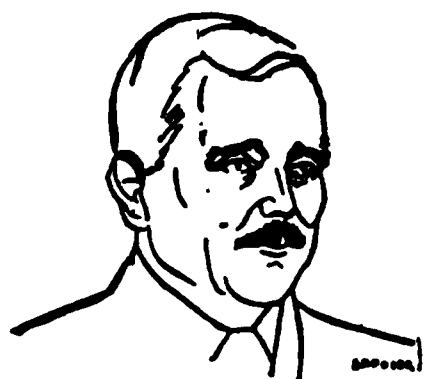
You led the caravan
Of poets on Grand Pre,
And taught the Pipes of Pan
In Canada to play.

In Fundy's tides you sought
The Children of the Sea,
And April Airs you caught
Under the maple tree.

Now at this Mountain Gate
Your Autumn Song we hear,
And crown you laureate,
Sweet-singing pioneer.

To be crowned by maple wreaths may be an uncomfortable honor (we are told that the crowns of emperors

weigh down the soul, while a poet's laurels merely tickle the temples). Nevertheless, it is comforting to know that Bliss Carman is receiving any honor whatsoever; for he deserves many and great ones.



H. G. Wells

Mr. Britling is going to see the Washington Conference through! There is no difficulty about recognizing Mr. Britling in the flesh. Had Mr. Direck—or indeed any careful and observing reader of such novels as “Kipps”, “Love and Mr. Lewisham”, or “The Undying Fire”—been at the pier the other night when the liner “Adriatic” arrived, he would have known at once that the host of Matching’s Easy was paying a return visit. Escorted by the tall form of Herbert Bayard Swope and shepherded by that hustler’s eagle eye, clutching under one arm a copy of “Three Soldiers”,—so fast does fame travel,—balancing with his free hand a stick and an umbrella, a little flustered perhaps at the elusiveness in remote pockets of passport, landing card, customs declaration, and making those sibilant noises heretofore associated with the inventor in “The First Men in the Moon”, the creator of George Ponderevo and “The New Machiavelli” stepped bravely down the gangplank. H. G. Wells was again in America for the first time since his seven weeks’ visit of 1906. (That hasty inspection, by the way, produced “The Future in America”, “an amazingly prophetic book”, declares its author now.) But alas for the heart of Mr. Direck swelling with the anticipation of hospitality! Alas for the great hospitable impulse of New York, of all America! From

that moment Mr. Wells assumed a mantle of impenetrable incognito. And no wonder. You cannot be banqueted, interviewed, buttonholed, and telephoned to all day long, and yet turn out the copy for which cable desks are clamoring in three continents. Your Gossip was asked by no fewer than six persons on the day following the man’s arrival for his address, and unfortunately he did not know it. No, Mr. Wells is here as a reporter. With the exception of a dinner to him on November 2 by the newspaper on whose initiative he has come, there is no record of his having made even a semi-public appearance. When not reporting, he is going to look at America. Particularly, he wants to see something of our schools. And so after a week in the confines of the Village, he has gone into “seclusion” as he calls it, in a rather well-known Washington hotel. When he deserts that it will be not as Confucius Wells, the Great Teacher, or as the amiable if surfeited guest, but as Wells intensely curious and amazingly receptive.

The October “Literary Questions” were evidently difficult nuts to crack. As a result we can award only one prize, and that to Mrs. Kraybill of Asbury Park who was a dark horse in last month’s contest.

Here’s a new set of puzzlers sent us by Susanna A. Matteson of Auburn, Rhode Island. Send in your answers before December twentieth and be sure to state which of the answers you had to hunt up, and which of the books in this month’s “Editor Recommends” you wish if you are one of the three lucky prizewinners. If, on the other hand, you find our questions too difficult or uninspiring, tell us so or, better still, send in a set of your own.

1. Who said he had made up his mind to write for antiquity, and why?

2. What poem of Mrs. Browning's was refused by the editor of "Cornhill" on the ground of impropriety, and who was the editor?

3. Who were Jane Fairfax, the Reverend Rufus Lyon, Colonel Lambert, Maggie Vervor, Squire Clinton, Captain Recce, Ernest Pontifex?

4. What literary lady was betrothed to Edgar Allan Poe, and where did she live?

5. Place the following quotations:

a. The light that never was, on sea or land.

b. To be great is to be misunderstood.

c. The general use of gunpowder is that it makes all men alike tall.

d. There is no place too humble for the glories of heaven to shine in.

e. The soldier asked for bread,

But they waited till he was dead,

Then gave him a stone instead

Sixty and one feet high.

6. What is a boojum and what is the usual fate of a person who meets one?

The answers to November's questions:

1. The originals of the following characters are:

a. Diana of the Crossways (in the book of that name by George Meredith)—The Honorable Mrs. Norton.

b. Eugène de Rastignac (in "Père Goriot" and other of Balzac's books)—Thiers.

c. Lady Kitty Ashe (in "The Marriage of William Ashe" by Mrs. Humphry Ward)—Lady Caroline Lamb.

d. Mr. Tonans (in "Diana of the Crossways" by George Meredith)—Mr. Delane, editor of the London "Times".

e. The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue (in William Watson's poem)—Margot Asquith.

f. Glenarvon (in the book of that name by Lady Caroline Lamb)—Lord Byron.

2. "The lady from Philadelphia" appears in "The Story of the Peterkins" by Lucretia Hale to give the helpless family good advice.

3. The excellent servants are to be found in the following books:

a. Mark Tapley—Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit".

b. William, the hotel waiter—Shaw's "You Never Can Tell".

c. Dolly, the chambermaid—"Beau Brocade" by Austin Dobson.

d. Dulloo, the sais—"Miss Youghal's Sais" by Kipling.

4. Francois Villon composed his own epitaph in the form of his "Ballad of the Gibbet".

5. The boys in question appear in these works:

a. Six little Singing-boys—"The Jackdaw of Rheims", Ingoldsby Legends, by Richard Harris Barham.

b. Tommy Upmore—R. D. Blackmore's "Tommy Upmore".

c. Prince Mamillius of Sicilia—Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale".

d. Terence (or Fibsy) McGuire—"Raspberry Jam" and other of Carolyn Wells's books.

6. An episode similar to that related by Benvenuto Cellini in his autobiography occurs in Anatole France's "La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque".

7. There are innumerable works of fancy in which the plot turns upon a likeness between two of the characters. As, for instance, Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night", "The Woman in White" by Wilkie Collins, "The Prisoner of Zenda" by Anthony Hope, "A Tale of Two Cities" by Dickens.

Gov. Thomas C. McRae of Arkansas, inspired by Arthur Somers Roche's new novel, "The Day of Faith", set aside November first as a legal holiday, to be known as the Day of Faith. On that day Arkansas citizens were called upon to offer prayers for the success of the Disarmament Conference and at the hour of noon to repeat the allegorical words, "My neighbor is perfect". Such is the force of literature in these United States.

Strange that everyone of our correspondents this month seems to be lamenting the departure of geniuses for the great city. Laura Everett writes us from Berkeley that Charles Caldwell Dobie, author of "Broken to the Plow" and "The Blood Red Dawn", has left California; also Ina Coolbrith, with her snow-white hair and her memories of Harte, Clemens, and Joaquin Miller, has come to us again. Hal Waldo writes us from Auburn that Rupert Hughes still finds the coast and the movies entertaining. Hughes has been busy taking folk poems of Sandburg, Braley, Whittier, etc. and setting them to delightful music. Of such, the pastimes of a popular novelist in Hollywood. Then Miss Everett tells us of at least *one* returning hero:

Ralph Waldo Trine who, whatever else he may write, will always be known as the author of "In Tune with the Infinite", has re-

turned from New York to his home at Los Gatos (the cats, in Spanish), the beautiful town in the low foothills bordering the Santa Clara Valley. The charm of the place does not depend on euphony of names. "Mountain Charley" is the name of the great redwood a few miles farther on in the hills. It is the rear guard of the monarchs of the Felton grove and of the Big Basin, and is twenty feet in diameter and two hundred and sixty feet in height. The Trine home is well up on the hillside overlooking the fruitful valley, a situation fitted to the thinking of harmonious thoughts.

That hymns of hate were not the only reading of the Germans during the conflict is shown by the fact that thirty thousand copies of "In Tune with the Infinite" were sold in Germany during the war.

Grace Hyde Trine, writer of poetry and pageants and a charming reader, joins with her husband in making the home a centre of hospitality of thought and deed. The California Writers' Club, entertained at the Trine home and at the club house of the Los Gatos Historical Association, passed resolutions favoring Disarmament and pledging itself to work for a cleaner press and better moving pictures.

A letter from F. N. Doubleday on his London visit enclosed a copy of William Heinemann's fall list. The Doubleday purchase of a large share of Heinemann's business has at least had one result in America: the publication of one or two works of exceeding beauty here this fall. Arthur Rackham's "Comus" is one of the quaintest volumes we have seen in many trips to many libraries, while Gay's "The Beggar's Opera", illustrated by the late C. Lovat Fraser, makes so gay a spot on the library table that the cover alone makes the purchase worth while. The English seem to possess an unflagging sense of the beautiful. We have seldom been more impressed by their high literary idealism than when we talked recently with J. C. Squire, the editor of "The London Mercury", and A. P. Herbert, the author of that splendid mystery tale "The House by the River". As an editor Mr. Squire has held himself to an unswerving policy which takes

no stock of popular taste and admits only what he, himself, considers of the highest literary merit. Personally, we have not always agreed with his standards. But we believe that the more Americans who subscribe to "The London Mercury", the better; for it represents clearly and well the uncompromising attitude of a critic whose judgment is based on a splendid background and a strong artistic integrity. Incidentally, we found Squire and Herbert most genial gentlemen. We watched them through their first few days in America: bewildered by noises of elevated trains and motor trucks, astounded by Al Jolson in "Bombo", fluttered about by women at Biltmore affairs and by colyumists at our BOOKMAN luncheon. They remained still, quiet, unobtrusive, observing, charming. Just now, they are motoring through Kentucky. If all our English visitors were like these two... Ah well, it was most pleasant to meet them.

Katharine Hopkins Chapman, who has recently commenced giving lectures at southern colleges on the short story, is an indefatigable gatherer of Alabama writers' gossip for us. We don't know whether or not Scott will appreciate the following; but because he recently sent us a telegram which we were not at all able to understand, we proceed to publish Mrs. Chapman's note on the new addition to the Fitzgerald family:

That literary prodigy Scott Fitzgerald takes joyously to his new rôle of father. This is evident from the wire he sent his wife's parents, Judge and Mrs. Sayre of Montgomery, Alabama, announcing the fact: "Lillian Gish is in mourning; Constance Talmadge is inconsolable, and a second Mary Pickford has arrived."

Noting that even Fitzgerald, master of words, could temporarily think only in the feminine gender, you will not be surprised that the little adventurer from "This Side of Paradise" is a girl. However, she is named Scottie



is "The Beautiful and Damned"?

To Alabamians Scottie, as a girl's name, already has literary associations, for Scottie McKenzie Frasier, of Dothan, Alabama, has a widening reputation for feature articles, lectures, and free verse. Her first volume, "Fagots of Fancy", last year received the accolade of praise from the New York "Times" Sunday Magazine and other discriminating reviews.

Speaking of names, what ails Porter as a writing signature? Nothing that appears on the surface, yet the only two men whom I recall by that sturdy English cognomen chose to hide it under a nom de plume—when such plumes are almost as rare as plumes on men's hats! Why should O. Henry and Holworthy Hall have refused to remain Porters to their literary ambitions?

Pirates have come into their own this season! The Howard Pyle book of pirates opens romantic vistas which had become somewhat dimmed. By the way, have you ever seen Lovat Fraser's "Pirates"? There's a book! For any lover of pirates and the Jolly Roger, there is one experience which is beyond all others. That is a visit to Dwight Franklin's studio, which lies hidden on the fourth floor of a ramshackle old theatre building on Lincoln Square, New York City. Here, with a switching on of current, small scenes of gory adventure pop at you from the dark. Franklin has a facility for character and grace in modeling that are uncanny. One of his new groups, which is the deck of a pirate ship, peopled with red-sashed and cutlassed gentlemen, so takes you

for her distinguished daddy, who attained note as a novelist, short story writer, and critic almost along with his majority. I wonder—from experience—whether, when this little seraph tunes up during writing hours, Scottie will not decide that Scottie

back into the pages of your Stevenson, that you'll be able to stand there for hours, dreaming of Long John Silver, and Jim Hawks. The prize model, however, is one of a strip of beach in front of a turquoise sea and a burning sky. Two men struggle before your vision, bearing between them a heavy treasure chest. Some day, when we are very wealthy, we shall have one of these hidden away behind a sliding panel in our house, as have Booth Tarkington and many other lucky souls, and when we tire of modern realism, we shall be able to switch out the house lights, turn on the soft glow of pi-

Dwight Franklin

rate lights in southern seas. The other night we met another Dwight at Mr. Franklin's, Laurette Taylor's son Dwight Taylor, who is nineteen or thereabouts, has written good verse, draws well, and is studying at the Art Students' League. Between us, we managed to convince Mr. Franklin that he should draw us some pirates. Behold the result. Presently, too, we found that Taylor was still in his 1890 period. By that we mean that he still admires the men of the 'nineties with the same enthusiasm that we felt when we were a sophomore in college, and from which we admit that we've never quite recovered. We told him that we'd just had a long letter from Frank Swinnerton, who wrote that he'd carried our last epistle about in his pocket through a delightful vacation on Arnold Bennett's yacht, and had but now found



Frank Swinnerton

time to answer. So Dwight Taylor drew us a picture of Mr. Swinnerton, and we came away quite content.

We are renewing our youth in reading the letters which come in response to our Children's Book Week Essay Contest. Here are two of the first to arrive, printed exactly as written by the contestants. The announcements of the ten awards, and the first and second prize-winning essays themselves, will be published in the January BOOKMAN.

BOOKS I LIKE TO READ

By Stella Bohannon. Age 13 years

I like to read books which are thrilling and adventuresome. Books where the characters have very narrow escapes. Where the hero or heroine have such fine qualities. I also like to read books where there are great mysteries. I like books that seem in one place as though they will turn out one way then go on and turn out another way. There are some love stories I like to read. I like to read comical stories also those which are reasonably sad. I have a fancy for historical and poetical stories.

Some of the books I have thus far read are—"Pollyanna," "Pollyanna Grown Up," "The Leopard Spots," "Herbert Carter's Legacy," "The Girl of the Lamberlost," "Freckles," "The Hoosier School Boy," "Mother Carey's Chickens" and the "Campfire Girls" books.

I like to read the "Pollyanna" books because the heroine does so many heroic deeds and made friends so easily.

"The Leopard Spots" is so interesting because it tells us so much about the history of our country.

"Herbert Carter's Legacy" attracts my attention because it shows just how some wealthy people treat the poor. It also shows how anyone's position in life may be changed.

I like to read "The Girl of the Lamberlost" because it shows how people may work themselves up in life whether they be poor or rich.

"Freckles" is interesting to me because it shows where there is a will there is a way to do anything. It is also very adventuresome.

I like "The Hoosier School Boy" because it shows how much better qualities in some people than others.

"Mother Carey's Chickens" shows how affectionate the members of the family may be to each other.

I like "The Campfire Girls" book because they show how much good work an organization may do. They are also very adventuresome.

BOOKS I LIKE TO READ

By Julia F. Spratt. Age 12 years

When I was seven years old, I began to read Louisa Alcott's books. I started with "Jack and Jill," then came "Under the Lilacs." As I and the books grew older, I read "Little Women," "Little Men," and many others. I still read them over, and over again. Amy was my favorite in "Little Women." Then came "Jo" with all her boyish pranks.

Since then, I have read many other books, and one set, which I dearly love, is the Five Little Peppers. It tells all about their troubles in the Little Brown House, and also their good luck, when they are at last wealthy. These books, are dear to the heart of any girl between the ages of ten and fifteen.

The books I love most of all are the corner house girl series. Agnes is so like myself, I can imagine I am living in the Corner House Mansion, with a cross old aunt. Agnes who is twelve years old, says in the story that she has bushels of molasses colored hair and blue eyes that would stare a rude boy out of countenance, but she would spoil the effect the next moment by giggling. My friends say Agnes would be a good playmate for me, as I am like her in every way.

My sister likes to read Dotty Dimple stories. I used to enjoy them myself, but now I believe they are a little too young for me now.

The last book I read is called Wilderness Honey. It is a very good story for boys and girls, and tells many interesting things about bees. How they hatch a queen bee, what she is fed with, and how she works when she comes into the world.

I have read the Little Colonel books, and found them very interesting. The one I like best is where she goes to boarding school. I am entertaining the hopes that I may go some day. Little Colonel talks with a sweet southern drawl and draws out her R's. Everybody she meets falls in love with her at once of course she has a few rivals but she wins them over in the end. It was a beautiful book and I will long remember the pleasant hours it held for me as I held it with one hand and munched an apple.

I have read the Alger books but I only enjoyed the first one as the others were all written on the same plan.

David Copperfield was very nice also The Count of Monte Christo, Swiss Family Robinson, Mark Seaworth, Rajah of Dah, Bonnie Prince Charlie and many others.

They were all so interesting I really can't tell which one I enjoyed the best. I have tried to read Pride and Prejudice but only parts of it are childish so the book and I don't get along very well. I love Dicken's works and I will continue to read them. I love good books and I could almost read eight books a day, so that is why I hope to win a prize either the first or second.

THE BOOKMAN



January, 1922

WHAT THE WORKER READS

Charles R. Walker, Jr

FOREST COVER

A Story by Edna Bryner

OUT OF MY NEWSPAPER DAYS

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Theodore Dreiser

THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

IV: Edna Ferber

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THE BOOKMAN



WHAT THE WORKER READS

By Charles R. Walker, Jr.

THE past two years I have spent more or less in overalls. I have worked on the open hearth furnaces of a steel mill near Pittsburgh, and burned my fingers as hot blast man on a blast furnace. I have spent a short six weeks in a rubber factory, and a good many months in a casting shop, a refinery, and a rolling mill of a brass factory. A few months ago I graduated into a white collar and an office chair, but I don't yet feel perfectly natural talking American instead of Anglo-Hunky. For these reasons I presume, and because he knows that I wielded a pen before I took to a crowbar as a means of self-expression, John Farrar has asked me to tell what the working man reads.

I must admit I resent that phrase. The matter-of-fact working man reads "A Manual for Sheet Metal Workers" and "The Whole Art of Molding", etc.; the aspiring working man, the Alexander Hamilton Business Course; the ecclesiastical, the Bible and the Fathers; the historical, Duruy, Gibbon,

and Mr. Wells. Great Guns, the working man is the public, and he reads whatever the presses vouchsafe. I suppose, though, J. F. means the fellow who works with his hands, instead of with his tongue, his nerve, or his brains. But even that leaves included vast numbers of the "reading public" that can't legitimately be carved off into a class. Plumbers read, printers read, steel rollers read, glass bottle blowers read—pretty much the stuff advertised by publishers in the pages of, well, THE BOOKMAN.

But occupational training in practising law or breaking stones isn't altogether a useless classification. As your occupation for eight, ten, twelve hours a day puts you into or takes you out of certain human affairs, so your appetite for the written word is modified. Men whose routine job is dangerous and death defying, like a steeple jack's for instance, don't read "Lives of the Daring" with so keen a zest as the boys who put valves into inner tubes from seven a.m. to five

p. m. I know a man (in a university) who works at mediæval Latin texts all day, and who, despite several letters after his name, confines his recreational reading to "Snappy Stories" and "Adventure". I know a brick-layer who goes in largely for Dickens and H. G. Wells.

Again, closely related to this occupational business, are two elements that mark out—with inspiring and notable exceptions—what shall be read, and how much, by nine-tenths of the world's population. They are: time off, and fatigue. Hundreds of thousands of body workers—not just hand, but arms, legs, and back workers—*haven't any unfatigued leisure*. For example: take a hot roller in a brass mill. He takes a two hundred pound bar of red hot metal in a pair of tongs and shoves it through a pair of revolving rolls, catching it over the top every few seconds and sending it back through. After a ten-hour day, although he has leisure from five o'clock to eleven o'clock (if he's unmarried, I mean) he doesn't hurt his eyes over "The Development of the English Novel". Though he might like to, if he didn't enjoy just sitting down so much. That is why, if you go through any mill town at six o'clock, you see so many men in shirt sleeves sitting on the tiny porches of their homes, doing absolutely nothing.

So much for "unfatigued" leisure. As you approach the illiterate and on the way pass through the non-reading literate, you reach that considerable bulk of humanity who have, practically speaking, no leisure, fatigued or otherwise. It has come to be a favorite symbol of misplaced benevolence to draw a picture of the Carnegie libraries in steel towns where the twelve-hour day and the seven-day week is being worked. It is a well

worn but a very striking symbol. One doesn't (I've tried it) issue from twelve hours' steel making to retire to a reading room for a long evening over the anthologies. I want to remark, however, that there are persons of exceptional self-culture working the twelve hour a day, and not from choice either. I have a paragraph later on these notables. One story especially about an ordinary helper on a blast furnace, a day laborer of fifteen years' service, who was also a scenario writer. He dictated them to a literate American friend. But more of him later. There are some who work a more moderate day, say ten or eleven hours, who might be supposed to have some leisure, whether fatigued or not. Yes, there are some—but it should be noted that it is necessary for most men to tend the furnace and hold the baby.

I don't want any person with a sociological mind, or any sensitive defendant or prosecutor of any particular brand of social organization, to suppose for an instant that this is somehow subtly an indictment of somebody or something. Don't for example accuse me for an instant of holding that with a few well directed reforms—such as the four-hour day enforced by law or the compulsory placing of the five-foot bookshelf behind each blast furnace in Gary—workmen would, thus released and raised, turn this century into a sort of Periclean age. Such ideas are really quite remote from my conviction. As a matter of fact, all I am doing is having a good time (at J. F.'s expense) amiably discussing who reads what, among the bulk of mankind—meaning the manual workers—and why they do it, or don't. And I intend in a minute to give, as the lecturer says, a few personal experiences. All philosophic de-

ductions (and I fancy there are some) and all implicit programs for church movements are left to the reader's own conjuring.

One or two generalizations I would like to make before I talk about some individuals. The first is that even more than the New York commuter, the workman who reads anything beyond the number on his time check, reads the newspapers. Let the whistle blow, in ship yard or foundry, and after the worker has reached home and eaten a brand of supper appropriate to his nationality, he produces a newspaper likewise suited: the "Corriere della Sera" for the Italian, or "The New Atlantis" for the descendants of Aristotle and Demosthenes. When the Food Administration desired to bring their propaganda to the notice of every possible reader in the United States, they went to the foreign language press association, to have the material published in eight hundred newspapers. *There* is the real daily pabulum of written stuff for America's mixed racial humanity. These foreign language papers (common opinion to the contrary) are with one or two exceptions the despair of the radical. They insist upon printing nothing but the most orthodox views upon American society. They are irretrievably conservative. They are, as one insurrectionist said, "as bad as the Boston 'Transcript'".

Now of course there is the trade unionist press. It is read very thoroughly by the officers of the unions, and so it influences in a way the bulk of union workers. But the Wall Street "Journal" is read by the captains of industry, and their conduct influences the masses too. I am not interested, in this article, in spheres of influence, or the proper medium for Americanizing the workers or starting a revolu-

tion. I am simply interested in the printed stuff they read, its quality, quantity, and function in their lives. The trade union press forms a real element in the lives of organized labor, but organized labor is a moderately small fraction of the workers. (No objection, I take it, from the left.) And this press, while important, is frightfully given up to names, resolutions, dues paid and not paid.

Mr. O'Ryan introduced a resolution, asking that a vote of gratitude be extended the retiring treasurer for his long service in the interests of Local 528, and in the cause of organized labor and the freedom of man.

So the rank and file trade unionist turns with you and me to the magazine stand. The so-called "labor press", as distinguished from the unionist, is just a drop of ink in a sea of general newspaper and periodical literature. It doesn't touch the outskirts of half the working men who read a lot of other things. If I were in the field of labor journalism I'd feel disgraced. They've got a huge unexploited market. There's a chance for some human beings there, to oust the doctrinaires.

Now I've met some very attractive and extraordinary reading persons in the various jobs I've turned my hand to, and they illustrate how a lively interest in things of the mind somehow persists, to root and grow in stony places. I mean upon the difficult ground of long hours, and exhausting, dangerous labor. Unquestionably there is more chance for a man to invigorate his mind through reading, while earning bread in a rubber mill or an automobile factory, than there was in the days when New England fields were producing maize and stone walls. But the persistently reading day laborer is still sufficiently novel to be interesting.

I met Adam, the Pole, in a copper refinery. He was a mason by trade but he used to come into the mill for the winter to keep warm. It was warm enough there. We had a twenty-one ton old-fashioned furnace that cooked the copper scrap which was ready to be poured out red hot into molds, every morning at seven. I was on the floor gang with Adam pushing trucks about with molds on them, bringing them up to the furnace empty and taking them back a hundred and fifty pounds heavier. There was usually a lull at four or five in the afternoon. Adam was leaning on his truck looking into the furnace. The boss, McCarthy by name, had just left us after an harangue.

"Gets excited," said Adam.

"Yes," I said.

"But a wise old bird," he pursued. "Reads a lot."

"Yes? Do you read much?" I asked.

"Ye-or, I like to read."

"Polish or English?"

"Both." Pause.

"Now take Sienkiewicz. I've read all his books both in Polish and English. I like 'em."

"I haven't read all of his," I said rather abashed. "But he's a good writer. Who else?"

"I like Dumas best. Read all of his. Victor Hugo, pretty well."

"Well," I thought, "here is a man with his hand on a mold truck who should be a librarian."

I glanced up at Adam. He was in the right place for his physique, though. He was a well made ox.

"Did you ever read Dickens or Shakespeare?" I hazarded, stopping at nothing.

He had, but didn't like them so well. His mind ran to adventure.

"I like H. G. Wells and Jules Verne," he said.

The boss started to return from the rolling mill.

"I tried to read 'The Wandering Jew' once, but only got through two volumes."

The boss had his eye on us.

"I like history," Adam went on. "Am reading a history of Ancient Egypt. Rameses Second—"

But the boss came up and we started trucking scrap again.

On a later occasion I checked up Adam on his literary claims and found they were perfectly sound. In addition he followed politics with great acuteness, and instructed me very ably in Polish and German diplomatic history....

Now for the Serbian scenario writer. I am going to take this right out of my diary. It was in a steel mill in the summer of 1919.

They are getting ready to "blow in" No. 9 blast furnace. It is a new one, and we have been busy for a couple of days piling wood inside, preparatory to lighting it up. I have been working beside an intelligent looking Serb and neither of us ventured conversation till today.

"Did you ever write scenarios?" he asked.

If he had said: "Did you ever read George Borrow?" I would have been equally non-plussed. I controlled a bursting impulse to roar, and answered, "Yes, did you?"

"Yes," he returned. "It's quite a trick, isn't it?"

I admitted there was a technique to writing movies.

"I have a book", he went on, "that tells you the dope. I no write myself. I dictate. I no write English."

We put down the log and went to get a separate stick each, meeting again at the slag hole.

"I have a scheme," he said. "Get moving picture camera, get man run him, and take camera and man to Serbia. Go where war come."

"Devastated places, ruins," I suggested.

"Yes, go all through Slavic country, take picture soldiers, guns, ruin farm, house, city, come back show steel towns. I go with picture McKeesport, Pittsburgh, Youngstown. Show everywhere, people like. What you think?"

"Very good idea," I said warmly.

"Make big money," he concluded grinning. "No work no more."

That ended the chat. I had others of equal interest at different times, and found him learned in the phases of the war which concerned America and Serbia. He had worked on blast furnaces for fifteen years.

And now I hardly know what to select as I turn through my diary, but I think Tom the wiener man, with his interest in the classics, may do. Tom, I suppose, was strictly not a wage earner. He kept a very tiny shop where he sold principally wieners, but sometimes steaks and other things. I used to eat at the Greek restaurants in the little steel city, farther down Main Street, and then start home after supper. By the time I reached Tom's tiny shop, I was usually overcome by a temptation to take more nourishment, and a desire for some of Tom's society. One day, half-way through a bowl of cereal, I glanced down on Tom's counter, and found an old Greek newspaper under the bowl. I studied it a while, making out a few lines.

Tom was watching me narrowly. "You read Greek?" he said.

"I used to," I retorted.

He lit up thoroughly, as if a switch had been turned on inside his head.

"A great language," he returned. "All other language out of Greek. Greek words first."

I thought this a little extreme. But if Tom felt philologically inclined that evening I was willing to humor him.

"Geometry," I said. "There's a Greek word in English."

He glowed at me, and derived twenty more from an American newspaper he lifted off the shelf.

I had some curiosity to know whether Tom's erudition was simply of a variety to prove to customers the inferiority of the English language,

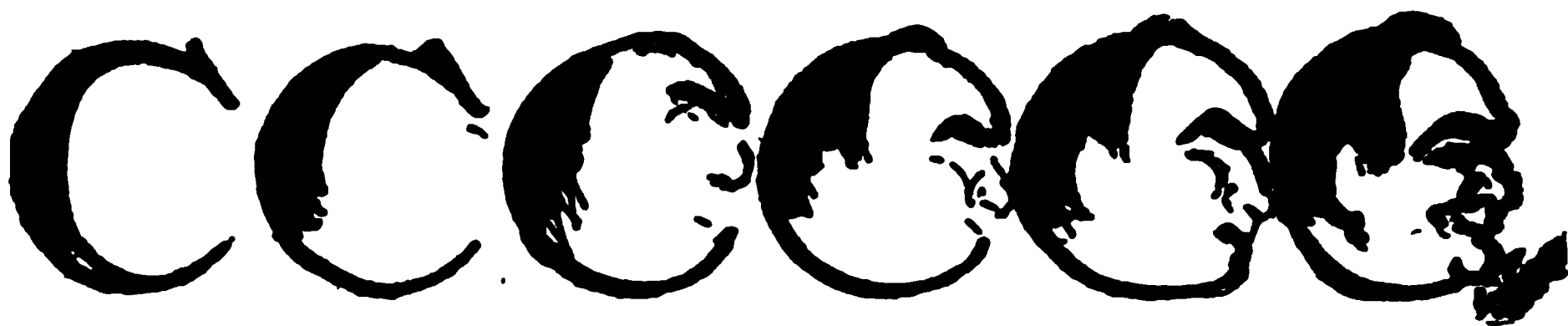
or whether it touched at all on literature.

"Have you ever read Sophocles?" I asked.

He hadn't, but named me the other Greek dramatists, and Homer, and a few other people, and intimated promptly that he was conscious of the peculiar glory of his cultural inheritance. We had a good time discussing Greek literature.

I asked him finally what he thought of the "Ædipus Tyrannus". He hadn't read it. It suddenly occurred to me that it would be fun telling a modern Greek the story of the "Ædipus Tyrannus". It is a cracking good story, and I wondered if it wouldn't go just as a tale with a gripping plot. It did go. I ordered another bowl of cereal, and gave all the details of the man who killed his father and married his mother five hundred years before Christ in the land of the Hellenes. Tom was overjoyed, said it was a good story, and was proud of me and of his country. I came away feeling that it was still possible to build enduring friendships on a mutual love of classical literature.

That is all I have space for, I guess, at present. One thing more. "*Does the working man read?*" As a whole, by and large, in anything like the sense in which real reading is to be taken: No. He does not read. All the people I have been discussing are, though scattered through every grade of worker, exceptional. They represent a goodly number, but stacked against the total of toiling humanity, just a handful. The reading public is widening constantly but it is still small, still superficial. The average working man, like the average man, still reads his pay check number, and reads the expression on his neighbor's face. A little besides, but not much.



CARUSO AND THE NEWSPAPER MAN

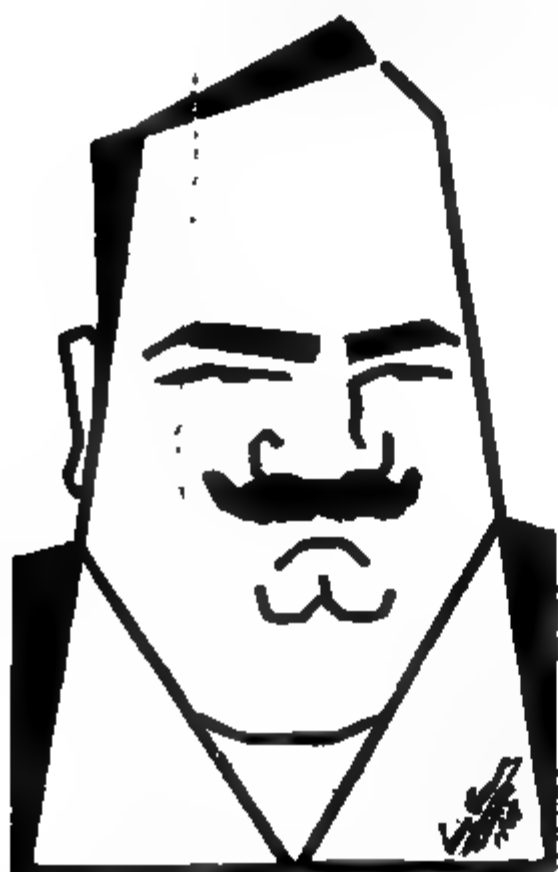
By Grenville Vernon

With Caricatures by Caruso

TO the New York newspaper men Enrico Caruso was an anomaly. He was a gold mine of copy, but his real self he kept jealously aloof from Anglo-Saxon gaze. Perhaps a stray Celt or two by Celtic warmth of sympathy may have gained access to his confidence, but even these probably never reached the innermost sanctum of his Latin soul. Not even William J. Guard, press representative of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Irishman, cosmopolitan, and father confessor to half the operatic artists of the world, knew him as did his own Neapolitan cronies, though it was to Mr. Guard rather than to them that Caruso turned in time of trouble. How well we critics and news gatherers remember the great tenor strolling into Mr. Guard's office before a performance, the inevitable cigarette holder between his teeth; remember him humming a burlesque air, screwing his features into the grin of a Polichinelle, and perhaps mimicking some tenor who considered himself "greater than Caruso", mimicking him in a manner which was a far more effective demolition than could have been accomplished by all the words of the most vitriolic critics. Then he would turn his back—and what a back! Was

there ever such a back before; will there ever be such again? A back like a Roman wall, four-square, tremendous: the back of a Titan, of an Athanasius against the world; a back at once whimsical and overpowering. There will be few of us who will forget his face; there will be none who will forget his back. Then he would walk into his dressing room, leaving behind the vision of the eternal jester. This was the Caruso of the world, the man of story and newspaper legend. But even as we believed in him, we knew that it was as the belief in Santa Claus. The real Caruso was far otherwise.

Those who really knew Enrico Caruso, who penetrated beneath his ready laugh, who were able to lift the layers of generosity, good humor, and a certain suspicion which is the badge of every Neapolitan, and reach contact with the man beneath, knew a Caruso far removed from either the visual one or the man of legend. To these few friends, all of his own race and nearly all of his own city, the great tenor's heart was an open book, and there is not one of them who would not insist that it was the tragic rather than the comic note which was the key to his nature. Art, fame, and



Enrico Caruso

wealth had given him all that could be given. Far more than her king, more than any of her statesmen or victorious generals, Caruso was the idol of Italy, indeed the very symbol of her greatness; for he alone of her living sons stood without rival. Yet despite his practical jokes, his antics, his buffoonery both off and on the stage, Caruso remained like Canio the man who laughed that he might not weep. That Canio was indeed the character in which he won his most unquestioned triumph, is not without significance.

The day before Caruso sailed for Europe for the last time, an incident occurred which gave an insight into the great tenor's real nature. It is told by Mario Sisca, the editor of "La Follia", the New York Italian weekly, in whose pages for many years appeared Caruso's cartoons. Mr. Sisca called to bid his friend goodbye, and found him seated at a table with an open check book before him. Without a word the tenor handed his visitor the checks he had just signed. They amounted to nearly sixty-five thou-

sand dollars and they were made out to the various doctors who had attended him during his illness. Despite the huge total of the sums Caruso had paid them without question, but the wan smile with which he greeted Mr. Sisca showed that his thoughts had not been idle.

"There they are, Mario," he said. "All signed. Not one of them can say I owe him a cent."

Then, Mr. Sisca said, his face darkened, and clenching his hands about the arms of his chair he exclaimed passionately:

"My doctors made only one mistake; they let me live. I'd rather have died than have to live this way!"

It wasn't that he objected to paying the money; it was simply that all the flattery and adulation and envy of the world left him only the more open to encroachment, against which the simple human being reacted vehemently with the full realization that his reac-



Caruso as Canio ("Pagliacci")



Theodore Roosevelt

tion was hopeless and that he must go on paying the price of his fame to the end of the chapter.

This was a tiny corner of the man's tragic side, a side which he rarely showed but which many of his more intimate experiences had intensified and deepened. In speaking of Caruso it would be useless to ignore this side, for it was really the groundwork of his nature; yet it would be equally useless to dwell upon it, for the Caruso of the world was a very different person. Generous as few singers have been generous, he paid the penalty generosity always pays in disappointment and deception.



Woodrow Wilson

Luckily he took this philosophically and often humorously. One of these deceptions which Caruso recounted to the present writer is worth repeating.

Caruso was always exceedingly bountiful in his encouragement of young singers, which encouragement often took the form of complete monetary support. Some of these singers proved a credit to the trust placed in them, but others didn't. This story has to do with one of the latter. One day Caruso was a guest at an afternoon musicale. A young girl, whose dress betokened a rather extreme lack of funds, was called upon to sing. According to the hostess's explanation the girl had simply called and asked to be heard, but her voice had so impressed the hostess that she wished Caruso to hear her as well. The girl

thereupon sang a few songs very prettily, and so charmed Caruso that he offered to pay for her vocal training. He gave her a letter to a friend of his, a well-known singing teacher, and the instruction began.

At first all went well and the young singer made progress. To encourage her Caruso, at the end of the first quarter, sent her in addition to the money for her tuition a check with which to buy herself a proper wardrobe. The girl wrote and thanked him; a little later she wrote again telling him that she re-



Alfonso XIII

quired lessons in French and Italian. Caruso promptly replied with another check. After a few weeks she wrote once more, stating that she was ill and that the doctor had prescribed sea air for her. Without inquiring further the tenor at once despatched a further and larger sum. Three weeks went by. One day Caruso was walking in Central Park, when his eye caught sight of a carriage drawn by a magnificent pair of horses. As such carriages are rare in these days of automobiles, he regarded it with great interest. In it was seated a distinguished looking gentleman with waxed mustaches, and beside him, clad in sables and wearing a dream of a Paris hat, a young and very pretty woman. Though Caruso had not seen her since the day of the musicale and though her present radiance con-



Adolf Hitler

trasted oddly with her former woebegone appearance, he recognized her at once—she was the young singer whose musical education, whose clothes, and whose sea air he had been paying for! On

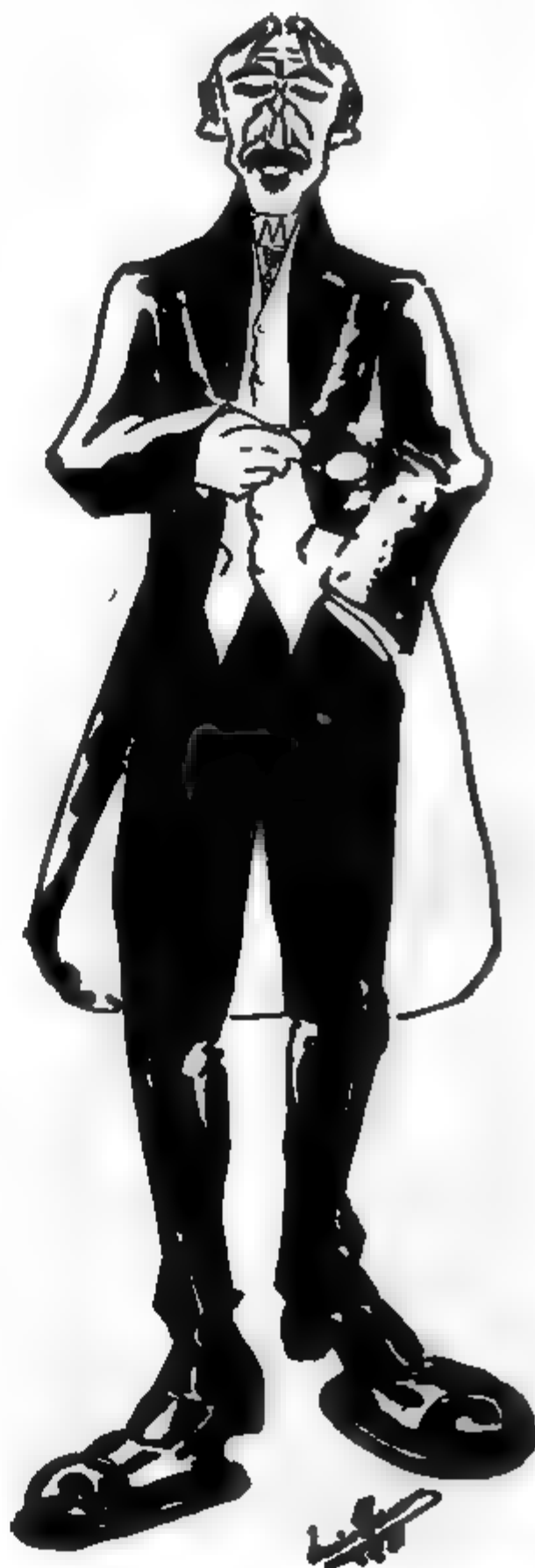
arriving home he telephoned his friend the singing teacher, asking him how his protégée was progressing. He was told that the young woman hadn't been near the studio for two months and that she had never paid a cent for the instruction she had received.

"You see," said Caruso grimly, "my checks had gone into sables. However they appear to have caught the gentleman with the waxed mustaches, who no doubt will pay for her singing lessons if she still wants them!"

But Caruso wasn't generous with strangers only. There was in him much of the great patron of the Renaissance. He was the Prince of Tenors and his Italian soul whispered to him that he must act as a prince would act. About him was always a retinue of worshipers, of hangers-on, of flatterers. They sat in his ante-room while he was asleep or taking his bath, playing cards, gossiping, eating and drinking at his expense. Caruso liked to have them there, liked their low bows and their "Buon giorno, Commendatore" as he entered, liked their surrounding him as a body guard when he strolled up the Avenue. Perhaps he had a certain contempt for them, but it was contempt mingled with affection, the contempt of a grand seigneur for his retainers. They did not work and he supported them—but they were the visible sign of his princehood. He was an Italian, almost an Italian of the Middle Ages. This side of him was incomprehensible, even unsympathetic, to Americans—but America has not produced princes of the Middle Ages, any more than she has produced the artists whom they made possible.

There was, however, a more intimate generosity which we can understand, and of this there are a hundred

anecdotes. We all know how at Christmas Caruso played Santa Claus to the chorus and ballet to the extent of a five dollar gold piece each, and how he remembered with a stick pin or a similar present the smaller artists and the house attachés. These stories have been told and retold. But there



William J. Guard

are others which the world never knew. One is related by Punzel, the wigmaker of the Metropolitan. Punzel was one day trying on Caruso's head a new wig which the tenor was to wear in "Faust", when the door opened and Caruso's secretary arrived with ten five hundred dollar bills which he handed to the singer. As Caruso began to count them over Punzel exclaimed jokingly:

"If I had only one of those bills I would be able to take my wife to Europe this summer!"

Without a word Caruso handed the wigmaker one of the bills, saying with mock warning:

"Take care that you make my wig fit as no other wig ever did before!"

Out of such mingled strands was fashioned Enrico Caruso. Into his warp and woof were woven ten thousand such good deeds. He was not perfect; had he been we would not have loved him—for we all loved him, how much he himself would have been the last to know. We loved him for his weaknesses as much as for his strength—they were the relief which softened the power of the man. As a voice he was divine; as a man he was infinitely human. This should be his epitaph.

TOKENS

By Harold Vinal

IN memory of this and that
I'll wear a starry hood
And set a bowl upon the stoop
And light the wood.

In memory of laughter
I'll dance no more
But put my gown and feathers
Behind a dark door.

In memory of sorrow
I'll take them out again
And put a ribbon in my hair
And dance down a lane.

OUT OF MY NEWSPAPER DAYS

By Theodore Dreiser

II: ST. LOUIS

MY connection with the "Globe-Democrat" had many aspects, chief among which was my rapidly developing consciousness of the significance of journalism and its relation to the life of the nation and the state, a thing which had not been theretofore as clear as it might have been to me. It must be remembered that my journalistic career had begun only five months before and that preceding it I had had no newspaper and certainly no literary experience of any kind. The most casual reader of a newspaper would have been as good as myself in many respects.

My favorite pastime, when I was not out on an assignment or otherwise busy, was to walk the streets and view the lives and activities of others, not thinking very much as to how I might advantage myself and my affairs but how, for some, the lightning of chance was always striking in somewhere and disrupting their plans, leaving destruction and death in its wake, the while luck or fortune was leading the way for others. Thinking on these things, I would wander here and there, looking into the homes of the big and the little and wondering about them, eating out my own heart at the sight of, presumably, unattainable ease or beauty, wishing that like this one I were handsome; like that one, strong; like a third, famous; like a fourth, rich; like a fifth, happy or witty or attractive. This in nowise interfered with

the type of work or the specific tasks I was called upon to do; on the contrary, some of the moods evoked by these meditations and contemplations so fired my spirit or altered the atomic rate of my thinking as to make writing or interpretation or exact understanding seem trebly easy. And I often returned with enough data on any subject or assignment to write a half dozen times as much as was wanted. It was no trouble for me, as I soon learned, to fascinate Hartung, the assistant city editor, if not my city editor, with vivid bits of life which I created out of the whole cloth as being appropriate or took from the pages of fact and gesture which life was constantly placing before me. The motion of a man's or a woman's arm, a word used, the color of the day or the hour, the mood of someone—all these, so easily observed by me, seemed to affect my superior intensely, as when one day, writing of a street car accident, I described how the raw country motorman, who had killed a little girl, got off his car and appeared to be dying of cramps, holding his waist, sobbing and groaning. My assistant city editor came in and, holding the item, simply said: "Gee! But you can put things down, all right!" and then went out. For the moment I felt quite set up, not unlike a prizefighter perhaps who has demonstrated that he has the punch; but a little while later, realizing the hugeness of life and the

absolute unimportance and minuteness of our little strengths and honors, I would be as gloomy and as despondent as ever. Praise has never helped me, nor strength, nor the favor of beauty, nor fame. I have never been able to take my eye from the fact of the immense futility of it all, the unimportance of anything save illusion, the gift or littleness of believing that something, however small, is important. Think of a dog growling over the importance of a bone, an ant hugging an ant egg to its breast!

And as though to help out in my moods and conclusions, the daily routine of my work seemed to provide ample proof of my suspicions that life was grim and sad. Regularly it would be a murder, a suicide, a failure, a defalcation which I would be assigned to "cover", and this would be contrasted on the same day, say, with an important wedding, a business or political banquet, a ball or a club entertainment of some kind, which would provide just the necessary contrast to prove that life was haphazard and casual and cruel; to some lavish, to others not so. Clad in an ordinary business suit I would travel from one such thing to another in the same afternoon or evening, looking first possibly into the face of some grisly horror, then hurrying to some hall or residence of great import where a banquet or dance or wedding was being staged, or someone of affluence or position was speaking, and where, tolerated by the thinnest courtesy, I would be allowed to gather names of those present or make notes of silly speeches or the gifts heaped upon some sillier bride and groom.

The effrontery of life! I used to think. Its coarse and vulgar distinctions! Mere money, so often unworthily inherited or made by shabby

methods, seemed, in this second western city I had seen, to throw such commonplace and even wretched souls into such glittering and condescending prominence. Many of the business men with whom I came in contact, most of them immensely successful, were such vulgarians, their wives and daughters so vain and coarse and inconsiderate. As one called upon to visit and question some of the *leading* families of the city, as well as some of the most wretched, I was constantly impressed by the airs of the socially prominent, their craving for show and pleasure, their insane greed for personal mention, their hearty indifference to anything save money plus a keen wish to seem to despise it and fame. I remember going one afternoon to an imposing residence in which some function was in progress. Here I was met by an ostentatious butler who exclaimed most nobly: "My dear sir, who sent you here? The 'Globe' knows we never give lists to newspaper men. We never allow reporters in", and then stiffly closed the door on me. I reported as much to the city editor, who remarked meekly: "Well, that's all right", and gave me something else to do. But the next day a list of the guests at this function was published, and in this paper. I made inquiry of Hartung, who said: "Oh, the society editor must have turned that in. These society women send in their lists beforehand and then say they don't receive reporters."

Another time it was the residence of the Catholic archbishop of St. Louis, a very old but shrewd man whom, so it was rumored in newspaper circles, the local priests were plotting to make appear infirm and weak-minded in order that a favorite of theirs might be made coadjutor and they themselves thus advantaged. I was sent to in-

quire about his health, to see him if possible. At the door I was met by a sleek dark priest who inquired what I wished, whereupon he assured me that the archbishop was too feeble to be seen.

"That is exactly why I am here," I insisted. "The 'Globe' wishes to inform the public of his exact condition. There seems to be a belief on the part of some that he is not so ill as is given out."

"What! You accuse us of concealing something in connection with the archbishop! This is outrageous!" and he firmly shut me out.

It seemed to me that the straightforward thing would have been to let me meet the archbishop. He was a public official, the state of whose health was of interest to thousands. But no; mere official control regulated that. Shortly afterward he was declared too feeble to perform his duties and a coadjutor was appointed.

Again I was sent to a fashionable west end hotel to interview a visiting governor who was attending a reception of some kind and who, as we understood, was leaving the next day.

"My dear young fellow," said a functionary connected with the entertainment committee, "you cannot do anything of the sort. This is no time to be coming around for anything of this kind."

"But he is leaving tomorrow..."

"I cannot help that. You cannot see him now."

"How about taking him my card and asking him about tomorrow?"

"No, no, no! I cannot do anything of the sort. You cannot see him"; and once again I was shunted briskly forth.

This was my commonest experience where wealth, position, or authority was concerned, and I began to think

that the newspaper profession, the reporting end of it, was the roughest, most degrading, most disheartening of any, this going about begging for information which none seemed willing to give. Only the very poor and the outcasts seemed to stand in awe of us, and not even those at times.

I recall being sent one evening to attend a great public ball of some kind—The Veiled Prophets, I believe—which was held in the general selling room of the stock exchange at Third and Walnut, if I recall aright, and which followed as a rule some huge autumnal parade, the purpose of which was to give the élite of the city an opportunity to pleasure themselves in some way. My presence there was due to a desire on the part of the city editor for a general view or introduction or pen picture to be used as a "lead" to the full story, which was to be done by others in bits or piecemeal. For this occasion I was ordered to hire a dress suit and wear it (the first I had ever worn, as I may as well explain), which cost the paper three dollars. I remember being greatly disturbed by my own appearance once I got it on, whether it or I "looked all right", and feeling very queer and conspicuous. I should also add that I was greatly troubled as to what sort of impression my garb and myself in it would make on the various members of the staff. As to the latter I was not long in doubt.

"Say, look at our friend in the claw hammer, will you?" This from Hazard. "He looks like a real society man to me!"

"Usher, you mean," called Bellairs. "Who is he? I don't seem to remember him."

"Those pants come darned near being a fit, don't they?" This from

someone who had laid hold of the side lines of the trousers.

I could not make up my mind whether I wanted to fight or laugh or whether I was startingly handsome or a howling freak to be exhibited.

But the thing that weighed on me most was the picture of luxury, tawdry enough perhaps to those intimately connected with it, which this ball presented, the happiness I credited to all present, contrasted of course with my own ignoble state. After spending three hours there bustling about examining flowers, decorations, getting names, details of costumes, and drinking various drinks with various officiating floor masters whose sole duty appeared to be to look after "the press" and see that they got all details straight, I returned to the office and began to pour forth a glowing and pyrotechnic account of just how beautiful it all was, how gorgeous, how perfect the women, how marvelous their costumes, how gracious and graceful the men, how oriental or occidental or Arabic, I forget which, were the decorations, outdoing the Arabian Nights or the fabled splendors of the Khaliphate. Who does not recognize this indiscriminate newspaper tosh, poured forth from one end of America to another for everything from a farmers' reunion or an I. O. O. F. Ladies' Day to an Astor or a Vanderbilt wedding?

As I was writing, my head whirring with the imaginary and impossible splendors of the occasion, I was informed by my city editor that when I was done I should go to such and such a number in South St. Louis where only an hour before a triple or quadruple murder had been committed. I was to go out on a street car and if I could not get back in time by street car (most cars running only hourly

after twelve or one) I was to get a carriage and drive back at breakneck speed in order to get the story into the last edition. The great fear was that the rival paper, the "Republic", would get or might already have it and we would not. And so, my head full of pearls, diamonds, silks, satins, laces, a world of flowers and lights, I was now hustled out along the dark, shabby, lonely streets of South St. Louis to the humblest of humble cottages, in the humblest of humble streets where, among unpainted shacks with lean-tos at the back for kitchens, was one which contained this story.

An Irish policeman, silent and indifferent, was already at the small dark gate in the dark and silent street, guarding it against intruders; another was inside the door, which stood partially open, and beyond in the roadway in the darkness, their faces all but indistinguishable, a few horrified people. A word of explanation and I was admitted. Inside, a faint glow from a small smoky glass lamp illuminated the front room darkly. It turned out that a very honest, simple, religious, and good-natured Irish-American of about fifty, who had been working by the day in this neighborhood, had recently been taken ill with brain fever and had on this night arisen from his fever bed, seized a flatiron, crept into the front room where his wife and two little children slept, and had brained all three with it. He had then returned to the rear room, where his daughter slept on a couch beside him, and had first felled her with the iron and then cut her throat with a butcher knife. Murderous as the deed seemed, and apparently premeditated, it was still not so: a mere fever or illusion of the blood. The policeman at the gate, who with some others had come perhaps

an hour before, informed me that the father had already been taken to the Four Courts and that a hospital ambulance—of all things, all being dead—was due any moment.

"But he's out av his mind," he insisted blandly. "He's crazy, sure, or sick av the fever. No man in his right sinces would do that. I tried to taalk to him but he couldn't say naathin', just mumble like."

To me, after my grand ball, a description of which I had just completed, this wretched front room presented a sad and ghastly contrast. The house and furniture were so very poor, the dead wife and children so homely and seemingly work-worn. I could not help remarking the dim, smoky flame cast by the lamp, the cheap bed awry and stained red, the mother and two children lying in limp and painful disorder on it, the bedding dragged half off. It was evident that a struggle had taken place, for a chair and table were upset, the ironing board thrown down, a bureau and the bed pushed sidewise.

Shocked beyond measure, yet with an eye to color only, the zest of the public for picturesque details, I examined the three rooms with care, the officer in the house following me. Together we looked at the utensils in the kitchen, what was in the cupboard to eat, what in the closet to wear. I made notes of the contents of the rooms, their cheapness, then went to the neighbors on either hand to learn if they had heard anything. Then in a stray owl car, no carriages being available, I hurried to the Four Courts, several miles cityward, to see the criminal if possible. I found him, old, pale, sick, thin, walking up and down in his small iron cell, plainly out of his mind, a picture of hopeless, unconscious misery. His hands trem-

bled idly about his mouth; his shabby trousers, put on by the police no doubt, bagged about his shoes; he was unshaven and weak looking, and all the while he mumbled to himself some unintelligible sounds. I tried to talk with him but could get nothing. He seemed not even to know that I was there, so brain-sick was he. Then I questioned the jail attendants, those dull wiseacres of the law. Had he talked? Did they think he was sane? With the usual acumen and delicacy of this tribe, they were inclined to think he was shamming.

I hurried through dark streets to the office. It was an almost empty reportorial room in which I scribbled my dolorous picture. With the feverish impetuosity of youth and curiosity and sorrow and wonder I told it all, the terror, the pity, the leanness, the inexplicability. As I wrote, each page was taken by Hartung, edited, and sent up. Then, having done perhaps two and a half columns (Bellairs having arrived with various police theories), I was allowed finally to amble out into a dark street and seek my little, dark, miserable room with its creaky bed, its dirty coverlets, its ragged carpets and stained walls, my evening's work done. As I stretched myself out to rest I thought of life and its accidents and tangles and miseries, this terrible tragedy pointing to it, as well as its gauds and glories, illustrated by the ball during the earlier hours. Those girls, how beautiful they were, and those rich young men! Although I had wept while writing my last story, I now lay down with a kind of high pride and satisfaction in it and my description of the ball, and with my life in consequence!

Another thing that impressed me greatly at this time was the kaleidoscopic character of newspaper work,

which, in my case at least, its personal significance to me, cannot be too much emphasized. As I have said, one day it would be a crime of a lurid or sensational character that would arrest and compel me to think, and the same day, within the hour perhaps, it would be a lecturer or religionist with some fine-spun theory of life, some theosophist like Annie Besant, who in passing through St. Louis on a lecture tour would be at one of the best hotels, usually the Southern, talking transmigration and Nirvana. Again, it would be some mountebank or quack of a low order—a spiritualist, let us say, of the Eva Fay stripe, or a mind reader like Bishop, or a third-rate religionist like the Reverend Sam Jones, who was then in his heyday preaching unadulterated hell, or the arrival of a prizefighter-actor like John L. Sullivan, then only recently defeated by Corbett, or a novelist of the quack order, such as Hall Caine.

Verily these various individuals, including such excellent lecturers as Henry Watterson and Henry M. Stanley, or a musician as excellent as Paderewski, or a scientist of the standing of Nikola Tesla, would keep us all busy. By turns and at different times I was sent to interview my share of these, to get their views on something—anything or nothing really, for my city editor, Mr. Mitchell, seemed at times a little cloudy as to their significance, and certainly I had as yet no clear insight into what most of them truly stood for. I wondered, guessed, made vague stabs at what I thought they represented, and in the main took them seriously enough. My favorite question was what did they think of life, its meaning, since this was uppermost in my mind at the time, and I think I asked it of every one of them, from John L. Sullivan to Annie Besant.

And what a jangle of doctrines! What a noble burst of ideas! Annie Besant, I recall, in a room at the Southern delicately scented with flowers, herself arrayed in a cool silken grey dress, informed me that the age was material, that wealth and show were an illusion based on nothing at all (I wrote that down without understanding what she meant), that the Hindu Swamis had long since solved all this seeming mystery of living, Madame Blavatsky being the most recent and the greatest apostle of wisdom in this matter, and that the great thing to do in this world or the next was to improve one's self spiritually and so eventually attain to Nirvana, nothingness—a word I had to look up afterward.

And Henry Watterson—imagine me at the age of twenty-one trying to interview him when he was in the heyday of his fame and mental powers! Short, stocky, protuberant as to stomach, slightly grey as to hair, gruff and simple in his manner and joyously secure in his fame and prime (he had just the preceding summer said that Cleveland, Democratic candidate of the hour and later elected, was certain to “walk up an alley to a slaughter house and an open grave” and had of course seen his prediction fail), he was convinced that the country was in bad hands, not likely to go to the “demnition bow-wows” as yet but in for a bad corporation-materialistic spell. And when I asked *him* what he thought of life—

“My son, when you get as old as I am you probably won't think so much of it, and you won't be to blame. It's good enough in its way, but it's a damned ticklish business. You may say that Henry Watterson said that if you like. Do the best you can, and don't crowd the other fellow too hard,

and you'll come out as well as anybody, I suppose."

And then John L. Sullivan, raw, red-faced, big-fisted, broad-shouldered, drunken, with a waistcoat and tie pyrotechnic in the extreme, and rings and pins set with enormous diamonds and rubies—what an impression he made! Entirely surrounded by local "sports" and politicians of the most rubicund and material and even degraded character (he was a great favorite with them), he seemed to me, sitting in his suite at the Lindell, to be the apotheosis of the humorously gross and vigorous and material, even at first glance. Cigar boxes, champagne buckets, decanters, beer bottles, overcoats, collars, and shirts littered the floor; and lolling back in the midst of it all in ease and splendor, his very great self, a sort of prize-fighting J. P. Morgan or John D. Rockefeller.

"Aw, haw! haw! haw!" I can hear him even now when I asked him my favorite question about life, his plans, the value of exercise (!), etc. "He wants to know about exercise! Yuh're

all right, young fella, kinda slim, but yuh'll do. Sit down and have some champagne. Have a cigar. Give 'im some cigars, George. These young newspaper men are all all right to me. I'm for 'em. Exercise? What I think? Haw! haw! Write any damned thing yuh please, young fella, and say that John L. Sullivan said so. That's good enough for me. If they don't believe it bring it back here and I'll sign it for yuh. But I know it'll be all right, and I won't stop to read it neither. That suit yuh? Well, all right. Now have some more champagne and don't say I didn't treat yuh right, 'cause I did. I'm ex-champion of the world, defeated by that little dude from California, but I'm still John L. Sullivan—ain't that right? Haw! haw! They can't take that away from me, can they? Haw! haw! Have some more champagne, boy."

I adored him. I would have written anything he asked me to write. I got up the very best article I could and published it, and was told afterward that it was fine.

GREEN LOGS

By Robert J. Roe

WOOD piled on the fire
 Makes the little god angry.
 He withdraws into himself.
 He hisses curses.

He swells—I can see him.

When no longer able to contain himself
 He squirts laughter like fire
 From every pore.

THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

IV: EDNA FERBER

With a Sketch by William Gropper

AT one time, Edna Ferber was in the gravest danger of letting her cleverness run away with her. It might have been her artistic undoing. She would start a short story so brilliantly that one gasped, fearful for the climax of anything so sparkingly begun. But she got over that, and she got over the O. Henry influence. There may be many who will contradict this; certainly there is justification for the opinion that she was an imitator. But she has learned to write her stories backward. She once told an editor who had praised a certain piece of work of hers, that she was certain it was going to turn out a good story because she was able to put down the last sentence before she wrote the first.

I imagine she writes all her stories that way. Turn to "The Maternal Feminine" in her last collection. I would wager anything that the process she employed was the one I have uncovered. But don't spoil a great short story by reading it backward! Then look up "The Gay Old Dog", if you are a man, and wince at the knowledge Edna Ferber has of the male species. How has she learned so much about us? What divination is hers, that she can read the man heart so clearly, understand the loneliness of the old bachelor, the while she also reveals the truth about the unmarried woman in one piercing sentence? It is little short of genius to put these things on paper. If Emma McChesney leaped

from the page, and grasped your hand, and lived at your house all the while you read of her, there are likewise dozens of Miss Ferber's characters since those happy days who will always hold a place in your fiction friendships.

Edna Ferber came from a small town. She worked on newspapers in small towns in the middle west; and she has absorbed the people of small towns as few writers since George Ade have done. Indeed, she seems to me quite as important as that great philosopher-humorist, even though she lacks his profound observation.

It is but ten years now since her first short story appeared in "Everybody's Magazine"—one of the best bits of character drawing she has ever done, by the way. It was called "The Homely Heroine", and I think it runs to not over 2,300 words. For it she received the munificent sum of \$62.50. She was tickled to death—particularly with the extra fifty cents. She had broken in. The little Kalamazoo girl had arrived. What matter that the check was small? She'd show 'em!

Those who imagine editors are always trying to find ways of keeping young authors in their place, should note what followed in the case of the utterly unknown Edna Ferber. People talked of that yarn. It was passed around in editorial offices, spoken of as the most promising short story since O. Henry's earliest work. There was a mad rush to get Miss Ferber's



Edna Ferber

next product. I think importunate telegrams were sent to her. But her head was not turned. She was too wise, too poised, too sensible, even at that early age. You see, when you have knocked about on newspapers in Appleton, Wisconsin, in Milwaukee and Chicago, you take flattery lightly. There are bound to be bumps ahead, for all the momentary clear sailing. But Edna Ferber was not a flash in the pan. Her next story was equally good; and "The American Magazine" got hold of her—one of the editors went west to call upon her, to see who she was, find out what she looked like, after the manner of the modern progressive hunter after fiction. He found a slip of a girl, alert, with brown eyes that glowed like live coals, an abundance of black hair which she slashed right back from a well molded forehead, and a skin like velvet on which cream has been poured. He heard a vibrant voice, that uttered terse, sharp sentences. Sometimes they were too sharp and terse; for Miss Ferber likes her own way, deny it as she will, and never hesitates to say just what she thinks, regardless of whether or not it is wise to do so. Here was a keenness of mind that was refreshing. Edna Ferber exuded health and energy; her answers were apropos, discriminating, final. There was little pose about her. She was just a normal girl with a wild ambition—though she confessed even then that she would rather be an actress than an author. I have seen her give an imitation of Bernhardt that was uncanny—she can even look like the great French tragedienne by the simple process of putting a feather boa around her neck and pulling her hair over her eyes, from which the glasses have been removed.

But the stage was not for her. She

took to the pen—or the typewriter, as they all do nowadays—as a Salvation Army lassie to a tambourine; and she sailed in bravely and wrote a novel. It was called "Dawn O'Hara". Miss Ferber herself would tell you not to read it now, she has gone so far beyond it. It was crude and forced and jerky. She was, in those days, essentially a worker in miniatures, and after the near-failure of this maiden effort, she was wise enough to revert to the writing of brief short stories on the order of "The Homely Heroine". They seemed to flow from her pen—typewriter, I mean; but they didn't do anything of the sort. They were the result of most assiduous work. She plugs away every morning of her life, whether she feels like it or not. When she is living in New York, at an uptown hotel, she hurries out before breakfast and gets a brisk walk around the Reservoir in Central Park, to freshen her brain, and think over what she shall do that day. When she is in Chicago, it is the shore of Lake Michigan that feels the patter of her rapid feet as she takes a constitutional around Jackson Park. She divides her time now between these two great cities, and has never been able to say which she likes the better.

Though she lives in hotels, with her mother, she is the most domestic person you can imagine, and she almost resents the prepared food she eats. For she loves to cook, and knows all sorts of tempting recipes. But she says she and her mother cannot be bothered with servant problems; and so they go on living at comfortable apartment hotels, free to come and go as they wish.

For Miss Ferber likes to travel; but she doesn't like to pack her bags without an object in view. Therefore, whenever she decides that she wants a

trip to the coast, she arranges a neat little reading tour for herself. In this way she appeases that never dormant desire to express herself histrionically. And how she does read her own stories! Women's clubs who have been lucky enough to capture her, have always felt more than rewarded. She knows "The Gay Old Dog" practically by heart. She merely puts the book on a table near her, as an orator places his notes by his plate for occasional reference, and then plunges into the story, like the true artiste she is, and gets her effects through dramatic pauses which many a professional actress might do well to study and emulate. She can imitate almost any dialect; and shop girl slang is heaven to her. I really think that the stage lost a great character actress when literature claimed Edna Ferber.

After the immense vogue of the McChesney stories, it was inevitable that they would be dramatized. George V. Hobart collaborated with their creator; and Ethel Barrymore played the leading rôle for two years, with enormous success. Since then, Miss Ferber has written but one play, and that again in collaboration. Newman Levy and she got an idea-of-the-moment in the small salaries paid to college professors in American universities; under the title of "\$1,200 a Year" they tore off a comedy that was tried out and came to grief on the road; but it lives within the pages of a volume, and is well worth looking up. Parts of it are astonishingly clever. I think the trouble with it was that too few people, immersed as they all were in their own tragic financial difficulties, gave a hang what salaries college professors were paid. It is not what might be called a burning question. And it was not an altogether actable play. Maybe it was written too hast-

ily. It is curious how many fiction writers think that a play is an easy method of expression.

There are those who abominate Miss Ferber's cocksureness, her too-scintillating phrases, her measured determination always to be apt and smart. I can see perfectly how certain of her stories would grate on certain people; but beyond that surface glitter and shine there is always, to me at least, a realization of her understanding of, and sympathy for, the plain folk she writes about. She loves humanity, and is unafraid to reveal her love. A waiter, a manicure, a tired Cook's tourist, an ex-convict, a seamstress, a milliner—all these claim her heart; and she can put them on paper in blinding, vivid paragraphs, and cause you to exclaim, "Why, I know a person just like that!" Sometimes she is too photographic; and then again often she slurs over some character in whom you have become greatly interested. For some reason he or she has not held Miss Ferber, and so it's out of the story for that unfortunate. I am thinking particularly of the poet, in "The Girls". There was not nearly enough of him.

And speaking of that flaming novel of Chicago, how Miss Ferber must be chuckling at those critics of hers who have insistently reiterated that she was not big enough to write anything sustained. Oh yes, they were prompt to praise her collections under such titles as "Buttered Side Down", "Half Portions", "Roast Beef Medium", and "Personality Plus"—a goodly showing, when you come to think of it, even though the titles might be found fault with by the discriminating and oversensitive. Is there a little cheapness in such names of books? I have heard critics deplore her tendency to be downright common. She has played

to the gallery, they contend; she is too fond of the newspaper method, too anxious to seem to know it all. "She's fresh",—and I use the word in its double sense,—was the way one critic put it. All her books have gone into several editions, and there is no doubt that Miss Ferber could go on indefinitely reaching a loyal public through her short stories alone. But she is not content to remain in a groove. "The Girls" formed in her active brain as a cameo; but it got away from her, swept her off her feet after she began it, and she found page after page rustling from her machine. Then one day, having shut off the telephone for weeks, she discovered on her desk a full-fledged novel, which "The Woman's Home Companion" wanted as a serial, at a most gratifying price. And now the astute reviewers of the land are hailing it as one of the finest novels of the year—Heywood Broun, F. P. A., Percy Hammond, and a host of others are loud in their praise of it.

It is so far ahead of "Fanny Herself" that one wonders where Miss Ferber will go in the next ten years. If she can travel that fast, there's no telling what broad highway she may take. For her art has ripened; and in depicting the manless household of the Thrift girls, on Chicago's South Side, she has torn down not only one wall, but all four, and allowed the whole world not to peep but to see openly those three generations of lonely women. The story mounts with every chapter; and Miss Ferber's clean-cut style, held beautifully in check, exactly suits the material at her hand. She pounds in her effects, makes these "girls" walk down the streets with you, turn windy corners with you; and she causes the old Chicago to pass in a panorama before your eyes. The scene wherein the sol-

diers of the Civil War march away from the Lake City is tremendous—a whirlwind of action. And all the threads are finally gathered up—as the critics all said a mere short story writer couldn't gather them. They are not only gathered, they are tied in a deft knot, and one is left with a feeling of complete satisfaction. It is Miss Ferber's triumph that she has accomplished this tour de force. Yet was it artistic to cover so long a period of time in so short a compass? There are moments in "The Girls" when you feel the nervous desire of the short story writer to whittle to the bone. It might have been a greater book if she had expanded more, and compressed with less anxiety.

Edna Ferber is known for her reliability in her dealings with editors. If she is asked to finish a certain piece of work by four o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon, at four o'clock on the Tuesday afternoon the completed product is on the editorial desk. She says it is just as easy to be businesslike as not. Her newspaper training, no doubt. Her letters accompanying her manuscripts are often as clever as the manuscripts themselves. Her abrupt beginnings and endings are a joy. There's never a wasted word.

She motors in Chicago as if she had done it all her life—loops around the puzzling Loop with ease and grace; and her passenger doesn't even hold his breath when she swings into throbbing Michigan Avenue and darts out to the South Side, or over toward Evanston.

Like all successful authors, Miss Ferber has had innumerable offers to write directly for the screen. What captions she could do! She spent a few months in Hollywood, wrote a fine article about her impressions of that mad little colony, and incidentally sold

the motion picture rights to two or three of her books. But her mother was almost killed in a motor accident on one of the boulevards, and they experienced a definite trembling of the earth; and altogether Miss Ferber felt she would be more at home in the middle west; so they packed up and shipped back to Chicago. She says, very wisely, that if any of her material is suitable for screen production, there it is to purchase; but she hasn't the time nor the inclination to spend her energy on scenarios. It is the right attitude to take; when every author realizes that it is foolish to try to serve two masters, both books and motion pictures will be all the better.

Miss Ferber has many friends. I heard her say, with her usual frankness, to a good-looking young man, "You're handsome, yes—but you're stupid." Afterward he told me that he was afraid of her, but found such candor refreshing. She will dance, when she is seeking copy, in the lowest of Chicago "dives", with Carl Sandburg or Ben Hecht or Harry Hansen or young Gene Markey; and the next evening she will be at the smartest dinner, talking brilliantly

with these same men, enjoying each party with equal gusto. She likes Fanny Butcher's Book Shop, and all the people in it; and when she comes east she hobnobs with Franklin P. Adams, William Gillette, Rutger Jewett, Albert A. Boyden (when he isn't in Poland), Julian Street, Charles Hanson Towne, Alexander Woollcott, and many others who make New York the shining spot it is. But much as she cares for social life, she cares more for good honest hard work. That is why she is one of the highest priced short story writers in the whole country today. She refuses to produce too much, believing that the best one is capable of cannot be written hastily to meet the needs of waiting markets. I know of one editor who, eager for her work, left a signed blank contract with her. She had but to fill in the figures and return it to him. She confesses that the temptation was great; but she did not feel that she could do her best under such conditions and so the contract went back—unsigned by her.

Do you get a picture of Edna Ferber from that little story?

WHITE VIOLETS

By Sara Haardt

I LAID hot thoughts of you
 Between cool petals of white violets
 That grew pale-lidded in a hidden place,
 And knew their scentless breaths would leave no trace—
 Like crimson roses breathed upon.

MURRAY HILL REPORTS BOOKMAN WEEK

*With Thumbnail Sketches by William Gropper, William Saphier,
Dwight Taylor, and E. T. Middleditch.*

NEW YORK, November, 1921.



Joseph U. Lincoln

I don't have to read anything any more to keep up with literary matters. I just go around and hear the speeches and find out all about everything. It's a wonderful season for speeches. The movies and the literary speakers combined will probably within a fairly short time "do for" reading altogether.

Last week I was at the Book and Play Luncheon arranged by Emma P. Mills in honor of J. C. Squire, editor of "The London Mercury". All this week I have listened attentively every afternoon from half-past two until five to the speakers in the auditorium of John Wanamaker's store. It has been BOOKMAN WEEK there. And a most excellent affair it has been. Next week on one day I attend a memorial meeting in honor of John Burroughs held by the American Academy of Arts and Letters and the National Institute of Arts and Letters, the speakers to be Henry Fairfield Osborn, Bliss Perry, John H. Finley, and Hamlin Garland. And on the following day I go to the laying of the corner stone of the Academy's permanent home, by Marshal Foch. There are a number of other things, too, which I will tell you about later.

At the Biltmore I found a remarkable number of haughty hotel attend-

ants, apparently stationed for that purpose at frequent intervals, relaying literary luncheon guests to the Music Room. In the immediate approach to this room I discovered Miss Mills chatting with a couple of boyish looking young men whom I did not recognize. She presented me to them. I failed to hear their names, and for a moment I wondered who they might be. They seemed to be rather shy, spoke very softly, appeared to hold close together, and were in informal dress. Then I grasped the matter. They were Mr. Squire and Alan P. Herbert, English novelist. Mr. Herbert's recent book, "The House by the River", I have heard very highly praised, but I have chanced not to read it.

Now I had heard a great deal of Mr. Squire as (something like this the phrase ran) "the most influential literary man in London". I fancied a personage who behind the scenes could make or break any author over night. A man of awful power in English literary politics. I pictured London literary society cringing before his majestic tread. Perhaps I expected him to present the dominating figure of a Tammany chieftain. At any rate, I was considerably surprised by the mildness of his aspect, and the decidedly retiring character of his manner.

"This seems to be a very literary hotel," I observed. "The last time I was here," I said, "was when I made



Frederick O'Brien

a call upon Mr. Chesterton." "You couldn't meet a better man," Mr. Squire replied, reverently shaking his head. "He is the best there is," he added.

Henry Seidel Canby, editor of "The Literary Review" of the New York "Evening Post", in the course of his well-turned address, ran rapidly over the various periods of American literature, leaving us today, as we hold, with a native American literature, unimitative of our parent English literature. Doctor Canby speaks with rattling energy and, so to say, right out of his head. Mr. Squire has very dark hair. He is of medium build or, in the pugilistic term, a light middleweight. He arose slowly, not as though he found any zest in public speaking. He stood throughout his talk somewhat inclined forward, much of the time slyly peering down at notes before him on the table. But if he doesn't particularly enjoy talking, his hearers generally, I think, do. In his remarks he came around to the matter of imitativeness in literature. He thought it was well for one not to try to write like Tennyson, or like Thackeray; but he thought it was not well for one to try *not* to write like Tennyson, or Thackeray, or any other writer. He did not think there was so much difference between American literature and English literature as you might think. Nothing fundamental. In America, he said, in New England, in the middle west, in our California, as in England and everywhere else, the basic story of a man's life was very much the same story.

He was not dramatic in manner, he

employed no tricks of emphasis, but he was in effect exceedingly eloquent. A man was born, he had a childhood upon which he looked back with more or less of a degree of tenderness, he probably fell in love, usually he married, commonly he had children, he looked forward to old age, and beyond that was a mystery which must concern him all his days. And was not that the essence of his life everywhere? The simplicity with which this was said somehow made it very striking.

The briefest address I think I ever heard was made by Franklin P. Adams. He had come not expecting to be made to speak. He arose, very reluctantly, in response to a clamorous demand for him to talk. He prefaced about twenty-five words by the statement that this was the "first speech" he had ever made. Among others who talked very well were Hamlin Garland, Professor John Erskine, and Mr. Herbert. Professor Erskine always has beautiful clothes. In the introduction of Mr. Herbert I learned that he is one of the editors of "Punch". There seem to be many editors of "Punch", and apparently they all have very pleasant editorial jobs.



Captain Traprock

E. V. Lucas, who made a trip across this continent last year in a tour of the world, is an editor of "Punch".

The BOOKMAN LITERARY WEEK opened on a Monday with "Fiction Day". It opened to a packed house. A most interesting audience it was that had turned up for a book affair.

Very catholic. Numerous well-known authors and editors to be seen here and there; charming flappers all about; hosts of substantial looking middle-aged and elderly people; a youthful Japanese not far from me; and in one corner a couple of young negroes. A striking thing was the large proportion of able bodied and active looking men present at literary doings. As an able bodied, active looking man I have more than frequently felt decidedly lonely at literary gatherings.

Those on the program but not at the moment performing were kept behind a richly dark stage curtain falling in noble folds. Before this curtain suddenly appeared a couple very entertaining in contrasting effect—lithe and agile, featherweight John Farrar, editor of *THE BOOKMAN*, and the looming, rolling figure of Heywood Broun. Mr. Broun wore a very negligée collar. While Mr. Farrar was introducing him he sat relaxed forward, his elbows on his knees, and smiled in a quaintly intimate way at the audience. Remarkably black hair. Very swarthy complexion. Effect in general curious. Looks like a mammoth elf, if those terms can be combined. Ambled up and down as he talked. And, much of the time, clasped his jowls in his hand. Andrew Lang was so productive that he was accused of being a syndicate of writers. Mr. Broun's productivity certainly is at least equally bewildering. It is difficult to remember offhand all the publications in which he is a regular feature. Alexander Woollcott one time remarked of his mind that it was a huge vat into which everything was poured.

Mr. Broun talked about the books which he regarded as the "first ten" novels of recent publication. He

began with "Alice Adams", and included among others, "Three Soldiers", "The Beginning of Wisdom", "Messer Marco Polo", "Mr. Waddington of Wyck", "Dangerous Ages", and "If Winter Comes".

It is, of course, quite impossible to report in any detail a packed program filling six whole afternoons. All naturally that I can undertake to do is to try to reflect something of the spirit of this strikingly successful affair. A few personages whose names appeared on the printed program failed to arrive; but as the week proceeded Mr. Farrar inducted into his show a considerable string of acts not originally announced. So well did it all go off that I think next year the enterprise should be a *BOOKMAN LITERARY MONTH*. On Wednesday the weather was exceedingly foul, but there was standing room only in the auditorium and not an abundance of that.

An immensely taking feature of the program was the presentation on divers days of bits of the art of the theatre. There was much hilarity and excellent acting in the one-act play "What Is Your Dangerous Age?", a burlesque by Otto Liveright and Beatrice Kaufman on Rose Macaulay's book. The audience witnessed the psychoanalyzing of a number of ladies. The cast included Dorothy Nathan, Leah Javne, Tom Powers, Juliet Brenon, and Blanche Hays. Far and away the most entertaining dragon I ever saw was valiantly slain to save a distressed maiden in the Marionette Theatre production of "Orlando Furioso" under the direction of Remo Bufano. On a stage embellished with South Sea paintings from Jerome Blum's collection Dr. Traprock appeared in person (completely outfitted in the most approved explorer's equipment) and told the story of the cruise

of the "Kawa", to the accompaniment of gigantic lantern slides. The title of Expeditionary Editor of *THE BOOKMAN* had just previously been conferred upon him. He was followed by Mrs. Traprock (née Margaret Severn) in a dance which was all that a South Sea dance ought to be, whether or not a South Sea dance is all that. That was on "Travel Day", when Harry Franck and Frederick O'Brien were the first speakers. It was a remarkable retreat that Mr. O'Brien made from the public gaze at the end of his talk. He came through the parting in the curtain (I was behind it) at one leap. Then he and his fellow intrepid adventurer Mr. Franck fell to discussing the harrowing adventure of making speeches. Other brave explorers in the region of oratory were Sydney and Marjorie Barstow Greenbie, Arthur Guiterman, Marguerite Harrison, Hector Mac Quarrie, and Robert Cortes Holliday. On "Drama Day" the Provincetown Players appeared in "Trifles" by Susan Glaspell. Teresa Helburn spoke on the work of the Theatre Guild, and introduced Eva Le Gallienne, the charming heroine of "Liliom". Cornelia Otis Skinner had much to relate of Ibáñez, with special reference to "Blood and Sand". And Frank Craven gave the audience merry greeting.

On the day devoted to poetry Clare Eames gave a scene from Sidney Howard's splendid play "Swords", and Folk Songs of All Nations were presented by the Young Women's Christian Association. Marguerite Wilkinson spoke on the poets of the fall, many of whom were present to read from their works. We were glad to see the three Benéts,—William Rose, Stephen Vincent, and their sister Laura,—Amanda Hall, Aline Kilmer, Bernice Lesbia Kenyon, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, Leo-

nora Speyer, Jean Starr Untermeyer, Margaret Widdemer, John V. A. Weaver, Archie Austin Coates, and John Hall Wheelock.

"Children's Day" was made memora-



Gelett Burgess

ble by the appearance of Palmer Cox and Gelett Burgess, who had something to say about their respective literary offspring, the Brownies and the Goops. Other friends of the children were there, too: Annie Carroll Moore, Anna Cogswell Tyler, Algernon Tassin, and Elmer Russell Gregor. And the following youngsters presented "A Story Book Fantasy" by Eleanor Schorer, with a dance arranged by Mrs. Carter-Waddell.

The Nurse	Helen Shea
Beth	Natalie Purvin
Buddy	Bernard Cohen
Author	Harry Tartalsky
Queen	Victoria Gilpin
Prince	Sherwood Clements
Clown	Chester Herman
Singer	Nancy Neilsen
Villain	William Shea
Witch	Janet Meyer
First Page	Louise Mele
Second Page	Florence Gunther
Fairy (dancer)	Josephine Waddell
Priest	Max Rubin
Fiddler	Doris Scott

I wish I had space to do justice to the antics of the clown, the terrifying powers of the witch, the loveliness of

the fairy, and other delightful impersonations, but I must hurry along.

The BOOKMAN LITERARY WEEK doubtless left a great many people grateful for much excellent entertainment provided free of any charge for



Jean Starr Untermeyer

admission; it is very likely that it left a good number of people stimulated with a greater interest in books than they had before; and it must have left the habitual reader thoroughly awakened to the fact that things in our literature are not as they were. The spirit of a new day echoed throughout the week's program.

Henry Aikman, a square-cut young man with an effect of much very white collar and very sizable spectacles, early on Monday brought into view the "epidemic" of young authors....More young Americans writing novels than ever before....A fine thing, he thought. Owen Johnson declared that every author realizes that he faces a different audience than before the war....Different in its conception of its relations to the family and to the state....Different in its ideas of nationalism and internationalism....The next ten years will see a new world.... The idea of his recent book "The Wasted Generation" was that that generation to which he belonged had

failed to come out with the leadership that should have "been ours"....We now stood on the threshold of a forward movement. A stocky chap, Mr. Johnson, a hint of baldness at the crown of his head, who as he speaks stands with folded arms. Alexander Black proved to be a graceful speechmaker. Dr. Blanche Colton Williams, of Columbia University, in an animated discussion of the present trends of the short story, was the fastest talker on the whole program. Bob Nathan appeared for a brief moment. And Fannie Hurst, who appeared to have been shot into the elevator from a taxicab caught at the Grand Central Station six minutes before, made a dashing picture.

Joseph Lincoln, who was scheduled to appear on Monday but did not arrive until the following day, which was devoted to the theme of "the younger generation in literature", remarked that in this situation he felt like a typographical error. Fine, hearty fellow, rather hoarse voice, hands in pockets. Well, there is a whole lot to this younger generation business but there was too enthusiastic a response to Mr. Lincoln and his salt-savor stories of old line Cape Codders for anyone to get the notion that it is the whole works.

Mr. Farrar stated that the purpose of this day's program was "to visualize for you that there is an awakening in literary life". A good deal of liveliness was given to the afternoon when it developed that the plan of it presented a sort of game, or debate, between two somewhat contrasting teams, so to say. That is, several quite recently arrived at considerable distinction in the literary affairs of the country, had their say as to what they considered their generation felt it was trying to do. And several



J. V. A.
Weaver

others who have been prominent in this field for a more or less longer time had been invited to comment upon the activities of the younger writers from the position of their perspective. There seems to be, however, some shuffling up of the various "generations" of our literary men. Dr. Canby, who had been introduced by Mr. Garland at the Biltmore luncheon as something very like a young radical, was here presented as, so to put it, a figure belonging to the old guard of literary traditions. It struck me that Dr. Canby was remarkably graceful in both rôles.

John Erskine sprang a generation yet to come into the fray. He dwelt on the real promise of "even younger writers than these children you are to look at today"....The writing that goes on in the public and private schools....What aptitude those students have!...A phenomenon!... Shortly our country in general will be as normally artistic as any. The new group was in the van guard today. He had envy for the young groups, for the opportunity they have, and applause for the use they were making of it. It was to be noticed that they were all friends....Great deal of chumminess among them all.

...A writer in his younger years had no companions in misery....No kindly interest of others of the same age as today. Perhaps there was a danger of the present little groups admiring each other too much. They admired each other, indeed, but what else did they admire? Their books were mostly disagreeable. Then he came upon



John Hall
Wheelock

what he very frankly called a stricture. There had been a hope that our literature would get out of preaching. But the younger generation was the most Puritanical we ever had.... Didn't preach about the same things the Puritans preached about....But the feeling just as strong....Trying to reform us....We were waiting for some interest in art as art—not opportunity to criticize social relations. Poetry was altogether given over to the poet's personal symptoms....Remarkable confessions....In which, perhaps, the ladies excel. The best day for American literature would be when American literature portrayed American life with enthusiasm.

Donald Ogden Stewart has a striking platform manner. Marches up and down, up and down, with steady even tread, from first to last, talking over his shoulder. Slender supple figure. Lightly scoffing humor. He would tell a fable....The fable had no moral....Because the younger generation had no morals....They had irony....But sentimentality went out with the younger generation....They were disillusioned....Perhaps it was the war that disillusioned them....One of the nice things about that was that the further away from the war you were the more disillusioned you could be.... There is only one illusion the younger generation wants to hang on to....If they become disillusioned about disillusionment there'll be little left of the younger generation. Then he told his fable. It was calculated to disillusion the elder generation of critics concerning the advantage of their perspective. Dorothy Spéare, whose book "Dancers in the Dark" has been said to be a re-



Palmer Oo

ply to "This Side of Paradise", explained that what she was up to was an attempt to interpret the young girl of today. At the age of ten she had written a novel of marriage. When she showed hesitation in showing it to a gentleman who had asked to see it, and he told her that he was sure she need not be ashamed of it, her reply had been, No, but she feared it would startle him.

John Weaver contended that it was a wrong idea that the younger generation had no precedents, that they were jumping off a spring board into the air. They read, but they read Conrad, not Wordsworth....Wordsworth had died because he forced the moral....The younger generation looked not at anything as either good or bad....And got the name of *révoltés* because they would not accept the old "bromidioms" and platitudes....The younger generation had gone through the war in service, coming into active life when the war came....And the kind of world which let such a war come was not the kind of world they liked....Why not kick to change it?

Dana Burnet struck a note which there are divers indications we shall hear more and more of shortly. Impressively earnest young man; aggressive manner; sturdy build; heavy voice. He observed that we heard so much of the new realism that it was time that somebody should say a word about the new romanticism. He had just written a romantic novel. And as the romantic writer had become such an abject figure, he would say a word for him. The romantic writer of a little while ago *was* an absurd figure....Because he used a drug store kind of fiction formula....And the revolt against him had inclined the present

generation toward their attitude, defined as a realistic movement....But realism was merely turning over soil which would produce a new movement....The ancient romantic writer became highly moral in his message....The new movement didn't know where to hit the recent romantic writer, so it disowned him altogether....There was danger of the new cult doing away with imagination....Art was not a department of life but a form of life....Romantic writer was a poor name, anyhow....The really imaginative, creative artist belonged to all ages and all times....He gave not merely an imitation of life, but life itself.

In Dr. Canby's "definition" of the younger novelists they were young romanticists who had grown up in an atmosphere of suspicion....Things did not seem to them to be what they were said to be....In what happened to them they found evidence that the United States was wrong, and they put it down as evidence....They put down everything that happened to them because they knew more about that than anything else....And the result was a new kind of book....Not Zola realism....A romantic attempt to free their souls. Henry Sell, in his celebrated young-man-about-the-liveliest-spots-in-town style, considered pure literature versus commerce, and recalled his instructions to Stephen Vincent Benét to give him "something for the illustrator to get his teeth into". He was followed by John Bishop, managing editor of "Vanity Fair", and Bob Duffus, lately arrived on the New York "Globe"....But, as I said before, I can attempt to give only the gist of what went on in this week's affair.

MURRAY HILL

THE LONDONER

*New Year's Resolutions for Publishers and Authors—J. D. Beresford—
The Passing of the Romantic Novelists—Four Noteworthy New Books—A.
Clutton Brock.*

LONDON, November 1, 1921.

BY the time these notes appear, I suppose, everybody in America will be thinking of good resolutions for 1922. Why one should make resolutions is not clear. It is only an annoyance, and other people are so annoying that it seems hardly worth while to make an enemy of one's self. However, the thing is "done", and will be "done" as long as human beings are imperfect and aspiring. One of my resolutions is to write a good book. It will be seen that this is an ambitious and hopeless scheme. But not more hopeless than many of the plans to be made in good faith by Americans on the first of January. It would be better to confine all such aims to the simplest possible desires, for there is no sense in discouraging one's self by wild plots against one's own happiness and self-complacency.

All publishers will probably determine to publish only good and successful books during 1922. They will be sure to plan to give deserving authors the highest possible royalty upon each and every copy sold of every book in their lists. And authors will set themselves to give publishers and the public only the very best work that they can do. It is a dream. Even if an author is capable of doing good work, he cannot control himself. He has his fits of sterility, his exhaustions, his unsuitable subjects, his momentary stupidities, his personal difficulties which reflect themselves in his work

for good or ill. Does anybody ever think of that in reading his books? I believe not. After all, why should they? The work is to be judged upon its merits. It is offered to us for our delight, and we cannot judge it upon humanitarian grounds. And yet when one hears the circumstances in which some work is done (especially literary work) it does occasionally seem as though there should be a special clause in every criticism allowing for the author's personal weariness. I know that in my own case I never make any allowance for difficulties affecting the work I am considering. I say to myself, "Is this a good book?" and if it does not seem so I do not consider whether the author had a headache or a cold or a fit of the blues or indigestion. The point has often been urged before by wits such as Gilbert that the jester has to go on entertaining, even though he has trouble on hand, and Mr. Prohack, the hero of Bennett's new novel, makes a similar remark. But when all is said and done the writer, unless he is a journalist writing against time, has plenty of opportunity to change what he has written in a bad mood, so perhaps we should not offer him our sympathy without some exceedingly searching inquiry.

The great thing, then, for the writer, is first of all to wish and intend that there shall be no bad work from his pen during the year; but a further resolve should be that he will take each piece of work he does and

revise it with the greatest care before it comes before the public and the critics. If he has produced it in a low state of vitality then the offending passages must be rewritten. I wonder how many writers are spartan enough for that resolve! Not many of the young ones, I am afraid. Yet it is their only real chance of salvation. I wonder if I shall follow my own advice!

One great thing to resolve upon is to live somewhere remote from man. I do not mean in enmity to the species, but merely in a place where other people cannot molest you. For example, there is a pianist, a well-known pianist, called Herbert Fryer. This young man gives lessons in singing and piano playing all day. He also presumably practises playing the piano himself. He is just bringing an action in the law courts to restrain his next door neighbor from making horrible noises, such as playing the piano (jazz music) and rattling coppers in a tin, as it is an annoyance to him. I can appreciate the other man's emotions. I make very little noise except when in my bath each morning, but I live in what I believe Americans call an apartment, while we call such things "flats". I make no comment upon either word. Yesterday, as I was trying to work, the woman next door began to play hymns, and followed with Rachmaninov's "Prelude" and other vocal and instrumental items—very loud. This morning there seems to be a removal in progress—not of human remains, as one might imagine, but of furniture. What is to be done? Make this resolution for the New Year: never live within a quarter of a mile of another person whose actions you cannot control. What matter if the pipes freeze, or you have to go without food for a day or two? These hardships

are as nothing. Besides, you would never get any help from the woman next door, anyway. I think poorly of her. She seems to me to represent all that is most unpleasant in human nature. Yet we meet and bow on the stairs—hypocritically on my part, with condescension upon hers. It may be asked whether one of my New Year resolutions should not be in favor of greater charity toward my neighbors. I accept the rebuke.

* * * *

And now what has the new year to offer in the way of books which will stir the world? I do not know. I do not hear of anything stirring in England at the present time. The other day I met a famous poet. I had just been told that he was depressed at inability to work. I said to him, "What are you doing?" He said, airily, "Oh, I'm writing two novels and a play." I did not believe him. But his condition is very much that of all the writers of this blessed country. All are writing little, as far as I can gather. This is the time for all those young geniuses of whom we hear so much. They have practically a clear field. They can shower their masterpieces upon us unimpeded. We shall not protest. We have not the energy to do so. They can have the field to themselves.

Meanwhile there has just appeared a book by a Frenchman which says some good things about modern English writers. It is called "Le Roman Anglais de Notre Temps", and the author's name is Abel Chevalley. The book is published by the Oxford University Press, in French. Monsieur Chevalley goes steadily through the novelists of olden time, with a good deal of appreciation. His remarks about several of them are delightful, and he is capable of doing justice to

both Jane Austen and the Brontës. He is distinctly summary in his treatment of Sir Walter Scott, which is a mistake, and shows inadequate reading. He is more just, however, to all the other great writers of English novels, and he comes at length to the present day. There are four great writers of novels in England, he says, and the order, dictated no doubt by the familiarity of French readers with the work of these five men, in which they appear in the book is this: Rudyard Kipling, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, and Joseph Conrad. Among the younger writers he selects two who are nearly as old as the five—J. D. Beresford and Oliver Onions—as the best we can offer in the way of successors. Beresford, in fact, he praises very highly indeed, and all who like the work of Beresford will rejoice to find it so truly and so sympathetically appraised. As Beresford is coming to New York very shortly it will not be out of place if American readers see what is said of his novels by so acute a critic. He is described as the most intelligent and the most understanding of the younger novelists, and his book "Housemates" is chosen for extended analysis. The criticism is penetrating and just, and if Monsieur Chevalley is something less than enthusiastic about several other writers of greater popularity than Beresford, none of these will grudge their friend the applause to which all feel that he is entitled.

* * * *

As is well known, and as I have myself indicated in these notes before now, Beresford is reader and adviser to the English publishers William Collins and Company. It is he who is primarily responsible for the publication by this firm of such writers as Walter de la Mare and Rose Macaulay.

He must also have had a hand in the acceptance of that remarkable first novel of Japanese life, "Kimono". He is one of the men who are responsible for the maintenance of a high literary standard in the works issued under the imprint of the firms for whom they work. Just recently he has given up his house in the country, and with his wife and three sons has come to live in the West End of London. He is one of the quiet novelists. Others are more ebullient, more assertive of their personalities; he remains a man to learn by slow stages, to know better and to discover. It is a pleasant change. Too many of our young novelists are full and bursting with energy. My own friends are. So are the junior novelists and poets. They are simply overwhelming. There is no peace within half a mile of them. They are exuberant, cheerful, riotous. Some of them have loud voices and great heartiness, some of them have enormous egotism. Beresford is different. He may have his egotism, but he does not force it upon his company, and the quiet humor of his general outlook might be mistaken for coolness if it were not so manifestly sincere. If one goes, as I do, for sincerity to the people from whom one gets the best satisfaction, then Beresford is an ideal friend. Quiet, a little dry, but always alert and sympathetic, he bears knowing as some of the others do not. That is to say, he does not offend one's own egotism. He has his own guards against its vigor. No doubt that makes him all the better novelist, for detachment is a rare gift.

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A man who is better liked in England as a personality than as a novelist has just died. I refer to H. B. Marriott-Watson. He was a survivor of the old days of Henley, and one

might have gathered this from his sympathies and his distaste for work that is rather later than Henley in its popular acceptance. Marriott-Watson was at one time the friend of both Barrie and Wells, but I have not seen anything of him for years, and I believe that he had fallen rather out of the world in his later days. Work he continued to do up to the last, and books from his pen were features of various publishing seasons; but these books had none of the fire and energy of his earlier days. They tended, although still romantic in flavor, to become more ordinary in tone. This was a pity when one remembers how excellent in their own way were his tales of "The High Toby" and "Gallop Dick". He had a real love for the open road, and a real admiration for those who followed it as a means of livelihood. That he would have been sympathetic to the modern equivalents of his heroes I do not believe. This, however, is one of the ironies attending the life of the romantic writer, that the Robin Hoods and Dick Turpins of our day have such an air of being sordid criminals. I should rather like to see a story about a romantic apostle of the High Toby brought into contact with one who in these days follows the road and by chance inflicts his attentions upon the man who has celebrated the calling. Enough! Marriott-Watson had his own romance, a romance not without its comic and tragic aspects, and he remained staunch in spite of all. At one time he used to write the novel reviews for "The Athenæum", and queer stuff some of his critical judgments were. But they were honest. They may have been mistaken, but they were really what he thought about the books which he had been reading. And in general they were not unkind.

They were even generous. To my own first book he was more than kind, probably because he saw that it was a first book. To the second he was less kind. It belonged more markedly to the variety of novel which for Marriott-Watson was branded with the mark of Cain. Later, he instituted an immortal parallel between the work of Mrs. Humphry Ward and John Galsworthy. Nobody could have called him a good critic. He did not, I imagine, want to be so regarded. What he was, in all aspects, was a sincere—even an aggressively sincere—expresser of what he felt to be the truth. This trait may have lost him friends. Not all men want to hear what those who do not approve of them regard as the bitter truth.

* * * *

Indeed the stock of writers surviving from those romantic far-off days of the picturesque novel is seriously depleted. Few of them remain to us, even in the flesh, let alone in the publishing lists. Anthony Hope we still have, of course, and one of the play producing societies announces a drama from him to be performed within the next week or two. Of a novel there is at present no sign. Stanley Weyman is still alive, but is silent. Gilbert Parker is in America, and has changed his style of writing. Quiller-Couch is a professor at Cambridge, and is no more a regular novelist. He is still, of course, a show for visitors at Fowey in Cornwall; but I think that must be a tax upon his good-nature. Of course—also—the fact that he has so identified himself with the duchy of Cornwall is responsible for much of this vomiting of visitors. Fowey is a holiday resort, and "Q's" house is right opposite the principal hotel in the town. He may be seen coming out of the house at all times during the holi-

day season for the purpose of posting replies to those admirers who have written for his autograph. And he must by this time have realized that when one is a popular writer one has no right to any privacy or domesticity. But "Q" is peculiarly handicapped. He is very short-sighted, and so he cannot see and avoid those who would waylay him. He is helpless in their grip. He is easy prey. And not only because of his blindness. For his geniality and kindness as well. To see him in Fowey, always, during the summer, in yachting costume—since boating is the great delight of his life—is to see a warm-hearted survival of a warm-hearted day. But I must qualify the meaning of the word *survival*. Nobody would take "Q" for an old man. He is not. He is the most popular professor of literature that there has ever been, I should suppose, at either of the English universities.

* * * *

There is no doubt which new novel has been most talked of in London this autumn. It is "Vera". And naturally, for there has probably never been a book so made for discussion among the better informed readers of this city. It is a study of marriage most ingeniously and devastatingly wrought by a master hand. The portraits of the three actors in the book are all drawn with a sureness possible only to one who etches unerringly. It is a very brilliant work, not kind, not warm-hearted, but convulsingly diverting. I should suggest that it is by far the best of the author's recent books. Lady Russell is now back in London, not as the novelist and author of the season's most amusing and pulverizing book, but as one of the most charming and witty hostesses and guests to be found in the whole of London social life.

Another book, which I have only just seen, but which is bound to arouse the greatest interest and even, for one reason, discussion, is Hugh Walpole's "The Young Enchanted". This, as I think I have mentioned in these notes already, is a different sort of book from the novels which Walpole has recently been writing. But admirers of "The Green Mirror", which I believe is the author's own favorite among his books, will be overjoyed to hear that the Trenchards are well represented in the book. In fact it is all about two of them. But further, Walpole has been trying his hand at portraiture—or so I gather—and it will be amusing to hear how the victims of his quite kindly satire will respond. Such things can have comparatively slight interest for American readers of the novel, since they will probably not be able to identify the persons in the book. But they can all guess, and after all that is better than actually knowing, for it provides an added entertainment. The book itself, as one may guess from the title, is by way of being a modern fairy tale, and while critics may be disconcerted by such a work from Walpole I think there is no doubt that his readers will enjoy the book very much. It is really quite in key with all his other work, but it is mixed with perhaps a lighter hand, so that the characters are all subject to adventures which would not be in place in a strictly realistic novel. They are none the worse for that. They may be all the more human. At any rate, they will be the more endearing, because if there is one thing which atones for our own lack of romantic adventures it is the appreciation of the romantic adventures of others.

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A novel has just been published here

by one who is, I think, among the very best and most delicate of all the writers whom America has given to the world. I refer to "Adrienne Toner", by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. This book is the story of the arrival of a young American girl into a circle of nice and genial English well-bred middle-class people. It is not the sort of book which one would expect from such a description, and so I warn you at once. It is hardly a national study, although it is that also. It is a profound analysis of hearts and human nature. At least, up to a point. It is all very delicate, and if only Mrs. de Selincourt had worked out the conclusion of the book upon the same scale and plane as the beginning, I think it would have been a masterpiece. It is not that now, although parts of the book are written, as Turgenev once said of a book by Henry James, "de main de maître". It is, of course, a little in the James manner, which is by no means to suggest that it is at all derivative. It is not. It is a beautiful picture, filled with all sorts of ironies and perceptions which could only come to a nature and brain of astonishing refinement. The way in which points of view are detached and illumined is a treat. Unfortunately the war comes into the book, and the war was not wanted in such a book. It is seriously out of place there. The book was a comedy, finished and delicate, and by the introduction of the war there is lost some of the finish and delicacy of the comedy. Instead, we are offered something that is almost tragedy—that would be tragedy if only it were convincing. This is a mistake.

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This reminds me to say that there has been published a very impressive study of "The Craft of Fiction", by

Percy Lubbock. It is impressive rather than simple, but then by misfortune the things which in essence are simple, such as great works of art, need a good deal of elaborateness in the critic's expositions if they are to be dissected for the ignorant. The book deals first of all with the question of difficulty in getting any permanent impression of any book to which one's reactions have been strong and ever-changing. It thus comes to dwell upon the important point that the good book needs a good reader. This is a thing I say whenever I read a bad review of one of my own books. And how is one to make good readers unless one reveals to them the proper method of appraising a great novel? That is precisely Mr. Lubbock's problem. He tackles it with humility and determination. He tackles it by means of the analysis of "War and Peace", "Madame Bovary", etc., and I now know what one should look for in a novel. But I doubt whether I shall ever look, for it is more difficult to put into practice somebody else's method of judgment than to jog along in one's own old way, whatever that is. Nevertheless, Mr. Lubbock's book is worth reading. It is the work of one of the most able of the young writers on the "Times" Literary Supplement, the editor of Henry James's letters, and a critic of the greatest refinement and understanding.

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I see a reference in a recent BOOKMAN to Arthur Clutton-Brock, some of whose essays upon books have recently been republished in book form. I have read only some of these as they came out in the form of reviews in the "Times" Literary Supplement; but I can assure the reviewer of the book, who seemed a little annoyed by Clutton-Brock's style, that to anybody who

knows the man that style, which sometimes is so appalling, is the most delightful talk that can be imagined. Clutton-Brock is a born talker. He thinks of more deeply interesting subjects upon which he would like information—not necessarily from you, but from the ether, by means of the Socratic method—than any man I have ever met. And the information comes, too. He is a real conjurer. And a remarkable man, into the bargain. Originally, I believe, he followed the law. Then he drifted into journalism and, without any artistic training, into the position of a highly distinguished art critic. To this day he is art critic to the "Times". He was further a reviewer for the Literary Supplement, and when the war came he used to write the front page articles which summed up all the contradictions of what appeared in the daily issues of the "Times". The articles, although anonymous, attracted great attention as lucid and reasonable writings in a time when there were few lucid and reasonable writings. The style of

them was recognized, the authorship became known, they were collected with success into book form. It is not in originality of thought that Clutton-Brock necessarily shines; he is a synthesizer and interpreter. And he has a really remarkable faculty for understanding that peculiar gift which we call imagination when we are commending ourselves, and by the same name when we are denying the gift to others. Clutton-Brock has the gift. He has it in the degree in which artists have it. Only he is not an artist. He is the friend and interpreter of artists. He has the magic gift of knowing their ideals more clearly than they can know them. He is the man who can best express the gleam which the artist follows. For with him this interpretation is a passion, whereas the artist is too busy following the gleam to be conscious of his aim and its formulæ. Isn't Clutton-Brock rather a valuable man to the world? I think so. He certainly is to the artists in the world.

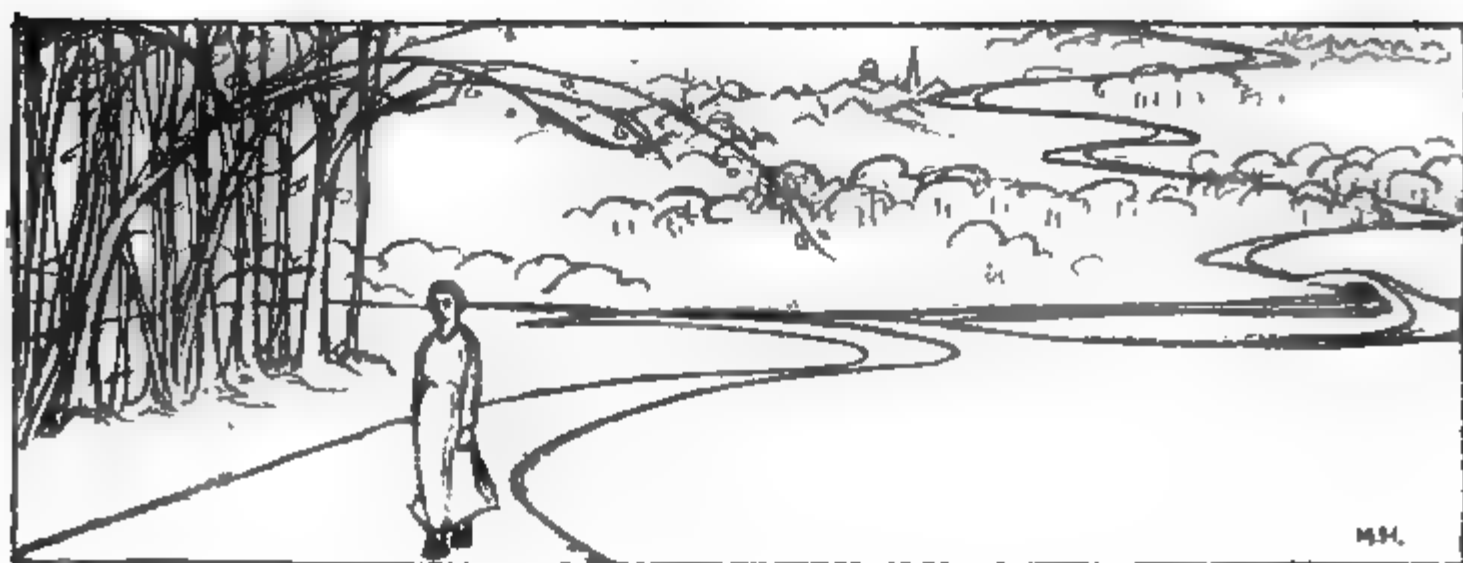
SIMON PURE

EPILOGUE

By S. Foster Damon

SOMETIMES I think that I shall live again;
And chancing on these records of my times,
I'll wonder dimly at the hidden pain
Faded to quaintness in my early rhymes.

And then, maybe, I shall be vaguely pleased
To feel again the torture of myself;
And by the ancient anguish gently eased,
I shall return my own book to its shelf.



"The road would go on, ceaselessly, in and out of forest"

FOREST COVER

By Edna Bryner

With Sketches by Muriel Hannah

THE ribbon of road wound down through the forest. A woman followed it. The road seemed to come from the town of a thousand souls but it only came through there, just as it came through forest on the other side of the town, and through another town on the other side of the forest, and through forest again on the other side of that town. The woman followed the road just that way. At some time or other she had stepped out upon it from some place through which it came and ever since she had been following it. Somewhere she would stop following it, she would make an end of it. The road itself would go on, ceaselessly, in and out of forest, through towns and again through forest.

As the woman walked, a sharp long needle of words, "No one must ever know", drove itself in and out of her brain. The words made a thin pattern that spread out sprawlingly to form a

lid, like the pan of some cunning trap, which shut down automatically over every projection of thought that tried to make of her an articulate being, conscious of her own exigency. At the same time, something of her beyond the reach of words, finely hidden away from all snares, escaped like a thin cloud and entered the forest, crept along the dark leaf-mold earth, over the mossed rocks, up the dark strong trunks of trees, out to the tips of the branches, to the edges of the leaves, swaying there until by its own motion it was dissipated,—and again she was a woman walking along a piece of road.

The woman was in a daze with her following of the road. When she bent her head down and stared upon its yellow dirt surface, she was one with it, a piece of itself walking upon it. When she lifted up her head, she was separate from it, a living thing walk-

ing upon a piece of dead earth. Then she looked upon the wall of forest to right and left and became aware that the trees were intimate with the earth. She felt heavily their greater intimacy with the earth.

This intimacy bothered her. The forest came up out of the earth in trunks swelling into branches that burst into leaves. The earth was proud of this, proud of the roots that bored into it and sucked at it, at the trunks that went up, swelling into branches, a network between it and the sky, mesh to sift sunshine through. The trees were proud, too, proud of the earth that lay quiet and heavy with nourishment under them, receiving their roots, feeding them. The deep unfathomable intimacy made them proud. They were joined in understanding, one. Their oneness bothered the woman. At the same time she felt strangely protected by it. She walked quietly and firmly, not fast, as she did in the towns. In the towns she hurried through, looking at no one, eager to get into the safety of the woods, eager almost to be in the bother of the oneness of earth and trees.

There were times when she wanted to stop, to leave the road, go up the side of the forest-clothed mountain and lie down; but she did not dare. Something within her urged her on. The Something was her Sin. Her Sin made her put one unwilling foot before the other and follow the winding strip of dirt road.

It was her Sin that had set her out upon the road. Through long months she had kept it secret, hidden quite from knowing eyes. She kept it secret, shutting out admission that the hour of its triumph would come. She had hoped to kill it, had encased it in prison bars, ruthless, holding herself impervious to the pain of the hurt

that wrenched her with the hurting of the thing secret within her. She had tried to starve it, suffering in silence from the lack that she caused herself in withholding food from it. But her Sin lived. It was alive and strong. The day came when its strength moved terribly within her and that set her feet upon the road. While she walked, it was quiet, sleeping like a child carried in its mother's arms. When she sat down to rest, it moved and urged her on, on down the narrow road winding through the forest around the side of the low mountain.

Many turnings and windings the road had. By and by it would come to a swift creek, with a bridge set across, and a mill beside it, and there would be human habitations, imitations of houses, rough hemlock shells, with people carrying on an imitation of living, going through motions that made time slip by. The woman knew all this well. The road had taught her as she came. At some such place her Sin would have its hour of triumph.

There must be an end soon. She stopped to drink at a little spring under a jutting bank. Her Sin grew angry, threatened her. She straightened up and went on rounding the turn. A heavy team dragging its load of deftly packed shingles came up the flank of the mountain, its driver walking slowly beside. The brawny blue-shirted lumberman did not speak but drew the horses aside to let good footing be for the woman and his eyes looked with friendly respect upon the neat young figure in the grey print dress.

The woman felt the look penetrating deep, into a place thin and clear, a place that existed long before her Sin came upon her. She bent her head and moved quickly past, down the long

slope of the road toward the swift creek.

A rough shack set high on the bank above the big mill dam came into view. Would this be the place? Her Sin gave no sign. Now that she was in motion it lay quiescent, pacified. She stood still in the road. Her wide grey eyes rested in appraisement on the house. A dirty old woman smoking a corn cob pipe slouched around the corner from the back. On her wrinkled face greedy curiosity showed itself. She took her pipe out of her mouth and started to speak.

The woman of the road began walking again very fast. She went down across the bridge and past the mill from which came forth the rhythmic high hungry whine of the saw cutting virgin timber, the slap-thwack of boards thrown from one receiver to another.

The road was going up again past a house set high to the left, a large house with an air of well-being. Perhaps here? She went up the steps from the road, walked the single board path to the porch, knocked against the casing of the open door. From an inner room a woman came, in a blue wrapper, young and blowsy, with red eyes, holding a sleeping baby to her breast.

"Will you give me a drink?"

"Yes. It's hot today, ain't it? Come right in. You must be tuckered out walking in the sun." Voluble she led the way to the back porch. "There it is in the big tin pail. Wait a minute. I'll git you a glass." She fetched a heavy tumbler from the kitchen shelf. "It's prob'ly warm. I can't git water many times with this baby to look after. He cries every time I put him down. It's all I kin do to git the men's meals. They's two from the mill besides my husband."

There was no place here for her. The woman drank the water hastily. "I'm much obliged." She turned back through the house. "I'll be going on." She was on the porch.

"Better set a minute. Needn't be hurryin' off so quick." There was slight resentment in the tone.

The woman was on the walk. "I have to be going. I'm much obliged." She went down the steep steps into the road.

She followed the road doggedly. A little house to the left, door and windows shut. She went up and peered in. It was empty. Here? She looked around fearful. Her Sin gave a great lurch within her. She shuddered. She could not be alone with it here.

She went out into the road again and toiled on up the curve, crossed the slide where the logs came shooting down, moved slowly up the straight nearly level piece. More buildings came into view, to the right a large rough barn, to the left a watering trough and a long picket fence fronting a cleared space with a big hemlock house set in the middle and a spring-house a stone's throw away. Farther ahead to the right a little shack squatted on the flat side of the road and near it a woman's figure in bright blue was tying a bony horse to a stake.

The woman walked past the watering trough and approached the figure. She saw a stringy woman in a tight blue sateen dress, face the color of old leather, a great bang of hair falling down into faded blue piglike eyes, a little knot of hair in the back twisting tightly away from the cordy neck. A frowsy child came out of the shack. "Ma, ma," it cried like a little animal. A wailing arose from within the house, a sound of violent rocking. "Not here," said the woman in a cold fear to herself.

"Will you give me a drink?" automatically the words came.

"I sure will. We got the best drinkin' water anywheres around. Liz!" she shouted into the house. An ungainly elder girl appeared in the dark hole of the doorway. "Git some fresh water from the spring!"

The girl stood sullen a moment, then disappeared. She came out with a small tin pail dangling against her dirty legs.

"Git a move on you. Seems like I can't make her do a thing."

Sullen the girl moved across the road, swung open a gate, and took the path to the springhouse.

"Who lives there?" asked the woman. Hope burned low in her.

"That's Bennet's. He's the lumber boss. He don't take no boarders neither. They got too many children for that, five boys an' two girls, an' Mrs. Bennet's pertickiler. I allays scrub the floors for her. See this dress? I saved the money she give me an' got it last week come Sataday."

A great despair came over the woman. She made a couple of steps forward.

"Where air you goin'? Air you all alone?"

Anything to put an end to questioning. She spoke at random, strangely in accord with the custom of the forest dwellers. "My husband's coming along behind with our goods. We're moving."

"Oh, movin'? What's your husband do? Gonno work in the mill or in the woods?"

"He's going into the mill."

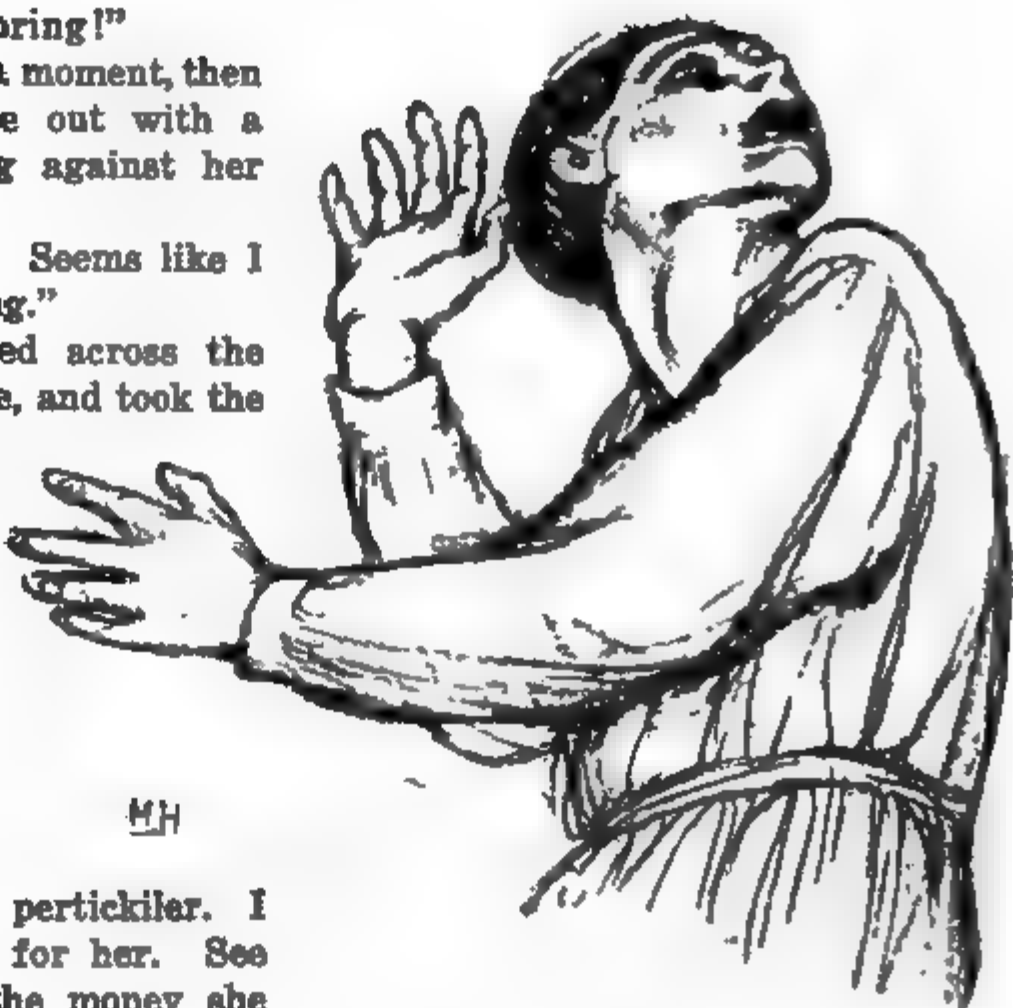
"You ain't gonno walk all the way to Goff's, air you?"

The woman felt fright. "How far is it?" Her Sin was threatening her again.

"Must be a matter of five miles."

"Is that the nearest mill?" She could never walk that far.

"By the road 'tis. If you cut



"They were full of terrible, accusing eyes"

through the woods you kin git to Fox's mill down the path back of Bennet's barn, but that mill's shet down. You kin cut up back of their house an' git to Sumner's. That's a mile or so an' a good path. Mrs. Sumner, now, she comes over to see Mrs. Bennet an' brings Gertrude. She ain't tied down like the rest of us. She ain't but the one, an' a good little girl, too. Not like my good-fer-nothin' Liz."

Hope suddenly leaped high, a sense of surety crowned its leaping. "And the path to her place is back of the house over there?"

"Yes. Walk right past the spring an' cut up over the hill, an' there's a path." The woman started to go.

"But I thought you was goin' to Goff's? An' your husband?" Suspicion came into the lines of the leathery face.

"I must have misspoken myself." The woman kept her head turned toward Bennet's. Her voice was calm. She had a slight wonder at her calmness while her mind searched out through the forest back of Bennet's. "I came the wrong way, I guess. It was Sumner's I wanted."

"But you said your husband—"

"He isn't coming for a few days." She spoke with decision. It was easy to say anything, anything that anyone wanted her to say. "I came on first to kind of look around and it was Sumner's I wanted but I forgot the name."

"Well, it's a good thing you found me. You'd been to Goff's not knowin' no better." She laughed, a hoarse chuckle.

The woman said, "Yes, I'm glad I found you. Now I know how to go."

"But you ain't had your drink. Liz!" the raucous voice screamed. "Fetch that water or I'll tan your hide good!"

"Never mind, I'll get a drink as I go past. I'm much obliged to you." The woman crossed quickly over the road, took the path past the spring, not stopping to drink, cut up back of Bennet's, and was swallowed up in the forest before the figure in blue had recovered from surprise.

She was surrounded by forest, by trees growing out of earth. She was full of pain. Her head was a ball of fire and her body a world of pain. Roots were twining in her trying to get a foothold, roots were sucking away at her vitals trying to extract nourishment. She was earth and she could not lie down, for she had a Sin that kept urging her on.

Blindly she followed the pathway.

The pathway led to Sumner's where there was a woman who had time to visit and a little girl who was good. If Sumner's was not the place, there was only the forest. She was in forest now but she was on a path that divided forest. Forest on both sides of her, trees and earth in a great swelling together and the sky smiling through the network of branches and leaves. She went on. She went quickly. Roots caught at her feet. The smart of branches fell on her face. Her Sin clamored for its hour.

She ran, she could not see, her feet kept the path like a miracle. Suddenly the path gave out on a road. Across the road was a house. She felt that there was a house, she did not see it. She made her last effort against the Sin that was tearing her to pieces, taking at last its deep revenge. She fell toward the blur that she felt was the house. She gave way at last to the strength of her Sin....

The woman awoke. She was lying in bed in a ceiled room whose windows looked out on low branches of hemlock. There was a patchwork quilt on the bed. She felt light, light and drowsy. She slept. Again she awoke. She felt light, light and her head was clear. Her Sin? It had triumphed. She felt like laughing. Her Sin had triumphed, yet she felt light, light and quite clear. She stirred. A large motherly form appeared, an anxious face bent over her. "I'll lift it up and you can see it."

The woman looked upon it. It was her Sin. She had lost her Sin. But here it was beside her still. Would it never leave her? She stared hard at it. Yes, it was her Sin. She closed her eyes to shut out its sight.

"I'll put it right beside you where it'll keep warm. It's so tiny, we must take good care of it."



"The trees leaned over and swept their branches in front of her"

The little bundle lay beside her. She could put her hand upon it, pick it up. Her Sin was outside of her now. Everyone could see it. A Sin should be hidden, kept secret, covered over...

She dozed. She was walking along a road. The road went on and on, hard, smooth, implacable, hard and hurting under her soft feet. The wall of the forest rose up on both sides and mocked her. The wall to the right bowed in derision. The trees leaned over and swept their branches on the road in front of her. The wall to the left bowed in derision and swept its branches before her. "Come this way," one said. "Come this way," said the other. They swept their branches in front of her making it difficult for her to walk.

She tried to placate them. She bowed first to the one wall and then to the other. As she bowed, the one wall said in a great voice as though all its trees were many-forked tongues demanding together, "Speak!" and as she bowed again, the other wall said in a great voice of many tongues, "Speak!" They settled their trunks stiffly across her way like dark crossed swords and waited for her to begin.

She saw now that they were full of

eyes, terrible accusing eyes, an eye on every leaf, thousands of eyes. "If I could change their eyes to ears," she thought, "then I could tell them." She became clever. She shut her own eyes so that they could not see her. No sooner had she done so than she remembered that this was a game she had played with Him when she was a little girl. She stood in the corner with closed eyes and said, "Now you can't see me." He hunted from corner to corner until he stumbled upon her. Then she opened her eyes and he shouted, "Now I see you!" She knew all the time really that he saw her. So she knew now that the thousands of eyes saw her and there was no use trying to play a silly game with them.

"Perhaps he will be here now if I open my eyes," she thought, "and he will tell them." Dismay swept over her. "But how can he? I never told him. How could he know if I did not tell him?"

She opened her eyes and looked upon the walls of forest. They were waiting for her to speak, unsettling themselves uneasily. The eyes began to move back and forth and as they moved they read words out of her through her own voice: "His mother

never would have forgiven me. She wouldn't have believed he did it. She'd have thought I made him do it."

The words seemed weak, thin, a flimsy covering for something that lay underneath. The trunks of the trees rubbed against one another, complaining at her words. The eyes glowered upon her, piercing into her. "They want to know everything," she thought desperately, "everything, from the beginning." She addressed them as though they had commanded her. "But that would take too long, all of it, the whole thing."

The forest ruffled itself still more uneasily and murmured against her. The eyes became sinister. In fear, she spoke: "His mother took me in when I was little, from the city, nobody's. She brought me up to be his sister. She called me daughter, gave me things."

The forest began sweeping its branches in front of her. "It doesn't believe me," she thought in terror. "It won't let me pass, ever." She began to cry. "He might have hated me if I told him. He might have hated me." The branches swept in front of her. She could not see the road. It was covered with sweeping branches....

She awoke. Her face was wet, quite wet, as though she had been in the water. Her hand lay on the bundle that held her Sin. She became wide awake, alert. She felt cunning arise within her. She stirred in bed. No one came. Sin should be covered. Her hand was on the patchwork quilt, grasped it, drew it up over the bundle of Sin, held it close. Her hand unclosed after a while, dragged the quilt back a little. She lay still. Her eyes slept....

Someone came in, over to the bed, leaned over, jerked the quilt away.

The bundle was taken up. At last they were taking her Sin away. They had left it too long beside her. She felt herself looked steadily upon. She opened her eyes. "Did you,—have you been awake since I left the room?" The motherly voice was stern, suspicious, reluctant, too.

"I was asleep."

"I fixed the quilt carefully before I left. It was over the baby's face when I came back."

Why did they trouble her about a baby? It was her Sin she had covered up so that no one could see it. "The quilt," she whispered painfully. "I pulled the quilt up. I was cold." She settled down in bed.

A breeze, soft and full of the resinous breath of hemlock came through the slightly opened window and blew her eyelids down. Leaves began piling upon her in layers, soft and pressing, trying to smother her.

The dream began again. She was walking on a road through the forest. The road was narrow, oh so narrow, she could hardly keep on it, narrow, and hard and smooth like glass. The wall of forest to the right kept bowing, the trees swept down, their branches lashed her. The wall of forest to the left kept bowing, its branches lashed her. The branches were full of eyes, eyes that burned when the branches lashed.

The eyes *knew*. "I must tell them the whole truth," she said to herself, but she knew that she said it aloud and that the forest heard it. "Huah! Huah!" The wind swept through the branches. "The truth! The truth!" The wind blew the words through the branches. A tall strong tree with great bulging eyes swept down upon her. "I wanted Him!" she screamed.

The trees stopped lashing. The eyes became ears. She knelt before

them feeling their compassion. "I tried not to, at first—but when he touched me, I wanted him. He spoke words of poetry, words that he knew out of a book he brought back with him from his travel. 'Your grey eyes are like pools. I lose myself in them.' He took the pins from my hair. 'Your hair is a mesh. I am caught in it. I cannot escape.' He held me to him. 'Your body is softer than this milk-weed down. Shall I float away with it?' He had never spoken that way before. His mother wouldn't have believed that he talked that way."

Now that the forest was compassionate, her mind unloosed itself all at once in a great rush of hurrying thoughts that went out like waves into the leafage, communicating her secret without the tedious use of words. "I had no right to him. His mother meant us always to be brother and sister—to keep us apart. She didn't really think I was as good as he. She only took me because his father wanted me. She didn't know what his father said, once, when he teased me: 'I chose you because you were the prettiest of all the children. Your grey eyes asked me to take you, and so I had to. You were a little fairy without any father or mother.' She would have given him up, some day, to someone else. But I wanted him. I needed him. She would never forgive me if she knew. I never told anyone, not even him. He would have married me. His father would have made him marry me. But I kept away from him, after I knew. And he—"

"And he, and he," whistled the trees. The sky became dark, the wind came in a gale, the branches crashed together and began lashing her. Despair overwhelmed her. "Now I shall be destroyed. They were only trapping me." She submitted herself to

annihilation. The branches lashed her, lashed her clothes away, lashed into her flesh....

"Poor thing! She didn't know what she was doing. I thought at first she had done it on purpose. She doesn't seem to know she's had a baby." She lay and listened with closed eyes. She felt she was lying in a pool of water that softened her flesh, took life away from her. "It looks real pretty in that little dress of Gertrude's. I always felt I'd have use for those baby clothes some day, but I didn't think it would be like this."

They brought it for her to see. She looked upon it dry-eyed. She knew that they wanted her to cry. Foolish people! Why should one cry for a Sin once it is dead?

She was sitting up....She could walk a little....She dressed herself and came out on the porch. They were kind. They never asked her anything. She knew they hoped she would tell them. The husband spoke clumsily to her. They were sorry—could they help her? She shook her head.

Early in the morning she awoke. She felt quite clear. She must be on the road. She dressed hastily, quietly, was out of the house. The road led her. She walked fast, following it through the forest. She did not know where she went. She simply went on. By and by she would come out of the forest and there would be a town and there she would step off the road.

She walked quickly, she felt so light. She was light for her Sin was gone. She walked quickly for a long time. She became tired. She sat down to rest. Nothing within her urged her on. There was a great emptiness within her, a consuming emptiness. She felt how heavy her breasts were and how great her emptiness was.

She wanted to go up in the forest and lie down. She did not dare. The forest and earth seemed allied against her, trees and earth together, their oneness held her out.

She had a desire that the roots of the trees should take hold on her, disintegrate her, find a place for their support and nourishment. A great and horrible yearning took hold on her. She yearned that her emptiness should be filled, she yearned for her Sin, for the bundle that held her Sin, she yearned to nourish her Sin....

She threw herself in the dust of the road and sobbed. The forest repudiated her. The wall of the forest pushed her into the road. She was one with the road. Nothing grew out of her; she nourished nothing. She was a way, to be passed over, trampled upon....

She felt the throbbing ache of her breasts in the dust. She arose and stood quiet, looking sombrely at the dark unrelenting wall of forest. Then she walked slowly along. Sadly, drearily, the life that lay behind her, the life that she had shut out from her when her feet first set out upon the

road, began to filter back into her bruised mind. It came as something she had known long ago, so long that it seemed as though it must have been quite another life, and she another person, a young dreaming girl, moving about in the big white house set on the great planted space up against the forest, learning from a shadowy placid woman who called her daughter the ways of the little world of which she was a part, teased by a shadowy kindly man when the woman was not there to hear, captured by the shadowy grown up figure of the little boy who had played games with her, come back from school and travel a mysterious young man....

How far away it was, how far and how long, long ago! Slowly, slowly, she walked along the road through the forest, carrying in her the dream fragments of her shattered world. Soon she would come out of the forest and there would be a town and there she would step off the road. She would leave the road that went on ceaselessly, in and out of forest, through towns, and again through forest.

BROADWAY, OUR LITERARY SIGNPOST

By Kenneth Andrews

With Sketches by the Author

EUGENE O'NEILL is without question the most interesting playwright writing for our stage; and one of the most interesting things about him is his immaturity. He is not, by any means, fully formed as an artist. Austere and arrogant as he seems at times he is really still fumbling about for his bearings. One is likely to picture him as writing his plays in his bleak Provincetown home with a grim disdain for the traditions of the practical theatre, with a studied disregard for the sensibilities of the people who will sit out in front. He is the sort of playwright who is nowhere to be found on his first nights; and one has the impression that the reason he is absent is because he simply does not care much what happens. He has written the play, and that's that. Yet with each new play his pliability becomes more evident. He may not be in the theatre to receive the first night verdict; but he receives the verdict eventually, and takes it to heart. His apparent nonchalance may really be the diffidence which arises from extreme artistic sensitiveness. At least he does seem to have that sensitiveness. He seems to respond surprisingly to the punishment which is occasionally meted out to him.

He is growing, there can be no doubt of that. It may be due to his widening experience, or to the modest prosperity which his writing has brought him, but he seems to be losing a little of his harshness, to be warm-

ing up a bit. In the two plays of his which were produced this month there is a warmth and depth of emotion that we have not felt in him before. Hitherto he has presented suffering with the utmost callousness. He has not concerned himself with the suffering at all. He has been interested more in the irony of destiny which brought about the suffering. Man hounded to madness or death by a capricious and irresponsible fate has been to him the essence of drama. He has not wept with his people. In "Anna Christie", in the terrific scene in which Anna, with a sort of numb resignation, tells her father and the man who loves her what life has done to her, we feel that O'Neill was moved by pity. And in "The Straw" we feel that he wept.

There is burning passion in this splendid play. It is restrained and subdued at first, but gradually forces its way through, until in the last act it blazes out fiercely and terribly in a scene which is one of this theatre-goer's unforgettable experiences. In the first act we feel that the author is ashamed of his unwonted feeling, and that he seeks to cloak it with a bluff, harsh humor, and by unnecessarily brutal emphasis on the repellent aspects of the Carmody family life. Bill Carmody, the father, is a loose-mouthed, heavy-fisted bruiser. That is the only side we see of him. There is not the slightest comprehension on Bill's part, or on the part of the Car-

mody children, of Eileen's tragedy. She is sick, they know, but her cheeks are even rosier than ever; they are



GEORGE MARION

For years, it would seem, George Marion has unwittingly been perfecting himself in the particular type of acting which is particularly required in the plays of Eugene O'Neill.

not sure she is not bluffing. Fred Nicholls, Eileen's fiancé, is even less admirable. When he learns from the doctor that Eileen has tuberculosis his only thought is for himself, and how he can get out of his engagement. All this is told with the dank irony which O'Neill has usually displayed.

But when we get to the sanatorium the author seems to undergo a change of mood. He seems to turn his attention more and more to the merely human anguish in the soul of Eileen; he does not care what it means, whether it proves that man is a plaything of destiny, or anything about it. He feels her unhappiness with a sympathy which grows hotter and hotter. When Carmody and Nicholls tell Eileen good-bye Eileen already has the desolate sense that the life she has left is closing behind her. With a trace of terror she gives Carmody some parting instructions for Mrs. Brennon who is to do the housework. "Leave her alone," replies Bill. "She'll not wish

you mixin' in with her work and tellin' her how to do it." "*Her work!*" repeats Eileen, faint in the sudden chill loneliness which at last seizes her. When Nicholls starts to kiss her she turns away; and he stupidly, fumblingly misunderstands it, or pretends to. He leaves her awkwardly, sheepishly, with, "Oh well, if that's the way you feel about it—" There is indeed passion underlying these jerky, life-like scenes. It is a passion not tempered with irony. It is an honest passion new in O'Neill.

The scene at the crossroads where Eileen tries to tell Murray that she loves him, and cannot quite do it, while he tries not to understand what she means, is one of the finest and most delicately traced episodes we have ever seen on the stage. Eileen's sudden cry at the end, ringing in the stillness, torn from the depths of her baffled soul, crystallizes the maddened, impotent resentment which is the keynote of the play. The last scene is quite overpowering; and it, too, is delicately, masterfully done. Murray's realization that he really loves Eileen, their pathetic clutching at the hope that their love may be strong enough to cheat death, is the sort of tragedy that "cleanses and exalts".

As we say, we think O'Neill wept with the people in "The Straw"; and that is a great step forward for him. We may hope now that he will some time write a play and laugh with the people in it. That may be his next step forward.

The less Booth Tarkington has to work with the better off he is. A plot is likely to hamper him. He is most himself when he is expatiating aimlessly on some perverse conceit, spinning it out to see how far it can be made to stretch. Engaged in such

agreeable fabrication he forgets all about the rules of stage technique which he painstakingly learned in his earlier days, and with which he is apt to cripple himself even in these days of his enlightenment. He is altogether at ease in "The Intimate Strangers". He is never in a hurry, never in the least self-conscious, and never dull. The play is wrought of the flimsiest of fabrics. Ames, who has been marooned with Isabel for a night in a rustic railway station, cannot reconcile her youthful appearance with the fact that she has a niece who is sixty years or so of age. Ames had fallen in love with Isabel in the railway station, and now he is worried because of course cosmetics in this day and age can accomplish miracles. There it is. Ames tries in every way that is honorable and gentlemanly to find out the truth about Isabel's birthday. There is a youth in the play whose voice is just changing; and there is a maid who has a wicked line. A few random shots at the shocking sophistication of the much berated flapper are taken—and the rest of the evening is just Booth Tarkington in a most expansive and diverting frame of mind. The play is quite as inconsequential and as thoroughly amusing as "Clarence", which means that it is one of the two best plays Booth Tarkington ever wrote.

"Golden Days" by Sidney Toler and Marion Short is called a comedy of youth, and it is indeed that. It is the most youthful play that has reached the stage since the discovery that adolescence is, theatrically speaking, a richly paying vein. The authors, in this case, go all the way. We do not, save on rare occasions, see anyone old enough to vote in the entire evening. This has a curious effect. Everything

seems to be scaled down. It is a miniature world that these earnest and harassed young persons move about in; and very early in the proceedings we find that we have lost perspective, and that we have adopted the point of view of the people on the stage. The indignities and humiliations that they suffer because older people will not take them seriously or because they are not asked to dance, become absurdly momentous.

Mary Anne's distress when the city girls laugh at her best dress is a serious matter. When William Barclay leaves the cottage without asking her to the dance at the hotel it is deeply moving. When she finally does arrive at the party dazzling in her New York gown it is a moment of supreme tri-



OTTO KRUGER

Mr. Kruger (last seen as the picturebook prince in "Song of Songs") reaches the high point of his promising career with his performance as the convalescent young writing man in "The Straw".

umph. The subterfuges by which the boys try to meet Mary Anne are absorbing feats of strategy. William Barclay's attempt to secure Mary Anne for the supper dance is a crisis.

To thus blur and warp the specta-

tor's viewpoint until he takes the trials of adolescence with all the earnestness of adolescence, is no doubt the secret of writing a play about the golden days. Having mastered this secret it is a pity the authors did not find a better use for their knowledge. The play wavers and wobbles after the second act, and finally turns into a rather heavy-footed war play, which is not in the least what it started out to be.

"The Wandering Jew" by E. Temple Thurston, as presented by David Belasco and A. L. Erlanger, is of course more a pageant than a play. The least important part of the performance is the words that are spoken. It might almost have been given without

words. They are not attended to very carefully while being spoken, and they are promptly forgotten afterward. What one remembers in looking back is a series of sumptuous pictures, rich draperies, bright costumes, brilliant floods and contrasts of color. Through these the story of the man who spat upon Christ is told.

Thus one recalls the scene in the first act where Christ is being led up to Calvary. We see only the tips of gleaming spears as they pass an open

window at the rear; then there is a glimpse of a roughly hewn cross and a burst of bright light. One recalls the opulent crimson hangings and the

glittering costumes of the episode where the Jew, wandering from country to country, seeks death in the tourney outside Antioch. One recalls the Chamber of the Inquisition with the face of Ollalla, the harlot, limned against the sombre shadows. And the last scene suggests a tableau by Ben Ali Haggin. Dimly we see Matteos lashed to the stake, ready to meet at last the death he has sought for centuries. The flames and smoke blur him. Everything is in heavy shadow with here and there the glow of a scarlet robe or scarf. At the end a shaft of light

pierces the darkness and falls on Matteos. And the color and the pictures remain. It is a florid and bombastic performance; but it is an impressive experiment with a difficult mode of stage story telling.

Everyone has his blind spot where plays are concerned, and we have never been able to see Granville Barker's "The Madras House". As one of the earliest examples of the disquisitory play, it is of course academically

THE DRAMA SHELF

"Swords" by Sidney Howard (Doran). Some very nice things have been said about this play, and some other things have been said which are not so nice. For a time it was quite the thing to have warm opinions about "Swords".

"The Wandering Jew" by E. Temple Thurston (Putnam). Reviewed, as a distinguished contemporary would say, in this issue.

"The Harp of Life" by J. Hartley Manners (Doran). If it were not for "Romanos" Mr. Manners would probably go down to posterity as the author of "The Harp of Life".

"The Tony Sarg Marionette Book" by F. J. Moisaac (Huebsch). Reveals some of the secrets of this fantastic craftsman. Tells how marionettes can be made in the nursery, and contains two plays for them to act in after they are made.

"Two Slatterns and a King" by Edna St. Vincent Millay (Stewart Kidd). A one-act play in verse by this most admirable of poets.

"Oliver Cromwell" by John Drinkwater (Houghton Mifflin). In the episodic form which the author employed so impressively in "Abraham Lincoln".

"Four Plays for Dancers" by W. B. Yeats (Macmillan). Engaging trifles meant to be given in very small theatres.

interesting. But for us it is dull to read and dull to see. The Neighborhood Playhouse has a sprightly enough performance; the zest and relish with which the cast played was good to see; but it did not seem to us that they were able to quicken the shambling scenes into life. We think that Granville Barker, with the eagerness of the pioneer, overdid the flattening process when he defied tradition and wrote this four-act talk.

Ed Wynn, unlike most funny men who have attained sufficient affluence to launch a one-man show, keeps right on being as funny as he can. In spite of the fact that "The Perfect Fool" is his own show, he is the one you really laugh at most. There is nothing of the star about Wynn. He rolls up his sleeves and gets down and works harder than any of his employees. Everyone on the stage has a busy evening; but Wynn is the busiest man on Broadway. He is funnier this year than he was last year, and funnier last year than he was the year before. He

is a young man who will bear watching. He has a future.

There are plays which simply cannot be transplanted from one country to another, and surely Arnold Bennett's "The Title" is one of them. It rests squarely on a tradition which has no analogy in this country, which is bad enough; and it treats the tradition satirically, which makes matters much worse. It is impossible to enjoy a satire of a custom we know little about, and which is quite alien to our way of thinking. If the American thinks at all about titles it is probably with a feeling of innocent reverence. The idea of a man not caring for one is beyond him. Thus much of the first act goes for naught, because it presupposes a knowledge on the part of the spectator which he simply has not got. But even if he did have it he probably would not find anything particularly hilarious in "The Title". It is astonishing that a writer of Bennett's powers should be guilty of such wooden, stilted dialogue. It is the kind of play that reads well, but creaks painfully on the stage.

PICTURE

By Vincent Starrett

BROWN for the autumn leaves,
Green for the tree;
White for the flying sail,
Blue for the sea.

Grey for the solemn priest,
Red for the lass;
Black for the silent boy
Dead in the grass.



From "The Story of Mankind"

War

HOLIDAY BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

By Annie Carroll Moore



From "Many Children"

The most invigorating, and I venture to predict, the most influential children's book for many years to come is Hendrik Van Loon's "Story of Mankind". I shall leave his fellow historians to deal with any sins of omission or commission. I cannot even compare or contrast his book with Wells, for I've not yet read the "Outline". But this I do know, that after many years of believing that universal history can be made a living thing to growing boys and girls and after many more years of looking and longing for real books to add to our libraries, a book is here that bids fair to revolutionize the writing and illustrating of history and biography for the fortunate youth of this generation and the next.

Far and few may be the historians or the biographers who can make their own drawings and animated maps, but ideas have been liberated in "The Story of Mankind" as well as in "Ancient Man" and these ideas are bound to multiply and bear fruit in the work of the artists as well as the writers of the next decade. "What's the sense of it?" "What does it mean?" Mabel constantly asks in "If Winter Comes". "I never have any such ideas." No more had the publishers, the booksellers, or the book buyers when Mr. Van Loon's "Short History of Discovery" appeared in 1917. Fortunately, Mr. Van Loon had plenty of ideas and his publishers have had the courage to put them through in so admirable a form as to take place among the most distinguished books of the year for grown people as well as children.

I had the rare pleasure of introducing "The Story of Mankind" to a twelve year old boy in the midst of the

ice storm which so cruelly wrecked many of the fine old trees in New England at Thanksgiving time. This boy had followed Wells a third of the way and expects to finish the book after reading Van Loon's. He had just finished reading "Captain Scott's Journal" and could talk of nothing else. As we followed the twelve year old Hendrik Van Loon to the top of the old tower in Rotterdam, with the uncle who shared his love of books and pictures leading the way to his first glimpse of the great world, I realized how absolutely with the heart of a boy and the brain of a man this book has been conceived, written, and illustrated. No boy is likely to skip a "foreword" that records an experience he can claim in imagination as his very own, nor will he skip a chapter of the story which makes the world he lives in seem so spacious and so teeming with human interest from the days of primitive man, rollicking and philosophizing down through the Middle Ages and the Napoleonic era, to the invisible heroes of "A New World". Before he finishes the book he is almost certain to turn, as this boy did, to the reading list at the back to see how many books he has read already and which ones he would like to read next.

This reading list is informed by an intimate personal knowledge of the books and a very true appreciation of the author's plan and purpose. Leonore St. John Power made the selection and arrangement of books. The appearance of the list would be improved, and it would be easier to use, if there were some differentiation in type. An index to the book is also desirable in an edition for public libraries and school libraries. Country libraries have great need of such a book to stimulate the reading of leg-

ends and stories with historical associations.

The country library should by all means have a copy of the new edition of "The Scottish Chiefs". Kate Douglas Wiggin's spirited introduction supplies a charming touch of reminiscence and these strong words which have a bearing for translators as well as for editors of the classics:

Neither of the editors believes in abridging the classics; still less in altering, interrupting, or adding to a text that should be sacred...not allowing a single romantic incident to escape us in a world that sometimes threatens to be dull, dreary and lacking in idealism.

Nora Archibald Smith's graphic and witty account of her own and her sister's editorial work on "The Scottish Chiefs", "Golden Numbers", and other classics, was the event of a library exhibit during Children's Book Week.



From "Many Children"

There has been no alteration of text in carrying out N. C. Wyeth's long cherished idea of making a series of illustrations in color for "Rip Van Winkle".

A new translation of Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales" challenges comparison of text with proved versions.

Those who are familiar with Marie Shedlock's interpretations of Andersen's philosophy and with her renderings of his stories will look in vain for an essential quality in Miss Toksvig's work, the recreation, in another language, of the spiritual atmosphere in which the story was conceived. It is not enough to translate the incident of the story nor is such phrasing as "step lively" and a score of similar terms calculated to bring an American child nearer to the real Andersen. No, it isn't done that way, nor by the kind of preface that Francis Hackett has written, nor again by such illustrations as Eric Pape has made. I feel sorry for the child whose first association with Hans Andersen is gained through this book. Even with Parker Fillmore's command of idiomatic English, I wish more time had been spent on "The Laughing Prince"—a book of Yugoslav stories. His free rendering of "The Shoemaker's Apron" was better work and his introduction more in



From "The Story of Maniké"

The First Winter in New England

keeping with it. Jay Van Everen's drawings are something more than a series of decorations. There is a very real imaginative quality in each story as he has seen it and lived in it and one feels he has more in reserve. The make-up of this book is attractive and it should be of general interest.

New translations of the tales of Perrault, including two or three from Madame d'Aulnoy, appear so often and in such indifferent form as to make very little impression on the reader. The distinction of "Old-Time Stories"—a very beautiful book—is given by the illustrations in color and in full page black and white drawings of great charm, provided by W. Heath Robinson—"Puss became a personage of great importance" gives "Puss-in-Boots" a new place in the memory. "Favourite French Fairy Tales" is an attractive volume in large type, containing the same stories retold from the French in more lively form by Barbara Douglas and illustrated in color by R. Cramer.

A spirited translation or re-rendering of the classics should be insisted upon by the artist on whom the success of a new book depends. Far too many good drawings have gone forth in company with inferior texts. Readers in general are more critical of the work of editors and translators than they were ten years ago. There is daily evidence of this in the Central Children's Room of the New York Public Library, to which all kinds of people come in steadily increasing numbers for comparison of texts and illustrations before making their own selection for purchase. Such evidence is confirmed by the practical experience of the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston, by the Children's Bookshop in New York, the Hampshire Bookshop in Northampton, Massachusetts, and by those general bookshops and book departments which have provided thoroughly informed service for the sale of children's books. No phase of public work is so absolutely fascinating to me as this volun-

tary education of all sorts of people in country or in city communities concerning children's books. Very early in my library experience, I discovered that it was not possible to accomplish this by speaking from a library desk or an educational platform, without an outside point of contact with the people who were making, selling, and buying the books we buy or do not buy for libraries. And so I began to visit publishers in midsummer and early autumn and to haunt the bookshops and book departments of department stores between Thanksgiving and Christmas, to the neglect of many other duties, but to the infinite delight and profit of the person the children began to speak of as "the lady who knows the books". To keep that title in the active tense challenges one's full powers of observation and absorption in a season when so many good books are appearing. "It's impossible to write the holiday review without visiting the Boston publishers," I said firmly to the editor of *THE BOOKMAN*. "I had a very good time with Palmer Cox and Gelett Burgess and all the others on 'Children's Day' of *BOOKMAN WEEK* at the Wanamaker Auditorium, and I enjoyed seeing Hector MacQuarrie's surprise and delight over Bernard Sleight's 'Ancient Mapped Fairyland', but I want to be surprised and delighted myself by somebody or something in Boston."

My first surprise was in the nature of a shock when I found the ten year old sister of the boy to whom I carried "The Story of Ancient Man", reading "Elsie Dinmore", borrowed from the charming little friend with whom she had been dramatizing "Fairies and Chimneys" a few months ago. "Do you really like Elsie?" I asked. "Nobody reads about her in New York. They just laugh at her and call her an

insufferable prig." The phrase *insufferable prig* captured her dramatic sense and she repeated it frequently during my visit. Next day I visited



From "The Story of Mohammed"

The Flight of Mohammed

the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in the character of a bona fide aunt to buy the book I did not bring from New York, because I wanted to give her the fun of choosing it for herself.

There was no hesitation in her mind. She laid a firm hand on Montrose Moses's "Treasury of Plays for Children" and apparently lost all power or inclination to look at any other book. "I suppose it costs too much," she remarked. "Mother said so the day we came here to see Marshal Foch go by. We had to hurry and I got 'Peggy in Her Blue Frock' by the author of 'The Blue Aunt' and love it, but it isn't long enough. This is such a thick book and I love plays, and all their names sound so interesting."

Here was confirmation of my own reminiscent reaction to Mr. Moses's altogether admirable book, as I re-

viewed it for the library. It is a book with which I should have been incomparably happy between the ages of ten and perhaps fifteen. Notwithstanding, I deferred purchase for this particular child because I wanted to get her reaction to other books, which I left her to discover for herself. She assisted in making a choice of books for a brother of six and a baby sister of three. "It has to be funny," she stipulated. "She's so funny inside." Then she wandered away by herself into the fairy tale alcove of the fascinating new quarters of the Bookshop. Nearly an hour later she came back very hesitatingly with "The Princess and the Goblin". "I wish I could have this book—it has the loveliest pictures, but it costs more than the plays." "Never mind the price if you are quite sure you will like it." It was the beginning of the tragic ice storm, and after we had had tea we came back to the Bookshop and read poetry and selected more books to carry home to the other children. Next day I was housebound with the four children and I watched with a new thrill of admiration the power of George MacDonald to interpret and dramatize the spiritual experience of childhood. I didn't offer to read the book aloud. This child manifestly preferred to read it alone, expressing only her love of it and of the pictures Jessie Willcox Smith made for it last year. To the boy of six I read Nancy Byrd Turner's charming verses and stories in "Zodiac Town" from beginning to end. Then he brought out the books he likes best and we reread most of them, ending the day with "Russian Picture Tales", "Uncle Remus", Edward Lear, and "Mother Goose".

Then came two delightful days in the cosy offices and book rooms of Boston publishers. Most of them are in

houses, but LeRoy Phillips keeps his books in a stable—a stable with fireplaces, and brick walls with a strong reminder of London quarters. There I found Oliver Herford's "Æsop", rejoicing in a red Christmas jacket with a lion on it. At the Atlantic Monthly Press I was greeted by the original drawings which give such charm to Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's "Many Children", a book of verse which is more of children than for them. Florence Wyman Ivins, who made these lovely line drawings of children, which were recently exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum, made the decorative illustrations for a fascinating edition of "A Visit from St. Nicholas", reprinted from the edition of 1837. This Christmas poem was composed in New York's Chelsea at Christmas time 1822 by a man I've called from childhood Clement C(hristmas) Moore. "Wild Brother", the true story of a bear, which I heard Mr. Underwood tell at the National Arts Club, is not advertised as a children's book, but will be sure to be read by boys and girls. The photographs which illustrate it are unusual.

I visited Little, Brown's on Louisa Alcott's birthday and it struck me as a very happy coincidence that one of the books of the year from this house should be the "Treasury of Plays". At Houghton Mifflin's I had the happy inspiration of taking a load of books to review in the train. So I gathered up "The Puritan Twins", which is remarkably human, John Martin's "Children's Munchausen", illustrated delightfully by Gordon Ross and a very real addition to the best re-renderings of classics for children, "Caleb Cottontail", written as well as illustrated by Harrison Cady, "Peggy in Her Blue Frock" by Eliza Orne White, and "The Romance of Business" by W. Cameron

Forbes. With these books and others to bridge the distance between Boston and New York the afternoon seemed hardly an hour long. I came back to find in my office that fascinating "Gargantua" extracted from Rabelais, with its colored pictures of Paris, two Italian books so related to things dramatic as to claim special attention, with a wonderful book of colored plates of bats and frogs and flowers, which I had the good fortune to introduce to William Beebe; "The Tony Sarg Marionette Book", new editions of "Grimm's

The Story of Mankind. By Hendrik Van Loon. Boni and Liveright.

The Scottish Chiefs. By Jane Porter. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Rip Van Winkle. By Washington Irving. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. David McKay.

Fairy Tales and Stories. By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Signe Toksvig. Illustrated by Eric Pape. The Macmillan Co.

The Laughing Prince. By Parker Fillmore. Illustrated by Jay Van Everen. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

Old-Time Stories. By Charles Perrault. Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Favourite French Fairy Tales. Retold by Barbara Douglas. Illustrated by R. Cramer. Dodd, Mead and Co.

An Ancient Mappe of Fairyland. By Bernard Sleight. E. P. Dutton and Co.

A Treasury of Plays for Children. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. Illustrated by Tony Sarg. Little, Brown and Co.

The Princess and the Goblin. By George MacDonald. Illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. David McKay.

Zodiac Town. By Nancy Byrd Turner. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

The Herford Æsop. By Oliver Herford. Le Roy Phillips.

Many Children. By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. Illustrated by Florence Wyman Ivins. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

A Visit from St. Nicholas. By Clement C. Moore. Illustrated by Florence Wyman Ivins. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

Fairy Tales", "The King of Ireland's Son" by Padraic Colum, and a full score of other good books for boys and girls. I felt, as you must, that the story of the holiday books of 1921 has only just begun, and since no one person could hope to finish it, I am glad to remember how well parts of it have been told in "The Bookshelf for Boys and Girls", in the unusually attractive catalogues of the publishers, and in an excellent "List of Books for Boys and Girls" compiled by Jacqueline Overton.

Wild Brother. By William Lyman Underwood. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

The Puritan Twins. By Lucy Fitch Perkins. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Children's Munchausen. Retold by John Martin. Illustrated by Gordon Rosa. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Caleb Cottontail. By Harrison Cady. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Peggy in Her Blue Frock. By Eliza Orne White. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Romance of Business. By W. Cameron Forbes. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Gargantua. Illustrated by Adrien Leroy. Text by Sautriax. Duffield and Co.

Batocchio e Cavicchio. By Giuseppe Adami. Illustrated by Brunelleschi. Brentano's.

Narran le Maschere. By Giuseppe Adami. Illustrated by M. Montedora. Brentano's.

A Voi Bimbi. By Edoardo Goja. Brentano's.

The Tony Sarg Marionette Book. By F. J. McIsaac. Illustrated by Tony Sarg. B. W. Huebach.

Grimm's Animal Stories. Illustrated by John Rae. Duffield and Co.

Grimm's Fairy Tales. Illustrated by Noel Pocock. George H. Doran Company.

The King of Ireland's Son. By Padraic Colum. Illustrated by Willy Pogany. The Macmillan Co.

The Bookshelf for Boys and Girls. By Clara Whitehill Hunt, Ruth G. Hopkins and Franklin K. Mathews. The Publishers' Weekly.

A List of Books for Boys and Girls. By Marian Cutter and Jacqueline Overton. The Children's Bookshop.

THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Herbert S. Gorman

IT is quite disconcerting, in selecting the poems from the October magazines which please me most, to observe how Elinor Wylie's efforts stand out. The usual themes done with the usual degree of excellence are as plentiful as ever but Elinor Wylie emanates a distinct personality; she is as individual as musk. There is a clear, piercing sweetness about her delicately fashioned lyrics that removes them from that large group of magazine lyrists which typifies what I have before designated as "the poignant school of maiden ladies". Those "poignant" lyrics, pretty enough on superficial examination, smash like empty egg shells when the test of substance is brought to bear upon them. In Elinor Wylie's work I feel the concealed yet steel skeleton of authentic thought. In other words she writes a poem about a subject and does not fashion a coat of bright hues and send it out strolling with no one inside it. Two of her poems, "Song" from the October 5 issue of "The New Republic" and "Ophelia" from "The Smart Set", please me mightily.

The shadowy and eerie genius of Walter de le Mare manifests itself in his "Sunk Lyonesse", in "The Century Magazine". He is a master of evocation, suggesting the most intangible and subtle shades of sensation in his beautifully faltering metres. The inaudible footsteps of unseen sprites and the moth-like brushing of invisible wings beat an accompaniment of overtones to his work.

The dark meditative intricacies of Edwin Arlington Robinson, which haunt me always, are to be found in his "Yale Review" sonnet, "Caput Mortuum". It is possibly the sort of poem that many readers will peruse two or three times before they have digested it; but, the objective once gained, the satisfaction will be infinite. Robinson is one of the few poets who can be reread indefinitely and still reveal new, blood-like facets of his Roman meditations.

Two other poems halted me on my way. "Words", contributed to "The Atlantic Monthly" by Joseph Auslander, brought me a moment's silent pause. Then there was the distinctly individual and cerebral utterance of "A Tale" by Louise Bogan in "The New Republic" for October 19. It may be that Miss Bogan has partially built her style upon the compact stanzas of Robinson, but it seems to me that she has fused a difficult method and subject into a grey, iron-like poem with a certain degree of deliberate individualism.

SONG

It is my thoughts that colour
My soul which slips between;
Thought lunar or solar
And gold and sea-green.

Tint the pure translucence
Of the crystal thread,
A rainbow nuisance
It runs through my head.

When I am dead, or sleeping
Without any pain,
My soul will stop creeping
Through my jewelled brain.

With no brightness to dye it
None will see where
It flows clear and quiet
As a river of air;

Watering dark places
Without sparkle or sound;
Kissing dumb faces
And the dusty ground.

Elinor Wylie
—*The New Republic*

OPHELIA

My locks are shorn for sorrow
Of love which may not be;
Tomorrow and tomorrow
Are plotting cruelty.

The winter wind tangles
These ringlets half-grown,
The sun sprays with spangles
And rays like his own.

Oh, quieter and colder
Is the stream; he will wait
When my curls touch my shoulder
He will comb them straight.

Elinor Wylie
—*The Smart Set*

SUNK LYONESSE

In sea-cold Lyonesse,
When the Sabbath eve shafts down
On the roofs, walls, belfries
Of the foundered town,
The Nereids pluck their lyres
Where the green translucency beats,
And, with motionless eyes at gaze,
Make minstrelsy in the streets.

The ocean water stirs
In salt-worn casemate and porch,
Plies the blunt-snouted fish
With fire in his skull for torch.
And the ringing wires resound,
And the unearthly lovely weep
In lament of the music they make
In the sullen courts of sleep,

Whose marble flowers bloom for aye,
And, lapped by the moon-gulled tide,
Mock their carver with heart of stone,
Caged in his stone-ribbed side.

Walter de la Mare
—*The Century Magazine*

CAPUT MORTUUM

Not even if with a wizard force I might
Have summoned whomsoever I would name,
Should anyone else have come than one who
came,

Uncalled, to share with me my fire that night;
For though I should have said that all was
right,

Or right enough, nothing had been the same
As when I found him there before the flame,
Always a welcome and a useful sight.

Unfailing and exuberant all the time,
Having no gold he paid with golden rhyme,
Of older coinage than his old defeat,
A debt that like himself was obsolete
In Art's long hazard, where no man may choose
Whether he play to win or toil to lose.

Edwin Arlington Robinson
—*The Yale Review*

WORDS

Words with the freesia's wounded scent I know,
And those that suck the slow irresolute gold
Out of the daffodil's heart; cool words that
hold

The crushed gray light of rain, or liquidly blow
The wild bee droning home across the glow
Of rippled wind-silver; or, uncontrolled,
Toss the bruised aroma of pine; and words as
cold
As water torturing through frozen snow.

And there are words that strain like April
hedges

Upward; lonely words with tears on them;
And syllables whose haunting crimson edges
Bleed: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!"
And that long star-drift of bright agony:
"Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!"

Joseph Auslander
—*The Atlantic Monthly*

A TALE

This youth too long has heard the break
Of waters in a land of change.
He goes to see what suns can make
From soil more indurate and strange.

He cuts what holds his days together
And shuts him in, as lock on lock:
The arrowed vane announcing weather,
The tripping racket of a clock;

Seeking, I think, a light that waits
Still as a lamp upon a shelf,
A land with hills like rocky gates
Where no sea leaps upon itself.

But he will find that nothing dares
To be enduring, save where, south
Of hidden deserts, torn fire glares
On beauty with a rusted mouth,—

Where something dreadful and another
Look quietly upon each other.

Louise Bogan
—*The New Republic*

THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

Primitive Emotion

THE title page announces "Ghitza and Other Romances of Gypsy Blood" (Boni and Liveright). *Romances of gypsy blood* is a legitimate term applied to these strong, swift-moving, dramatic, and sometimes cruel little stories. Konrad Bercovici is dealing with the basic emotions. He uses again the themes of Greek tragedy and Homeric epic; battle, love, jealousy, hate. Old themes, true; but the background is newer, and the writing is, for the most part, done with a remarkable knowledge of how to choose detail. "The Law of the Lawless" is a grand tale: pitiless, savage, masterful. I wonder if Mr. Bercovici's effect would not be better if he did not, occasionally, resort to the complete relegation of his atmosphere in climaxes. He will tell you the culminating tragedy of his romance in one sparse sentence. This is, at times, amazingly vivid. At other times, we feel the need of more dramatization. At any rate, the Konrad Bercovici of "Dust of New York" has learned to write in an unbelievably short time. It is of such stuff that the new literature of America will be made. You will miss a great deal if you do not read "Yahde, the Proud One". What an understanding of the soul that lies behind the cool affrontery of a woman!

"The Sheik" in Fact

IT'S a pity that Rosita Forbes does not write so well as Anatole France, Homer, or someone else like that. If she did, "The Secret of the Sahara: Kufara" (Doran) would be an epic.

She has such an entertaining story to tell of her lonely expedition to the secret cities of the Sahara, that our only quarrel with her is that she does not always choose exactly the right adjectives. True, she uses a great many of them; but so does Frederick O'Brien. For a charming lady to start out without other Christian companions into a country where she was obviously not wanted, was a task not lightly undertaken. Her adventures and escapes, her dinners with sheiks, and her experiences with the eerie religious sects of Kufara, form a story that almost makes the flatulent pages of "The Sheik" pale. And this she does—she creates the magic atmosphere of the desert. We must take a desert trip. However, we strongly suspect that had Mrs. Forbes not been so charming as the frontispiece intimates, the plots and obstructions which beset her camel trail would have proved more effective—bones whitening the Sahara and all that, instead of an acceptable travel book.

English Fluff and Humor

WE seldom find so much engaging humor mixed with such deft characterization as is found in Compton Mackenzie's new novel, "Rich Relatives" (Harper). With a gay heart he satirizes English society. Through the eyes of quaint young Jasmine, educated on the continent, England becomes a succession of her relatives who have climbed high in the ladder world and are superbly conscious of the exact rung on which they stand. Yet with the same hand that uses a

rapier cruelly, Mackenzie picks up a satchet. He gives us a sweetness-and-light love story that is characteristically without depth. I like this. It gives a novel that is readable, entertaining, sure in technique, yet is, too, a critique of manners. The young men in America have not yet learned to do this sort of thing. They are still too self-conscious. Other gifts they have, but not this of light satire. Alice Duer Miller, perhaps; but "Rich Relatives" seems a far more dexterous performance than "Manslaughter", as clever as is the latter.

Light Verse and Heavier

MORLEY, Marquis, and Preston, columnists, versifiers, and, I think, all of them, poets. "Splinters" (Doran) is Keith Preston with his pen always gay, usually biting, and his technique sure. Such pleasant whimsicalities have not been written in America for some years. Says Keith, advising poets:

*Speak roughly to your Pegasus
And beat him if he wheezes;
Real poetry is serious
And humors are diseases.*

*Too smart a pace requires the bit.
No quirt or quip let fall!
And if he puts his foot in wit
Your Pegasus will sprawl.*

Not entirely true; for Christopher Morley, even at his funniest, sometimes captures a note of pathos that sends the old horse springing up again. "Chimneysmoke" (Doran) owes much to the illustrations of

Thomas Fogarty; but it is fine to have in one volume the best of Morley's old lyrics, and new ones that seem to me even better. Perhaps it is personal prejudice; but I like him best when he talks of wife, of family, of kids. Isn't this a delightful poem?

THE MOON—SHEEP

*The moon seems like a docile sheep,
She pastures while all people sleep;
But sometimes, when she goes astray,
She wanders all alone by day.*

*Up in the clear blue morning air
We are surprised to see her there,
Grazing in her woolly white,
Waiting the return of night.*

*When dusk lets down the meadow bars
She greets again her lambs, the stars!*

At last we have "Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith" (Appleton) within covers. That's a grand poem of Don Marquis's. So is the magnificent "An Ode to the Oyster" which, doubtless, will take its place with the great odes in the history of poetry.

*With dull eyes, giving art its laws to-day,
Each little bivalve delity
Rejoicing in his sway.
But as for me—I don't givadam, I don't
givadam,
I'd much rather write of the King of Siam,
Siam, Siam
Than have this oyster art the god of me—
You may think it odd of me,
Odd of me, odd of me,
But I'd rather write odes to the King of Siam.*

Tony Sarg's illustrations are good. Practically every verse in the book is amusing. If you care for light verse, here are three books that you must own.

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

THE MAN BEHIND THE BOOK

By Sidney Williams

IN the noble city of Philadelphia", once wrote the jocund Morley to an inquiring pilgrim, "dwell Three Great Caliphs. *Quorum primus inter pares* I will name The Caliph of Precious Ink, A. Edward Newton. This is not the Great Caliph of whom it is said, Allah in his goodness set out to create one perfect man, but the model was broken ere the casting was complete. In his frantic zeal he made haste to repeat the exploit and came near success. His second effort was this Great Caliph, on whose face there shines the lustre of unutterable seemliness. This is the Great Caliph known to all the world, whose shrine at Daylesford, above the headwater of Darby Creek (O fairest of stripling streamlets!) is a well of first editions undefiled." Thus was affectionately trumpeted the author of "The Amenities of Book-Collecting". Now comes Mr. Newton's second book, with its intriguing title, "A Magnificent Farce". Like the first, it is devoted to vivacious comment on men and books.

The success of Mr. Newton in letters is a success of personality. "I have never allowed myself", he observes here, in a paper on "Luck", to "become 'sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought'." Like Thomas Mosher, the Portland publisher he warmly compliments, he has little education of the schools. While Mr. Mosher took a course before the mast Mr. Newton tarried briefly, and without applause, in a book store and a banking house. The major portion of his business ca-

reer has been devoted to the manufacture of electrical apparatus.

Wealthy, he gave instinct its head. And thus he became a collector of English manuscripts and first editions; the possessor of treasures envied by bibliophiles. What he writes of them, and of those encountered in the great quest, glows with the enthusiasm of human contact. Withal there is something boyish in these papers, and a merry truculence. The writer permits himself the privilege of plain speaking. Dr. Johnson to him is like the man around the corner. That is indeed a charm rare in bookish comment.

Unfortunately, most bibliophiles miss the man in scanning the book. And their thoughts are without savor to the unscholarly. That cannot be said of Mr. Newton, though he somewhere observes with scorn: "Think of a man staring vacantly at a Sunday paper, under the delusion that he is reading!" To him fanfares for Babe Ruth are mere sound and fury signifying nothing.

A little gossip, now and then, is relished by the best of men—and all the rest. Mr. Newton would have made a good news editor. He is ever alert to extract the human interest of a situation. His pages are peppered with names of the living and the dead. Other collectors are as interesting to him as their treasured books and manuscripts. We have glimpses of Thomas Wise, and John Stetson, and W. H. Arnold. With reportorial zeal he sets forth a call on Amy Lowell, the petticoat sage of Heath Hill, who rises at high noon and works away at chiseled

phrases while humdrum mortals are deep in slumber.

More zestful than the titular paper, "A Magnificent Farce", in its rehash of the trial of Warren Hastings, is personal and critical comment on Whitman, with inevitable mention of Horace Traubel, who had remarkable blue eyes, and was otherwise known as an echo of Walt. Mr. Newton describes Whitman's funeral, "a great event in Camden, where little of interest happens. The large tent and the crowd suggested to me a circus, and this impression was heightened by the general confusion, and by boys in attendance selling peanuts". Mr. Newton persuades himself that the writer of "Captain, My Captain", and "When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloomed" was a poet "only in the sense that he was a prophet". We may bracket this misapprehension with Whitman's impression that Dr. Johnson was "a sour, malicious, egotistical man. And a sycophant of power and rank, withal".

The paper called "A Sane View of William Blake" is largely devoted to praise of Blake's drawings.... Now our commentator turns to "My Old Lady, London", loved with the feeling that he will never get as much of her as is necessary to his complete happiness. He is even enthusiastic about St. Bartholomew's Hospital, to which he was taken with a broken leg. Some pages labeled "20" are devoted to entertaining description of life in a hospital ward. Mr. Newton came away with pictures.... It may be noted here that photographic illustration brings to view persons and places out of the ordinary,—title-pages, portraits, miscellaneous interesting material. If all readers may not see his treasures, Mr. Newton is glad to give them what the camera can supply.

Mr. Newton takes a place with those

attempting to point out what's the matter with the American book store. He stresses the incompetence of the average clerk, while pausing to name with praise certain sage salesmen of his acquaintance. But he finds them painfully rare.

Now, fancy a man going into a certain department store I have in mind, and asking for a copy of "Tom Jones". He is met by a young lady in a low-cut dress, standing in high-heeled slippers, with her hair gathered up in large puffs which entirely conceal her ears; her nose has been recently powdered, and she looks as if she might be going to a party. "Tom Jones!" she says; "is it a boy's book? Juveniles, second to the right." "No, it's a novel," you say; and she replies, "Fiction, second to the left."

Beyond employment of book clerks with some comprehension of, and interest in, literature, Mr. Newton suggests the selling of good second-hand books along with current publications. What's to become of the second-hand dealer?

As previously observed, "A Magnificent Farce" will be prized less for profundity than for its conveyed feeling of warm human contact. "Who touches this book, touches a man." "Abou A. Edward", as Christopher Morley quipfully calls him, is an excellent companion.

A Magnificent Farce, and Other Diversions of a Book-Collector. By A. Edward Newton. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

ODDS: THREE TO ONE

By Burton Rascoe

THE first guns have been fired in the fight against "realism". The war of the "romantic" reaction is on. General Wilson Follett has taken Briary Bush. General Robert Herrick has occupied Main Street. General Van Doren has notified civilians of the change in power. And General Mid-

dleton Murry has trained his guns on Flaubert's citadel at Rouen.

Nothing could be more pleasing to the Messrs. John Sumner, Stuart P. Sherman, and Paul Elmer More. One readily imagines them to be in high good spirits, triumphant smiles upon their lips, a sense of power pervading each of their beings. Former enemies are now not only allies but are actually leading the battle. The opposition is giving way without resistance.

Still, there is an element of comedy in the situation. General Van Doren attributes the turn of the tide to a leader whom Mr. Sumner suppressed, and in the confusion Cabell finds himself aligned with Sherman and Herrick. Therein is the cream of the jest.

Newton Fuessle must by now be experiencing sensations similar to that of a man who arrives at the station only to find that the train has just pulled out. Following in the path of Frank Norris, Crane, and Dreiser, he has achieved a highly competent and interesting novel of American profiteering methods in "Gold Shod", a work of fiction which is valuable as document and which serves as a thoughtful criticism of the American ideal of success.

Mr. Fuessle's novel convinces me that the reaction against "realism" is premature and that, by making such honest work as his appear odious, the best interests of American fiction are threatened. If the movement is not counterbalanced, we shall soon be back where we started ten years ago, with a sweet, false fiction which reassures us of values that cripple us in living.

I have only to turn to three other new novels (which represent the early fruit of the reaction) to see the folly of bidding one with so valuable a talent as Mr. Fuessle's to consider the creative imagination displayed in

"Messer Marco Polo" and "Her Father's Daughter" and to go and do likewise. There is "Roads Going South" by Robert L. Duffus which through interminable pages reminds us that people have hearts in the right place and that there is fresh air in the suburbs and sunshine on the countryside. The book is patience on a monument of dulness, and like the glad girl it smiles at grief. I wish that the book had been less consciously pastoral, for Mr. Duffus has a knack and his heart, too, is in the right place. Had we been less impatient with Dreiser and the others we might have achieved a cultural viewpoint, based on frankness and honesty, which might have informed Mr. Duffus with the essentials which would turn "Roads Going South" from a commonplace into a significant book.

Then there is "The Lark" by Dana Burnet, wherein the moral is that love has the power to weather many storms, including years of marriage contracted between a woman and a man who shielded her honor against the consequences of indiscretion with his younger brother. All that may be said of the novel is that it is "romantic" and that its heroine is another prima donna.

Lastly there is "The Gang" by Joseph Anthony, a young man of unquestioned talent in observation and depiction of character. But the best of his story is uncompromising realism sandwiched between layers of Booth Tarkington and Dick Merriwell. That which is realism and Tarkington I take to be a conspicuous achievement. It is pervaded with tenderness and compassion, and it has fine, earthy humor and teeming life. Mr. Anthony's visual and olfactory senses are perhaps too acute for squeamish readers, but his effects are powerfully

achieved, and his humor is a triumph of selective dialogue. It is a story about rivalries of boys in the New York Ghetto, but it is also a careful depiction of Jewish family life, by a witty and sympathetic hand.

My mind returns, after these, to "Gold Shod" with that persistence of a deep impression. It is, in parts, badly written; the dialogue, except when it is between business men, is highflown, stilted, and unconvincing; the diction is often amateurish, as when, for instance, the author is documenting the hero's taste in the arts. But there is fervor in the book, a comprehension of the problem of industrial competition, and, however unwittingly, an explanation of the promiscuous intrigues of men whose creative aims have been frustrated by the demands of a material civilization.

I regret that Mr. Fuessle made his so conspicuously a thesis novel. He sustains badly his thesis, which is that women are materialists and that they crush the artistically creative instincts of men by making successful business men out of them. And I for one wish that he had more sympathy for these modern pirates and robber barons whose methods he knows so well. Pirates are romantic figures and the more unscrupulous they are, the more romantic they become. Even their stupidities and their grossness, their petty vanities and infantile amusements, take on a glamour. But all in all it is a highly meritorious novel, if only for its pictures of Bennett and Dufresne and its intimation that salvation of one's soul lies in an undivided attention to a single aim in life.

Gold Shod. By Newton Fuessle. Boni and Liveright.

Roads Going South. By Robert L. Duffus. The Macmillan Co.

The Lark. By Dana Burnet. Little, Brown and Co.

The Gang. By Joseph Anthony. Henry Holt and Co.

OUR LIVING LAUREATES

By Louis Untermeyer

I USE the plural advisedly. We are a (geographically) greater country than England and, having been brought up on quantity production, the three-ringed circus, and double-headers, two laureates at a time are none too much for us. And who are they? Frost and Sandburg? Lindsay and Lowell? Masters and Robinson? These are truly eminent couples, imposing candidates. But ours, remember, is a democracy—a country where the literature, like the law, is in the hands of the (numerically) great majority. Who, then, are the chosen singers? Ask the readers. Better still, ask the booksellers. What are the three standard copyright publications most in demand? The answer seldom varies: Dr. Holt's "The Care and Feeding of Children", "The Boston Cooking School (sometimes The White House) Cook Book", "The Poems of Robert W. Service". That establishes one poet. And his running-mate? It would be a pleasant incongruity to add either Frost or Masters and, considering the twenty-odd editions of "North of Boston" and "Spoon River Anthology", one is hopeful. But:—"The Reilly and Lee Company reports that 150,000 copies of the Guest books of verse were sold in American book stores in 1920." 150,000 books of verse by one author in one year! For Vice-President of The Amalgamated Poetry Societies of America: Edgar A. Guest.

Is further proof demanded? Well, . . . When Guest reached Denver, on his lecture tour to the Coast, both branches of the Colorado legislature voted to adjourn and attend in a body when it was announced that the author of "A Heap o' Livin'" would

speak at Denver's biggest theatre....
 "In introducing the poet" (I quote the
 Chicago "Evening Post") "Mr. Cooley
 paid a splendid tribute to the poems
 which make everybody feel bigger and
 better and brighter....Wherever he
 went, folks wanted him to recite 'Ma
 and the Auto', 'The Lost Purse', 'Mid-
 night in the Pantry'."... "I listened to
 him" (this quotation is from Henry
 E. Dougherty in the Los Angeles "Ex-
 press") "when he brought tears to the
 eyes of 300 ministers at the Y. M. C.
 A. auditorium. The next moment he
 had them laughing all over the place.
 They whipped out their handkerchiefs
 and looked surreptitiously at each
 other, did these men of God, as tho
 ashamed of their childishness (*sic!*)*
 and then a moment later they roared
 with laughter."... "Judge Avery de-
 clared that no more lofty or inspiring
 or character-forming sentiments have
 ever been penned by an American
 poet."

The spell of Service is less local and
 far more potent. Is there an elocu-
 tionist that has not shrieked the tale
 of "A Madonna of the Streets" or a
 doughboy that has not heard (for the
 seventeenth time) "The Shooting of
 Dan McGrew"?... "The book 'Songs
 of A. Sourdough', subsequently called
 'The Spell of the Yukon'" (I am now
 quoting the author's bird's-eye view
 of himself) "reached its seventh edi-
 tion before the date of publication."
 ...His "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man"
 had, as their text,

Have faith! Fight on! Amid the battle hell,
 Love triumphs; Freedom beckons—all is well.

And, though no Judge Avery was on
 hand to nominate Service for the Hall
 of Fame, Witter Bynner, President of
 the Poetry Society, was roused to
 write, "It is what Kipling might have
 made of the War, had his genius been

still young....Excitement, pathos, ter-
 ror and tenderness or humor and, in
 the end, imbuing this reader with a
 closer sense of life in the Great War
 than any correspondent (*pace* Gibbs†),
 novelist (such as Barbusse†), or poet
 (*vide* Sassoon†) has yet given."

But it is possible to appraise the
 popularity of Guest and Service more
 directly. Both have recently appeared
 with new collections of verse in "two
 sizes of type pages, various bindings
 and richly illustrated slip-covers".

"When Day is Done", Edgar A.
 Guest's fifth and latest, carries a
 printed description of the book on the
 flap of its paper jacket. But the
 painting on the front (and back) of
 the envelope is a truer summary and a
 far swifter synthesis. The main fig-
 ure in this *objet d'art* is an immacu-
 late member of what must be the bour-
 geois-proletariat seated in a wicker
 chair beneath a vine-covered veranda,
 a pipe in his hand and a girl in his
 lap. The girl is taffy-blond with a
 pink dress and a red ribbon in her
 hair. A comely young mother (pre-
 sumably the wife) displays a lavender
 skirt, a crisp white shirtwaist, and a
 baby in her arms. The baby is smil-
 ing at the man. The mother beams.
 The landscape glows....These are the
 titles of some of the book's verses:
 "Satisfied with Life", "Safe at Home",
 "No Use Sighin'", "Sittin' on the
 Porch", "A Cure for Weariness", "The
 Happy Man", "God Made This Day
 for Me", "The Simple Things", "The
 Joys of Home", "No Better Land than
 This", "Life is What We Make It",
 "Learn to Smile". No negative moods
 here. No doubts, no uncomfortable
 analysis, no self-distrust, no preoccu-
 pation with such disturbing irrita-
 tions as art, unemployment, grandeur,

*The interjection is mine.

†Interjections mine again.

the class war, devastating passions, the fidelity that probes and penetrates. No wonder the Kiwanis Clubs, the Mystic Shriners, the Rotarians all hail Guest as their cheering laureate. His verse is a sedative if not a panacea. It is a pleasant narcotic, a syrupy concoction (fifty parts sugar, fifty parts chronic optimism) guaranteed to remove mental dyspepsia, pains in the head, and that bitter taste in the mouth. "Life is What We Make It!" "Learn to Smile!"

No use frettin' when the rain comes down,
No use grievin' when the gray clouds frown,
No use sighin' when the wind blows strong,
No use wallin' when the world's all wrong;
Only thing that a man can do
Is work an' wait till the sky gets blue.

This is the comforting message of "the Poet of the Plain People"—a message carried to the extent of dropped *g's*—with its tonic and inspiriting effervescence.

Old Mister Laughter
Comes a-grinnin' down the way,
Singin': "Never mind your troubles,
For they'll surely pass away."

What does it matter that Guest exploits the sentimentality of his people even more brazenly than Riley, that he boldly adopts the idiom of his master ("Jes' the sort of weather an' jes' the sort of sky which seem to suit my fancy with the white clouds driftin' by"—lines like these are typical), that his jingles about children are actually about creatures that live only in the pages of comic weeklies or the even less living stanzas of Will Carleton—"we welcome Edgar A. Guest" (thus the Reverend William L. Stidger) "because he sings of Faith and Prayer and Right Living". So say we all of us—at least 150,000 of us.

The paper jacket of Robert W. Service's new collection, "Ballads of a Bohemian", also has the figure of a man holding a pipe as its central motif.

But the scene, in spite of the elegant red smoking jacket, is much less domestic. In the smoke that drifts through the room, the figures of five smiling young ladies are seen, evidently visions of the smoker's bohemian past. They are grouped about a table in traditional attitudes of adoration and abandon; one is a dancer, one a model, one a midinette, the other two seem to be professional magazine-cover bohemians. So with the poems they epitomize. Temporarily abandoning the red-blood-and-guts style which he carried off so jauntily, turning away from his borrowings from Kipling, from "the lusts that lure us on, the hates that hound us", Service, thinly disguising himself as an obscure free lance in Montparnasse, gives us a series of seventy-five ballads and verses connected by shreds of prose. It is a gay, mad life he pictures—and such a startlingly original one! It is as faithful to life as Puccini's sugared opera, as Villonesque as Henry K. Hadley's correctly mincing "In Bohemia". Here we have the Latin Quarter with its procession of libertine artists and dangerously beautiful models; its murderous *apache* lovers who forsake their haunts and lead honest lives as soon as their child is born; its half-sentimental, half-cynical *boulevardiers*; its sewing-girls who queen it in Moscow, Rome, and the Argentine and then come back to die in the gutters of Paris; its parade of absinthe-drinkers, dandies, grisettes, Philistines.... It is all so refreshingly novel! The treatment of these unusual themes is consistently individualized. The famous story of the tame flea (the one that escapes and, after a search of the guest of honor, is handed back to its owner who cries, "That isn't my Lucille!"), this

story is told in the metre of Gilbert's "Yarn of the Nancy Bell":

For you'll never know in that land of snow
how lonesome a man can feel;
So I made a fuss of the little cuss, and I
christened it "Lucille".
But the longest winter has its end, and the ice
went out to sea,
And I saw one day a ship in the bay, and there
was the Nancy Lee.

"The Pencil Seller" (beginning, "A pencil, sir; a penny—won't you buy?") and others of the same parlor genre are told in the rich declamatory idiom of "The Face on the Bar-room Floor". And when he leaves the Parisian background, Service's adaptability grows even more varied. He can be as lyrical as Noyes imploring one to come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time. Thus:

Hurrah! I'm off to Finistere, to Finistere, to
Finistere....

He can play the "Danny Deever" Dead March in Kipling's own key:

We're taking Marie Toro to her home in Pere-
La-Chaise;
We're taking Marie Toro to her last resting-
place.

Eugene Field? Why not? The little toy soldier placed on a shelf by Little Boy Blue becomes:

I'll put you away, little Teddy Bear,
In the cupboard far from my sight;
Maybe he'll come and he'll kiss you there,
A wee white ghost in the night.

Naturally, Mr. Service, living in petulant Paris, lacks Edgar A. Guest's unflagging buoyancy. But he can also cheer his (according to the sales sheets) great army of readers by writing verses like "The Joy of Little Things", "The Contented Man", and "The Joy of Being Poor". Technically, Service is incalculably Guest's superior even though he tries to rhyme such ill-mated pairs as "lyric—hysterical" and "rondel—respond well". But it is his pæans of Paris that will win him the admiration of all those

who found his other verses so restrained and true to life. This is the life!—here amid the tinkling patter of the Boul' Mich', the Café de la Paix, the imbibing of countless Pernods, the plashing of the Fontaine de Medicis, the ever-fascinating poet's garret—this is the life of the true bohemian! We recognize it at once, we who have read "The Parisienne", who have seen a dozen ateliers in comic operas, we who find Merrick so much more effective than Murger. It is a rapidly growing gallery that Service is filling. Pictures of the Yukon, the War, the Red Cross, the Latin Quarter. It is almost time for the American laureate to rediscover his (and our) America.

When Day is Done. By Edgar A. Guest.
Reilly and Lee.

Ballads of a Bohemian. By Robert W. Service.
Barse and Hopkins.

LITERARY SNAPSHOTS

By Arthur Bartlett Maurice

IT was for another generation that, more than a quarter of a century ago, James L. Ford wrote the chapters (originally appearing in the pages of old "Truth") which were collected in book form under the title of "The Literary Shop". This book, aiming to lash pretense and castigate humbug, was at times pitilessly savage in its method of attack. It is a kindlier and mellowed James L. Ford who has penned these reminiscences of nearly half a century. The old fire is still there, and the undying spirit of rebellion, but the tempering years have brought many a revision of judgment, and softened many an ephemeral prejudice.

The title of the book was inevitable and is amply justified. But the range of observation extends far beyond the

confines of the literary shop. It is forty odd years of the human history of New York, its artistic, literary, and theatrical life, its changing ideas and manners, its great men and the singular characters of its underworld. Mr. Ford not only knew Frank R. Stockton and H. C. Bunner and Mark Twain and W. D. Howells of the world of letters, and similarly distinguished men and women of the stage, but he also knew and found equally interesting the Red Countess, who was responsible for the death of Ferdinand Lassalle, Steve Brodie, of bridge jumping fame, "Silver Dollar" Smith, "Dry Dollar" Sullivan, and John Y. McKane, the Czar of Coney Island. First knowing the city of his adoption in what he calls its "Flash Age", a period of crime, reckless extravagance, political corruption, and false prosperity engendered by the Civil War, he has followed its tortuous history through to these days of the "keen set" and the "swift push".

The New York that Mr. Ford found in the 'seventies was aiming to displace Boston as the literary centre of the country. Henry James and W. D. Howells were laying the foundation of their fame and Mark Twain and Bret Harte were looming up in the far west. Relics of a still earlier period were the salons of Mrs. Botta, née Anne Lynch, and the Cary sisters, Alice and Phoebe. Conspicuous literary figures of the 'seventies were William Cullen Bryant, R. H. Stoddard, George William Curtis, Edmund Clarence Stedman, George Bancroft, and Bayard Taylor. Mr. Ford had glimpses of them, and also saw something of the "Pfaff crowd" which gathered nightly in a cellar on Broadway, near Bleecker Street. The "Pfaff crowd" styled themselves the Bohemians, taking the title from Murger's

famous book. When that circle was in its prime Henry Clapp was known as its king, and Ada Clare as its queen, and the gifted Fitz-James O'Brien was a leading spirit.

It was in the early 'eighties that Mr. Ford, through H. C. Bunner, was introduced to the "Puck" staff, which was in a way the successor to the "Pfaff crowd". "Puck" was a power in those days. Frederick Burr Oppen, James A. Wales, and Keppler were its chief artists, and Bunner, B. B. Valentine, and R. K. Munkittrick formed its literary staff. Bunner has been finding new admirers every year, but Munkittrick is almost forgotten. Munkittrick possessed an extraordinary facility in rhyming. Underlying his verse was a fine, serious quality, but if he failed to dispose of it in this form he would change it by the addition of what he called a "comic snapper" and contribute it to "Puck". When Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse" reached the "Puck" office, Munkittrick read it through and then remarked:

Austin, Austin, Austin, Dobby, Dobby, Dobby;
Although writing verses seems to be your
hobby,
Stevenson can take you, with Gosse and Andy
Lang,
And knock your heads together with a bang,
bang, bang.

A friend of Mr. Ford's told him that he once repeated these lines to Austin Dobson but that the latter did not seem to think them very funny.

Forty Odd Years in the Literary Shop. By James L. Ford. E. P. Dutton and Co.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES

By Ruth Hale

A STARTLING effect is obtained by the editor of "A Young Girl's Diary" in prefacing it with a letter of

approval from Sigmund Freud, and with a few words of his own in which "affective trends" and "errors in functioning brought about by the influence of the Unconscious", etc., figure generously. This effect is to open a door, and let in some cold fresh air. If this is the kind of thing the psychoanalysts have been pondering over in secret conference, collecting painstakingly bit at a time and reporting back to the world in polysyllables, they have been giving themselves a lot of excess trouble.

"A Young Girl's Diary" is without any doubt, in the mind of this reviewer, a genuine piece of work. It does not appear to have been monkeyed with by anybody. It is bound to seem familiar to almost any honest female who can remember when she was twelve or fourteen; and by the same token, almost the only possible remark upon it, at the end of its reading, is: "All right, what of it?"

The "Diary" is a pretty simple matter. If it is valuable to analysts, one can only wonder where they've been keeping their eyes and ears all this time. Parents, even if they have been horrified, have not been unaware that a tremendous, emotionalized curiosity about sex has characterized their children from almost any given age on. What is more, plenty of parents have told each other all about it, in whispers.

There never has been the least ignorance on anybody's part about all of this. The objection we want to enter is really, not that this so-called revelation is stale, but that Freud did not make occasion to address miscellaneous parents, instead of his pupils; that the editor did not abandon the argot of "affective trends" and circus his message to those mighty hordes of incredible dupes—the mothers and fa-

thers of growing children—and say: "You may now take your heads out of the sand."

It has always been considered very respectable to say that "the child in his development passes through all the phases of the race". But a single word more explicit than that is roundly damned. It is almost impossible for a parent to discover his child in some puppy stage of obscenity which could be of no consequence in the eyes of any sane person, without at once berating his child and mourning him as lost. Yet the self-same parent must know that obscenities are natural and necessary to certain stages of mankind.

All sorts of psychological experimentations are made by children, too. "A Young Girl's Diary" has plenty of them, including a schoolgirl "crush" for an older woman. Surely these things are no news to Mr. Freud's pupils. They are no news to parents, either. The trouble is that to parents, they are nearly always bad news. Who will write, or edit, a book to beguile parents into behaving themselves to children; to respect them at least enough to let them alone? "A Young Girl's Diary" might have done it if the psychoanalysts had not snatched it up as a discovery.

There is in it perhaps one thing the psychoanalysts need to know, for their own purposes. The "Diary" reveals the fact that even at eleven or twelve, the facts of sex and of life are too cruel and wasteful to face without finching, and that the enervating process of what they call "idealization" will set in at an unbelievably early age.

Otherwise we of the lay people must claim the "Diary" for our own, and demand for it just such honest, if astonished consideration, as we would

give it if it appeared as a novel, or a newspaper story. It isn't as if the psychoanalysts had nothing else to do.

A Young Girl's Diary, Prefaced with a Letter by Sigmund Freud. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Thomas Seltzer.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE

By Maurice Francis Egan

PRESIDENT MEZES in the first chapter of this volume gives, under the title "Preparations for Peace", a distinct impression of what President Wilson, through Colonel House, proposed to do to clear the way for the working of the Peace Conference. This work was begun in 1917, five months after the United States entered the war. The task proposed to the body of experts who were to collect and collate the required data seemed colossal; and, while Dr. Mezes does not exaggerate this difficulty, he shows how enormous it was. He tells us that the United States had no precedent and no preparation for the work which this body of experts were expected to undertake. The two main tasks before the Board of Inquiry were the delimitation of its field of work and the selection and training of its personnel.

The United States had considered its diplomatic and consular services of such little importance, in view of our freedom from foreign entanglements, that our archives were extremely deficient in even rudimentary material. Dr. Mezes admits this but he makes a mistake when he says:

It was only recently that our diplomatic and consular services had been organized on a permanent basis with secure tenure, and the incumbents in these services had dealt chiefly with governments and with business agencies, and had little training or interest in questions of geography, history, ethnology, economics,

strategy, etc., that would be the chief considerations at the Peace Conference. And few of these regions had been visited more than casually, or studied with any thoroughness by American travellers, traders, or scientists.

Where has Dr. Mezes received the impression that "our diplomatic and consular services had been organized on a permanent basis"? The diplomatic service is plainly impermanent; little improvement has been made in that direction, and, although the consular service has a promise of permanency, dependent on an executive order, yet such a thing as "a secure tenure" does not exist. It is curious that a people who pride themselves on being so efficient as ours should have left, after the experiences of the Great War, these services about just where they were before.

It is to be hoped that there will be no hasty readers of this important book. It deserves the most serious consideration, and he would be indeed ungrateful and thoughtless who would not give credit to the scrupulous care and high intelligence used by the gentlemen deputed to serve on this Board of Inquiry. That they made errors is evident enough; but no merely human association of scientific men could have escaped errors in view of the task imposed upon them.

To the readers of the daily newspapers, who would read with more intelligence if they had a proper background, this volume will be invaluable as a book of reference which is neither dull nor unattractive. One of the most interesting subjects treated here is that of "The New Boundaries of Germany". The settlement by the Peace Conference of the new boundary between Germany and Denmark seemed to be one of the simplest problems presented, and Dr. Charles Homer Haskins appears to think that it was one of the questions which most read-

ily reached a just solution; but the Conference has been blamed for that solution which gave back to Denmark only a part of the Duchy of Schleswig, unjustly torn from it by Prussia and Austria in 1864. When the treaty settling this annexation was written in 1866, a clause was inserted, probably at the instance of France, that the "inhabitants of North Schleswig shall be again united with Denmark if they should express such a desire by a vote freely given". Prussia had never intended to permit any such process; and it is not improbable that the Peace Conference would have given almost all the original territory back to Denmark, if the Socialist Party, then in power in that country, had not shown great timidity in accepting it. The Danish government feared that a certain part of the Germanized zones might vote to remain with Denmark only to escape the weight of German taxation. Had it not been for this fear, a third zone might have been included in the part returned to Denmark. If the Danish government had represented at the Peace Conference that the votes in the third zone were Germanized votes, and should not have been at all taken into consideration, Flensburg would have become Danish, as it should be. But the Danish government was timid; it feared that there might be under its rule a body of Germans in sympathy with Prussia, who might continue to make trouble. The settlement, then, which from the point of view of the really patriotic Dane seems utterly unjust, was not due to any misconception or prejudice on the part of the body of experts.

"The Protection of Minorities and Natives in Transferred Territories" is a paper that deserves serious consid-

eration. Here, for instance, is a very enlightening paragraph:

To the Roumanian living in Eastern Serbia, for instance, it is not enough to have his child taught at school to read the Roumanian language—the instruction must be in the medium of the Roumanian language if the child's loyalty to his parents' beliefs is not to be weaned away. So the minority treaties provide that in districts where a considerable part of the population belongs to a linguistic minority, instruction must be provided in that people's own tongue.

This suggestion seems to be very "un-American", because it might seem to lead to a conclusion that instruction in the public school in one of our large American cities should be in some other language than in English. Manley O. Hudson points out that the Germans in Czecho-Slovakia and the Magyars in Roumania are in a very different position from that of the Germans in St. Louis and the Magyars in Cleveland. Whereas European emigrants have come to a new world, which is American, the Germans in Czecho-Slovakia and the Magyars in Roumania, for instance, have lived for centuries where their lives and their history are identified with their language.

Colonel House's article on "The Versailles Peace in Retrospect" is a remarkably clear and forceful document. The paragraphs on "Mandates" give the key to a very complicated problem; and the appendix, in which crucial questions are very frankly answered—we call special attention to the answers of Dr. James Brown Scott on "The Trial of the Kaiser"—is worth many times the price of the volume. In fact, as a work of reference, this book is priceless to the students of modern American history.

What Really Happened at Paris, The Story of the Peace Conference, 1918-1919. By American Delegates. Edited by Edward Mandell House and Charles Seymour. Charles Scribner's Sons.

RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

THIS seems to be the open season for male egoists. First May Sinclair with hue and cry tracks down Mr. Waddington and destroys him; and now comes the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" hunting a similar prey, one Wemyss, as hopeless a man as ever bullied his wife or harassed the servants. The tale is told in "Vera" (Doubleday, Page), and a clever, humorous, and depressing story it is. Where Miss Sinclair hunted with a blunderbuss, the author of "Vera" uses a small calibre rifle and relies on her unerring aim. She makes sad work of Wemyss, and when the book ends he seems to be well on the road to driving his second wife to suicide as he did his first. Yet we cannot help but wonder if there is not something to be said for him. He cannot be all black, though he is shown so. We wonder if he has been given quite a fair deal. Perhaps he really cared about tulips, or the history of the City of London during the Great Plague, or anything save himself.

"The Seven Ages of Man" by Ralph Bergengren (Atlantic) contains seven short essays: "Baby, Baby", "To Be a Boy", "On Meeting the Beloved", "This Is a Father", "On Being a Landlord", "Old Flies and Old Men", "The Olde, Olde, Very Olde Man". As their titles suggest, they are written with a light touch, smilingly, ever so gently. The author adores ideas of a mildly sentimental nature; he has no desire to be convincing or stimulating. A strain of kindly humor excuses the book in spite of an evident want of necessity for its existence. Though

Mr. Bergengren has nothing important to say, he reveals a sympathetic understanding of children; and he would be readable in a flower garden where a hammock sways gently in summer zephyrs.

Margaret Widdemer has already won distinction with two earlier books of poems, "Factories" and "The Old Road to Paradise". In "Cross-Currents" (Harcourt) she takes a step ahead, and shows gain in lyric quality, vitality, and delicate finish. A reflective quality marks the work throughout, and enhances it. Miss Widdemer handles a wide variety of rhythms and stanza forms with natural ease. There is perhaps too much lyric repetition of phrase form or structure in the style, and now and then a prose line or two turns up, but not often. At times there is undue thinness, or the whimsical tone of a poem is carried too far and fails. On the whole, however, the book will interest many readers, because it deals in universal experiences, pleasantly portrayed.

The antics of Mary Roberts Rinehart's amusing feminine trio are continued in "More Tish" (Doran) to the accompaniment of the same broad laughs aroused by the earlier escapades of these incorrigibles. They maintain the high degree of risibility won in previous stories. Their war experiences are especially delectably flavored, and form a good dessert for more serious books of war fiction.

Two papers, discussing respectively the works of Paul Claudel and Charles

Peguy, stand out among the collection "Some Modern French Writers" by G. Turquet-Milnes (McBride). Not even excessive long-windedness can deny, to the studies of these signal figures, a vigor and charm that has its grounding, chiefly, in Miss Turquet-Milnes's analyses and conclusions.

Were all biographies written in the graceful literary manner employed by Madame Duclaux in "Victor Hugo" (Holt)—one of the "Makers of the Nineteenth Century" series—perhaps such works might entice some small attention from transitory fiction. True, the historian chose to present a life filled in itself with a library of fiction material; still one is conscious of a judicious and fair use of the events of that life. While admiration for Hugo is apparent, that feeling induced no mental astigmatism to prevent a realization of his errors, and the picture of the man and his period is vivid.

"The Enchanted Years", edited by Professors Metcalf and Wilson (Harcourt), is a tribute from the foremost contemporary poets to the University of Virginia on the occasion of its centennial. The great majority of the poems are new, and more than occasional verse. D. H. Lawrence, Amy Lowell, Vachel Lindsay, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Louis Untermeyer, Thomas Hardy, Arthur Symons, and Walter de la Mare are among the contributors.

There is rather an extravagantly tawdry quality about "Night Drums" (McCann) by Achmed Abdullah. But at the same time the book is glitteringly vivid. The story of Davies, the American, and his Arabian friend, and their ceaselessly exciting experiences

in Africa—an Africa living up to its every sinister possibility—is one to stir the pulses of the man whose life is his business.

The case for conservation has not been more convincingly and entertainingly stated than in "The Passing of the Old West" by Hal G. Evarts (Little, Brown). The narrative is straightforward, the descriptions are impressive, and the characters, except those of the human species, are drawn with sincerity and sympathy. The author is endowed with that superlative qualification for effective writing, a real and comprehensive knowledge of his subject.

When an author writes about anything which he knows as well as his own life, it is generally understood that he takes a certain amount of interest in it. This, however, does not seem to be true of Princess Cantacuzène, judging by the style of her memoirs in "My Life Here and There" (Scribner). It is provided with only one mood and is as impersonal as a railway folder. All the cities are beautiful and all the people charming. When a woman disposes of a honeymoon in four and a half lines, one ceases to expect much of her. Nevertheless, the material in the book resists her best efforts to be dull. It tells of a life that fires our democratic imaginations—the splendor of the Austrian court, society in New York and Newport, a winter in Rome, and the glory of Russia under the Czar—and affords glimpses of the greatest personalities of the last generation.

The fatalism of the east and the effortism of the west come into conflict in "The Hidden Force" (Dodd, Mead). Louis Couperus's sensitive style in-

forms the book with a rich melancholy, not so sonorous as the early Conrad, a gentler, more intimate, more poignant thing, colorful and sad, like that smiling, secretive, listlessly passionate island of Java on which the action takes place. Our one criticism is that Malay words occur frequently (almost one to the page) without adding particularly to the color, the meanings being given in footnotes that distract the attention from the business of the story. Nevertheless a fine translation by the remarkable Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

On a blizzardy night, with a driftwood fire, any reader should enjoy "The Land of Haunted Castles" (Century). In manner, content, size, and typography, it is ideally suited for such a situation. Robert J. Casey has told the tale of Luxemburg, where rival empires "stubbed their imperial toes for a thousand years", in a way to make any history fascinating. There are myths and facts, beauty and blood intermingled throughout the volume, and the whole is all too short, despite its 500 pages.

Pre-digested newspaper headlines give most Americans what little they know of the land of Plato as it is today. Yet there is earnestness, purpose, and almost romance in the minor international politics of southeastern Europe, as they are described by S. B. Chester in his "Life of Venizelos" (Doran). He builds about the central figure of Greece that country's modern history in a manner that takes away the tediousness of long names and complicated diplomacy, making the acquirement of knowledge a pleasure. The book offers good reading, interesting biography, and an enlightening record of facts.

Into "A Ballad Maker's Pack" (Harper) Arthur Guiterman has packed a rangy assortment of conventionally constructed verse. Some of the poems are of the creator's best; some he has surpassed so far, it seems too bad they are included in this work. Most interesting are the myths of many folk. The patriotic tone of his modern songs falls below the level of these others.

Since there are only thirty-six possible combinations of plot action, it is hardly fair to demand much originality, and "Youth Triumphant" by George Gibbs (Appleton) has the virtue of novelty in its details at least. We have been so sophisticated by the movies that when a poor little waif is adopted by rich old ladies we shrewdly suspect that the child will turn out to belong to their family after all; but there is a good deal in the process that cannot be guessed, and the style has a fascination that keeps you reading with more interest than you know it deserves.

That one must bring to the reading of poetry a certain knowledge of the technical difficulties surmounted, in order to appreciate it fully, is the tacit thesis of "The Enjoyment of Poetry" (Scribner), in which Max Eastman has undertaken to provide the necessary understanding of poetic art for the reader as well as for the artist. In this vigorous and stimulating study the author has cut with crucial phrases through the bale of foggy theory and sentimental tommyrot that have hitherto enveloped all defenses of the art, and has disclosed under the wrappings a common human yearning to see the world made over in fresh realizations. Although he quotes Whitman frequently Mr. Eastman holds no brief for the vers librists; and in a chapter

on the "Ideals of Poetry" compares Whitman and Poe, to the disadvantage of the former.

Octavus Roy Cohen has given his new book of stories a peculiarly fitting title. They are "Highly Colored" (Dodd, Mead) in truth, for he has made the most of these episodes in the lives of his negro characters, if he has not somewhat exaggerated them. But the psychology is keen and Mr. Cohen's humor comes so easily and frequently that the book will be popular.

Remarkable in its clarity of intent and simplicity, "The Fruits of Victory" (Century) by Norman Angell uncovers post-war international and national political machinations. Mr. Angell, with pained disappointment, sees the fruits of victory sterile and bitter. "Decline of production due to certain moral disorders...economic paralysis following political disintegration", are a few of the results portrayed. Facts, artistically presented, though often far from pleasing, he flings with force and precision. Europe must forget nationalistic barriers, he strenuously maintains. And there must be international cooperation, necessitated by overpopulation, for no one nation of Europe is prepared today agriculturally to supply its own foodstuff and raw materials for manufacturing purposes. Social change, gastronomically brought about, instead of being due to intellectual desire—this is one of the clearest passages in the volume. War must be stemmed by a complete revision of our ideas and moral values, instead of international alliances, which are only international intrigues, Mr. Angell believes.

Fascinating realism decorates the

four-cornered framework of plot in Rabindranath Tagore's novel "The Wreck" (Macmillan). The philosophy of Hindu and Brahmin, unshaken by jarring contact with Caucasian civilization, and love in the comparative peace of India—these, too, add to the charm of the volume. Perhaps it is the foreign style so typical of Tagore that counts most of all as he develops the quietly exciting situations.

Lewis Freeman Mott's biography of "Ernest Renan" (Appleton) gives a very accurate account of Renan's life, a judicious estimate of his work, and a number of well chosen selections from his various lines of thought. Renan's associations with Taine, Sainte-Beuve, and others are entertainingly related, and the personal Renan is charmingly portrayed.

A number of excellent essays of the late Walter Weyl, one-time associate editor of "The New Republic", are collected under the cover of "Tired Radicals" (Huebsch). He saw radicals as of two origins: those who result as such only from environment, and they who become such through irrepressible temperament. Of the latter he states: "they would be rebels in paradise and reformers in the Garden of Eden". Having attended the Peace Conference, Mr. Weyl made a careful study of Woodrow Wilson. In describing the former president, he becomes intensively cutting, almost with the brilliance worthy of a Shaw. Satire, however, is forgotten at the close of this essay, for he tells with unconstrained feeling of Wilson's "vision and deep eloquence...at rare moments". "Tired Radicals" does not become tiresome in any one of its 223 pages. And the death of Walter Weyl is an indubita-

ble loss to all who seek for the big and genuine in American letters.

"Star-Points", Mrs. Waldo Richards's latest anthology (Houghton Mifflin), is announced as a collection of songs of joy, faith, and promise. The compiler has done well, and by the careful selection of short lyrics from poets of today, she has put together a volume more satisfying than would be thought possible. She shows discrimination in her wide variety of choice, and she avoids the too-sweet. There is very little free verse to be found here. While some of the lyrics lack permanent value, there is enough of lasting quality or interest in many others to warrant the popularity of the book.

"Dreamers" (Knopf) cannot rank with Knut Hamsun's later works. It is one of his earlier efforts, just now translated by W. W. Worster, and as such has a definite interest for those who know the Nobel prizewinner's greater books. "Dreamers" has an ironic humor not found in "Growth of the Soil", yet in the portrait work the strokes show an approach to this other story. It is a small book physically, built on the exploits of a thieving hero in a Scandinavian settlement of simple folk. It can be enjoyed with or without a previous knowledge of the author, but it is not stupendous.

One is apt to read James James's "Guide Book to Women" (Dutton) through avidly to the oh, how bitter end, and then turn back to the beginning to find out what ailed him. The contents of his book are very interesting for the first little while. He takes his stand upon the subject of woman, in brief that they are the late missing

link, and he outlines that stand very competently. But he is not content to stand on his stand—he must jump up and down on it—till finally one supposes that some previous affliction drew him there. A new voice on an old subject is always welcome, and Mr. James could have had a better welcome even than he has if he had first disciplined his manners as a messenger.

"The three darndest, orneriest, damndest things on earth is a Ford, or a goat, or an Injun." So says Casey Ryan; and the book of that name (Little, Brown) by B. M. Bower relates his would-be ludicrous and thrilling adventures with the three. To provide startling improbability the author drags in a Little Woman, cultivated this time, who marries Casey and, it is to be hoped—we really deserve revenge—teaches him that he omitted something from his catalogue of the darndest, orneriest, damndest things on earth.

No one fettered to land should approach W. L. George's "A London Mosaic" (Stokes) without a large reserve of self-denial and a spirit of impending martyrdom. George does not paint his adopted home in all bright colors, but, somehow, the drab shades nurture a longing for travel even more than do the brilliant. The Forbes-Robertson pictures add further dregs to the cups of those who must stay at home.

Analyze your customer, is the message of "The Human Side of Retail Selling" by Ruth Leigh (Appleton). A saleswoman must know how to carry on a conversation and what to do with various types, especially flappers. The book contains readable common sense.

FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in November in the public libraries in the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
2. If Winter Comes	<i>A. S. M. Hutchinson</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
3. Her Father's Daughter	<i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i>	DOUBLEDAY
4. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
5. Alice Adams	<i>Booth Tarkington</i>	DOUBLEDAY
6. Helen of the Old House	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	APPLETON

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. If Winter Comes	<i>A. S. M. Hutchinson</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
2. Helen of the Old House	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	APPLETON
3. Her Father's Daughter	<i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i>	DOUBLEDAY
4. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
5. The Obstacle Race	<i>Ethel M. Dell</i>	PUTNAM
6. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
2. Helen of the Old House	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	APPLETON
3. Her Father's Daughter	<i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i>	DOUBLEDAY
4. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
5. If Winter Comes	<i>A. S. M. Hutchinson</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
6. Alice Adams	<i>Booth Tarkington</i>	DOUBLEDAY

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
2. Helen of the Old House	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	APPLETON
3. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
4. Her Father's Daughter	<i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i>	DOUBLEDAY
5. If Winter Comes	<i>A. S. M. Hutchinson</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
6. The Pride of Palomar	<i>Peter B. Kyne</i>	COSMOPOLITAN

WESTERN STATES

1. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
2. Helen of the Old House	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	APPLETON
3. Her Father's Daughter	<i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i>	DOUBLEDAY
4. The Pride of Palomar	<i>Peter B. Kyne</i>	COSMOPOLITAN
5. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
6. The Beloved Woman	<i>Kathleen Norris</i>	DOUBLEDAY

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
2. Helen of the Old House	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	APPLETON
3. Her Father's Daughter	<i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i>	DOUBLEDAY
4. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
5. If Winter Comes	<i>A. S. M. Hutchinson</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
6. The Pride of Palomar	<i>Peter B. Kyne</i>	COSMOPOLITAN

GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
2. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
3. The Americanization of Edward Bok	<i>Edward Bok</i>	SCRIBNER
4. The Mirrors of Downing Street	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
5. The Mirrors of Washington	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
6. White Shadows in the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Mirrors of Washington	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
2. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
3. The Mirrors of Downing Street	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
4. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
5. The Americanization of Edward Bok	<i>Edward Bok</i>	SCRIBNER
6. Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	<i>Margot Asquith</i>	DORAN

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
2. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
3. The Mirrors of Washington	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
4. The Mirrors of Downing Street	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
5. The Americanization of Edward Bok	<i>Edward Bok</i>	SCRIBNER
6. Mystic Isles of the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
2. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
3. The Mirrors of Washington	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
4. Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	<i>Margot Asquith</i>	DORAN
5. The Mirrors of Downing Street	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
6. The Americanization of Edward Bok	<i>Edward Bok</i>	SCRIBNER

WESTERN STATES

1. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
2. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
3. The Mirrors of Washington	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
4. The Mirrors of Downing Street	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
5. White Shadows in the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY
6. My Brother, Theodore Roosevelt	<i>Corinne Roosevelt Robinson</i>	SCRIBNER

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
2. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
3. The Mirrors of Washington	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
4. The Mirrors of Downing Street	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
5. The Americanization of Edward Bok	<i>Edward Bok</i>	SCRIBNER
6. Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	<i>Margot Asquith</i>	DORAN

FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

The Icelandic Renaissance

THE three nations of the Scandinavian mainland, Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, are looking with amazement at the artistic and literary development of their little cousin, Iceland. The first singer of the dawn came in the opening decade of the nineteenth century, when Bjarni Thorarensen, returning from abroad, began to restring the northern lyre. It is said of Selma Lagerlöf, the Swedish novelist, that she has read but one poem in her life, and that Bjarni Thorarensen's "Song of Sigrun". Thorarensen's rugged and highly original genius has found many admirers on the European continent, notwithstanding the extreme difficulty of reproducing Icelandic poetic effects in other languages.

Contemporary with Thorarensen is Jonas Hallgrímsson, a man even more important in the development of modern Icelandic poetry. He was a born singer, a sort of Shelley of the north, master of a poetry exquisitely perfect in form, and lofty in thought and sentiment. He was associated with the "Fjölfnir" group, which did so much to purify modern Icelandic and to set it up as a literary medium. His poetry, and the criticism by the "Fjölfnir" group of the shallow-popular school of versifiers which was in high favor at the time, have been the great guiding influences in setting the direction of Iceland's poetic development in our days.

Thorarensen and Hallgrímsson, often called the Goethe and Schiller of Iceland, both died in the 'forties, the former in 1841, the latter in 1845.

After them the Icelandic poetic renaissance comes on in successive waves: in the 'forties Grimur Thomsen; in the 'fifties Benedikt Grondal, the younger; in the 'sixties Matthias Jochumsson, Steingrímur Thorsteins-son, and Kristján Jonsson; in the 'eighties Hannes Hafstein, Einar Benediktsson, Thorstein Erlingsson, and Stephan G. Stephansson (the last named an expatriate who lives on a farm in western Canada); in the first decade of this century Jonas Gudlaugsson, and the group of Icelanders who wrote in Danish; and right down to our own time with Jakob Thorarensen, Stefan frá Hvítadal, Sigurjon Jonsson, and David Stefansson, the last two having made their debut since 1919. To attempt an evaluation of these poets and their work for an English-reading audience would be a bootless task. Very little of their work exists in English translation, and the best that can be said for such translations as there are, is that they seem very bad indeed beside their superb originals.

There is, however, another phase of the Icelandic renaissance which we in America can understand and appreciate very well. It is the growth of Icelandic prose fiction, the novel and the short story. The short story, it is interesting to note, is almost as popular in Iceland as it is in America, and a great deal of the country's creative talent is busied with it. The novel, with such men as Einar Hjorleifsson Kvaran, Iceland's greatest master of prose fiction since the saga age, and Gunnar Gunnarsson, whose work is becoming known to us on this side the

pond through the translations of his "Sworn Brothers" and "Guest the One-Eyed", seems to be in the penultimate stage of a great development. It is waiting for *the* master.

The Icelandic novel will reach its greatest height only when it gets away from the influences which brought it into being early in the last century. That is only a seeming paradox. The germ of modern Icelandic prose fiction is a little story by the poet Jonas Hallgrímsson, entitled "Grasaferdin", and its immediate successor is Jon Thoroddsen's "Boy and Girl". Both these tales are influenced strongly by Danish romanticism. And the influence of Thoroddsen and Hallgrímsson has been fairly constant in the Icelandic novel up to the present time; it is evident in the work of both Kvaran and Gunnarsson.

The genius of the Icelandic people is not of a romantic tinge. It works best in a clear, cold light, with the harsh realities and ugly spots of life, as well as its beauties, receiving their just and exact coloring. That is the spirit one finds at work in the sagas, and that seems to be the spirit in which the Icelandic novel of our day may achieve a form approximate in greatness to the sagas. And it is at work in the Icelandic prose fiction of the present time. It came in in the 'eighties with the short story writer Gestur Pálsson, who died before reaching the fulness of his genius, and whose work is perhaps a little too coldly satirical and pessimistic. It is at its best today in the work of another short story writer, Guðmundur Fríðjonsson, a man past fifty who publishes a volume every year or so. In such collections of his as "Ten Stories", 1918, and "From All Directions", 1919, there is a clear northern sun, and a sharp northern wind blow-

ing. His stories are full of the old Icelandic strength and the country's great quiet places, and they have a coolly satirical coloring.

No one can mention the Icelandic literature of our time without a reference to the group of writers who set out to make a conquest of Denmark in the years between 1905 and 1912. In this business of conquering Denmark, and giving that flat seaboard country what Louis Levy calls "a high-northern renaissance", Johann Sigurjónsson, Gunnar Gunnarsson, Guðmundur Kamban, and Jonas Guðlaugsson were the leaders. Their work, written in Danish, a language differing very much from Icelandic, has received great praise from such critics as Georg Brandes, and will no doubt be the basis for a healthy quarrel between Iceland and Denmark in years to come concerning the "ownership" of these authors. Some of the plays of Sigurjónsson and Kamban and two of the novels of Gunnarsson are accessible to American readers in translation. Jonas Guðlaugsson was a lyric poet whose work has not yet seen the Anglo-Saxon light.

The greatest of these Danish-writing Icelanders was, without a doubt, the playwright Johann Sigurjónsson, who died in 1919, at the age of thirty-nine. Any discussion of his work would involve an inquiry into the origin and growth of the Icelandic drama, which is an exotic form in the saga island. Exotic, because the drama is an art form which needs urban life for its development, and town life is a very new thing in Iceland. It is—but the sternly raised editorial hand warns me that I am blocking departmental traffic, and so an end to Iceland, for the time.

EDGAR HOLGER CAHILL

Books from Belgium

MAURICE MAETERLINCK, of whom Emile Verhaeren once said, "The spirit of the whole world has been influenced and made nobler by him", is still living. Verhaeren himself met an untimely death in 1916. Yet it is the latter rather than the former who is today making disciples in the land of Albert the Well-Beloved. For Maeterlinck is universal rather than patriotic. Verhaeren was Belgian always. While the former was brooding over "The Grand Secret", the latter was writing "La Belgique Sanglante". The one is the author of "Wisdom and Destiny", the other, of "Les Forces Tumultueuses". Maeterlinck has written on bees. One of Verhaeren's latest poems was "The People of Liège". Consequently there is a Verhaeren school in Belgium today.

For a country slightly less than 12,000 square miles in area—Maryland is a trifle larger—Belgium has as many poets in proportion to her size as Ireland or Indiana! One of these, Oscar Henry, published a short while ago a book of verse entitled "Le Volcan Eteint" (The Extinct Volcano). Four verses run as follows:

*Hélas! vint un jour où la force
Des flagrantes fatalités
Vit poindre les cupidités
Dont s'invulnère l'âpre écorce.*

Any poet who wedges in between *force* and *bark* two such nouns as *fatality* and *cupidity* is writing as Emile Verhaeren wrote. The same type of poetry is to be found in one of his last poems entitled "Guillaume II" and portraying the fatal cupidities of the ex-Kaiser, the bitter bark of whose soul, Verhaeren showed, was immune to the stings of everything, including conscience. But M. Henry is not so clear as his master.

It will be remembered too that Ver-

haeren once brought out a collection of poems under the title of "La Multiple Splendeur". One of his disciples, Léon Grégoire, now follows it up with a volume he calls "Le Frisson Multiple" (The Multiple Chill). M. Grégoire is "carrying on" for his master. Just as Verhaeren portrayed the rain and wind of his native Belgian plains, so does Grégoire depict the storm, with allusions to the hail of shot and shell that raged over Belgium during the war. But he is superior to Oscar Henry.

For Belgian patriotism of a gentler kind, however, we must look to A. M. Gossez, whose "Au Pays des Pâtures" (In Pasture Lands) glorifies the fields of Flanders, the Ardennes of the Walloons, and his native Picardy. There is in these verses a good deal of reflection which some critics would maintain is out of place in nature poetry. It would be hard for them to defend their contention in the case of M. Gossez. Reflection in descriptive poetry is not to be condemned if it is accompanied by an adequate amount of the perfume of the soil. If in truth it reveals a logical love of country reasoned comment may be necessary to balance and proportion.

Then there are the war books in prose. It is rather significant that Belgium, the first country to be ravaged, was the last to begin the publication of books that show just what happened to her during the war. In this class falls Georges Virrès's "A Côté de la Guerre" (By the Side of War). M. Virrès (his real name is Henri Briers) has written a compact volume of over 400 pages in which he has veiled nothing, omitted nothing, and pardoned nothing. As the mayor of Lummen he was imprisoned, sent to Germany, allowed then to go to Holland for a short while, brought back

to Belgium—but we may imagine what treatment he received. It is not of himself however that he speaks so much as of his fellow sufferers. It is a picturesque tale of how a grave people is cowed into disgraceful submission by the enemy who said more than once, "Yes, we are here to stay." There was part truth in what they said, for the Germans are now rebuilding the town of Lummen which they burned in 1914.

Though not exactly noted for her work in the dramatic field, Belgium has given the first drama based on life in Soviet Russia. And she has sent it on to Paris. Henry Kistemaeker's "La Passante" was performed recently at the Théâtre de Paris with uncommon success both because of the novelty of its source and its dramaturgic excellence. The first act takes place on a cold winter day in Petrograd. A French scientist by the name of Roger Latenac has escaped from a war prison, come to Petrograd, taken on an English name, and is making his living by giving private lessons in English. He is in his room when a supposedly kindhearted neighbor enters with some bread which he is quite eager to share with his English friend. Of course, the man with the bread turns out to be a Bolshevik spy—and from this point on things move rapidly around a good love story as a turning point.

In September, 1919, the late Octave Maus began to write his memoirs in Lausanne, Switzerland. He was ill at the time and, if we may believe the medical fraternity, it is to his illness that we owe the lucidity and warmth that characterize his "Préludes" just published in fragmentary form. M. Maus has recorded the impressions of his adolescence. There is in them not merely the aristocracy of his own

youth and his own life but something of the tone and passion that we associate with Gérard de Nerval's "Sylvie". There is in them too something of the detailed analysis of life that we find in the confessional or autobiographical works of Marcel Proust. That M. Maus died before the work was finished merely adds to its charm. We like to wonder what else he had in mind to say, just as we wonder what the Venus de Milo looked like before being mutilated.

Nor is Belgium without her mysticism. Eveline le Maire, noted already for her works dealing with feminine psychology, has written a novel entitled "L'Homme au Gant" (The Man with the Glove)—the theme is borrowed from Titian—in which the hero, surging forth in a milieu of young women artists, armed with a fatal gift at seduction, abandons himself to his instincts without after all pressing his adventures beyond permissible limits. The bulk of the book consists of the *journal intime* of one of his innocent victims who explains, with remarkable thought dolorous clairvoyance, the secret of his soul and hers. The writer of these lines has not read the novel itself. But from what Belgian critics are saying about it, it is manifestly one of those works that they take for granted in Latin Europe but over which we would start a war.

Latin Europe—there is the rub with regard to Belgium. For Belgium is part Latin and part Germanic in language, literature, and allegiance. When the French raised their voice in mighty protest a few weeks ago against the substitution of English for French as the language of diplomacy, Yvan Gilkin and Maurice Wilmotte of the Belgian Academy (established a year ago) addressed a note to the venerable French Academy in

which they made a plea for French "spoken by more than three million Belgians". In taking this step they had the Belgian government behind them almost solidly, and some excellent traditions. It remains a hard fact however that Belgium has in it Walloons and Flemings who speak a language that resembles English more nearly than German or Dutch and which is further from French than from any of the three. We picture the Belgian army for example as made up of soldiers who spoke nothing but French. In very truth, and in bitter truth, some of Belgium's soldiers were unable to understand a single command given them during the war by their French-speaking officers.

How this phase of Belgium's literature is going to work out no man can tell. The Walloons and Flemings are becoming more and more "patriotic", more and more determined to write in their own language and speak in their own tongue and be taught in their own university, at Ghent. During the war, Wies Moens, one of the youngest and most rabid Flemings, was imprisoned for activism, a euphonious term for alleged fraternization with the enemy. While in prison he wrote a book of verse entitled "De Boodschap" (The Message). Bilingualism will hardly help Belgium's message to the world.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

French Notes

GENERAL BUAT, Chief of Staff of the French Army, who came to Washington as military adviser for the French Delegation, is the author of two books, "Ludendorff" (Payot, 1920) and "Hindenburg" (Chapelot, 1921). One opens these books not without a certain apprehension: passion or prejudice might be expected.

It is a surprise therefore to find a purely objective portrait of the German Chief of Staff and his assistant, character studies that will certainly go down to history. Besides their historical and military value, these books are written in a brilliant, easy style that speaks highly for General Buat's literary gifts.

Anatole France receives the Nobel Prize for literature. (Other Frenchmen to whom it has been given in the past are Sully-Prudhomme, Mistral, and Romain Rolland.) The rumor that his "communist" opinions barred him from consideration is therefore proved unfounded. This only communist member of the French Academy (who never attends a sitting of the noble company) has a delightful sense of humor, and we think that he will be amused at the comments provoked by this new dignity; how many of these comments will be based on his political opinions, how few on the literary perfection of his work?

Another Academician, Pierre Loti, has written a book in collaboration with his son Samuel Viaud (Loti's real name is Julien Viaud, as Anatole France's real name is Anatole Thibaud). "Suprêmes Visions d'Orient" (Calmann-Lévy) is a cheap title, suggesting fake Algerian dances in a Montmartre cabaret. But the book is admirably written; which is better than 300 pages of trash with a lucky title. Pierre Loti has always had more taste than judgment. The rising flood of literature on the Far East reminds us that quite a few years ago, when knowledge was scarce on the subject, Loti marked down the Japanese race as a hopeless, degenerate one, monkeying the west but incapable of energy, of will, or of a purpose of their own. . . . Precursors are not always prophets.

"Mars ou la Guerre Jugée" (Nouvelle Revue Française) is a critical and philosophical essay on war, by a man who is a direct spiritual descendant of Montaigne and the French humanists. Alain (Professor Chartier) has gathered his clever observations and conclusions without trying to play one party against another. Therefore his work will survive. "There are two capital errors concerning war", he says, "and both are equally dangerous. One is to believe that war is unavoidable; the other is to believe that it is impossible." Let the Washington Conference take inspiration from this maxim....

Those interested in the much discussed colonial army of France, and in the soul of the black race in general, should read Lucie Consturier's book, "Des Inconnus chez Moi". Senegalese soldiers were billeted for some time on Mme. Consturier's estate in the south of France, and this is the very persuasive story of how she came to understand and know them, their feelings, their mysticisms, their queer traditions, and their virtues.

Alfred Martineau, former governor of the French settlements in India, has written "Dupleix et l'Inde Française" (1722-1741). Perhaps a few Americans are unaware that India is not wholly British. The French own five cities: Pondichéry, Chandernagor, Mahé, Karikal, Yanaon. This is the remnant of a great colonial empire which was lost by France at the time when Canada was surrendered. The present book (Champion) is the first of a series of three that will tell the dramatic story of the rise and fall of the French in India, of the genius of Dupleix their leader, and of Lally-Tollendal, his heroic and unhappy follower.

PIERRE DE LANUX

An Italian Letter

ITALIAN literature is going through such a crisis, young authors have gone out of their way to such an extent in following the superficial French fashions, there is such utter darkness where new day ought to break, that one is obliged to reconsider that part of the horizon where the sun has set and where its last rays still illuminate the twilight. We are returning—and not only the critics, but more especially the public and the publishers—to those who we thought had outlived their time. The "young writers" who interest us today are anything but young, for some of them are over fifty. For many years we passed them by almost unnoticed; only now, when intelligent publishers are urging them to collect their work, do we see that they really are the only noteworthy writers in this period of transition.

Such is the case with Enrico Thovez who appeared suddenly in the literary field about thirty years ago, revealing himself in honest impetuous polemics as a perspicacious, subtle critic. In 1901 he published a book of verses, "Il Poema dell'Adolescenza" (Streglio, Torino), which found no favor in the eyes of the critics, an unjust judgment, however, for Thovez's verses realized an attempt of capital importance toward renewing the metrical system. After this, the indignant poet devoted all his public activities to the subject of art criticism in which he excelled, and the poetical world knew him no more. But in 1909 his book (the first after "Il Poema dell'Adolescenza"), "Il Pastore, il Gregge e la Zampogna" (Ricciardi, Napoli, reprinted in 1920), brought him back once more into the literary field. This book aroused discussions and marked an epoch in Italian culture, for it represented an effort toward independ-

ence from the tyranny of three great contemporary writers: Carducci, Pascoli, D'Annunzio. It marked the closing of a literary period and the opening of another in which the revival of our poetry will perhaps mature after this dark interval of waiting. From 1909 until 1920 Thovez wrote no more books but continued his quiet and solitary work as art critic and contributor of newspaper articles to the big dailies. "Mimi dei Moderni" (Ricciardi, Napoli) appeared in book form, a charming series of "causeries" on art, music, and letters which had previously been published separately. This year Thovez has given us two other volumes: "Il Vangelo della Pittura ed altre Prose d'Arte" (Lattes, Torino) and "L'Arco di Ulisse" (Ricciardi, Napoli), the former a tasteful collection of his best papers on art and the latter miscellaneous essays on literature and music, both embracing about thirty years' activities. To all of these books one turns as to new works. So fresh are they, so utterly unprejudiced, that one would imagine them to be the work of a young man who, having overcome the exaggerations of youth, had bravely found his way.

Another typical case is that of Pietro Mastri of whom great things were expected twenty or so years ago

with "L'Arcobaleno" (present reprint Zanichelli, Bologna), a small volume of verses which placed him in the front ranks among the poets and writers during the golden age of the Florentine "Marzocco". In 1900 Mastri sang of nature in a gentle and frank manner, revealing here and there a Pascolian influence. Seven years later a new volume of verses appeared, "Lo Specchio e la Falce" (Treves, Milano; present reprint Bemporad, Firenze), written in a pessimistic and sombre vein, revealing a true poet. For some time Mastri was silent, then his name reappeared unexpectedly in a new collection of verses: "La Meridiana" (Taddei, Ferrara). Many critics did not know who he was, believing him to be a young beginner (whereas Mastri is fifty years of age). Yet in his volume of verses there is more real poetry than in all the "avveniristi" and futurist poets put together. He is a poet who knows admirably how to be himself; he does not stutter but sings in a deep voice. For this and for the exquisite art he possesses, for his happy combinations of old rhythms and new metres, Mastri appears to us not a survivor but a man in his full lyrical power, an innovator in the finest and best sense of the word. Decidedly, from older men we nowadays get youth.

GEROLAMO LAZZERI

THE GOSSIP SHOP



Shaw Desmond

An Englishman visiting America usually sees a strange America, an America of teas and women's clubs, an America of rushing trains and inchoate opinions, a whirlwind of eager and often ill-mannered reporters, a rush of tuft-hunters of all sexes, sizes, and shapes. J. C. Squire and A. P. Herbert have sailed away from us again. They'll doubtless enjoy Christmas plum pudding in London. So will Archibald Marshall, who left on the "Adriatic" last week (the same boat by the way which carried Stephen Vincent Benét and his bride). Shortly before he left, Herbert confided to us that the one thing he had most wanted to see in America was a bunch of real American negroes shooting craps. We tried to arrange a party for him in Harlem, but failed. "Shuffle Along", however, was the next best thing. He saw that. Shaw Desmond, the author of "Passion", "Democracy", "Gods", etc., who is here lecturing, has been more fortunate. Possibly that's because he's Irish. Obviously Irish is Shaw Desmond, is he. Curly greyish hair, ruddy face, jerky manners, he immediately creates an impression of unusual vitality and unbounded enthusiasm. He has definitely allied himself with cabmen and elevator boys. He has lived on the East Side and in Harlem. He is determined to understand America no matter what hygienic difficulties may arise. It was in this manner that he undertook to understand

the Irish situation last year. His talks on Ireland are filled with understanding and a certain flame which is unmistakably as green or greener than Erin itself. We like Mr. Desmond. He is a breathless gentleman. As for Squire and Herbert, their trip was without disaster. We heard of them from Yale, from Harvard, from Princeton. In fact, it was a shock to us to hear the gentlemen state that Princeton is the most beautiful college in America. However, every man is entitled to his—well, anyway, we retaliate by printing Gene Markey's impression of the English pair as they appeared in the great town of Chicago, where they were shown everything from the stock yards to the opera.



Mr. Squire

Mr. Herbert

We found the dinner of The Authors' League Fellowship more amusing than last year's festivity. A thousand folk is a large crowd from which

to demand sprightliness. The graduating class of The Authors' High School, clad in simple blue and white raiment as befits youth and modesty, recited ably under the direction of Channing Pollock as master. He introduced first the "poet lariat", Will Rogers. Rogers says that he's really an author. Wished he'd brought his book along to prove it. His book on the Peace Conference. It sold *one copy*. Now his publishers, writing to ask for a new book, tell him that they think they could *double* the sale. Gelett Burgess, Chairman of the School Committee, was noticed because of his whiskers and his limericks. Donald Ogden Stewart delivered the Salutatory. Mr. Stewart either simulated nervousness, or was it stimulated? At any rate, his speech, closing haltingly with Lincoln's now famous Gettysburg address, gave an impression of winsome boyishness. Alice Duer Miller, looking scarcely her fifteen years, made the class prophecy. So brilliant was this talented group that it seemed quite incredible to parents and their friends that so many promising youngsters could actually be members of the same class. If all gatherings of authors could be so augmented by the presence of the theatrical, such gatherings would doubtless be as amusing as was this one. We had never seen Anita Loos in the flesh. It was a treat. Laurette Taylor, too—to say nothing whatsoever of James Montgomery Flagg. It was an excellent graduating exercise; and our best wishes go with this little class as it starts bravely out upon the rough sea of life's adventure. May the buffets of rough waves be few!

Margaret Lee Keyting writes inviting us to come to Utah. We've always wanted to go to Utah, particularly now

that we know what a really literary community it is, and that other works than "The Book of Mormon" are to be associated with the shores of Great Salt Lake.

There is a tiny world of literary gossip out here. Mary Briarly's "In His Own Image" threw a bomb into the most conservative and cultured circle that Salt Lake possesses. No one ever dreamed she would write such a book, for she is the wife of a most respected judge here, and none, not even her husband, saw the book until the publishers had it on the market. Mrs. C. E. Richards, whose new juvenile is just out, is a most fascinating personality. She is the author of the "Blue Bonnet" series and "Only Henrietta" and, I think, is now riding the wave soon to crest in placing her as the most loved writer in her field. Some of the letters she has received are charming in the child-winsomeness of their appreciation. Katherine B. Hamill has encouraging reports from the sale of her first novel "The Flower of Monterey" and has recently sold three scenarios. I think we may look for something really big from her in the near future, though her present is chaos due to the loss of her husband.

I must tell you of our wonderful country and bribe you with its rare individuality. My novel "Sunrise" (coming up) just reeks with the unusual of this land of ours. Two healthy most masculine sons keep me pretty well absorbed and interested about sixteen hours out of each twenty-four. Wish someone could discover us a method of distilling some six or ten extra. Home brewers seem able to do everything else.

H. G. Wells is an unarmed man until he picks up a pen. With that weapon, as we all know, he can lead violent assaults upon the armies of France and shake the world with revolutions. But as a talking person he is mild and genial. His voice has a curious trick of breaking into a falsetto not unlike that of Theodore Roosevelt. The Colonel, however, succeeded in adapting this vocal weakness into a device for emphasis. The break in the Wellsian voice is more erratic and has no militant quality. As a matter of fact, the creator of Mr. Polly is not very fond of talking unless the circle of listeners is small and close at hand.

In spite of his mission to America as a political reporter and commenta-

tor for the New York "World" and the Chicago "Tribune", Mr. Wells is easily diverted from battleships to books. Upon calm reflection he will tell you that "Tono Bungay" is his best novel. Nevertheless, he has a peculiarly close warmth for "The History of Mr. Polly". It was written, he says, at a time of crisis in his life and the book provided an escape from an ever present sorrow and worry. The humor of "Mr. Polly" represents a successful piping on the part of the author to keep up his own courage. There is something of the artisan as well as the artist in our English visitor. He is fond of being asked how long it took him to write "The Outline of History" and how many words it contains. Generally he will volunteer information as to the number of times the manuscript was revised and he is almost certain to add with pardonable pride that he set it all down in long-hand.

Wells lives at one of the smaller Washington hotels and is not lured out very much. Apparently he spends little time in contact with any of the political figures about him. The sessions of the Conference itself seem to give him all the material he needs. When captured for social affairs he suffers questions, even foolish ones, very patiently. At one gathering a lovely lady sat at his feet and decided to read aloud the biography of Wells from the encyclopædia. She went along smoothly enough through the date and place of his birth and his father's name, but then she hesitated in obvious embarrassment. "Go on," said Wells smiling; "read what my father's job was." The lovely lady had hesitated because she found in the encyclopædia "gardener and professional cricketer". Evidently her faith in the

democracy of England's greatest radical had failed her.

Sara Teasdale telephoned us the other day that she wouldn't be able to speak because—(now we happen to know that she is one of the few poets who practically never read their own works)—*because* she was still engaged in compiling her small anthology of poems for children. Personally, we have many ideas on this subject. One of our theories is that any child of ordinary mentality can be taught to write verse or rather, perhaps, is a natural poet. God forbid that all children should be encouraged to develop the faculty; but it is our belief that their native understanding of good verse is killed bit by bit in the public schools. Several years ago it was our privilege to instruct three or four youngsters of seven to twelve years in English composition. We found that they liked the best of Shelley and Keats, liked it to the point of learning it and reciting it aloud, even after they had gone to bed at night. As a result of this, they put into their own writing the rhythm and the spirit of great poetry. Perhaps it is too much trouble for the ordinary parent, busy with other cares, to search out the unusual poem that a child will like. It is easier to drug his sense of poetry with the choppy rhythms of Longfellow. For this reason, we hope that Mrs. Filsinger's book will fulfil the expectations we have of it. For no one should understand better than she the true lyric note—and it is, we believe, the lyric that the younger children actually like best.



Sara Teasdale



Jerry Blum

We called the other night at the house of Jerome Blum to see his Tahitian pictures. Jerry lives on Eleventh Street. It would be a commonplace house were it not for the pictures: golden things filled with scarlet sunshine and a sea collecting undreamed colors. Beside us on the floor sat Frederick O'Brien. If one wanted evidence as to the essential truth of Blum's work, here it was. And O'Brien was silent. We cannot pretend to give a description of those canvases, but they are a mingling of the exotic, the graceful, and the warm of what we have pictured as the colorful in the atmosphere of the South Seas. It was amusing, too, to watch Mrs. Jerry Blum sketch her husband. How few men would care to trust themselves to the limning of a wife!

Canada is commencing to take its literature with more than common seriousness. We might even commend it to the attention of so observing an American critic as H. L. Mencken. During the recent Authors' Week in the Dominion even the Rotary Club turned its eyes from pies to pens, and at the Château Frontenac in Quebec gave over a meeting to literature. Few countries have so curious a lingual situation as has Canada (New York City, of course, has a well developed Yiddish literature); at any meeting of this type in Quebec, the French-Canadian must be given his say. M. Sirois, speaking there, mentioned names that seem foreign enough to us, but are actually an integral part of American literature: historians,

poets, Garneau, Ferland, Chapais, Charbonneau, Nelligan; critics, too, men like Abbé Camille Roy, Abbé Auclair, and Charbonneau, "with his three clever volumes of 'Influences Françaises au Canada'". The Honorable Frank Carrel then spoke on the English-Canadian authors:

Canadian Authors' Week, which we are celebrating today, has for its object the marketing of Canadian books, and thereby creating a greater demand for the works of Canadian authors. In literature, and by this I mean authors, Canada can well boast of an especially rich endowment. In the publication of books, Canada can well hold her own with any country of her population, but the sale of books, in order to make them a profitable venture, is the weak spot which we, as Rotarians, can do our share to strengthen, by all agreeing to purchase at least one Canadian book by a Canadian author, during this week.

To prove that we have a rich endowment I have only to mention a list of some of the most widely read authors in Great Britain and the United States and they would include a number of Canadians....

As we cherish the valorous and courageous deeds of our forefathers, so let us not be ashamed of the part we have played, in helping to blaze the long trail of civilisation and progress which started over three hundred years ago, from the barren shores of the broad Atlantic, and in stretching itself over the wild and rocky continent, to the Western slopes, so softly kissed by the waters of the Pacific.

"There is nothing that solidifies and strengthens a nation like the reading of the nation's own history, whether that history is recorded in books, or embodied in customs, institutions, and monuments," says a well-known author.

Let us not only be interested in our history and romance of the past, but that also of today and tomorrow.

We have seen at least two poems which seem to us fine in the October magazines. These two were "Maple" by Robert Frost in "The Yale Review", and "Sunk Lyonesse" by Walter de la Mare in "The Century". Other poems that struck us during the month were: "Books and Reading" by John Jay Chapman in "The Yale Review", "The Snow Man" by Wallace Stevens in "Poetry", "Song" by H. D. in "Poetry", "Gothic" by Jean Starr Un-

termeyer in "The Double-Dealer", "Little and Lonely Under the Evening Star" by George Brandon Saul in "The New Republic", and "Panther! Panther!" by John Hall Wheelock in "The Century". One of our contributors seemed very much amused to find that we had selected as a fine poem one that had already been rejected by the editorial department of **THE BOOKMAN**. We see nothing either funny or tragic in this. If the editor accepted all of the fine poems which cross his desk, we would be publishing a journal of poesy, and not **THE BOOKMAN**.

In this connection, the Blindman Prize, offered by W. van R. Whitall through the Poetry Society of South Carolina, is interesting. It is a cash prize of two hundred and fifty dollars, to be offered annually. The competition is open to any native-born citizen of the United States, or any British subject speaking English as his or her native language. All poems must be in the hands of the secretary of the Society, DuBose Heyward, 76 Church Street, Charleston, South Carolina, not later than January 1, 1922.

David Belasco has produced "Kiki" with Leonore Ulric. We are told that it is thoroughly successful. We remember so well the evening when we saw that French farce for the first time. It was in the Opéra at Tours, shortly after the armistice was signed. Spinelli and Rému were announced. The gay comédienne and her partner had just been dancing their way through a delightfully scandalous Paris revue. The American officers, not realizing the versatility of French actresses, supposed, therefore, that "Kiki" was a girl-and-music show. We'll never forget their faces as they tried gravely to follow clever Mlle. Spinelli's coquetting through the gay

little play. We have seen Grasso, the great Italian, act. We were particularly impressed by his method of receiving floral tributes. Also we found interesting the European prompter in his box, with his lantern, and his accusing forefinger. We recommend a trip to the Royal Theatre in the Bowery. It is not often that one may see a great Italian actor. Then this month there was Galli-Curci, whose



Marie Jeritza charm is as great as ever and who flats less than in previous years. Perhaps the most charming débutante of the Metropolitan Opera year is Myrtle Schaaf, with vast dark eyes, a flirtatious manner, languid grace, and a rich mezzo voice. Bodanzky is a busy man this season. He conducts with the opera, the Philharmonic, and the Friends of Music. Presumably, the financial return from the first two is excellent. The Friends of Music is an altruistic enterprise, but if you talk to Bodanzky, you'll find him most interested in instrumental and vocal music that would not be heard if he did not direct it for the Friends of Music. The flaming event of the opera year, of course, was the appearance of Marie Jeritza as La Tosca. We have not yet seen "Die Tote Stadt"; but our most expert musical adviser tells us that the kiss at the close of Act II is a very superior performance. We are heartbroken that Mme. Jeritza refuses to be interviewed. She has been accompanied to America, we hear, by her husband, Baron Popper, a famous dandy and race horse man of Vienna. How far we have strayed from books!

Like the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe, THE BOOKMAN has been at a loss to know what to do in making a choice from among the great number of excellent essays sent in by children from all parts of the country in response to our Children's Book Week Essay Contest. But this is not the place for comment, since Your Editor has evolved so much food for thought from the reading of these papers that he proposes to discuss the matter at length in the February BOOKMAN. We therefore proceed to the names of the winners and remark in passing our regret that certain few papers came in too late for consideration and that Cathie O'Brien's quaint essay ran over the word limit and so had to be ruled out.

The first prize goes to Edwin Hall, age fifteen, of Huntingdon, Tennessee, the second to Ruth Brant, age seven, of Valley Park, Missouri. Other prizewinners are W. Frauenglass (fifteen) of New York City, Amos E. Kraybill, Jr. (nine) of Asbury Park, New Jersey, Kathryn Parry (thirteen) and Edward Horn (twelve) of Mt. Vernon, New York, Frank Gilchrist (ten) of Joliet, Illinois, Stuart Heaton (ten) of Grantwood, New Jersey, Stephen Rudder (fifteen) of Salem, Indiana, and Milton Carroll Melville (ten) of Chester, Pennsylvania. Honorable mention must be given to the papers submitted by Eleanor O'Brien (Newburyport, Massachusetts), Louise D. Gunn (Albany, New York), Ida Margoles (Newark, New Jersey), Jeanne Morgan (Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania), Mary Murphy (Brooklyn, New York), Julie Aveling (Lockport, Illinois), R. W. Hartley (Cos Cob, Connecticut), Elizabeth Glassey (Joliet, Illinois), Harold Brown Aakinson (Indianapolis, Indiana), Katharine McGee (Mt. Ver-

non, New York), Cornelius Freeman (Brooklyn, New York), Berne L. Wooley (Salt Lake City, Utah), Sylvia Hawthorne Smyth (Mt. Vernon, New York), Ruth Day (Marlboro, Massachusetts), Harriett Bird (Battle Creek, Michigan).

Here are the four very best essays, printed exactly as written by the contestants:

THE BOOKS I LIKE BEST

By Edwin Hall of Main Street

BECAUSE I live west of Broadway in a place unknown to the late Mr. Carnegie, the books I like to read are perhaps not the books I would like to read had I a whole honest-injun library to select from. But, I am only one of a large army of young booklovers, who, having access to no public library and very little money with which to buy books, can still find pleasure in the books that happen to be at hand.

My little book case contains less than three dozen volumes, but to me these books are priceless. The top shelf is devoted to the books that I do not like to read but have to keep—books given to me at Christmas time by aunts, uncles and cousins, who, knowing my fondness for reading, send "just any old thing so's it's a book." There are four copies of Little Lord Fauntleroy and two of Uncle Tom's Cabin!

On the lower shelves, in a motley array of bindings soiled from much handling, are the books I like to read—when it is too rainy to go fishing and too dark to play ball. Each book has been read not once but many times. They are my pals.

In a place of honor on my shelf is Horatio Alger's Try and Trust. It is the first book I ever read. For a long time I thought it was the best book ever written, and had to read it again after a lapse of several years to convince myself that it was not. I still confess to a fondness for the Alger books. At least they are within the means of the boy who can never stretch his pocket money far enough.

Later in the fam'ly book case I found three books which I added to my shelf. These books were Cooper's Last of the Mohicans, Irving's Rip Van Winkle, and Poe's Short Stories. I had begun to study literature and read these books because I had to. I liked Cooper's book for its romance and adventure, Irving's because of its humor, and Poe's stories because of their mystery. So, these books found a place on my shelf, and, in time, in my heart.

While I do not care much for Dickens' books, I think his Child's Dream of a Star and Christmas Carol are the two most beautiful stories in the English language. My mother read them to me often before I learned to read, and it

seems that I can never outgrow a fondness for them. I have read them many times.

Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* has given me many hours of real pleasure, while an evening with Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island* almost makes up for the fact that our town cannot afford a picture show. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy* has brightened many a rainy afternoon for me.

I like Booth Tarkington's *Penrod* and *Seventeen*, but think he is a little unkind to give us boys away like he does. I like Kipling's *Barack Room Ballads*, and I like Edgar Guest's poems, because he writes about real folks. I tried to read *Main Street*, but it made me feel sorry for myself, so I stopped reading it.

The one book that I like best of all is my scrap book of poems. For two years I have clipped from magazines and newspapers the poems that I like best—and few poets from Shakespeare to Walt Mason are left out.

Last summer I visited the public library in New York, and, although somewhat awed by the magnificence of the surroundings, I could not help but think what a wonderful thing this library must be to the young people of the city. As I came through Nashville (our nearest city) I made application for books at the Carnegie Library there, but was told that the books could not be taken out of the county. So, I came back to my little book case and re-read my old books.

Some time, maybe, some one will realize that something should be done for the young people of Main street, for, after all, Main street is just a step from Broadway, and the future of the country depends in a measure on the kind of books the boys and girls of Main street are reading.

(NO TITLE)

By Ruth Brant

I WANT to tell you what I don't like about my favorite books, and what I do like.

Raggedy Ann is a very nice book, but there is a place in it I don't understand quite. The dolls go and get into the jam, and when the little girl finds them she puts her finger on them and says, yes, you have been in the jam. Of course that means she knew that they were alive. Later it says it would never do to let people know that dolls are alive.

I like *A Child's Garden of Verses* very much. It is the best book of poems that I have. The verses mean something and have poetry in them. Not many poets can get meaning in their poems.

The reason I like the *Garden of the Plynck* is, it says, various materials, even yellow. It is funny. Is yellow a material? I like this book as well as *Alice in Wonderland*, which I have heard six times.

In *Gulliver* the horses are the most interesting. They make me think how odd it would be if there were such things.

When *Tytie Came* shows that French children are not so very different.

I like *Heidi* because it changes places and has a surprise at the end.

I like *Little Men* and *Jo's Boys* better than *Little Women* because there is more fun in them.

Birds' Christmas Carol is full of beauty and it tells you how happily Carol died. It is better than most books because she is not petted too much by having people say, yes, yes, every time she asks for something.

I think *Huck Finn* is better for boys than for girls, except girls like me, who are more like boys. I think there are such people as the king and the duke, but fortunately the world is so large that you do not notice them.

Black Beauty gives you the impression of horses that they have many times thought those things.

I did not get much out of *Robinson Crusoe*, but Mr. Wyeth's pictures are very pretty. One I like shows what kind of furniture he made.

The *Thousand Year Pine* that my friend Mr. Mills wrote I did not like much when I first got it, but now I like it very much. As I grow older it will mean more to me. Mr. Mills is a disguised nature guide—that is, he was one once. He is a middle-aged man, but not like most men he still takes an interest in the outdoors and I think he always will.

THE BOOKS I LIKE TO READ

By W. Frauenglass

YOU have seen me before. Stooping over musty tomes in Bowery bookstores, absorbed in massive works in libraries. You have watched me stagger home, one shoulder five inches lower than the other under a load of books.

My hair is dark brown and long. So are my eyes (no I don't mean long) and they peer dimly at you through thick brown-rimmed glasses.

If you have ever noticed the titles of the books I read invariably you would have seen Herbert Spencer, William James, Arthur Schopenhauer and other scholastic names.

A bookworm, a prodigy you might have termed me. You might have been correct, but had you seen everything I have read you might judge differently.

For I was not always thus—not even now. Once I was a voracious consumer of *Algers*, *Nick Carters* and *Wild West* stories, eluding the vigilant eye of a suspicious father who threw them into the stove.

I joined a library when I was seven. My envy of a friend who had joined was the cause of a certain dirty little boy applying. I was told to go home and wash myself. Instead I went down to the gutter and washed my hands in the black water. After filing my application I had to wait impatiently for two weeks until a letter came informing me that my card was ready. This time I came washed.

The librarian pushed a big register at me. "Read what's here and sign it," the librarian said curtly. Assisted by her forefinger I stumbled through the words "I promise to take care of the books which I read and obey the laws of the library."

The bookcases looked threatening. They surrounded me belligerently as if they frowned at the idea of being touched by me. I nervously took a book out without even looking at the title. It was Miles Standish. The next day I returned it.

We used to play an interesting game then. The object of it was to see who could fill his card. I made daily trips to the library. Always taking out two books and returning them the next day. In a surprisingly short time I had used up ten library cards.

Having hopelessly outdistanced my friend who only consumed three, I began to read in earnest.

I have read about two thousand books in the intervening eight years. When I soberly try to select the best of them my critical faculty ceases to function. Each book I enjoyed immensely. I am dismayed when I think of all the books which in impulsive enthusiasm I termed "The best book I ever read." I have always cherished the singular delusion that whatever book I have been reading at a particular time was the best book ever written.

The only reason why the following list is so small is because the lumber house of memory is locked and the key is lost (also the essay is limited to eight hundred words).

I read *Les Miserable* at thirteen and wept over it. My father could not understand why the gas bill was so much higher that month. The picture of Fanny selling her teeth and hair for Cosette, Jean Valjean imprisoned nineteen years for stealing bread embittered me. When I finished the book I solemnly declared it to be the best I had ever read.

Martin Eden followed Jean Valjean. The ending disappointed me at first but the meaning grew upon me. Today it lies in a niche with *Les Miserables*.

Ingersoll became my God then. From devout deism I changed to a devouter atheist. Some people mocked at my scepticism and told me that I would change again. I pooh-poohed the idea. But the pendulum of my adolescence has swung again to deism and again I asseverate that I will be a permanent deist.

Jack London became my idol for a time. The reading of about forty books of his is beginning to make me doubt his greatness.

Floyd Dell is my newest God and Moon-Calf my best book. Who can predict the changes in the mind of an adolescent?

I have read Spencer's "Education," "First Principles" and "Facts and Comments." I meant to say I read the first half of them I never could succeed in going farther.

Goldsmith is my favorite poet and "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" my favorite poem.

What a singular list a catalogue of the books I have read would make. I have dozens of books on psychology. I have read hundreds on New Thought from "How to Get What You Want" to "Brains and How to Get Them." Which guarantees that as a result of following its advice your brain power will double yearly. I have calculated that at this rate at the end of thirty-one years my brain power will be ten million times as great as it is now. Such numbers appal me.

What can be the result of 2000 nondescript books and a voracious reader? For answer look at a bookworm with a student's stoop, poring over musty volumes and peering through thick brown glasses. Trudging home under weighty volumes and reading detective stories on the sly.

THE BOOKS I LIKE TO READ

By Amos E. Kraybill, Jr.

SCHOOL stories are the kind of books I like best. Perhaps this is because most of them that I have read are about foot-ball, and as our town had the best High School team in the state last year, it is our favorite sport. But strange as it may seem, when I name my favorite books, not one of them is a school story. They are Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy*, Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, Dickens's *Christmas Carol* and Kipling's *Captains Courageous*.

There are many books such as *Ivanhoe*, and some of Dickens' which I do not find so interesting when I try to read them myself, but I do like to have them read to me. Mother has always read to us, ever since I can remember. Even when we were very little, as soon as we ate our supper, my two brothers and I would get all ready for bed. Then we would lie on the big study couch, and listen to Grimm's *Fairy Tales*, and *Alice in Wonderland*, and many more. When we grew older, Mother read us many thrilling tales of adventure. We all loved Pyle's *Robin Hood*. Mother read that through twice. Whenever we came to an exciting part, Doc, one of my younger brothers, would always break in, and say, "I know what comes next," and then he would begin to tell. For he would take the book in the day-time and read ahead. But it made the rest of us so cross at him that at last Mother would hide the book away in the day-time, so he could not find it.

Now we are all big enough to read for ourselves, and we do read lots of books. But Mother still reads to us the books she thinks we would not understand ourselves. She reads them to us after our school lessons are finished, just before we go to bed, and we like that best of all. We are in the middle of *Ivanhoe* now, and we all enjoy it except our smallest brother, Dick, Mother is reading the *Peterkin Papers* to him, and he says he likes that much better.

Theodosia Garrison has just sent a copy of her new book of poems, "As the Larks Rise", to her old friend Charles Hanson Towne. When the latter was editor of "McClure's" he published many of the verses included in this volume, and the clever author inscribed these lines on the title page for him:

If this neat page I should indite
For some mere stranger,
What charming poesy I'd write—
There'd be no danger.

(He'd *have* to like it!) but to you
Who know the patter,
The faked, the false, the new, the true—
Well, that does matter.

You know that much that's herein writ
Was made to order;
Poor stuff that only boasts a lit-
Erary border.

But you know too the fierce, wild thrill
As harp-strings smitten,
When by some force beyond our will
The word is written.

So shall your certain sense divine
The true thing hidden
Midst tinsel words that glow and shine
As they are bidden.

And this one thing I pray you take,
O best of Brothers,
And gently, for old friendship's sake,
Forgive the others.

"Far Seas", published by the United States Naval Detachment in Turkish waters, is a neat sheet that has been crossing our desk for some months. (We didn't know that we *had* a fleet at Constantinople.) It's a well illustrated, well edited young newspaper. The copy we have before us has a picture entitled "Typical Turkish Open-Air Book Store". The books, we find, are set about on stones. But we recommend to your earnest attention the following editorial, which comes well from the fleet:

ON PROFANITY

Have you ever profited by profanity?

Has swearing ever done you any material good?

Then, why do it?

It is coarse, uncultured and generally marks a man of limited will power. It frequently causes embarrassment and I know of many instances where it caused a nicely decorated optic!

It's not necessary. Let's cut it out.

As one sailor to another author,
let's!

Well, men are men. But what I cannot bear
Is my poor Bet, my piebald talking Mare,
Gone curly in her hocks from standing up.
That's the last drop that overfills the cup.
My Bet's been like a Christian friend for years.



From "King Cole"

John Masefield's new poem "King Cole" is a thing of much charm; but not, it seems to us, so good as most Masefield. However, it's a good poem and you should possess it. The illustrations are done by his young daughter, Judith Masefield. Masefield, too, draws occasionally. We know a very lucky boy who possesses an entire alphabet drawn for him by the English poet, where *H*, we remember, was the hangman and each letter had its character meaning. But Englishmen are very reticent about their families. We have not even been able to find out whether young Miss Masefield is twelve years old, sixteen, or eighteen. We guess at twelve!

Prizes for the November literary question go to Alys M. Gordon of East Orange, New Jersey, Sue R. Kraybill of Asbury Park, New Jersey, and Katharine Terrill of Burlington, Iowa. The answers to the December set are:

1. Charles Lamb declared his intention to write for antiquity when his poem "The Gipsy Mallon" was rejected on the ground that it would shock the mothers.

2. Mrs. Browning's poem "Lord Walter's Wife" was refused by Thackeray when he was editor of "Cornhill".

3. Jane Fairfax is the leading character in Jane Austen's "Emma"; The Reverend Rufus Lyon, the dissenting minister in George Elliot's "Felix Holt"; Colonel Lambert, the benefactor of Harry Warrington in Thackeray's "The Virginians"; Maggie Vervor, the heroine of Henry James's "The Golden Bowl"; Squire Clinton, the head of the family which figures in a series of novels by Archibald Marshall; Captain Beece, the captain of the good ship "Mantelpiece" ("Bab Ballads"); Ernest Pontifex, the hero of Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh".

4. Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman of Providence, Rhode Island, was at one time betrothed to Poe.

5. The quotations are taken from the following:

- a. Wordsworth's "Peble Castle".
- b. Emerson on "Self-Reliance".
- c. Carlyle in "Sartor Resartus".
- d. Holmes's "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table".
- e. An impromptu written by Longfellow at sight of a soldiers' monument.

6. A boojum is a species of snark (see "The Hunting of the Snark" by the author of "Alice in Wonderland").

Bob Davis will go back to "Munsey's" on January the first. This is good news to us. We like literary agents, and we like Mr. Davis in that rôle; we have a feeling that Carl A. Milligan who will continue what will now be called a Service for Authors, Incorporated, will be quite competent in that capacity. After all, there's only one Robert H. Davis, editor. It's good to see him edit. Meanwhile, he and Irvin Cobb are trying to find game to shoot in Louisiana and Texas. Good hunting, say we.

We once gave Anna Pavlowa a book to review. It was Ted Shawn's "Ruth St. Denis: Pioneer and Prophet", an elaborate book, for the illustrations of which I can find no better word than *sumptuous* (in the same sense that one uses it to describe a theatre decorated according to the best American traditions). Miss Pavlowa shortly afterward sailed for France; but not before sending us the review. Would that all reviewers could be persuaded to cover two such large volumes so effectively. Her review follows:

I have read with interest "Ruth St. Denis: Pioneer and Prophet".

Miss St. Denis is one of the foremost artists that America has produced. She has her own message, has developed her own means to express it and has created beauty. In accomplishing these things she has overcome great difficulties. The great sincerity with which difficulties and achievements are recorded gives the book a very genuine interest.

When she came to town this year, we sent our Fashion Editor (we have always wondered how she arrives early enough in the morning to arrange her elaborate coiffure) to see the famous dancer. Her enthusiasms follow (in part):

Such hackneyed, extravagant expressions occur to us when we write in terms of Russian Ballet; the soft feathers of doves, milkweed and thistledown, the imperceptible breath that wafts flower-fragrance to us, and the way poetry would look if it should move. We're sorry, but we do feel that way about it. We saw "Coppella" danced the other night by Hilda Butsova who afterward told us a little bit about the strenuous, confined life of a dancer. She's wee—much smaller than you'd ever think from seeing her on the stage—and English, oh! so English. We hope it isn't a secret that she's not genuine Russian. However, we heard her addressing her wigmaker in Russian, even though she does say *been* instead of *been*. She achieves a Russian ingenuous sophistication (Chester-tonism cropping out in us) on the stage at least, which terrified us when we contemplated our interview with her, but golden-brown hair and friendly blue eyes behind a mask of black make-up dispelled the illusion. Since she was sixteen she has *been* with "madame" and thinks she has "just the loveliest place she possibly could, doesn't you?"

THE BOOKMAN



February, 1922

WHAT'S IN A PLACE?

Alexander Black

ANTIQUES

A Story by Gene Markey

WHAT DO AMERICAN CHILDREN READ?

An Editorial

CONTEMPORARY ALFREDS

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Donald Ogden Stewart

OUT OF MY NEWSPAPER DAYS

Theodore Dreiser

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THE BOOKMAN



WHAT DO AMERICAN CHILDREN READ?

WITH the advantages of our public library system, it is plain that the American child has no excuse for not reading. Statistics show, moreover, that he does read. What he reads is another matter. I had long suspected that neither the average librarian nor the average school teacher employed great subtlety in the steering of child intelligence toward better books, better books for each child as an individual, I mean. That's quite a different proposition from just better books. Most children have definite periods in reading which follow their growth; but the same periods do not come to all children. I know one lad who, at the age of fifteen, had exhausted every book on the technique of modern drama which could be found in his home town library, and another who, at the same age, was still reading fairy tales. It would seem the height of folly for a parent, teacher, or librarian to attempt forcibly to shift such a period, yet such attempts are often made. By that I mean, if a boy wishes to read nothing but stories of camp and trail, he should not be pushed to Dickens. The best stories

of camp and trail should be put tactfully before him, until through his interest in a subject he may be led to interest in an author, and so to another line of reading. Some children read on a variety of topics, during the same period. Always, though, it is the book they *want* to read most that counts, not the one that their mentor commands them to read. Such a forced diet cannot but cause mental indigestion.

When, cooperating with the Children's Book Week Committee, **THE BOOKMAN** offered a series of prizes to children for the best essays on "Books I Like to Read", it was with a preconceived notion that much was radically wrong in the book education of children. This feeling persisted when the essays themselves began to flood the office. The prizewinning compositions, published in the January number, were entertaining but not brilliant. They were written obviously by children whose reading had been guided by their parents, who cared for the unusual in books, had imagination, and were by no means the average.

Certain generalizations we were

able to make from our reading of the essays submitted. Boys do not read girls' books, nor do many girls. The mind of the American little girl runs amazingly toward Boy Scout books, though she likes stories of girls' schools and colleges. The children whose papers were rated lowest, inclined most toward the conventional "series". There seemed to be a healthy love of biography, lives of American statesmen and figures like Joan of Arc; history, in the form of fiction or Greek and Roman mythology; travel books such as the foreign "Twins" series; and nature books, popular ones being those of Thornton Burgess and Ernest Thompson Seton.

There were, too, amusing moments in this contest. One young lady writes that she likes only books in red covers. Another objects to school history because it deals entirely with the doings of adults. "I suppose they had children in colonial days but all we hear about is George Washington and Paul Revere." Still another closes with the gesture of a Jane Austen. "To sum up", writes Rosa Saffin, age fourteen, "I do not think that sugar-coated fictions about Molly and Polly and Billy appeal to young girls any more. Most of us like to read a book which takes some sense to understand. And some books write of such foolish subjects that I sometimes wonder if a girl's pride is not insulted by its silly contents."

Then, after our first examination of these papers, 298 of them, 218 from girls and 80 from boys, we decided to tabulate them, and we were astonished to find that, as far as prose is concerned, the American child reads with creditable intelligence and discretion. There are some outstanding tragedies in these statistics. We offer them to

you as a fairly nation-wide canvass, for what they are worth.

The most popular books, according to the number of times each was mentioned, are:

1. <i>Little Women</i>	62
2. <i>Treasure Island</i>	51
3. <i>Huckleberry Finn</i>	41
4. <i>Tom Sawyer</i>	40
5. <i>Pollyanna</i>	30
6. <i>Campfire Girls series</i>	29
7. <i>Little Men</i>	26
8. <i>Penrod</i>	25
9. <i>Robinson Crusoe</i>	23
10. <i>Anne of Green Gables series</i>	23
11. <i>Freckles</i>	22
12. <i>The Little Colonel series</i>	21
13. <i>Five Little Peppers series</i>	21
14. <i>The Last of the Mohicans</i>	20
15. <i>Heidi</i>	20
16. <i>Ivanhoe</i>	19
17. <i>Uncle Tom's Cabin</i>	19
18. <i>Grimm's Fairy Tales</i>	18
19. <i>Poe's Tales</i>	18
20. <i>Andersen's Fairy Tales</i>	17
21. <i>The Call of the Wild</i>	17
22. <i>Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm</i>	16
23. <i>The Bible</i>	16
24. <i>Black Beauty</i>	16
25. <i>David Copperfield</i>	15
26. <i>A Girl of the Limberlost</i>	15
27. <i>Alice in Wonderland</i>	14
28. <i>Tarsan books</i>	14
29. <i>Seventeen</i>	14
30. <i>Little Lord Fauntleroy</i>	14
31. <i>Jo's Boys</i>	13
32. <i>The Jungle Books</i>	13
33. <i>Kidnapped</i>	13
34. <i>Oliver Twist</i>	13
35. <i>Burgess Bedtime Stories</i>	11
36. <i>Old Curiosity Shop</i>	11
37. <i>Swiss Family Robinson</i>	11
38. <i>The Crisis</i>	10
39. <i>The Prince and the Pauper</i>	10
40. <i>A Tale of Two Cities</i>	10
41. <i>Tom Swift series</i>	10

Are you more surprised to find "Pollyanna" among the first five than you are to find the Bible twenty-third? If there were space to publish the entire list of books mentioned you would be even more astonished to find such titles as "The Broken Engagement", Balzac's "Comédie Humaine", "The History of Jesse James", Wells's "Outline of History", "St. Elmo", "The Shadow of a Sin", "Ten Nights in a Bar Room". Three children (one of

them, if we remember rightly, a girl) confessed to a weakness for Nick Carter. And two girls there still are who cling to the Elsie books. Alas, there seems no one left to do homage to our old friend Dick Merriwell, although nine boys and girls remain faithful to Alger.

The authors range in popularity as follows:

1. Alcott, Louisa	154
2. Twain, Mark	111
3. Stevenson, Robert Louis	90
4. Dickens, Charles	88
5. Porter, Gene-Stratton	65
6. Tarkington, Booth	65
7. Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth	58
8. Cooper, James Fenimore	50
9. Porter, Eleanor H.	47
10. Scott, Sir Walter	42
11. Grey, Zane	40
12. London, Jack	39
13. Burnett, Frances Hodgson	32
14. Kipling, Rudyard	31
15. Shakespeare, William	30
16. Seaman, Augusta Huiell	29
17. Frey, H. G.	29
18. Montgomery, L. M.	25
19. Wiggin, Kate Douglas	24
20. Defoe, Daniel	23
21. Sidney, Margaret	22
22. Churchill, Winston	21
23. Spurr, Johanna	20

As to poetry, I can only shudder at the memory of days made terrible by the forced learning of strange jingling verses. Practically every child is a natural poet. It is only when his sense of beauty and rhythm is forced into the conventional rhythms of our more popular poets that he comes to

consider poetry as a thing of *ta-titty-ta-ta-tum-tum's*. Do not misunderstand me. I am not advocating the gospel of Whitman in grade schools; but some of Shelley and Keats and a great mass of lyric poetry can be taught to children who are now being educated on a diet of "Hiawatha" and "Paul Revere's Ride". At any rate, here is the sad list:

1. Longfellow	23
2. Riley	15
3. Whittier	12
4. Stevenson	11

All this seems interesting and valuable. I have been able to make only a few generalizations from the tables; but I should like to hear more from parents, teachers, librarians, and anyone else who is interested on the subject of children's reading. In the back of the magazine I am starting this month a small department for children who like to read and who enjoy writing. Being far more optimistic about children's reading than I was before reading these tables, I am yet not proud that fourteen American children adore the Tarzan books,—though I remember once reading "Diamond Dick" avidly. However, I think it distinctly creditable that "Little Women", "Treasure Island", "Huckleberry Finn", and "Tom Sawyer" lead the list.

—J. F.

THE CASE OF LYDIA BIXBY

By Kendall Banning

SO widespread has grown the interest in the memorable letter that Abraham Lincoln wrote in his own hand to Lydia Bixby—perhaps better identified as “the mother of the five sons who were killed in battle”—and so firmly established in American literature has that brief but masterly bit of writing become, that the purely historical facts of the episode have all but been lost—not entirely without intent—in the passing of the years. Indeed, an inquiry started some years ago disclosed that such information as was then obtainable was largely in the hands of two or three men who were personally concerned in what later became designated as “the Bixby letter case”; apprehensive lest the circumstances surrounding it might tend to discredit the representations made to the President at the time which prompted him to indite the letter, and fearing that the misapprehensions fostered might indirectly detract from the glamour that surrounds the incident itself, they had guarded their data almost as though it were secret. No question can arise, however, that can cast the slightest reflections upon the immediate occasion from which sprang this spontaneous tribute of the foremost citizen of the republic to one of the humblest of his followers who had suffered much from the war and who was then in immediate and dire need. That Mrs. Bixby’s sacrifice was happily shown by later developments to be less than it was said to be, and perhaps believed to be at the time,

cannot dim the inspiring flash in which the letter reveals the great heart of Lincoln.

The circumstances that led to the writing of the message read almost like fiction.

On the morning of September 14, 1864, a frail little woman in faded widow’s garb walked wearily through the crowded streets of Boston. Past the gatherings of idlers who were attracted to the newspaper offices by rumors of fighting at “the front”, up the long steps of the State Capitol and by the uniformed sentries who gave a touch of color to an otherwise sombre scene, she went direct to the office of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts.

They were busy days, these, in the military offices on State House Hill. The battle of Petersburg had been won and lost, and had sent long lines of anxious, pale-faced women to besiege the government offices where the claims of the needy who had been left behind were filed. The little woman in black was in no way conspicuous in the quiet throng that filled the ante-room, nor did the purpose of her visit differ materially from that of many of the others except that she insisted upon seeing Adjutant General Schouler in person.

“I am Mrs. Bixby—Mrs. Lydia Bixby of Hopkinton,” she announced when finally she had been admitted to the sanctum of the officer in charge. “You may recall my visit of two years ago, when His Excellency kindly advanced

me forty dollars through this office to visit my son in the army hospital at Washington. I have come to apply for a pension. He is dead."

years of conflict to occasion special comment, even though the routine of the war office permitted opportunity for condolences. But seldom did two

*Executive Mansion
Washington, Nov 21, 1864*

To Mrs Bixby. Boston. Mass.

Dear Madam.

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully.

A. Lincoln.

From her pocket she drew some papers and laid them on the desk before him. Two of them were envelopes of recent date, postmarked from different towns in Virginia. Both were communications from company commanders; both reported in brief, official terms the death of a son in the action before Petersburg six weeks before.

"They were the last I had," she added gently.

Messages of death had come with too great frequency during the three

such messages enter the same home on the same day. The Adjutant General regarded the woman before him with kindly interest as he made further inquiries.

In reply, she placed before him three more reports, each from an officer in the field, and each informing her of the death of a son in the military service of the Union.

"I had five," the woman stated simply.

Immune as he was to the ordinary scenes of sorrow, the Adjutant Gen-

eral paused from his labors to offer words of genuine sympathy. Then, after a hurried notation of the facts in the case and a parting word of encouragement, the woman left the room and the machinery of the department resumed its official grind.

Ten days later the Adjutant General sent the following letter to the Governor of Massachusetts:*

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
BOSTON, September 24, 1864.

HIS EXCELLENCY, JOHN A. ANDREW,
Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

GOVERNOR:—

Your Excellency may remember that I had the honor two years ago to speak to you of a widow lady, Mrs. Bixby, in the middle walks of life, who had five sons in the Union Army one of whom was wounded in Antietam and was sent to a hospital in Baltimore or Washington. She was very anxious to go and see him, and Your Excellency was kind enough to draw your check for Forty Dollars (\$40) to pay her expenses, and she made her journey. The boy recovered and joined his regiment again. About ten days ago Mrs. Bixby came to my office and showed me five letters from five different company commanders, and each letter informed the poor woman of the death of one of her sons. Her last remaining son was recently killed in the fight on the Weldon railroad. Mrs. Bixby is the best specimen of a true-hearted Union woman I have yet seen.

With great respect, I have the honor to be your Excellency's obedient servant,

(Signed) WM. SCHOULER,
Adjutant General.

To this report the Governor appended the following endorsement which, with the original document, was forwarded through official channels to the Adjutant General's office at Washington:

A report to me by the Adjutant General of Massachusetts on this case, in which he mentions the case of a widow, Mrs. Bixby, who

*The correspondence that has been quoted was furnished in 1910 through the courtesy of Adjutant General Wm. H. Brigham, of Massachusetts, in whose files copies of the original letters are still kept. While these communications are authoritative and while the data on which they are based were accurate so far as the records at the time showed, a part of the correspondence was conducted, by a curious chain of circumstances that does not reflect upon the army officials concerned or detract from the spirit of Lincoln's letter, under misapprehensions.

sent five sons, all of whom have recently been killed. This is a case so remarkable that I really wish a letter might be written her by the President of the United States, taking notice of a noble mother of five dead heroes so well deserved.

In order to be assured of the accuracy of these statements the Washington office, on October first, requested a detailed report, which was furnished in the letter below, written twelve days later:

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
BOSTON, October 12, 1864.

MAJOR THOMAS M. VINCENT, U. S. A.
Asst Adjutant General,
Washington, D. C.

MAJOR:—

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 1st instant, requesting me to send you the names of the five sons of Mrs. Bixby—who were in the military service; also the regiments and companies to which they belonged. They were as follows:

1. Sergeant Charles N. Bixby, Co. D, 20th Regiment, mustered in July 28, 1862; killed at Fredericksburg, May 8, 1863.

2. Corporal Henry Bixby, Co. K, 82nd Regiment, mustered in August 5, 1862; killed at Gettysburg, July, 1863.

3. Private Edward Bixby, recruit for 22nd Regiment, Mass. Vols. Died of wounds in Hospital at Folly Island, S. C. He ran away from home and was mustered in the field.

4. Private Oliver C. Bixby, Co. E, 58th, Mass. Vols. Mustered March 4, 1864, killed before Petersburg, July 30, 1864.

5. Private George Way Bixby, Co. B, 56th Regiment, Mass. Vols. Mustered March 19, 1864. Killed before Petersburg, July 30, 1864.

The last named, George, enlisted under the assumed name of "George Way." His name was George Way Bixby. The reason why he did not enlist under his proper name was to conceal the fact of his enlistment from his wife. Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
(Signed) WM. SCHOULER,
Adjutant General.

Thus fortified with evidence, the Adjutant General at Washington forwarded the correspondence to the President. Then it was that Abraham Lincoln, touched by the story of such a sacrifice, put down for a brief moment the cares of his great office and, as a fellow being, wrote a letter of condolence that the world has since come to regard as the finest message

of its kind in all English literature. He whom the country had affectionately termed "Father Abraham" reached forth his hand to comfort one of the lowliest of his children.

All too many of the heroes of the Civil War went to their graves unknown and unlamented. Bright as the records of their deeds shall shine in history, the memories of many of their lives have passed into oblivion. But in his letter to the frail little widow in a town in Massachusetts—a letter written spontaneously from a heart that overflowed with human sympathy, and that carried the ring almost of congratulation—Abraham Lincoln raised her five boys to a niche of fame that shall endure with the records of the great war in which they served. Here is his letter—written in pen and ink on the stationery of the White House:

EXECUTIVE MANSION
WASHINGTON, Nov. 21, 1864.

TO MRS. BIXBY, BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR MADAM,

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

(Signed) A. LINCOLN.

At this point the similarity to fiction ends. Two of the sons, Charles and Oliver, were actually killed in battle as originally reported. Events proved, however, that George Way Bixby was not killed before Petersburg on July 30, 1864, as at first believed. When this case was called up

in the War Department in 1893, a statement was found that he was captured on that date and that he died shortly after as a prisoner of war at Salisbury, South Carolina. A subsequent record, however, shows that one "George Way", presumably the same man, was released from the Salisbury prison, and while his official history stops at that point, it is not improbable that he eventually escaped to the Union lines and survived the war. The report of the death of Edward was later found to be erroneous—happily for his mother to whose support he contributed and with whom he was known to have lived at 74 Pleasant Street, Boston, as late as 1876. Henry Bixby, who was reported killed at Gettysburg, apparently survived that battle, where it is probable that his wounding gave rise to the report of his death. He was mustered out as "present and living" on December 19, 1864, a month after Lincoln's letter was written, and there is a record of his death at Milford on November 8, 1871, where he was buried with military honors.

These errors have been partly explained by the fact that the five sons of Lydia Bixby had four cousins of about their own age who came from the same towns of Hopkinton and Milford and who served in the same Massachusetts regiments. In the confusion that attended the large engagements of the war, it is possible that the records of these nine Bixby boys became mixed. At any rate, the two families were closely associated. "There are Bixbys in Milford today who cannot tell the difference between the two families," stated Mrs. Warren Bixby, the widow of one of the cousins and the nearest living relative of the five brothers, nearly fifty years after the war ended.

The Bixby family was not wealthy. The father, Cromwell Bixby, died at Hopkinton on December 22, 1854. Of the two sons who were killed in battle, Oliver was a machinist and Charles a trunk maker. Only nine days before her memorable visit to General Schouler, Mrs. Bixby had received an appointment as guardian of her grandson, a boy of six, who was the child of Oliver. In the absence of her soldier sons, the mother was often in exceedingly straitened circumstances. She occasionally sought employment as a nurse, and it was while working in this capacity that she died, poor and alone, in the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston on October 27, 1878.

The original Lincoln letter is now in the collection of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, in New York City. It is stated that Mrs. Bixby, in a moment of need, sold this document, which was for some time in the hands of a private collector of Lincolniana. For a long while the belief was current that

the original was at Oxford, England. For many years, also, a much worn facsimile which hung on the walls of the now defunct Huber's Museum of New York was claimed to be the original, but this was shown to be merely a lithographed reproduction, stained by coffee and exposure, that M. F. Tobin, a publisher of New York, at one time retailed at two dollars a copy, one of which he presented to Mr. Huber.

Among those who contributed information concerning the Bixby letter were Brigadier General William C. Capelle, who was a lieutenant on duty in General Schouler's office at the time of Mrs. Bixby's visit and who recalled the incident; H. J. Moulton, journalist of Boston, who has contributed the results of his investigations to the Boston "Globe"; the Hon. W. O. Stoddard, the last of the secretaries of Lincoln to survive; O. H. Oldroyd, owner of the museum maintained in the house in which Lincoln died in Washington; Truman H. Bartlett of Boston, and the late Hon. Whitelaw Reid.

JUST INTRODUCED

By Genevieve Taggard

ONLY a few hours!
 We danced like wind,
 Our faces like noon flowers,
 On one slim stem were lifted, turned aside.
 You flew, I followed, matched your stride,
 And held your pause, and swung and parted wide....

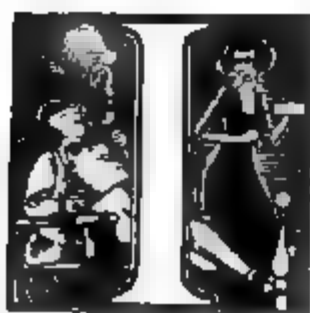
Only a few hours!
 We danced like wind,
 Thirsty as blown flowers,
 Heavy-lidded, fearful-eyed,

CONTEMPORARY ALFREDS

By Donald Ogden Stewart

I: ALFRED LAMBE

With a Sketch by Herb Roth



IT was, I believe, Charles Lamb who wrote, "All, all are gone—the old familiar faces." I am not sure in what connection or under what emotion the lines were composed (I know very little about Lamb), but it strikes me at the present moment that they correspond with peculiar appropriateness to my own feelings on those rare occasions when I behold the mutilated features of my friends reproduced in some daily newspaper. It is, all things considered, not wholly inexplicable that I did not at first recognize in the morning "Herald", under the heading of "America's Gentle Essayist", the picture of my college classmate Alfred Lambe. And then, too, there was the pipe.

Alfred had never, in the four years of my college friendship with him, smoked a pipe. As a matter of fact he did not, as I remember, smoke anything. I was, therefore, quite sure that the "Gentle Essayist" was not my Alfred. I was mistaken. Beneath the photograph was a review of his latest work "Puffs on an Old Brier"; in the course of that review was mentioned the fact that the author had attended C— college. I looked once more at the portrait. It was (in spite of the pipe) my former classmate.

Almost as bewildering as the picture was the criticism of his book. *Criticism*, as a matter of fact, is hardly the word to apply to the unrestrained praise of the enthusiastic reviewer, although the praise was not what occasioned my surprise. "We have here", I read, "one more delightful volume from the pen of America's reincarnation of Charles Lamb. We have here another of those charming books from this ever genial, ever companionable, ever beloved essayist." "Genial?" "Companionable?"—I thought back to those C— days when Alfred Lambe had moved like a whirlwind across our college horizon. I remembered his meteoric catapulting into the freshman presidency—his subsequent record-breakingly successful competition for the editorship of the college daily. I recalled Lambe the chairman of a dozen undergraduate organizations—Lambe the dynamic organizer—Lambe the Machiavellian controller of collegiate destiny. But Lambe the genial reincarnation of the universally beloved English essayist I could not visualize.

I tried to recall what I had heard of Alfred since his graduation. He had gone, as I remembered, into the newspaper business—as a reporter. We, his classmates, had of course prophesied a brilliant career; the class vote had, I believe, almost unanimously selected him as our choice for that

doubtful honor "Most Apt to Succeed". After graduation it had been my misfortune to be absent from the various reunions of my class: I was not, therefore, more than casually and occasionally aware of the varying degrees of success with which my classmates were justifying to the world those days spent at old C——. Of Lambe I had heard nothing for eight years. I made a mental resolve to purchase "Puffs on an Old Brier" the next morning.

As is the case with the majority of my mental resolves, I completely forgot it. Weeks, months went by—and I was still unacquainted with the "ever beloved, ever companionable" essays of my old classmate. I might even have gone to my grave in ignorance of Alfred's literary efforts had it not been for a rather peculiar happening—a happening that was not entirely without its humorous side.

One morning I started downtown without my cigarettes. I am not, as a matter of fact, much of a smoker, and might easily have gone through the day without noticing any serious deprivation. But as fortune would have it, on the street car I found myself staring into a sign which shrieked in large red letters, "MAN, YOU NEED A CAMPBELL". And to emphasize this statement there was portrayed a vivid young fellow who was fairly leaping out of the picture in order to offer me his brand of cigarette. Now I don't like Campbells—and what is more I don't like the type of young men whom the advertisement portrayed. And if I met him in real life and he offered me a Campbell I am sure I would refuse. But there I was, wedged tightly, immovably in that street car, with my gaze fastened unavoidably on a young man I didn't like, offering me a cigarette I didn't like. And thus I

rode for fifteen minutes. At the end of that time I pushed my way out of the car and strode in blind fury up the street. A tobacconist's window caught my eye. "Oh," I said, "I need a Campbell, do I? I need a Campbell, do I? I'll show that peppy young man that I smoke Chestertons and not Campbells." With that I opened the door of the shop and addressed the first young clerk I saw. "I want", I said emphatically, "a package of Campbells." "You want", said he, "what?"—and he smiled.

Now it was quite irritating, in the first place, that I should have said "Campbells" when I meant "Chestertons". But it was doubly irritating to have that young clerk grinning at me as though I were some curiosity. "I meant", I said with dignity, "that I wanted a package of Chesterton cigarettes. If you don't carry them, most decidedly I don't want Campbells." This seemed to amuse the young man still more. "I'm sorry", said he, "but we do not carry either brand you mention. You see, unfortunately, this is a book store." "A book store," I gasped; "but your window—" "Oh," said he; "that is our display advertisement for Alfred Lambe's latest book, 'A Smoker's Holiday'." "Give me", said I, "a copy of that book."

I liked Alfred's book. The essays were certainly genial and companionable. And there was, running through them, a delightful thread of domestic eulogy—a continuous pæan of praise to the household gods which almost made me a little envious of Lambe's complete matrimonial success. I wrote, of course, congratulating him on his book but more especially felicitating him on his apparently exceptionally happy home life. I extended to the unknown Mrs. Lambe my heartiest congratulations.



As I pushed open the door of the shop Alfred lighted his pipe"

His reply was prompt:

MY DEAR S—

As I sit here before the fire, puffing away at old Izaak Walton (readers of Mr. Lambe will recognize the reference to his favorite brier) I seem to see dream children in the glowing embers. I have had playmates. I have had companions in my days of childhood, in my joyful schooldays, and you, my dear S—, were ever among the first. I have been drinking egg hot and smoking Oronoko (associating circumstances which ever forcibly recall to my mind our evenings and nights at old C—), my eyes and brain are heavy and asleep, but my heart is awake: and if words came as ready as ideas, and ideas as feelings, I could say ten hundred kind things. Remember you those tender lines of Logan?

*"Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more."*

I am writing at random and half-tipsy, what you may not *equally* understand, as you will be sober when you read it, but *my* sober and *my* half-tipsy hours you are alike a sharer in. Good night.

P. S.—Alas, dear friend, you know not what you say when you felicitate me on my married life. There is no Mrs. L—. I live in stately splendor with my good cat Elia and my best of sisters, Clara, to make happy my declining years.

P. P. S.—Clara, the saucy wench, who looks over my shoulder as I write, begs me to bid you visit our little house—a wish which you may be sure is more than echoed by your loving friend.

The letter seemed to me a little unusual. In the first place neither I nor Alfred nor anyone that I know had ever "drunk egg hot or smoked Oronoko at old C—". And in the second place, Alfred's genial affection made me feel a little uncomfortable. I did not remember that I had ever, to any remarkable degree, played Damon to his Pythias. And digging through my old college scrap book I found another letter from Alfred which seemed perhaps more typical of what had always appeared to me to be our real relations.

DEAR BRO. S—

To date you owe the Gamma Chapter of T.N.E. fraternity the sum of \$18.49. This amount is long overdue.

But I decided to accept his invitation—a decision that may have been

influenced to some degree by the mention of his sister Clara. I had known—and liked—Clara Lambe in the C— days. She had seemed to me much the finer of the two—a fineness in which was blended a rare scorn and a certain exquisite sensitiveness. Clara was highstrung. I might perhaps have fallen in love with Clara Lambe. I think that I—and many others—would undoubtedly have done so were it not for her unfortunate lack of physical charm. I was not altogether surprised that she had never married.

I met Alfred a few days later by appointment in front of the "Herald" office—at least, I was there at the appointed time. Alfred arrived three-quarters of an hour after. I recognized him of course the minute he emerged through the revolving doors. He was just lighting his pipe.

He stopped for a minute to say goodby to four or five friends and I had a chance to examine him rather closely. His face had changed very little in the course of fifteen years; it had become a little fuller, a little rounder perhaps—and certainly there were rather distinct signs of success (literary or otherwise) in the noticeable increase of Alfred's waist line. His clothes were remarkable for their picturesque shabbiness; he carried a curiously knotted green walking stick. The whole effect produced upon me was of observing a quaint character—almost out of a book. Perhaps that was Alfred's aim. A minute later we met. Two minutes later his arm was around my shoulder. Three minutes later he was telling me about the time he took John Masefield home to dinner. I shall not attempt to reproduce Alfred's conversation as we walked along, for most of it had to do with his personal experiences with authors

whose nicknames I did not recognize. Suddenly he stopped.

"Oh," said he. "Here we are at Junket's. Do you know, S——, entering a book store is to me what entering Chapman's 'Homer' was to John Keats. The thrill—the mystery—of books!"

With that we descended the stone stairs. As I pushed open the door of the shop Alfred lighted his pipe.

That was the first of a series of eight book stores which we visited on our way home. By the time we had reached the seventh I had a pretty fair idea of the average interior of such a shop. I also had a pretty fair idea of why John Keats had entered Chapman's "Homer"—or at least why it had been advantageous to Keats to let others know how much pleasure it had given him. Street car display cards shouting "Man, You Need a Campbell" are not always the most efficacious means of selling one's particular product. Nor are they always the most irritating.

After Alfred had autographed his last volume in the eighth bookshop he turned to me. "Well, S——," he said in a loud voice. "And now home—and roast pig—and an evening of gentle talk before the fire."

The trolley trip to Alfred's home was uneventful save for a slight row with one unliterary conductor. "Sure and I don't care if it isn't lighted—and I don't care if you are Albert Lambe—you put that pipe away or you get off."

On our short walk from the car to Alfred's home I asked him for the first time about his sister. Alfred was silent. I repeated my question. "Well S——, frankly", he said, "I'm worried about Mary." "Mary?" I asked. "Did I say Mary?" said he. "Isn't that curious. I must have been think-

ing of someone else. I must have been thinking of someone else." We walked on in silence. "S——," he finally said, "I want you to do me a favor. I want you to watch Clara tonight—and tell me if you don't notice something—something a little—er—strange." I promised.

Certainly Clara seemed all right as she ran out on the porch to meet us. Certainly she seemed at first to have changed very little. And yet, as the evening wore on, I caught her once or twice gazing at Alfred with a look in her eyes which I had never before noticed—a look in which intense agony seemed mingled with furious scorn.

Alfred spent the time before dinner in showing me over his house. Here was his fireside—here his beloved books. "These, my dear S——," he said, "are my greatest treasures"—and he carefully handed me several autographed first editions of contemporary authors. "And this", said Alfred, "is Elia, my beloved cat, companion of many a winter night before the fire." It was perhaps unfortunate that Elia should have chosen that particular moment to reach up and claw three deep scratches in her beloved master's outstretched hand. "Damn you!" said the genial twentieth century reincarnation of Charles Lamb. Elia the beloved companion reached the door just ahead of one of her master's first editions. For a moment he seemed once more the dynamic Alfred of college days. But the mood passed.

Dinner, in spite of, or perhaps because of, Alfred's eternal geniality, was a bit strained. Clara said little. There were flashes of the old Clara—but she seemed nervous—unusually so, even for Clara. I was repressed, and ate but little. Alfred's roast pig, which came on in the more convenient

form of pork chops, failed to tempt me.

After dinner we sat around the fire while Alfred served the precious "egg hot". But even two of those did not particularly stimulate me, and I asked Alfred casually how many "egg hots" it took to produce in one the genial glow which seemed to radiate so cheerfully through the pages of "A Smoker's Holiday". Clara laughed, somewhat bitterly. "As a matter of fact", said Alfred, "I have been compelled to omit alcohol from the ingredients. You may remember, S——, that even in college my stomach"—I remembered Alfred's stomach. I did not carry the subject further.

At eight Alfred left us. "A few fellows", as he said, wanted him to say a few words at a meeting of the Book-lovers' Club.

Clara and I sat for a long while in silence.

"Well, Clara," I finally said, "how does it feel to be the sister of a celebrity?" It was an asinine remark. She made no answer, I cursed my stupidity.

Then, to my intense surprise, she burst into tears—and ran from the room. I waited awkwardly. When she returned I was apparently unconcernedly looking into the fireplace.

"Tom," she said, "forgive me. I'm terribly unstrung. I wanted to talk to you. I must talk to you. And when you started off by referring to Alfred as a 'celebrity'—as though you, too, were proud of him—as though you, too, couldn't see what I was going through—it was more than I could bear."

"Alfred", I replied, "has changed." I waited.

"Yes," she finally said, "Alfred has changed. Alfred is now America's gentle essayist. Alfred is now—"

Then the storm broke again. "Oh my God, Tom—"

"How did it happen?" I asked, when she had once more quieted down.

"It began when he was a reporter on the 'Times'," she said. "He was doing very well and loved the job. You remember the kind of man he was—never happy unless he had a thousand things to do. Then, one day, they asked him to write an article for the Sunday edition. And as sort of a joke he did it in the style of Charles Lamb. That was the beginning—in a year he was doing nothing else. It wasn't entirely his fault at first. The articles pleased the public. The newspaper created the figure of Alfred Lambe, gentle essayist, the reincarnation of Charles Lamb—and Alfred played the part. But then—then he began to believe it—he began to think he really was Charles Lamb's descendant. He began to be quaint and genial around the house as well as in public. Tom, if you knew how I hate the very word *genial*—if you knew—but that isn't what's driving me mad, Tom. It's the hypocrisy of the thing. That man—my brother—is nothing but a living lie—his whole life is false. He hates books—he hates cats—he hates tobacco. It makes him ill to smoke a pipe—you notice he never takes more than one puff. He hasn't bought over a can of tobacco in a year. Charles Lamb! Why the thing is driving me mad, I tell you. And Tom, the worst of it is that if I should go mad he would love it—love it, I tell you—because Charles Lamb's sister Mary went mad—and people would say—would say—" The rest ended in an incoherent sob. I sat for a long time staring into the fireplace. Then I went over and put my hand on her shoulder. "Good night, Clara," I said.

"Good night, Tom," she replied listlessly. "Good night. Forgive me."

"God help you, Clara," I said.

Her only answer was a smile. I left her sitting there smiling. She did not offer to help me on with my coat.

I could not get that scene out of my mind for many months. I wrote her once or twice but received no answer. Gradually I became absorbed in my own affairs and the memory of Alfred and Clara Lambe faded from my mind. Then, one morning, I found on the editorial page of the "Herald" the following:

Those of us who have enjoyed the kindly essays of Alfred Lambe—and who among us has not?—will be greatly grieved to learn that his sister Clara was recently committed to the State Hospital for the Insane. It is perhaps part of the Divine Providence that those who do most to make others' lives happy are themselves most often in great sorrow. Surely Alfred Lambe whose gentle humor and companionable philosophy have made life more enjoyable for all of us might have been spared such suffering as seems to be his lot. And yet, when we remember that other Lamb family tragedy—when we think that to Charles Lamb of England came the identical sorrow that now visits our beloved Alfred—we cannot but feel that somehow God gives these great men strength to meet their hour of agony—strength to rise from such suffering—and strength to pass on to us weaker mortals the great lessons of life. Thank God that America has its Lambe.

PINE SONG

By Mary Carolyn Davies

LIKE a young pine
May I grow:
Only feel
But never know.

Feel the wind
And rain and sun,
See dusk dead
And day begun,

Feel the touch
Of needles fine
Of a swaying
Neighbor pine,

Feel the forest
Awe and wonder
Only never know
That under

Beauty lieth woe.

MURRAY HILL ON LITTLE BOOKSHOPS

NEW YORK, *December, 1921.*

ONE bright Saturday something like ten years ago, in the days when I was a clerk in a book store, I remember that I happened to ask a fellow clerk how he was going to spend Sunday. His reply was: "Dreading Monday."

I do not cite this joyless young man's attitude toward his occupation as representative of the spirit of all booksellers of that time. But I do recall that in the relation of his heart toward his work he was far from being unique among people in the business of selling books in those days. Indeed, I suppose it is possible that now there are people around here and there selling books who much prefer Sundays and holidays to any other days. But it is nothing short of a remarkable phenomenon, the number of people quite recently got into the book business in the United States who strike you very much as being reluctant to drop bookselling for any length of time for anything else at all.

The other day I ran into a man who a short time ago had opened a bookshop in Buffalo. He was searching for any new books of verse that he might not have known about. He explained that it was the custom in his shop for the staff to gather a little before the hour of opening and have a poetry reading. I had to laugh. That certainly would have been regarded as a funny layout in my day as a bookseller, and the staff doubtless would have demanded time and a half for overtime.

I knew many able and thoroughly

industrious booksellers in my day. But I never could understand why the major number of them had ever gone into the book business. They would have been just as able and industrious in some other business. Some of them, I felt sure, would have made excellent waiters. Others inclined me to believe that they could have filled capably and gracefully very decent positions in a bank. And surely the worldly rewards of waiters and bankers were greater than those of booksellers!

I could not perceive in many of the booksellers of that time any particular instinct for reading. They read a little, yes, those confrères of mine (some of them); but not much more, I should say, than other people generally. And mostly what they read was nothing distinguished. They saw, it was fairly plain, no especial connection between the business of selling books and the enjoyment of reading them. And in the cases of most of them, I clearly felt, it did not particularly concern them what kind of book it was that they sold. Though, of course, it was rather gratifying to sell a somewhat expensive one.

Not a few had passed their lives in the book business, and had a remarkable, sometimes an amazing, working knowledge of books. If, for instance, you asked one of them if he had ever heard of such-and-such a book, his answer would be something like this: "Harper and Brothers, 1892, twelve mo., dollar and a half." They had heads like the "Cumulative Index", those veterans. They lived laborious

days and conceived of sport as something altogether outside of business. I liked the booksellers of this old hard-shell type and esteemed them; and, if I may say so, they seemed (those of them that I knew) not to dislike me. As frequently one or another of them would advise me to get out of the book business. He felt, I gathered, that I was a little over-literary ever to get on there.

Certain romantic figures there were, too: enthusiasts, young men who would have been miserable (and probably very ineffectual) in any atmosphere not of books, who had something of the joy of the creative artist in his work of furthering the fortunes of good literature, and who suffered very real discomfort of mind when (which was more than a little of the time) the exigencies of their business compelled them to traffic in books which to them were worse than valueless. Booksellers of this type, however, in my day were regarded by the trade generally, I fear, as being rather eccentric, fanatical, perhaps a bit defective in mind, and not exactly "practical" salesmen. And maybe at that time they weren't.

Perhaps my sense of the contrast between then and now has inclined me to lopsided somewhat the picture of bookselling some years ago. I call to mind a number of very fine figures still going strong in various cities who were with gladness selling books years before I knew what "O. P." meant. Still, in a number of its aspects, there has certainly been a metamorphosis in the book business. And this most interesting thing curiously enough has not, so far as I know, before been the subject of any general survey.

One of the arguments advanced against Prohibition, I remember, was

that it would shoot a city full of empty corners. I know of only one bookshop that actually was formerly a saloon, or occupies space which used to be part of a saloon. That is the shop in Greenwich Village established in what was the "back room" of the place where one time John Masefield tended bar. There where of old the Demon Rum prevailed, now presides a fiery-haired young man who has become widely known as the "demon bookseller".

A short time ago a writer in the Chicago "Evening Post" observed that in a book entitled (if he remembered aright) "In the Days of the Comet", Mr. Wells caused the character of the earth's people to be changed by contact with a hitherto unknown gas which streamed from a comet and charged the earth's atmosphere; and he remarked that something of the sort must have hit Chicago, as within the last few years the character of the town had changed in one very important respect—the public was supporting six book stores there today for every one that it allowed to exist a little while ago. That highly commendable gas clearly is not confined to the atmosphere around the nose of Lake Michigan. The September number of "The Publishers' Weekly" printed an article entitled "A Notable Increase in Book Dealers". As statistical evidence of what had happened within the last year, a list of new bookshops was appended to the article. Twenty-nine in number they were. The places: New York; Chicago; Philadelphia; Washington, D. C.; Buffalo; Cincinnati; Shelby, North Carolina; San Diego; Bay Shore, New York; New Milford, Connecticut; St. Louis; Miami, Florida; Atlantic City; Allentown, Pennsylvania; New Orleans; Denver; and Paterson. And a "book

caravan" had toured districts remote from towns.

I began to think of writing this article a number of weeks ago. At that time I made a round of all the newer bookshops in New York on record in the offices of two leading publishing houses. A few weeks ago I was passing through the neighborhood of West Forty-seventh Street and I discovered three new bookshops that I had never seen nor heard of before. I went into them one after another and learned that each one of them had practically just opened.

In one of these shops I found the proprietor to be a gentleman who until quite recently had been an instructor in English at Harvard, and whose duties there, it appeared, had included collecting books for the university library. While he was specializing in his shop in eighteenth century literature, his stock also included "the best" books of the day. It was his idea that a bookseller had "a function to perform". He was called, as you might say, to aid books that "hadn't had a square deal". An idealist and an amateur, this? One of the other of these shops was a charming place run by a club of New York young women for the semi-centennial fund of an eastern women's college. All help in the shop was voluntary. There was a spirit about of gleefulness and success. I was on my way to visit one of the earliest established and most elaborately equipped of the newer order of small bookshops. The business was begun at New Haven six years ago by a gentleman who was formerly director of the Yale University Press. In the extent of its ambition and the literary character of its stock this shop was an innovation in a college town. I recently read an article by an instructor of youth on the subject of

"What Do Boys Know?" It was his conclusion that boys of today have a remarkable knowledge of automobiles, and of little else. It was interesting for me to hear that I'd "be surprised" to know to what extent college boys at New Haven had begun to collect first editions, and how they made of the bookshop there something of a club. The handsome New York quarters of this business begun at New Haven were opened about a year and a half ago, and more recently a branch shop has been established at Princeton. One of the pet subjects of the shop in New York is Dr. Johnson. And one of the principles of the shop is to "push people relatively unknown". Edwin Arlington Robinson, for instance, is a hobby there.

About ten years ago there were three kinds of book stores in this country. The large, handsomely appointed, exhaustively stocked book stores in the centre of the city. And in this division I would include the admirable and elaborate book departments of big department stores. Then there were the dealers handling exclusively rare books, choice items, fine bindings, first editions, association volumes, and such things. The Tiffanys of the book trade, they. But they could cater only to book buyers of considerable means. Then, the second-hand book stores. Their windows were amusing: paper covered joke books, dream books, and volumes on phrenology and how to tell fortunes with cards—these, amid a queer medley of worn tomes, were displayed there. Yes; there were, of course, too, some few bookshops confined to their special subjects: architecture, books in the French language, books of Jewish interest, and so on. The book stores of all these various kinds continue to go on very much as before. Except that (and wondrous

thing!) you are likely to see a soiled copy of *THE BOOKMAN* or "The London Mercury" where you used to see a dream book. But the bright little specialty bookshop which now has come into so great a vogue hardly existed.

A chatty newspaper story has appeared now and then about one or another of the picturesque little shops recently opened up. And some of the ideas and practical problems of the "small book store" have been discussed a bit in the booksellers' trade journals. But one or another of these shops cannot now be viewed as an isolated matter. In their multitude and in the unity of their purpose they have assumed the proportions of a movement, comparable in significance, one might perhaps say, to the Little Theatre movement.

The first, as well as I can discover, of these little shops to be dependent upon books alone, was one across the street from the Little Church Around the Corner. It opened in 1909. In its ideals it was identical with the great number of shops of its kind today. In 1916 it failed. But a couple of years ago it arose again, farther uptown, and now is flourishing like the green bay tree. Or, at least, the young man who had the earlier shop and who manages the new one, is the same. The second venture of this description, according to my information, was in the neighborhood of Washington Square, opened in 1911. Through various vicissitudes it has continued on to present prosperity.

The little bookshop early took a hold on Greenwich Village, when the great buzz of bizarre business activity there began. As in the innumerable tea rooms that sprouted up, the bookshop scheme of decoration was sometimes of delirious post-futurist design. And the displays were of "The Liberator",

"The Birth Control Review", and everything going on psycho-this and psycho-that. Also a magazine for "endæmonists". They? Why, neo-Epicureans, ultra-Hedonists, and beings of that sort. But the Village has lately changed more than many people know. A Greenwich Village little bookshop today has very much the same stock as a little bookshop anywhere else. One of the bookshops on the Village's Main Street features children's books. And if you want to get anything but a first-rate book there now I think you'll have to go outside of Greenwich Village to find it—or at least to get it openly. In one of the most successful shops there it suddenly occurred to me not long ago that there was nothing but the most first-rate sort of books in sight. From curiosity I asked the bookseller if he had a copy of a book, an innocent enough volume, but of rather namby-pamby character—quite the kind of thing which not long ago was stigmatized by the epithet "best seller". The bookseller presented somewhat the effect of first glancing cautiously up and down the street. Then he produced the book from beneath a counter and handed it to me with a manner which seemed to say: "Slip it under your coat quick." I might (such appeared to be the atmosphere of the transaction) have been buying some hootch.

A good many of our modern little bookshops are run by women. I have been told that considerable impetus was given to the movement of women into the book business by A. Edward Newton, who in an article about four years ago advocated bookselling as the ideal profession for women. The first independent women's bookshop was established in New York in 1916. At the outset the venture yielded only fifteen dollars a week for the two or-

ganizers. Help was given by volunteers. This shop has expanded far beyond all initial expectation, and has recently moved into decidedly commodious quarters in the Yale Club building. Nine young women now assist in the service, and several of these continue to be content to work without salary. The shop has affiliations with seven or eight other shops throughout the country, one in New Orleans, another in Minneapolis. It provides these shops distant from book centres with late importations on consignment. It cultivates the idea of public work equally with the literary side of the business. Served various war boards with government pamphlets and other material during the war. Seeks to induce various publications to work on a plan to treat books as a public necessity. It likes the chances to be of service to students in special subjects, undertakes to arrange lectures, and exhibitions of prints, textiles, bindings, bookplates, and specimens of modern printing, for clubs and churches. It now and then arranges for the decoration of a tea room. And is active in three other functions of the modern little bookshop.

Though our little bookshop is new with us, it is not new on the other side of the Atlantic. Some time before the war I remember climbing the murky stairs of the tiny Poetry Bookshop somewhere behind Museum Street in London to listen to an afternoon poetry reading. Readings, talks by authors, and literary entertainments have recently become a regular part of the book business, and particularly of the little bookshop business, from New York to San Francisco. And very stimulating to the business, I understand, these things have been found to be. Now and then a little bookshop

publishes a volume or two in a pleasantly uncommercial way. And various little bookshops have come to be headquarters for, or at least regular ports of call of, divers authors. One knows where it is likely that he may find William McFee when he comes off the sea, and where Alfred Kreymborg when he is in New York. The social life of the neighborhood sort of bookshop is, indeed, becoming a good deal of a thing. I heard the other day of a little bookshop which is contemplating serving tea and coffee in the afternoon. Open in the evenings, some of them, they gather in their habitués in as friendly a way as small town cigar stores.

When you go about and look into the matter you discover that the great majority of little bookshops have set up within the last two or three years. It is interesting to learn what the people who run them did before. In Buffalo a wealthy man in the oil business recently retired after twenty-five years to open a little bookshop, where he has an "old cronies' room", cultivates browsing and contact with customers. A young woman who has the most glorious bob in Greenwich Village, now proprietor of a little bookshop, formerly taught "æsthetic physical culture", and later wandered about the Village selling her own cigarettes. When I set out to look into little bookshops I went into two, one after another, and found in each a young woman who but a short time before had been a writer on the staff of the New York "Evening Post". One of these shops I was told was owned by a group of "younger married women of New York" of money and position. I know a young woman in Chicago, a very active literary critic for a great newspaper there, who also runs a little bookshop. And one of the most interesting small bookshops in New York

is run by a man who has done a picturesque variety of things: run a farm, worked for missionary societies, written books for other people.

The little bookshop is, of necessity for one thing, a specialty shop. The specialty sometimes is the result merely of a very distinctive taste in literature. The other day in a shop much inclined to contemporary English novelists, poets, and essayists, I was told by the young woman there that the stock was limited to her husband's prejudices. His prejudices have brought him a substantial following. A unique enterprise even for New York City is the drama bookshop, devoted exclusively to the sale of plays and books on the theatre and the drama, and an institution which engages largely in the giving of all sorts of information pertaining to its subject. A peculiarly engaging feature of the shop is the shelf of children's plays. A recent addition to highly specialized bookshops in New York is one devoted entirely to orientalia, where some of the greatest scholars in the world call in, sometimes to meet each other for the first time, and add to the membership of what the proprietor calls their "little club". This, he rejoices to think, "lifts the place above a commercial atmosphere altogether".

A juvenile bookshop is not a twentieth century project. "Juvenile Library" appeared on the sign of a London bookseller whose business career began in 1740. By 1800 there were at least three other "juvenile libraries" in London. Charles and Mary Lamb wrote their "Tales from Shakespeare" and "Poetry for Children" for a "Juvenile and School Library" kept by the wife of William Godwin, best known as the father of Mary Shelley. In Philadelphia there were several juve-

nile book stores very early in the nineteenth century. But the new idea in children's bookshops is the effort to reach the children directly. The first of the modern children's bookshops was opened in Boston in 1915. The stock ranged from toy books to standard editions for young men and women. As in other little bookshops, a special information service was extended. Within the last couple of years children's bookshops, with their amusing dwarf chairs and tables, have been opened in New York, Chicago, and Seattle. And just the other day the publisher of a well-known children's magazine opened in New York a "Book House" for children, where you may get the latest toy book or a de luxe "Arabian Nights".

People who run specialty bookshops tell you a number of interesting things. The owner of a little bookshop, for one thing, usually wants his shop to stay a small bookshop. He wins his customers' confidence; they put themselves into his hands, and are grateful to him. He does not have to crawl; he is the master of his profession; those who enter "can be nasty somewhere else". There is very little risk in the specialty bookshop, it seems, of losing money; absolutely free credit usually is given; and everybody pays up. The little bookshops cooperate with one another: getting books from each other; sending customers to each other. And, finally, there seems to be something like a conspiracy among them against, as one of them put it, "best sellers in a bad sense". "But," I asked, "if someone wanted a copy of Harold Bell Wright wouldn't you get it for him?"

"Well," the young woman replied, "we might get it for him, but we'd inquire into his motives."

MURRAY HILL

WHAT'S IN A PLACE?

By Alexander Black

With Sketches by Esther Brock Bird



Of course, as a person born in New York City I cannot pretend to forget that there is something disqualifying about being native when one is still to be found in the place of his nativity. It is true that a born New Yorker shares the common acquittal as to complicity in such a matter. Even those who admit that I might better have been born somewhere else do not go so far as to suggest that the hazard of being born in New York is one which I could have avoided, though facing the risk of ending where I began is remarked with an effect of indicating questionable taste. It does not avail that a born New Yorker may have a wholesome sense of the sins he has inherited—perhaps even of those to which he has given nourishment. There is an American implication that being discovered where you were born violates a kind of code. It simply isn't done.

A sense of this affects me poignantly when I find myself at one of those dinners, so frequent in New York, that celebrate some remote county of my own state or some noble other state of the Union. It is at one of these festivals that one realizes most sharply the imperativeness of unfolding and of being remarked in a region other

than his birthplace. When I sit at a banqueting board and hear the orators extol the county or the state that produced them; when I hear those impassioned allusions to a sky that is bluer, grass that is greener, and water that is wetter than any other on God's fair footstool, I feel depressed and inferior. When I hear about the old swimming hole, and realize that I had nothing but the Atlantic ocean; when I must confess to myself that I never was chased by a constable but only by a policeman; especially when it is borne in upon me that one cannot feel or say these things about a place when he is there, that only when he is properly somewhere else can he be permitted to express his natural emotions of native pride, I experience a sheepish pang. If I had gone forth or come forth like others; if I had heard the far call and had seen the beckoning finger; if that place-appeal to the imagination which constitutes so vital an element of adventure had not come from my own island—if I had not found romance where Adam found his, in the home lot—I too might have enjoyed this birthright of a distant birthplace.

No apology is offered for the personal digression, not only because it sets forth a really important complex, but because it seems to bear a relation to the matter here specifically in mind: namely, certain new (and very old) debates as to the native, the "characteristic", in American life. It might



*City Hall and Woolworth Building, New York,
seen through the arch of the Municipal Building*

pay to pause for consideration of the migrating impulse as a factor in sociology. But that is another complex. It is essential to stick to the quarrel point. If you had been born in New York, and were still there, the quarrel point would hold you; the fact that New York, for example, is not "characteristic" enough, and that its failure to be characteristic is somehow mixed up with its failure to be original, would acquire for you, in the course of time, the interest of an accusatory revelation.

America was very young when it formed the habit of thinking about its "difference". There was no comfort for a visitor who did not admit, or proclaim, and then expound this difference. Being different became a preoccupation, sometimes a mania, often a business. The theory that we were essentially different introduced a heavy strain. Only being enormously busy could assure a continued difference. If being American was being different, than not being different in any conspicuous or essential quality was not being American. You will see at a glance how intricate life could become under an obligation so insistent.

It is as when we say to the humorist that he must be not only as funny as before, but that to seem as funny he must be funnier than ever. American efficiency remarks very sternly to the youth that to do as well he must do better. We can't simply *stay* different. We must hustle, or when we are not looking our difference will have melted, or dried up, or stiffened, or somehow ceased to be different.

Inevitably our difference moved westward and then it seems to have begun, like the centre of population, to roll back. Inevitably, too, this pro-

duced an uneven thickness in the difference. It was the paradox that in new spots it was thicker, as of something laid on with a dripping brush. And very early began the quarrel as to which places were entitled to be regarded as most American. The quarrel was not introduced by an outlander. It was our own affair. We always told the outlander about it when he came. This was necessary, because without information he was as likely as not, when he stepped ashore, to think he had landed in America.

"Sh—sh!" someone was sure to mutter to the outlander, with an admonishing gesture, "don't make the mistake of thinking that *this* is America. The real America is westward. Wait a while."

There was the possibility that the newcomer might assume that going westward as far as he could he should find the utmost American, and it became a kind of humiliation, having reached a delightfully sophisticated other coast, to discover that the realest America was somewhere in between—that he had walked over it without knowing, or had slept through it on a night train. Our visitors have usually been extremely polite. Most of them have shown a disposition to feel what they ought to feel; and it must often be a bewildering if not a downright painful thing while wishing to be nice about it to suffer an uncertainty so large in sheer miles, and to fumble for the essential in a matter which the native can indicate with a gesture without being adept in indicating by any decipherable diagram.

It is to be suspected that our visitors have often gone away with a secreted conviction that our most marked collective difference is this national anxiety about difference. What-

ever may come to the onlooker by oral communication, there can be no question that our written confessions would convey to him an amazing solicitude as to regional integrity. The European need not cross the sea to know that Americans worry about their originality and especially about its apportionment. He needs no physical contact to know that we are immensely concerned not only about our title deeds to humor and frankness and push and difference, but about the order of geographical precedence in these matters. We like to think that we have obliterated effete lines of social caste, yet we are acutely jealous, according to many of the critics, of a decent ordering in our "originality" relations. If complete originality must have the head of the table, the assumption seems to be that only an unrelenting critical Burke can accomplish an orderly seating.

Thirty years ago I read a learned opinion to the effect that trying to "get" American life was like trying to estimate a landscape through the window of a rapidly moving train. The comment was not made by a foreigner. It was made by an American writer who was, I am sure, profoundly concerned over the need to transcribe the whole of America into something decorously and even devoutly "native". Evidently he believed that "the great American novel" would represent a huge encyclopædic cross-section of the republic, and he resented the squirming activity of the "material". How can you make a cross-section of a thing that squirms? The implication was that Europe would hold still while you sketched it, but that nothing satisfactory could be done with a subject that refused to be decently quiet, that was restless like a baby in a photograph gallery.

The comment I am recalling had been made before. It has been repeated many times since. It will be offered again. Frenchmen say some equivalent thing about Paris. Once Paris was fixed. Now landmarks are disappearing. Naturally landmarks were always disappearing and all eras have been eras of transition. But this suggestion is repugnant to a certain sort of person—the sort of person who can accept foreground evidence of change but is offended by the thought that change may always have been busy. The cautious find a prop in the static, and these are often encouraged by historians, who sometimes seem willing to let us believe that certain periods were wholly without movement. One gets the impression that historians often hold back movement until the proper place in a chapter. To give human evolution this jerky advance is plainly preferred as adding "snap" to its drama.

At all events, persons of a standardizing habit want images to stay very still, to be not only very still but to give assurance that they are not by any chance to move unduly and disqualify the record. If anything is missing in report of American life it is quite possible to believe that it is not because American life is in transition, but because this uproariously funny thought about transition and its disqualifying effects has managed to creep into even creative minds.

And while we wonder why there is no possible thrill in the transitional, why only the settled can be described, here comes the accusation that New York must be dismissed as too settled to be characteristic. Since the transitional won't stay still to be written, and the settled isn't native enough to be written, the dilemma is surely complete. Chicago too is accused of hard-

ening into unavailability. The truth is that Chicago is as unlike Mobile as New York is unlike Seattle. This may be admitted. It is the small town, of New England, of the south, of the middle west, of the Coast, that is aspersed by the uniformity label—or crowned as “characteristic”.

You may be assured that it is only the untraveled—or the merely train-traveled—who believe that small towns of any section have a flat uniformity. It is always an alien race of whose members we are quick to say, “they are all alike”, and it is the unknown neighbor who sinks into type obscurity. Really to know a town, big or little, is to experience the displacement of type by personality. To have studied American cities from San Francisco to Savannah; to have felt the throb under the careless mask of small towns; to have haunted hundreds of villages that are as different as men, that are too busy with human problems to know anything about type obligations, is to find fresh absurdity in the solemn or flippant application of type labels.

The astounding thing is not blunder as to likeness or unlikeness in American centres but the pretense that these relativities have some bearing on the duties of art. One might wonder whether this is a purely American pretense. No painter or novelist who describes London apologizes because London is not native as Normanby is native. No violent unlikeness of Paris as compared with Carcassonne invalidates the Frenchness of anything written about the capital. “*Madame Bovary*” is not accused of having failed to reflect Bordeaux. Mr. Hardy may choose Wessex with an impunity equal to that yielded to Mr. Conrad in his wanderings through the seven seas.

American writers have shown a dis-

position to accept region as an opportunity rather than as an obligation, yet American writers have repeatedly encountered the critical reminder that our literature might have been more racy of the soil if it had been more place-conscious. Again and again writers have been urged to consider whether they might not be more native in effect by taking a train; unless it had been agreed that they were correctly placed, in which case they were attacked, sometimes violently, for daring to move. Awkwardly, Walt Whitman liked Broadway, and could select so vulgar and metropolitan a subject as the Williamsburg ferry. Poe also was foolishly New Yorkish; Howells, who should have been warned by tradition, did not go back to Martin's Ferry but to New York; and O. Henry actually pretended that New York was a mine of American romance. Of course the arch offenders were Bret Harte and Henry James who moved all the way to London. These, doubtless, should be set aside as beyond the pale.

Although, as I have suggested, my ambiguous position as a born New Yorker may be disqualifying, I venture the admission that New York does not seem to me to be very “original”. To be sure, I have never visited any town, small or large, that did not in some degree reflect the influence of other towns. The trouble is that New York has been indicted for going too far in reflecting the influence of Europe. That imputation is always shocking. Yet some town has to bear the responsibility of filtering foreign influences, and even a town thus engaged must present some sort of a spectacle. It still remains a human circumstance such as it is. I have heard it said that New York cannot be considered as “American” because it is “full of foreigners”. But even as a



Washington Square Arch, New York

place full of foreigners it is a place in America and the foreigners are all persons. For that matter, the United States has always been full of foreigners. The Pilgrim Fathers were foreigners to a man. The image of the United States that shines before the world would be a trifle ironic if a good many of our towns were not "full of foreigners". If founders of the republic could be foreigners—well, the foreigner notion is pretty well an-

swered in our literature if not always in our parlor civics.

New York's smug insularity, like the insularity of older Rome or newer London, is not less a reality because it is exasperating or because its resemblances are unfortunate. If a village in Iowa is "characteristic"—that is, like something else—a Broadway is whatever it is for the same simple human reasons. Because both are states of mind the trite and the unique

establish their individual blend. As for New York's assumption that it is the centre of things, I admit that this expresses one of its most commonplace habits. Only one who has ransacked the United States can know, of fact, how completely trite this trait is. There is nothing unrighteous about the assumption. It is natural; perhaps it is inherently indispensable. An individual or a group that does not intuitively accept the idea of being at the centre is probably abnormal and open to suspicion. Very likely the claim or the admission, to be graceful, needs an appropriate tone of voice. The artifice we call modesty has its grades. The big place needs a big modesty, and it doesn't always have it.

New York's disqualifying reflections of Europe are indicated as particularly serious as an art consideration. "Difference" means above all else difference from Europe. The eagerness to find parts of America that are sufficiently different from Europe can, as I have suggested, reach the fervidness of a patriotic mania. Since we have established the principle of measuring individual Americanism in percentages, it may be that towns will suffer the same estimate, and that if a town in Connecticut, or Georgia, or Oregon shows a failed percentage it will become a perilous thing to get itself written.

I should not overlook the fact that to "sell" ourselves abroad we must have the expected seasoning. The movies, finding a profitable foreign market, adroitly perpetuated an obsolete wildness in western scenes. Europe is not to be amused by anything American that is not more than a little raw. Yet I have not discovered that the best interpreters of life in America have done their writing with an eye on Europe.

Probably there is no real danger that any novelist who is worth his salt will be made place-conscious in an inhibiting degree by any grotesque maunderings about nativeness, though the novelist may find diversion in studying place-consciousness as a factor. It may be that as a factor he might find it to have the weight of more than a joke. In his serious moods he may conclude that the peering, puttering analyses of subject, the apprehensive discrimination between this and that spot, this and that character, as perfectly or imperfectly "American", was never more futile, never more antipathetic to the hungers of the world than at this hour.

The novelist may have his personal regret that a town is not more original, if originality seems to him important, just as he might lament the same thing about a man. Yet it may not seem to him imperative that he should write about original towns or original men only. He may have awakened to the fact that the important thing is not that the subject should be original but that the artist should be original—by being honest, for example. He may have realized that complete honesty is always original; that if no two thumb prints are alike, no two soul prints are alike either. If he saw the highest importance not in difference but in truth, he might set to work trying to understand the life at hand, wherever it was, and trying to convey a sense of that life to lives elsewhere. He might do this upon a theory that it is more creative to tell the utter truth about a commonplace man than merely to elaborate the divergences of a "different" one—because he thought the commonplaceness of misunderstanding to be the ultimate ugliness, either in patriotism or in art. Naturally, most men and most places are commonplace.

Real pictures of either have the rarity of a highly elusive gem. While men, outwardly at least, remain much the same from year to year, expressions of truth will ever be changing, ever flashing new phases of beauty.

Great art has never begun in a feverish search for something "native". If great art has had heat, that quality has shown in the white intensity of its communication. The poet doesn't shun the clouds because they have been "done", or because they haven't a "native" quality. The kind of mind that can separate human elements of material, not as a matter of personal choice, but as if there could be a fundamental differentiation of verity, is the kind of mind that can rack itself to determine whether the novel is "a true art form". True art form! Maybe we need someone with the exalted energy of a Nazarene to break the face of dogma, to point out vigorously that the human creature is It, that humanities, in Russia or on Broadways, give a grey cast to every other possible consideration, including those of geography and of art. If a man has a passion boiling in him it does not matter

whether he crouches in a rice field of the south or runs a steel cage in a skyscraper. If a woman's nerves go to smash it doesn't matter whether her wash tub and her babies are in a ranch house or in a tenement. The bitter is not more nor less real by being "native", or in the right county.

In short, native novels will continue to be written by artists who can forget long enough that they are themselves native, who can forget long enough that they or their subjects must be one hundred per cent., who can forget boundaries, "art forms", anxieties about originality or "the great American novel". The real scene of every creative work is the heart of the artist; nothing is real to him until he has found it there; which is to say that the ultimate need of the artist is not merely that he should "know his subject" and express a place. It is that he should, if he has the luck, know himself and express humanity. A platitude, naturally. But the elemental is never "original". This may explain why self-conscious eagerness so often misses it altogether.

VALPARAISO

By Milton Raison

THE mountains are like crouching camels
And you, a toy between their feet,
And though your insolence untrammels
The anxious confines of the street—
You have no other way to creep,
So on the hills your climbing's done.
You'll never find the sea asleep
Like crouching camels in the sun.

OUT OF MY NEWSPAPER DAYS

By Theodore Dreiser

III: "RED" GALVIN

WHILE I was on the "Globe-Democrat" there was also there a sort of racetrack tout, gambler, amateur detective, and political and police hanger on generally, who was a purveyor of news not only to our police and political man but to the sporting and other editors, a sort of Jack-of-all-news or tipster. From the first he was both ridiculous and disgusting to me: loud, bold, uncouth, the kind of creature that begins as bootblack or newsboy and winds up as the president of a racing association or baseball team. He claimed to be Irish, having a taciturn freckled Irish face, red hair, grey eyes, and rather large hands and feet; in reality he was one of those South Russian Jews who look so much like the Irish as to be frequently mistaken for them. He had had, probably, the wit to see that it would be of more advantage to him to be thought Irish than Jewish, and so had changed his name of Shapirowitz to that of Galvin—"Red" Galvin. One of the most offensive things about him to me was that his clothes were loud, just such clothes as touts and gamblers affect who wish to be au fait in their world—hard, bright-checked suits of a more or less reddish-brown color, bright yellow shoes, ties of the most radiant hues, hats of a clashing sonorousness, and rings and pins and cuff links glistening with diamonds or rubies. He was the kind of man who is convinced that clothes and a little

money make the man, as they quite do in such instances.

But Galvin was even worse than this, having the social and moral point of view of both the hawk and the buzzard. Mitchell began to use him as an assistant to Hazard, Bellairs, Bennett, Hartung, and myself: that is, as a man who would supply the paper with stories which we would rewrite. I used to laugh at him, more or less to his face, as being a freak, which of course generated only the kindest of feelings between us. The truth probably is that we took a violent dislike to each other on sight.

I wondered how it was that he could make anything out of this newspaper connection since, as Hartung and others told me, he could not write, or wrote so badly that it was necessary to rewrite his stuff almost entirely; but his great recommendation to Mitchell and others was that he could glean news of things where other reporters could not, among the police, the detective politicians, and the like, with whom he was evidently hand-in-hand. By reason of his underworld connections many amazing details as to one form and another of political and social jobbery came to light, which doubtless made him invaluable to a city editor.

Be that as it may, when some of his stories were given to me we were thrown into immediate and almost clashing contact. Because of his cyn-

ical leers and unabashed bravado, when he knew he could not write two good sentences in order, I frequently wanted to brain him but took it out in smiles and dry cynical comments. His favorite expressions were "See?" and "I sez tuh him" or "He sez tuh me", always accompanied by a contemptuous wave of a berubied hand or a pugnaciously protruded chin. One of the chief reasons why I hated him was that Dick Wood told me he had once cynically remarked that newspaper work was a beggar's game at best and that *writers grew on trees*, meaning that they were so numerous as to be negligible and not worth considering. Just the same I made the best of these trying situations when I had to do over a story of his, extracting all the information I could and then writing it out, which resulted in some of his stories receiving excellent space in the day's news and made him all the more pugnacious and sure of himself, at the same time making him of more value to the paper.

However, in due time I left the "Globe-Democrat" for the "Republic". One day, greatly to my astonishment and irritation, he appeared at the North Seventh Street station as a full-fledged reporter, having been given a regular position by Mitchell and set to doing police work. To my surprise and chagrin I noticed at once that he was, as if by reason of past intimacies of which I had not the slightest idea, far more en rapport with the various sergeants and the captain than I had ever dreamed of being. It was "Charlie" here and "Cap" there. But what "riled" me most was that he gave himself all the airs of a newspaper man proper, swaggering about and talking of this, that, and the other story he had written (I having done some of them myself!). The crown-

ing blow was that he was soon closeted with the captain in his room, strolling in and out of that sanctum as if it were his private demesne and giving me the impression of being in touch with realms and deeds of which I was never to have the slightest knowledge. This made me apprehensive lest in these intimacies tales and mysteries should be unfolded that would have their first light in the pages of the "Globe-Democrat" and so leave me to be laughed at as one who could not get the news. I watched the "Globe-Democrat" more closely than ever before for evidence of such treachery on the part of the police as would result in a "scoop" for him, at the same time redoubling my interest in such items as might appear. The consequence was that on more than one occasion I made good stories out of things which Mr. Galvin had evidently dismissed as worthless; and now and then a case into which I had inquired at the station house appeared in the "Globe-Democrat" with details which I had not been able to obtain and concerning which the police had insisted they knew nothing.

But for a long time, by dint of energy and a rather plain intimation to all concerned that I would not tolerate false dealing, I managed not only to hold my own but occasionally to give my confrère a good beating, and that with considerable flare—as when, for one instance, a negro girl in one of those crowded alleys was cut almost to shreds by an ex-lover armed with a razor, for reasons which, as my personal investigation proved, were highly romantic. It seemed that some seven or eight months before this same girl and her assailant had been living together in Cairo, Illinois, and that subsequently the lover, who was wildly fond of her, became suspicious,

and finally satisfying himself that she was faithless set a trap to catch her. He was a coal passer or stevedore, working now on one boat and now on another plying the Mississippi between New Orleans and St. Louis. One day when she thought he was on a river steamer for a week or two he burst in upon her and found her with another man. Death would have been her portion, as well as that of her lover, had it not been for the interference of friends which permitted the pair to escape.

As the cutting on this occasion proved, he had set out to follow her, for this was apparently a case of driving romance or passion. To this end he returned to his task as stevedore, working his way thus from one river city to another. When he came to any such city as Memphis, Natchez, New Orleans, Vicksburg, or St. Louis, he made it a point to disguise himself as a pedler selling trinkets and charms, and in this capacity walked the crowded negro sections of these cities calling his wares. One of these trips finally brought him to St. Louis, and here on this late August afternoon, ambling up this stifling little alley, he finally encountered her. As he was calling out his charms and trinkets, the girl put her head out of the doorway, and on the instant he was upon her. Dropping his tray he drew a razor and crisscrossed and slashed her cheeks and lips, arms, legs, back, and sides, so much so that when I arrived at the City Hospital she was unconscious and her life despaired of. Great cuts all of a foot in length and an inch deep had been made in her thighs, back, and arms. But the lover, abandoning his tray of cheap jewelry, which was later brought to the station house and exhibited, had made good his escape and was not captured, dur-

ing my stay in St. Louis at least. Her present paramour had also gone his way, leaving her to suffer alone.

Curiously, owing possibly to Galvin's underestimate of its romance, this story received only a scant stick as a low dive cutting affray in the "Globe-Democrat", while in the "Republic" (and I am not seeking to overestimate my skill) I had turned it into a negro romance which received all of a column. Into it I had tried to put the hot river water fronts of the different cities which the lover had visited, the crowded negro quarters of Memphis, New Orleans, Cairo, the bold negro life which two truants such as the false mistress and her lover might enjoy. I had tried to suggest the singsong sleepiness of the levee boat landings, the stevedores at their lazy labors, the idle, dreamy character of the slow-moving boats. Even an old negro refrain appropriate to a trinket pedler had been introduced:

Eyah—Rings, Pins, Buckles, Ribbons!

Somehow the barbaric character of the alley in which it occurred, lined with rickety curtain-hung shacks and swarming with the idle, crooning, shuffling negro life of the south, appealed to me intensely. An old black mammy with a yellow-dotted kerchief over her head, who kept talking of "disha Gawge" and "disha Sam" and "disha Maquatia" (the girl), moved me almost to a poetic frenzy. From a long enduring crowd of blacks that hung about the vacated shack of the lovers after the girl had been taken away, I picked up the main thread of the story, the varying characteristics of the girl and her lover, and then having visited the hospital and seen the victim I hurried to the office and endeavored to convince Wandell that I had an important story. At first he

was not inclined to think so, negro life being a little too low for local consumption, but after I had entered upon some of the details he told me to go ahead. I wrote it out as well as I could, and it went in on the second page. The next day, meeting Galvin, after having first examined the "Globe" to see what had been done there, I beamed on him cheerfully and was met with a snarl of rage.

"Yuh think yuh're a hell of a feller, dontcha, because yuh can sling a little ink? Yuh think yuh've pulled off sompin swell. Well, say, yuh're not near as much as yuh think yuh are. Wait an' see. I've been up against wordy boys like yuh before, an' I can work all around 'em. All yuh guys do is to get a few facts an' then pad 'em up. Yuh never get the real stuff, never", and he snapped his fingers under my nose. "Wait'll we get a real case some time, yuh an' me, an' I'll show yuh sompin."

He glared at me with hard, cold, revengeful eyes, and, truth to tell, he then and there put a lusty fear into me from which I never really recovered, although at the time I merely smiled.

"Is that so? That's easy enough to say, now that you're trimmed, but I guess I'll be right there when the time comes."

"Aw, go to hell!" he snarled, and I walked off smiling but beginning to wonder nervously just what it was he was going to do to me, and how soon.

The sequel to this, however, is what I have been wishing to narrate from the first. Some time before this, say four or five months (when I was still working for the "Globe-Democrat"), there had occurred on the Missouri Pacific, about one hundred and fifty miles west of St. Louis and between that city and Kansas City, another

story or news item which interested me quite as much at the time, although I had nothing to do with it. According to the reports telegraphed from the scene of the crime, seven lusty and daring bandits, all heavily armed and as desperate as any bandits might well be, had held up a seven or eight car Pullman and baggage express train between one and two of the morning at a lonely spot on the road's route. After overawing the passengers in each of the several cars and compelling the engineer and fireman to dismount, uncouple the engine, and run it a hundred paces ahead, the bandits had ordered the two latter to return and help break open the door of the express car. This they did, using a stick of dynamite or giant powder handed them by one of the bandits. And then both were made to enter the express car, where, under the eye of one of the bandits and despite the presence of the express messenger who was armed yet overawed, they were compelled to blow open the safe and carry forth between twenty and thirty thousand dollars in bills and coin which they deposited on the ground in sacks and packages for the dear bandits. Then, if you please, they were forced to reenter their engine, back it up and couple it to the train, and then proceed upon their journey, leaving the bandits to gather up their booty and depart.

Naturally such a story was of great interest to St. Louis, as well as to all the other great cities so near at hand. It smacked of the lawlessness of the 'forties, when pack train and stage-coach robberies were the rule and not the exception. All banks, express companies, railroads, and financial institutions generally were intensely interested. The whole front page was given to this deed, and it was worth

it, although during my short career in journalism in this region no less than seven and perhaps as many as a dozen amazing train robberies took place in as many months in the region bounded by the Mississippi and the Rockies, the Canadian line and the Gulf. Four or five of them occurred within a hundred miles of St. Louis.

The truth about this particular robbery was that there had not been any seven bandits at all but just one, and he an ex-railroad hand turned robber for this occasion only, and armed, as subsequent developments proved, with but a brace of revolvers, each containing six shots, and a few sticks of fuse-prepared giant powder! Despite the glowing preliminary newspaper account which made of this a most desperate and murderous affair, there had been no prowling up and down the aisles of the cars by various bandits all armed to the teeth, as a number of passengers insisted (among whom, by the way, was the governor of the state, his lieutenant governor, who by virtue of his office was also head of the state militia, as well as several officers of his staff, all returning from a military banquet or feast somewhere). Nor was there any shooting at passengers who ventured to peer out into the darkness—just this one lone bandit, who was very busy up in front attending to the robbing. What made this story all the more ridiculous in the light of later developments was that at the time the train stopped in the darkness and these various imaginary bandits began to shout and fire shots, and even, as it was claimed, to rob the passengers of their watches, pins, purses, and the like, these worthies of the state—or so it was claimed in guffawing newspaper circles afterward—crawled under their seats or into their berths and did not emerge until the train was well on its

way once more. Long before the true story of the lone bandit came out, the presence of the governor and his staff at the time was well known and had lent considerable lustre to the deed and strengthened the interest which later attached to the story of the real bandit.

Be that as it may (and the St. Louis newspaper files for 1893 will show whether or not I am correct), this lone bandit, who, as it was later indisputably proved, was nothing more than an ex-farm hand turned railroad hand and then "baggage-smasher" at a small station, had, owing to an interesting strain of love and poverty into which his life had at this time drifted, plotted this astounding coup, which, once all its peculiar details were revealed, seemed to fascinate the entire American public from coast to coast. The psychology that could cause a lone individual to undertake such an astounding task was uppermost in everybody's mind at the time, including that of our local city editors, and to the task of unraveling it they now bent their every effort.

When the robbery occurred I was working for the "Globe-Democrat"; later, when it was discovered by detectives working for the railroad and the express company who the star robber was, I was connected with the "Republic". Returning early one afternoon from some unimportant assignment, I was shown a telegram from some backwoods town in Missouri—let us say Bald Knob, just for a name's sake—that one Lem Rollins (that name will do as well as any other), an ex-employee of the Missouri Pacific, had that day or the day before been arrested by detectives for the road and express company for the crime, and that a search of his room had revealed most of the stolen money; also, that

because of various other facts with which he had been confronted he had already confessed that he and he alone had been guilty of the express robbery. The dispatch added that he had shown the detectives where the remainder of the money lay hidden, that this very afternoon he would be en route to St. Louis, scheduled to arrive over the St. Louis and San Francisco, and that he would be confined in the county jail there until sentenced. Imagine the excitement. The burglar had not told how he had accomplished this great feat, and here he was now en route to St. Louis, and might be met and interviewed on the train coming in, provided the right connection could be made. From a news point of view the story was immense.

When I came in Wandell exclaimed: "I'll tell you what you do, Dreiser—Lord! I thought you wouldn't come back in time! Here's a St. Louis and San Francisco time table; according to it you can take a local that leaves here at two-fifteen and get as far as this place, Pacific, where the incoming express stops. It's just possible that the 'Globe' and the other papers haven't got hold of this yet—maybe they have, but whatever happens, we won't get licked, and that's the main thing."

He cautioned me to hurry but I, being intensely interested in the tale and anxious that the paper should do at least as well as the others, needed no such caution. I hustled down to the Union Station but when I asked for a ticket to Pacific the slightly disturbing question, "Which road?" was asked.

"Are there two?" I asked breathlessly.

"Sure, Missouri Pacific, and St. Louis and San Francisco."

"They both go to the same place, do they?"

"Yes; they meet there."

"Which train leaves first?"

"St. Louis and San Francisco. It's waiting now."

I hurried to it, but the thought of this other road in from Pacific troubled me. Suppose the bandit should be on the other train instead of on this! I consulted with the conductor when he came for my ticket and was told that Pacific was the only place at which these two roads met, one going west and the other southwest from there. "Good," I thought. "Then he is certain to be on this line."

But now another thought came to me: supposing reporters from other papers were aboard, especially from the "Globe-Democrat"! I rose and walked forward to the smoker, and there, to my great disgust and nervous dissatisfaction, was Galvin, red-headed, serene, a cigar between his teeth, slumped low in his seat smoking and reading a paper as calmly as though he were bent upon the most unimportant task in the world.

"How now?" I asked myself. "Here he is, and these country detectives and railroad men will be sure, on the instant, to make friends with him and do their best to serve him. They like that sort of man. They may even give him details which they will refuse to give me. I shall have to interview my man in front of him, and he will get the benefit of all my questions! At his request they may even refuse to let me interview him!"

I returned to my seat nervous and much troubled, all the more so because I now recalled Galvin's venomous threat. But I was determined to give him the tussle of his life. Now we would see whether he could beat me or not—not, if fair play were exer-

cised; of that I felt confident. Why, he could not even write a decent line! Why should I be afraid of him?... Yet I was just the same.

As the dreary local drew nearer and nearer Pacific I became more and more nervous. For me the whole charm of this beautiful September landscape through which we were speeding was spoiled. As we neared Pacific I was almost in a panic, and as we drew up at the platform I jumped down, all alive with the determination not to be outdone. As I looked about me I saw Galvin leap out, and on the instant he spied me. I never saw a face change more quickly from an expression of ease and assurance to one of bristling opposition and distrust. How he hated me! He bristled like a savage dog and glared at me as he looked about to see who else might dismount; then seeing no one he bustled up to the station agent to see when the train from the west was due. I decided not to trail, and sought information from the conductor, who assured me that the eastbound express would probably be on time, five minutes later.

"It always stops here, does it?" I inquired anxiously.

"It always stops."

As we talked Galvin came back to the platform's edge and stood looking up the track. Our train now pulled out, and a few minutes later the whistle of the express was heard. Now for a real contest, I thought. Somewhere in one of those cars would be the bandit surrounded by detectives, and my duty was to get to him first, to explain who I was and begin my questioning, overawing Galvin perhaps with the ease with which I should take charge. Maybe the bandit would not want to talk; if so I must make him, cajole him or his captors, or both. Having done much of such I was not

afraid, only I mistrusted Galvin and his influence. He might know the detectives. No doubt, since I was the better interviewer, or so I thought, I should have to do all the talking, and this wretch would make notes or make a deal with the detectives while I was talking. In a few moments the train was rolling into the station, and then I saw my friend Galvin leap aboard and, with that iron effrontery and savageness for which I always hated him, so animal-like was it, begin to race through the cars. I was about to follow him when I saw the conductor stepping down beside me.

"Is that train robber they are bringing in from Bald Knob on here? I'm from the 'Republic', and I've been sent out here to interview him."

"You're on the wrong road, brother," he smiled. "He's not on here. They're bringing him in over the Missouri Pacific. They took him across from Bald Knob to Denton and caught the train there—but I'll tell you", and he took out a large open-face silver watch and consulted it, "you might be able to catch that yet if you run for it. It's only across the field here. You see that little yellow station over there? Well, that's the Missouri Pacific depot. I don't know whether it stops here or not, but it may. It's due now, but sometimes it's a little late. You'll have to run for it though; you haven't a minute to spare."

"You wouldn't fool me about a thing like this, would you?" I pleaded.

"Not for anything. I know how you feel. If you can get on that train you'll find him, unless they've taken him off somewhere else."

I don't remember if I even stopped to thank him. Instead of following Galvin into the cars I now leaped to the little path which cut diagonally across this long field, evidently well

worn by human feet. As I ran I looked back once or twice to see if my enemy was following me, but apparently he had not seen me. I now looked forward eagerly toward this other station, but, as I ran, I saw the semaphore arm, which stood at right angles opposite the station, lower for a clear track for some train. At the same time I spied a mail bag hanging out on an express arm, indicating that whatever this train was it was not going to stop here. I turned, still uncertain as to whether I had made a mistake in not searching the other train after all. Supposing that conductor had fooled me.... Railroad men were sometimes purposely malicious, as I knew. Supposing the burglar were on there, and Galvin were already beginning to question him! Oh Lord, what a beat! And what would happen to me then? I slowed up in my running, chill beads of sweat bursting through my pores, but as I did so I saw the St. Louis and San Francisco train begin to move and from it, as if shot out of it, leap down the significant form of Galvin. "Ha!" I thought. "Then the robber is not on there! Galvin has just discovered it! He knows now that he is coming in on this line"—for I could see him running along the path. "Oh, kind heaven, if I can beat him to it! If I can only get on and leave him behind! He has all of a thousand feet still to run, and I am here!"

Desperately I ran into the station, a tiny thing, thrusting my eager head in at the open office window and calling to the short, stout, truculent little occupant of it:

"When is this St. Louis express due here?"

"Now," he replied surlily.

"Does it stop?"

"No, it don't stop."

"Can it be stopped?"

"It can *not*!"

"You mean that you have no right to stop it?"

"I mean I won't stop it!"

Even as he said this there came the ominous shriek of its whistle in the distance. "Oh Lord," I thought. "Here it comes, and he won't let me on, and Galvin will be here any minute!" For the moment I was even willing that Galvin should catch it too, if only I could get on. Think of what Wandell would think if I missed it!

"Will five dollars stop it?" I asked desperately, diving into my pocket.

"No."

"Will ten?"

"It might," he replied crustily.

"Stop it," I urged and handed over the bill.

The agent took it, grabbed a tablet of yellow order blanks which lay before him, scribbled something on the face of one and ran out to the track. At the same time he called to me:

"Run on down the track. Run after it. She won't stop here. She can't. Run on. She'll go a thousand feet before she can slow up."

Without further ado I began to run, while he stood there holding up this thin sheet of yellow paper. As I ran I heard the express rushing up behind me. On the instant it was alongside and past, its wheels grinding and emitting sparks. True enough, it was stopping! I should get on, and oh, glory be! Galvin would not! Fine! As I ran and thought, I could hear the final gritty screech of the wheels against the brakes as the train came to a full stop. Now I would make it, and what a victory! I came up to it and climbed aboard, but, looking back, I saw to my horror that my rival had almost caught up and was now close at hand, not a hundred feet behind.

He had seen the signal, had seen me running, and instead of running to the station had taken a diagonal track and followed me. I saw that he would make the train almost as soon as I did. I tried to signal the agent behind to let the train go, but he had already signaled him. The conductor came out on the rear platform and I appealed to him.

"Let her go!" I pleaded. "Let her go! It's all right! Go on!"

"Don't that other fellow want to get on too?" he asked curiously.

"No, no, no! Don't let him on!" I pleaded. "I arranged to stop this train! I'm from the 'Republic'! He's nobody! He's no right on here!" But even as I spoke up came Galvin, breathless and perspiring, and crawled eagerly on, a leer of mingled triumph

and joy at my discomfiture written over his face. If I had had more courage I would have beaten him. As it was, I merely groaned. To think that I should have done all this for him!

"Is that so?" he sneered. "You think yuh'll leave me behind, do you? Well, I fooled yuh this trip, didn't I?" and his lip curled.

Plainly I was beaten. It was an immensely painful moment for me, to lose when I had everything in my own hands. My spirits fell so for the moment that I did not even trouble to inquire whether the robber was on the train. I ambled in after my rival, who had proceeded on his eager way, satisfied that I should have to beat him in the quality of the interview.

Alas, alas, for all my bright dream

O HAPPY HEART!

By John Hall Wheelock

BELOVED—O adorable and false,
Whom have you taken now in the dear toils!

By what pale margins do your footsteps stray,
Or what enchanted woods? What valleys hold
The lily of your loveliness? What hills
Have known your weight upon them, what far shores?

Twilight comes tenderly, while evening lifts
Along the pallid rim her lonely star—

O happy heart on which your heart is laid!

THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

V: H. L. MENCKEN

With a Caricature by William Gropper

PICTURE a butcher's boy with apple cheeks, who parts his hair in the middle and laughs out of the side of his mouth, and you have a fair idea of the facial aspect of Heinie Mencken. He is forty-one, but there are moments when he looks fifteen. These moments are frequent when he is with George Jean Nathan. He never knows when Nathan is kidding him and, although he has been associated with Nathan for over twelve years, Nathan remains to him an enigma past resolving.

Nathan has been trying to get him to dress like an Algonquin ham ever since the day they met. At the present rate of progress he will have achieved success about the time Mencken becomes professor of English literature at Western Reserve University. Nathan got him to discard suspenders in favor of a belt and after years of persuasion prevailed upon him to carry a cane. Heinie backslid on the cane after tripping himself on the thing for weeks and catching it between his bowlegs every time he boarded a street car. During the interlude he used to carry the cane with an anguished air of affected jauntiness. In Baltimore he always left it at home until after nightfall, when he could practise carrying it without braving the guffaws of the yokelry.... And last August Nathan badgered him into buying a new hat in place of the battered relic he had been having annually renovated by a Greek boot-

black. Nathan has yet to persuade him to turn over to the Salvation Army the faded cravenette which hangs from his champagne-bottle shoulders in folds like the skin on McAdoo's cheek.

It would be a mistake to assume from this that Mencken is a sloppy dresser. To the contrary, he is one of the best dressed men I have ever seen. He learned early that the secret of dressing well is to wear nothing which will attract attention either by its smartness or its shabbiness. In a word, to quote Stuart P. Sherman's memorable phrase, he has risen above his tailor. He would no more wear yellow gloves than he would wear a rubber collar. His clothes fit him; they are of excellent material; and they are always in subdued colors. When Belmont collars first came into style, he discovered that they effectively covered up his Adam's apple and felt all right on his neck, so he has worn them ever since. When he was in school, it was the style for youths to part their hair in the middle. He parted his hair thus, and, being a creature of habit, he never changed it.

A relentless opponent of Christianity, Mencken is the most Christian of men. A verbal flouter of the bourgeois virtues, he practises them all. He is thoroughly honest; he discharges his obligations promptly; he keeps his appointments; he is a man of his word; and he is a dutiful and affectionate son. I have never seen a man who is

so ridden by relatives. He has scores of them, and to them all he is obliging and courteous. He is always doing something for them: assisting at weddings, arranging for proper hospital service, meeting them at trains, taking them for automobile rides, or minding their babies when they are off to the theatre. He lives with his mother and sister in the old family home in Baltimore and he is a model householder. He built a garden wall of which he is proud and boastful. He plants and weeds a garden and mows the lawn. He sees that the bin is full of coal and he can mend a leak in the plumbing.

He used to belong to a club in Baltimore which met every Saturday night in the back room of a repairer of musical instruments. The club had to be abandoned after Prohibition because two members died of the ill effects of near-beer. Expenses for floral horse-shoes and Rocks of Ages exhausted the club funds. But during brighter days than these it was a happy gathering. For exactly one hour every Saturday night they made an awful din with two violins, a cello, piccolo, and bass tuba, with Mencken at the piano, pressing with might and main on the loud pedal and pounding like Percy Grainger. "Sweet noises", was Mencken's invariable comment after each debauch, "I'm as thirsty as a bishop." Then they would bundle away a few blocks to the top floor of a restaurant whereat a long table was ready with filled steins and a patent meat chopper. Mention of that meat chopper is important, for it was the instrument used in preparing the weirdest victual ever devised by the human mind. Into it went raw meat, onions, and other ingredients which no stomach not made of cast iron could hold longer than five seconds. Just as a guest of the evening would get the

first mouthful down, Mencken would lean over and impart this jolly little bit of information: "That fellow there at the meat chopper is a surgeon at Johns Hopkins. He discovered that the rump and loin of unembalmed cadavers is both highly nutritious and palatable. He has been able to obtain some choice cuts without expense to the club, through his hospital connections."...I succeeded in forking three helpings into my vest and two into my hat without being detected and earned thereby hearty commendation as a gentleman and an epicure. It wasn't for long. It was, by mistake, Mencken's hat.

He is an inveterate practical joker, and in this he is not always the soul of honor that he might be. He and Nathan once engaged to write some sweet and bitter facts about each other to be printed in a pamphlet. Mencken got Nathan pickled and wrote both of them, handing himself all the berries in the world and libeling Nathan scurrilously. He has stolen, to date, fifty-eight Gideon Bibles, twenty-seven from the Hotel Astor alone, and presented them to friends. He collects religious leaflets and tracts, especially those announcing the second coming of the Lord, and passes them on to his correspondents, urging them to repent of their sins.

He has his house cluttered up with prints of funny looking fellows he calls his ancestors. He bought the lot of them at curio shops in Germany.

The erroneous notion sometimes obtains that Mencken is a Jew. His physiognomy belies it. He has the blond, broad features of a typical Saxon. One trait, though, suggests that some remote ancestor was Semitic: he washes his hands fifteen or twenty times a day. That is a Jewish trait which probably had its origin in



Etched by William Gropper

H. L. Mencken

the days when—but it is best not to go into that here.

The healthiest individual you could possibly imagine, he is always complaining of ills in such a manner that you would think he was dying. Probably this comes from reading too much medical literature. His technical knowledge of anatomy and therapy is amazingly large; probably no man living has a vaster vocabulary of medical jargon. He reads all the medical journals, quack and legitimate, from table of contents to lost-vigor ads. As a residuum of so much reading, he has come to believe that all doctors are quacks. Still, he has tried sixty-seven "cures" for hay fever and confidently announces every spring that he is rid of it. Just as regularly he begins to sneeze about the middle of July. He satirizes prophylaxis in an amusing play but he is a bug on bacteria. He is tidy and clean. When he has a stag party at his house, he sends his mother and sister away. After the fellows have gone, he sweeps the floors, dusts the furniture, washes and dries the dishes, puts everything in place, and leaves the rooms orderly and immaculate.

Once he engaged in a book-length debate, in the form of letters, with Robert Rives La Monte on the subject "Men vs. the Man". Mencken argued fiercely for individualism, *les droits de seigneur*, aristocracy, and the right of the few to exploit the weak. La Monte argued with equal heat for the rights of the proletariat, the need for socialism, and the blessings of altruism and the equal chance. The joke of it is that Mencken at the time was sweating away in his shirt sleeves at a newspaper job while La Monte was taking his ease on a beautiful country estate in Connecticut.

All this only goes to show that the Freudians are right and that all literary expression is merely a projection of subconscious wishes. For all that Mencken disparages American civilization, he would be profoundly uncomfortable if the sort of society he presents as desirable should happen to exist. Burton Rascoe is right when he says that Mencken in any other country would be unthinkable and is right again when he says that Mencken is America's most ardent patriot. Nine-tenths of his life is given over to denunciation, and were there nothing to denounce he would be profoundly unhappy. As it is he is as happy as Pollyanna. No one gets more fun out of living. Indeed, such a jolly time does he have dancing about "with arms and legs", goosing solemn and serious people and playing ribald jokes, that for six years he has been repeating himself, progressing far too little, developing almost not at all. For two years he has not bothered to vary his startling vocabulary and it is becoming a little stale. This is, perhaps, the penalty of getting a reputation based upon a manner. An audience is created by it and an audience demands repetition. It is hard to imagine cynical Ecclesiastes writing the Psalms of David or Jeremiah singing another Song of Songs.

But whatever Mencken's destiny or place may become in American literature he will always remain, you may be sure, a warmly human figure. All women, without exception, like him. And all men do too, who have ever met him—scholars, pedants, boozers, preachers, teamsters, politicians, highbrows, lowbrows, and medium brows. That is a test and an achievement. The secret of this is that he is frank and unaffected, courteous, gentle, amiable, wise, jovial, and a gentleman.



"Mrs. Spolatro saw someone being carried out on a stretcher"

ANTIQUES

By Gene Markey

With Sketches by Richard Lahey

OLD Kisch had been brooding over it all day. Since morning his imagination had been conjuring up an endless procession of torturing thoughts that trooped across his mind and burned—like little twisted flames. Several times he had tried to tell himself that it was all foolishness, yet the shadow had never once lifted—not even while customers were in the shop.

One or two of these, who came regularly to buy antiques, had remarked the change in his manner—the morose preoccupation. When they had asked him the prices of things he had jerked out of his abstraction with a curious, startled look...almost as if he had seen something that frightened him. Yet as he stared into the gloom of the shop it was but his own thoughts he saw—taking form in the dim corners, and lurking among the dusty heaps of

antique chairs and tables and cabinets....

He had been half afraid to leave this afternoon—even long enough to drive over to Pushkin's junk shop on Halsted Street, to call for a battered melodeon that he had purchased for ten dollars and would transform into a two hundred dollar escritoire. All the way back, as he sat humped over on the driver's seat, clucking to Rosczika, the fat horse, while the wagon rattled over the cobbles, his mind had been full of the thing he had seen that morning. Ordinarily he would have been merry over the magnificent bargain he had found in the melodeon, but today the shroud of smoky sky flung over Chicago was no greyer than his thoughts, and he drove homeward up Clark Street so immersed in his own broodings that the wagon was

saved from collisions at three different corners only by the prescience of Rosczika.

And all this because of Momma—and young Stein.

Old Kisch was sixty-one. Momma was thirty-four. And young Stein, who, two weeks before, had come to work in the shop as a cabinet maker, was twenty-eight. Old Kisch worshiped Momma above everything else in the world—even Maxie, their son, who was fourteen. He believed in God, of course, but professed no religion other than a devout adoration of his young wife. And he had never felt the difference in their ages until this morning, when he had come suddenly to the door of the work room, where furniture was mended—to see Momma and young Stein standing together in a bright pattern of sunshine, laughing over some joke as merrily as two children. As he stood there, in the gloom of the doorway, watching the sunlight play about them, he felt suddenly old. It was as if he were standing in the back of a darkened theatre, gazing at a lighted stage, whereon was being enacted a play of youth. There was Momma, young and buxom and full of life.... And Adolph Stein. How much alike they were, those two, with their yellow hair and their laughing blue eyes. And what a priceless gift of the gods they shared—youth.

For the first time in their fifteen years of married life old Kisch felt that he was cruelly out of things, and a sudden shaft of torturing light struck across his brain. What if—

All day his thoughts had swirled and eddied about that sharp, dreadful, "What if"—until it seemed that he would go mad. It wasn't that he did not trust Momma. She had been a devoted mother to little Maxie; she

had made him a good wife, and he had always felt that she loved him. Something within him tried to whisper that it was only natural for Momma to want, occasionally, to talk and laugh with someone her own age. Yet the doubts and misgivings that simmered in the back of his head would not be denied, and the word that echoed and re-echoed through his thoughts—*how lowly, like the tolling of a bell—was youth... youth....*

Rosczika drew up to the curb and on her own accord halted before a dingy brick building, whose crestfallen facade seemed to diffuse an aura of self-apology. The old man sat for a moment, staring into space, then looked up dully. Over the door hung his own sign:

MAX KISCH
ANTIQUES

He was home. Slowly, with the stiffness of old age, he clambered down, over the wheel, to the walk, and tied the horse. In the doorway he paused, and a sudden fear smote his heart. What if—

As he climbed the stairs there came no footsteps from above hurrying to meet him as usual, no cheery voice to greet him. In the gloomy upper hallway he groped for a match to light the gas, and there came a sudden discordant yapping from Momma's two little poodles. They seemed to be shut in somewhere. Half frightened the old man stopped to listen. What if—

Then he heard a laugh from the direction of the work room, and the sound of Momma's voice—and young Stein's....

A grim November dusk was creeping in from the outer world, and among the piles of old furniture shadows deepened. Before the open door

of the coal stove stood old Kisch, holding his hands close to the glowing square of red heat, and twisting them round and round as if washing them....

hands before the stove stopped turning....He was an antique himself!

Then footsteps shuffled along the hallway outside, and came the sound of voices. Old Kisch shook himself



"Roscolke drew up to the curb and halted"

An ornate Victorian thermometer, hanging by the door, showed the temperature of the room to be stifling, yet he was cold. His head ached dully, and there was a vague pain in his side....

Through the grey windows, darkly curtained, came the rumble and clatter of Clark Street. A tall grandfather clock, leaning wearily against the wall, gossiped of the passing minutes. It would soon be five-thirty.

The shop seemed full of ghosts to-night....Each table and mirror and bedstead was a sad ghost of the past. Antiques...he had spent his life among them. After all, what right had he to a young wife? He was an antique himself. The thought smote him sharply, and for an instant his

and listened, and peered through the partly open door. The cabinet maker was leaving, and Momma was bending over the banister, waving down at him.

"Well, good night, Adolph," she was saying, "see you tomorrow."

Was there a note of tenderness in young Stein's answering good night, or did old Kisch imagine it? A few seconds later the street door below banged shut. The cabinet maker was gone.

Old Kisch rubbed his hands together. With the banging of that door a great load seemed lifted from his mind. What a foolishness—to be jealous, at his age....When Momma had been such a good wife to him for fifteen years! It was all nonsense.

Why shouldn't she enjoy seeing a young fellow about the place, and having a joke with him? Surely there was no harm in laughing. It had been wrong of him to entertain for a minute those doubts. He could see it all now....

Even the dull pain in his side was forgotten as he emerged from the



"What a foolishness—to be jealous, at his age"

shadows of the front room and stepped into the hallway.

"Momma!"

"Oh—you scared me! Where you been, Papa? Not in the shop all afternoon."

"I was out."

In the flickering light from the gas jet they presented an odd contrast: the gentle old man, with his thatch of mouse-colored hair, his pale face, his spectacles and brushy mustache... the robust young woman, with her fair hair, her calm blue eyes, and her full red lips.

"Momma," shyly he reached out his hand to her, "Momma, you—you

still—" He stopped and patted her arm clumsily, and tried to smile.

"Say—what's the matter with you? You don't look yourself. Ain't you feeling well, Papa?"

"Sure, oh, sure—I feel all right. Only I—oh, I feel all right...."

Supper that night was like any other supper in the Kisch home. And yet it was not exactly the same, either. The florid wall paper and the red table cloth were no different, surely, nor the plates of food. Young Maxie, who resembled his mother, was in his accustomed place, talking in his slangy way about the guys in his school and the football team and all. Sometimes Maxie's breezy Americanism rather bewildered old Kisch, but tonight he scarcely heard the boy's chatter.

For tonight old Kisch's mind was entirely occupied with Momma. He sat watching her as she ate, and when she left the room to carry out dishes or to bring in the coffee, his eyes followed her, and there was something rather wistful and pathetic in his glances.

Momma did not seem quite herself somehow. She was more silent than usual. Or did he merely imagine it? This uncomfortable pain in his side, perhaps, was responsible for everything....

It was long after midnight when the gong of an ambulance sounded in the quiet street, and fat Mrs. Spolatro, who kept the fruit store next to old Kisch's shop, put her head out of her upstairs window and looking down saw someone being carried out on a stretcher.

Her first thoughts being of Black Hand and murder, Mrs. Spolatro set up a loud wail and shouted down to ask who had been killed. Whereupon

a sleepy interne growled that nobody had—yet; that it was a case of appendicitis.

As old Kisch groped his way through a topsyturvy world back to consciousness, he was aware of three things: a great pain somewhere between his chest and his knees, a burning thirst—and Momma, standing in the doorway. And in his delirium the old man stretched out his arms and cried pitously for her, and Momma came and sat by his bed all day, while he clung tightly to her hand, and moaned and wept by turns.

On the second day, when he was feeling easier, Momma came again, and sat by his bed, and occasionally gave him little pieces of ice with which he might cool his hot mouth, but which he was not under any circumstances to swallow. And on the third day she came again.

And her kindness to him, and the sight of her calm blue eyes, cheered old Kisch's soul and swept away all his doubts, and made him feel that he had come through Purgatory to Heaven. It was so good to have Momma beside him...it was like the old days—like the time he had had tonsilitis, the first year they were married. And old Kisch was very happy, in spite of his illness, and never once so much as mentioned the name of Adolph Stein, the cabinet maker.

Then, on the fourth day, Momma did not come to the hospital.

"H'lo, Papa!"

"It's Maxie! Hello, Maxie."

"How you feel t'night, anyway?"

"Oh—perhaps a little better, maybe."

As the fair-haired boy sprawled clumsily into a chair, Miss Kelly the nurse asked if there were anything her patient wanted, then went out closing the door after her.

They were alone—the father and the son—and a strained little silence fell over them. Maxie's clear blue eyes glanced abstractedly around the white room, and he crossed his knees several times and talked idly of "the team" and of their "big game" on Saturday....And then another awkward silence fell.

Old Kisch's face on the pillow was grey and drawn, and there was a look of dull suffering in his eyes.

"Maxie," he said huskily, "for why don't Momma come to the hospiddle here to see me? Three days, now, and she ain't—"

"But Papa—" Maxie sat up suddenly and looked at his father as if he feared the old man were not in his right mind, "Momma *does* come t'see you. Every night she comes to the hospital—why, she don't get home till after midnight!"

BUT HOW ABOUT THE POSTMAN?

By Ruth Hale

IT is only fair to forgive St. John Ervine* for making so many bad arguments against the married woman who sticks to her own name—popularly called “maiden”—because the good arguments are so few. But he does seem to have collected a mighty lot of assailable stuff. His trouble is that he has considered the matter from everybody’s point of view except that of the woman he writes about, whose wants in the matter he has not even dimly guessed.

“As a matter of social convenience”, says he, “everything can be said for the custom of husband and wife sharing the same name—whether that name be the husband’s or the wife’s is immaterial—and there is nothing to be said for the proposal that each should retain the pre-marriage name.” Well, let Mr. Ervine ask the first ten men he meets—or the first thousand—how immaterial they would think it to take their wives’ names when they married. What proportion does he think would jump at the chance? Let him suggest to them seriously that they give their names up, for the convenience of the butler, the postman, the grocer, or a neighbor, and I think not one of them would be able to make a coherent sound in reply.

The long and short of it is that man, in the day of his ascendancy—his economic ascendancy—got the notion that he owned whatever he could pay for. English Common Law fell in with him.

**Taking Your Husband’s Name in Vain* (December BOOKMAN).

“A man and his wife are one, and the man is the one,” it said. Well, obviously, this was not true. No two people become one, not even Siamese twins. It was a fine old phrase, particularly for the “one”, and it sanctioned a lot of mischief. But most of the disabilities of marriage—which even Mr. Ervine concedes us—have grown up in trying to make that silly thing become true.

Wives have done many things, in their cipher estate, to try to even matters up. The fact did not escape them that though man was the “one”, he was not the one who could make them three. There were other discrepancies that fell under their notice. These led to action. Many wives were willing to live as ciphers, for the sake of their comfort. Probably they shared Mr. Ervine’s horror of that hostile hotel clerk, whose mind was set for one, and who could not bear to see double. Other wives, less “sensibly minded”, developed a certain shrewishness not provided for by the Common Law.

Still others turned in upon the great sources of their sex power, quite overlooked by the Common Law but cannily upheld by nature, who knew what sex was what before there was a law, and by such powers these wisest of wives made their men behave at home, however much they strutted abroad.

It is pretty well within the lifetime of Mr. Ervine, and of my own, that still another group of wives have decided to attack their difficulties a little more radically. Since the “oneness”

in itself, irrespective of who must be the "one", was a palpable fraud, why not just throw it into some ashcan and go back rationally to being two? There is no finer symbol of that determination than two names. Mr. Ervine and the butlers may protest, the one with a gay gesture and the other with a correct one, but no woman bent on emergence is going to be red-herringed off by an emergency.

Mr. Ervine protests that it is really too confusing to be at a party and have no guarantee that the lady he is about to address on the subject of a delinquent gentleman is not actually the wife of that very culprit. We sympathize with him for a moment, and then step over into the feelings of the lady, and make another inspection. If she has assumed the name of her husband she knows full well that Mr. Ervine is going to address her with every possible prudence. Just the kind of thing she has heard since the day she married. It can't be so interesting, any more. But at her expense Mr. Ervine will have protected himself—that is, in a way. When he says: "Who is that ratty little man over there?" to the lady who has her own name, she may abash him by saying, "My husband." But when he says, "Who is that wretched person by the mantel?" to the lady bearing her husband's name, she may answer, "That's my brother."

Or he may say: "Dull person, Smithers, isn't he?" to some safe male fellow guest, and have the pained re-

ply: "But he is really my closest friend...."

There is a lot of rubbish talked about this "confusion". That is because confusion is not the real objection to women's having their names. A married woman who claims her name is issuing a challenge, and the challenge is taken up. It is a defiance, and as such is dealt with by society, under a hundred euphemisms, always with hostility. What defiance of any ancient and respectable routine was ever received any differently? Whoever expected to defy the Elder Statesmen and go free? By some curious oversight, the law, whether Common or preferred, left woman the full free right to her own name, whether she married or not. Custom took it from her. Custom said, too, that man owned what he paid for, and could put his name on everything for which he provided money. He wrote his name more often than a little boy with chalk signs his to a fence. He put it on his land, his house, his wife and children, his slaves when he had them, and on everything that was his. He liked it, he liked it a lot. He won't give it up without a struggle, and why should he? But he is already civilized enough to disguise his reasons, and the time may come when he will be willing to let us have our names, symbols of our separate selves, partners with him in equal dignity, and sharing what we jointly choose to share, without that outside pressure which has been, for so long, so disastrous and so ill-advised.

THE LONDONER

The London Book Trade—A Slump in Cheap Editions—Some Good Books Coming—"Martin Pippin"—A New Strachey—Bertrand Russell on China—Walpole's Society of Bookmen—His Debates with Drinkwater—A Rival Strachey in the Field—The Sitwells and Their Squibs—Marcel Proust—Martinez Sierra—The Life of Dostoevsky—"Tell Wells"—The Vailima Stevenson at a Premium.

LONDON, December 1, 1921.

A BOOKSELLER to whom I was speaking the other day told me that the book trade has not yet begun to move for Christmas. Business, he said, had been so bad during the greater part of the year that trade would have to take a very sudden turn for the better before Christmas if the deficit were to be made good. The same may be said of the majority of publishers, for except those who have a large "catalogue" (that is to say, a large number of older books which sell in season and out of it, year in and year out) the London publishers have been doing badly. Trade has been slack and expenses high. Some of the costs, such as paper, are materially reduced; but so far there has been little sign of lower charges for printing and binding. The younger firms, who are still dependent upon the running success of their season's books, have been struggling hard to avert absolute disaster. I do not want to take a pessimistic view, but I cannot say that the outlook fills me with rosy hopes. On the contrary.

Another thing which disquiets me is that there has been a big slump in the cheap edition. The price of the cheap book stole up very steadily during the war and the increase of costs, and the books continued to sell as though noth-

ing had happened. But this is no longer the case. I hear that one very large firm has actually gone to the length of refusing to buy any more of these cheap books until its present stock is exhausted. The accumulation, has been so great that this is the only means by which the money expended upon this particular line of books can be realized.

* * * *

Meanwhile it is good to know, as I do from various sources, that one cause of shyness in the buyers of books is to be removed. That is to say, we are going to have some good books next spring. The past season has not wholly lacked good books, but the proportion has been small to the total bulk. However, I hear that there are to be several very remarkable publications in the spring, and this will be all to the good. If people get into the habit of going into booksellers' shops to buy good books perhaps they will continue to buy the others—not so good. It is to be hoped so.

The latest good book that I have read is one which I fear may be passed over by a good many people, partly for the reason that it has been given one of the most inappropriate dust-covers that I have ever seen. The book is a fanciful collection of tales for the sensitive grown up, and it has been given

a cover which makes it look like a book for insensitive children. The size of the book aids that impression, and when parents pick the book up to see if it will do for little Sammy or little Selina they will be outraged by the absence of other illustrations, and will throw it down again without learning quite anything at all about a very charming work. It is called "Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard", and is by Eleanor Farjeon. Miss Farjeon is the daughter of a novelist whose work was familiar to an older generation, and is the sister, I am told, of Herbert Farjeon, whose dramatic notes in one of the Sunday newspapers are so superior to the run of such things, and so outspoken, that they have attracted a good deal of attention. Miss Farjeon is devoted to Sussex, and in her pages, as in those of Hilaire Belloc, the lovely names of Sussex villages come entrancingly as a part of the music of the whole. Her chief delight is to walk (perhaps I should say "tramp") about Sussex with a knapsack over her shoulder. When I mentioned this fact to a friend of mine he said, "That's bad", and indeed it may suggest one of those enormities, a sturdy woman with brogued shoes and jumper and bobbed hair and a stick and a horribly aggressive masculinity. But this, I am assured, would do Miss Farjeon a grave injustice. Having read "Martin Pippin" I am in no mood to think ill of Miss Farjeon even for a sturdy habit. If she write such books until I die I will give her leave to tramp Sussex in whatever costume she pleases.

The book is described by the publishers as a "phantasy", which I do not think it is. It is extremely fanciful, and full of delicate charm. It is the story of a whimsical creature who tries to help a witless plowman in his

courtship, and the book is made up of the stories he tells to the six milkmaids who are supposed to be guarding the lovesick maiden. They are all sworn manhaters. They are most severe young persons. They look askance upon any reference to kisses or marriages. But Martin is so plausible that he melts all their hearts, and wins himself a bride. And as he melts all our hearts in melting theirs, I feel sure that he is a most valuable addition to modern literature. He is a troubadour. And Miss Farjeon does not labor anything. Quite a little of our delight in her book is due to the fact that we guess, as children guess, at the meanings of innumerable sly hints in the stories and the connecting conversations between the narrator and the guarding milkmaids.

* * * *

A new volume of essays by Lytton Strachey will be published early in the new year. To a large extent it will be made up of contributions by the author to the press during the last few years, and the subjects cover a wide range. It will be good news for those who rightly rate Mr. Strachey's book of French Literature very highly that many of the essays deal with French subjects. I think there can be no question that the author of "Eminent Victorians" learned much from his study of Voltaire and writers even more modern. He is, in fact, one of the present-day writers of English who have derived something, at any rate, of their style and manner of approaching a subject from the French. Strachey lives rather remote from the hurlyburly, at Pangbourne-on-Thames, a charming riverside resort some distance beyond Reading, too far from London to be beset by the most vulgar sort of tripper. I hear that his perfectly normal manner when he visits

the butcher's has given rise to the impression in the district that he is a very eccentric gentleman. The impression is probably heightened by the fact that he has a characteristic voice, and a manner so grave as to lead the unsophisticated to believe every word he says. With most men this would be an erroneous assumption: with Strachey it is grotesque.

* * * *

Another man with a characteristic voice is Bertrand Russell, who also has associations with Cambridge (where Strachey has left an unforgettable tradition). It will be remembered that Russell was reported to have died earlier in the year during his stay in China. He is far from dead. He begins in a few weeks' time a series of articles on China, just announced by "The Nation". They should be highly interesting, for Russell believes that in China he has found the ideal place of residence. (Needless to say he is now actually living in London, and intends to go on living here.) It must be an eminently philosophical country. Conversation there is uninterrupted by the claims of business. Abstract speculation is a universal habit. Ingenuity in thought and its expression has become an art. Is it any wonder that a philosopher should prefer China to all countries that he has visited?

* * * *

I mentioned a few months ago that Hugh Walpole had a little society of his own, the object of which was the bringing together of writers and publishers and booksellers. This society has now become a rather larger affair, with a name and a meeting place, and a committee, and all the rest of the paraphernalia required by a real society. It should do good in making the various branches of the book trade and the trade of authorship under-

stand each other better than they do at present. Upon the first committee are two authors (Walpole and J. D. Beresford), two publishers (Sydney Pawling of Heinemann's and Mr. Marston of Leonard Parsons, Ltd.), a journalist, a librarian, and two booksellers. A literary agent has been co-opted, and there are to be others as soon as the need for them is manifest. The club is to be limited in membership for the present, but no doubt it will grow as soon as its objects are digested and appreciated. They are, somewhat vaguely at present, to advance the cause of good literature and the friendly understanding between publishers and booksellers. Other ambitious schemes are to be brought forward later on. The club, to be known as "The Society of Bookmen", had its first meeting last week at the Cock Tavern, Fleet Street, and from what I saw of the members then its meetings will never lack interest. The gathering was varied. Several of its members spoke Scottish, and one seemed to hear more of these than of the Sassenachs. I heard one publisher animatedly arguing with a librarian, and heard a bookseller who unexpectedly found himself among three publishers mutter to himself that he was a pigeon among the hawks. The authors were select, and "kept themselves to themselves". It was a small group, since neither Galsworthy nor Walpole found it possible to attend, and consisted, as far as I could see, of W. B. Maxwell, St. John Ervine, and John Drinkwater. Both J. C. Squire and Robert Lynd are members of the society, but they were both away, and so will have to make acquaintance with their fellow members on some later occasion.

Walpole, by the way, has been publicly debating with John Drinkwater

at Cambridge upon the relative merits of the novel and the play as vehicles for the expression of current thought. The novel won, upon this occasion, but whether this was because of the eloquence of Walpole or the intrinsic merits of his case I am not able to say. The result was remarkable, for the two opponents in the debate motored back to London, safely driven by Drinkwater, and Walpole took to his bed. But the illness which landed him there had nothing whatever to do with the strenuousness of the debate, for it was merely a very bad chill, from which the patient is recovering steadily, aided no doubt by the excellent reports which he must be receiving from his publishers of the success of "The Young Enchanted".

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When I spoke just now of the new book by Lytton Strachey I ought to have added that his uncle, St. Loe Strachey, the editor of "The Spectator", is determined not to let Lytton have it all his own way in the matter of authorship. St. Loe Strachey is writing his reminiscences. He has lived in the midst of politics and current ideas for a good many years now, and he must have passed through a great number of the crises which periodically beset our island home. I have never thought of St. Loe Strachey as a writer, and in fact I should think he was not much of a writer; but he is an exceedingly able journalist, and his knowledge of many things relating to the life of the Tory party must be unsurpassed. So while I imagine that Lytton Strachey may rest quiet in his bed regarding the laureateship of the Stracheys, the reminiscences of his uncle will have a justification not always present when volumes of memoirs are freely undertaken.

In addition to a new volume of "Wheels" which is nearly ready, the Sitwells are bringing out a pamphlet called "Who Killed Cock Robin?" I presume that this is a pamphlet in reply to criticisms of the Sitwellian saga. Whatever one thinks of their poetry, one cannot deny to the Sitwells an inexhaustible fund of energy when it comes to the lampooning of their friends and rivals. If they were nothing but writers of lampoons I suppose there would be little to be said for them; but the truth is that here and there among the innumerable lines which emanate from Chelsea there are some (quite a number) which have a curious distinction and a rare kind of beauty. The "infant Sitwells baying at the moon" of a familiar satiric piece are not always so baying. They are making a bid for the bays. And if some of the performances of this lively young family are at times insufferable, at least it must be said for them that more perhaps than any other writers at this time they are perceptibly children of their age. It should not be forgotten when the sins of the family are being arraigned. I must admit, however, that the sins are rather emphasized at times. They will no doubt be more than ever emphasized in the coming volume of "Wheels", which contains a long satiric poem, the significance of which cannot be concealed, called "The Death of Mercury".

* * * *

For some time there have been notable allusions in the press to which our most distinguished critics contribute, to the great value of the novels of Marcel Proust. These were described to me the other day by an eminent person as resembling "Sinister Street" distended to ten times its natural length and with ten times its closeness

of detail. I think the description somewhat exaggerated. There is no doubt that Proust's work, intricate and detailed though it is, is something quite exceptionally distinguished; and for this reason it should be known to all who care for the original and the deliberately artistic. The French offers difficulties, not only on account of the language employed, but also because all except very "naturalized" readers of French tend to tire of long works in a tongue only half familiar. It is therefore with pleasure that I hear of an approaching translation into English of one of the Proust novels, to be followed, if circumstances warrant, by its successors. The book, I need scarcely say to those who are acquainted with the author, is "Du Côté de Chez Swann". The translator is C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, whose translation of "The Song of Roland", issued last year by Chapman and Hall, has been so greatly praised.

* * * *

I suppose that the success of Blasco Ibáñez in both America and England, and also the lesser success of some others of his compatriots, will make Spanish authors quite the correct thing for the future. I suggested some time ago that we were on the verge of a great Spanish boom, and although my forecast has not yet been fulfilled in perfect detail, matters have gone far enough for me to refer to this prognostication without embarrassment. At any rate, if there is a chance of reading or seeing the plays of another Spaniard, Martinez Sierra, I hope nobody who values charm and delicacy in literature will miss the opportunity. I have been reading some translations in American periodicals by John Garrett Underhill, and the plays are really noteworthy. I saw one of them, translated by Helen and

Harley Granville Barker, some months ago, under the title of "The Romantic Young Lady", and this was perfect in its slight way. My researches have not as yet gone very far into the work of Martinez Sierra, although I perhaps ought not to admit in print an ignorance of the Spanish language; but they are sufficient to confirm my high impression of his talent; and it is to the enterprise of an American firm that I understand we are to have a fairly complete, or at least, representative collection of his dramatic works in able translation. To give a representation of his work as a whole we should need many volumes, and translators occupied from morning to night for many months. If Spain does more for authors in one way than another, it is in making them prolific. The classic example is Lope de Vega. The modern one must be Martinez Sierra.

* * * *

Heinemann has at last published the life of Dostoevsky by his daughter which I announced many months ago. Written first of all in French, I gather, and later published for the first time in Switzerland in the German tongue, the book is allowed to retain in its English version, especially in its index, some indications of its continental origin. That is to say, the accepted modern English rendering of Russian proper names has been royally disregarded. Mrs. Garnett, whose translations of Dostoevsky Heinemann publishes, will probably be moved to pain by some of these departures. The first of them occurs upon the title page of the book, where Dostoevsky's name is spelled differently from the way in which the acknowledged translation of his novels gives it. The index gives many other varieties of vagary in spelling, and it should, I think, have been carefully revised before publica-

tion. Further, when one contemplates a set of an author's works, and finds the name spelled there otherwise, the effect is disquieting. Whatever may be said of Mrs. Garnett's transliteration of Russian names, at least it is consistent, and gives a standard which the publisher might be expected to follow. The book itself is of abounding interest, and should be read by every man who has read the novels of Dostoevsky. It is a real document of classic importance.

* * * *

"Tell Wells" has become the new formula in London. It will go down to posterity as a locution. The merits and demerits of the controversy over the letters which Wells has been sending to the New York "World", and which the "World" has been sending to the "Daily Mail", do not particularly interest me, except in so far as it seems to be the duty of a reputable paper to publish the work of a distinguished publicist (under his own name) as it is received. The "Mail" has taken care all along to state that Wells gives his own opinions only—a fact to which readers of the "Mail" need hardly have had their attention drawn at all—and as the articles are appearing in America it seems very ostrich-like of the "Mail" to try and suppress the opinions here. In any case, the row has been a splendid advertisement for Wells's book when it appears. There, no doubt, the expurgated opinions upon France will make their appearance in full, and we shall be able to see exactly what it is that the "Mail" objects to our reading. I do not know as I write whether the

matter will be allowed by the "Mail" to appear in some other and less squeamish organ, but any paper getting hold of the remaining articles, in place of the "Mail", would get a big help in the matter of sale, for the matter has been very widely spoken of, and I think (though I am not sure) that the general sympathy is with Wells in the silly dispute. This is so even among those to whom I have spoken who are extremely French in their sympathies. Suppression is really contrary (and not only hypocritically so) to English notions of fair play.

* * * *

I hear that the new Vailima edition of Stevenson, published here at £40 a set, is already, before a volume has been published, at a £10 premium. This sounds as though there were plenty of money about, and in fact I believe the edition could probably have been sold to the booksellers twice over. Whether the great demand is due to a rush to buy and hold the books against a certain rise in price it is too early as yet to tell, but Stevenson is still a great name with the booksellers, and the first edition of the Davos Press "Works", published under the title of "Moral Emblems, and Other Poems", is already all sold. I do not wonder at this, for it is a charming little book, and one to which only subscribers to the various collected editions had hitherto had access. Needless to say, the poems and the woodcuts in the book are a delight not only to the Stevensonian but to all who can appreciate such things.

SIMON PURE

THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Herbert S. Gorman

I AM tempted to be dogmatic and assert that the best poetry is to be found in the pages of "The New Republic", but perhaps the month of November was an extremely lucky one for that periodical in point of contributions. Anyway, such efforts as "A Song of War-Chariots", a translation from Tu Fu by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu, "Castilian" and "Three Wishes" by Elinor Wylie, "The Humming Bird" by Padraic Colum, and "April Mortality" by Leonie Adams, according to my predilection all contain varying degrees of excellence that lift them from the usual run of magazine poetry. I am rather put to it to select from this group; but after reading them several times I should choose the Tu Fu translation, Mrs. Wylie's "Three Wishes", and Mr. Colum's "The Humming Bird".

Three more poems complete my selections. "In a Far Land" by Padraic Colum, from "The Dial", possesses that quiet earthy charm that impregnates so much of the work of this Irish poet. Joseph Auslander's "Last Song", in "The Measure", is imbued with a delicate wistfulness, and Genevieve Taggard's "For a Shy Lover", in "The Nation", has a rippling lyric quality that makes it a delight to read. Several other poems (alas, not to be quoted) seemed to me charming, among them being "A Yoke of Steers" by Du Bose Heyward in "The Atlantic Monthly", and the rather violent yet barbaric "Oriental Nocturne" by Charles Ashleigh in "The Century".

A SONG OF WAR-CHARIOTS

The war-chariots rattle,
The war-horses whinny;
To each man a bow and a quiver at his belt...
Father, mother, son, wife, stare at them going,
Till dust shall have buried the bridge at Hsien-yang.
We trot with them and cry and catch at their long sleeves,
But the sound of our crying goes up to the clouds;
For every time a bystander asks the men a question,
The men can only answer us that they have to go....
Some of them, at fifteen sent north to guard the river,
At forty were sent west to cultivate the border.
The mayor wound their turbans for them when they started out
And still they're at the front, though their turbaned hair is white,
At the front where the blood of men spills like the sea—
And still the heart of Emperor Wu is lifted up for war.
Do you know that, east of the mountain, in two hundred districts
And in thousands of villages, only weeds grow
And, though strong women plough, the rows are all broken?...
Soldiers of Ch'in can face arduous battle,
But their officers drive them like chickens and dogs.
We have learned now that having a boy is bad luck—
And having a girl is very much better,
Who marries and lives in the house of a neighbor,
While under the sod we bury our boys....
Go to the Blue Sea, look along the shore
At all the old white bones forsaken—
New ghosts wail there, together with the old,
Loudest in the dark sky of a stormy day.

Tu Fu. Translated by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu
—The New Republic

THREE WISHES

Sink out of being, and go down, go down
Through the steep layers of emerald and jade
With warm thin skin of turquoise overlaid,

Where the slow coral spins a ghostly town
Of tower and minaret and fretted crown,
Give up your breath in sleep's subaqueous
shade,
Hold to oblivion; are you afraid
Of cold deep death? Are you afraid to drown?

You have three flashing looks, like fairy wishes;
One burns your eyelids with a lightning-wink
Which turns into a rainbow world, and one
Shows sea-birds brighter than the silver fishes,
And one—the last wild chance before you
sink—
A flock of dancing clouds about the sun.

Elinor Wylie
—*The New Republic*

THE HUMMING BIRD

Up from the navel of the world,
Where Cuzco has her founts of fire,
The passer of the Gulf he comes.

He lives in air, a bird of fire,
Charted by flowers still he comes
Through spaces that are half the world.

With glows of suns and seas he comes;
A life within our shadowed world
That's bloom, and gem, and kiss of fire!

Padraic Colum
—*The New Republic*

IN A FAR LAND

I

The crows still fly to that wood, and out of
that wood she comes,
Carrying her load of sticks, a little less now
than before,
Her strength being less; she bends as the
hoar rush bends in the wind:
She will sit by the fire, in the smoke, her
thoughts on the root and the living
branch no more.

The crows still fly to that wood, that wood
that is sparse and gapped;
The last one left of the herd makes way by
the lane to the stall,
Lowling distress as she goes; the great trees
there are all down;
No fiddle sounds in the hut to-night, and a
candle only gives light to the hall.

The trees are sparse and gapped, yet a sap-
ling spreads on the joints
Of the wall till the Castle stones fall down
into the moat;
The last who minds that our race once stood
as a spreading tree,
She goes, and the thorns are bare where the
blackbird, his summer songs done, strikes
the one metal note.

II

The bond-woman comes to the boorie;
She sings with a heart beguiled
How a hundred rivers are flowing
Between herself and her child.

Then comes the lad with the hazel,
And the folding-star's in the rack:
"Night's a good herd," to the cattle
He sings, "She brings all things back."

Padraic Colum
—*The Dial*

LAST SONG

I will blow my last song to the moon's dingy
door
Hastily sealed; I will blow my song through
the slit,
Through the cobwebbed crevice between the
door and the floor
Where hairy old moon-spider grandmothers nod
and knit
I will blow my last song.

Then some night when the wind rustles velvety
thick
With moist yellow jasmin-stars, and the smell
of rain
Drifts an impatient silver, the door will click
Dreamily ajar, and misty with moon-spider
skein
My last song will blow down.

Joseph Auslander
—*The Measure*

FOR A SHY LOVER

If you will poise your forefoot in my pool,
I will not loose a ripple, Beautiful.
Crackle the fern-stems, arch aloft and stare,
See! there's no fright for you, anywhere.
A leaf shall not lift, nor a shade shake
You and your shy love away from my lake.
I know the noon is a blaze for you,
This gaunt forest, a maze for you:
Kneel near a drop of water on stone.
No one comes plunging. You are alone.
Today I am opal tinged with blue,
My color darkens with the glassy heat,
And I listen for hoofs. Am I timid, too?
Noon is my enemy! Thrust in your feet!
Trample this silver, trample this sand,
I will not startle you, Little One; stand
Slim as the larch, there, I'll not take
Even your shade to the naked ache
Of my lessening waters. If you lean,
Another faun, like you, but green
Will flick his ears and curve his throat,
His shadow hoof will lift between
These pebble-splotches. Will you float,
Mingle and drowse and touch me, Beautiful?
If you come down some blown noon to my pool,
I will be quiet, I will be cool.

Genevieve Taggard
—*The Nation*

BROADWAY, OUR LITERARY SIGNPOST

By Kenneth Andrews

With Sketches by the Author

THIS season will long be remembered as the year of the great famine. It is a hard winter in the theatre. Times Square is a desolate place these days where little groups of resentful men, who once were theatrical managers, gather and bitterly deplore the appalling ingratitude of the public. Plays open in a blaze of glory on Monday night, receive flamboyant notices on Tuesday morning, and creep ignominiously out of town on the following Saturday. The record for low weekly attendance has been broken again and again. The pawn shops along Sixth Avenue between Forty-second and Fiftieth Streets report a banner year. Amateur theatrical companies find no difficulty in inducing professional actors to come and coach them for astonishingly reasonable fees. There is a buyer's strike in the theatre; people simply do not buy tickets.

The reasons for this distressing situation of course are not far to seek. No one has quite so much money to spend as he has been used to, and, as is always the case, the theatre suffers. More than half the plays that have been produced are now in the limbo of forgotten things. That is a high percentage of casualties. It makes the producing of plays one of the extra hazardous occupations; it is hazardous enough under normal conditions and most managers accept the fact and are good gamblers, but no gambler can regularly risk his money on a proposi-

tion where the odds are always two to one against him. So it is not surprising that the harassed producer, who has high rents to pay like everyone else, and who possibly has high priced and restive stars on his salary list, burrows back through his files and dusts off the play he made a fortune on years ago. Most managers have a sneaking belief in the time honored maxim of the stage that what has once made money will always make money. So we have had this month, and probably shall have for the rest of the season, the theatre of a decade ago side by side with the theatre of today.

That is a particularly engaging spectacle this season. For in spite of the fact that so many fur overcoats and diamond stick pins are in storage, it has been a season full of gratifying and rather startling things. Who can explain, for instance, the success of a play like "Liliom" in this worst of all possible years? The taste for such a play is surely an acquired one. It has few of the ingredients usually supposed to insure popularity. It has a few ingredients which ordinarily would be supposed to insure prompt failure. The rich burlesque of the scene in the police court in heaven is exactly the sort of scene to ruin a play. It is likely to offend the fastidious; the ordinary theatregoer is likely to resent the demand it makes on his imagination, after he has paid to be amused; it is likely to be over the heads of the remainder of the house.

Perhaps that sounds glib, but it is, we think, approximately what a fairly cautious manager would be likely to say on reading the manuscript of "Liliom" for the first time. Yet "Liliom" booms prosperously on. The prosperity of "A Bill of Divorcement" and of "Anna Christie", the satisfactory reception of "The Hero", alter one's notion of what a play should be like to keep the box office man arrogant in an off year. Since it is so difficult for a play to survive the blight of the present stringency, "A Bill of Divorcement" and "Anna Christie" and "Liliom" must have in fairly rich measure qualities which we most want in our plays today. It would be extremely easy to pull those admirable pieces of writing apart and point out to one's own satisfaction just what it is that makes them popular successes; but we think it would be practically impossible for anyone to tell what really makes them popular successes.

Still it is pleasant, and an interesting diversion, to compare these plays with those which made money in another day. Compare "Bought and Paid For" with "A Bill of Divorcement", for instance; or compare "The Easiest Way" with "Anna Christie"; or "Alias Jimmy Valentine" with "The Bat". Of course such arbitrary couplings are unfair and specious, and prove nothing in themselves. No two of these plays treat of the same theme; but still it does seem that those older plays were addressed to a public not so fastidious as we are today. It is not so much in the method that the plays differ as it is in the conception, or rather in the intention of the playwright in each case. From this angle the comparisons are quite striking and worth making. Every one of the revivals which we have had this year, with the doubtful exception

of "The Easiest Way", has been brazenly, openly "theatrical" in its purpose and in its method. The older playwrights frankly took advantage of stage conventions which would be too obvious today. They worked with conventions then. They employed



WILLIAM GILLETTE

Very much at home as the wise old crook in "The Dream Maker". The part fits him, for no actor living knows half so much about stage crooks as he.

symbols to represent real life and real people; and we, in those days, willingly accepted the symbols. At least that is the impression one has. It may be that the same symbols and the same conventions support the illusion of our drama today, but at least they are far more scrupulously disguised. And the mere fact that we seek to disguise the conventions so thoroughly is the indication of the change which has taken place in the intention of the dramatist. Where in the old days—ten years ago!—we frankly sought, by any means, the momentary effect, the big end-of-the-act effect, now we make a pretense of simulating life; and we would do so even if we were to rewrite, say,

"Alias Jimmy Valentine", which aspires to be nothing but a good crook play.

For another reason these revivals are even more welcome. Most people are quite sentimental about the plays they liked in other days, and that sentimentality is an emotion all too sparingly cultivated by the managers. We forget rapidly in the theatre. The drama is deplorably barren of traditions. Few playgoers, even the most enlightened, could name more than one or two of the American actors of twenty years ago. Most of us would have great difficulty in naming the plays of native origin from which our drama of the present has evolved. We regard the theatre as a stopping place between dinner and the Century Roof, a means of taking the mind of the prospect off petty considerations. Yet we take much the same pleasure in seeing again a play we have cared for as we do in rereading

a favorite novel. The cultivation of that pleasure makes for a sounder attitude toward the theatre, it creates a saner, sounder taste. When we come to the theatre to see a play with which we are quite familiar we come with a maturer point of view. It is the play itself, as a piece of writing, that we are interested in. We are reminded, whether we realize it or not, that the drama as we have it now is the result of steady and quite logical growth, and that it is a definite expression of our literary impulses. Perhaps it takes a lean year like the present one to stimulate this deeper appreciation, so let us be glad.

The new productions of the month have, to say the least, not been distinguished, and they have not been numerous. The Theatre Guild produced "The Wife with a Smile" by Denys Amiel and André Obey, and they did it extremely well. It is a joy to sit through these productions which are, under Mr. Reicher's hand, so smoothly coordinated, where each part is fitted into the whole with such easy precision. The play itself is much more than the shocker it at first appears to be. Of course for most of the second act we are waiting for the revolver to go off and blow M. Beaudet's brains out—and we know this will not happen; but the play is compounded of materials that are quite rich and fine. In the short half hour we are given the history of the married life of the Beaudets. Two or three simple little illustrations make it lucid and plausible. M. Beaudet wants his wife to go to the opera with the party he has invited. She does not want to go. When she insists on remaining at home a domestic crisis is precipitated, which derives its bitterness from years of barbed intimacy. Beaudet is incensed



LENORE ULRIC

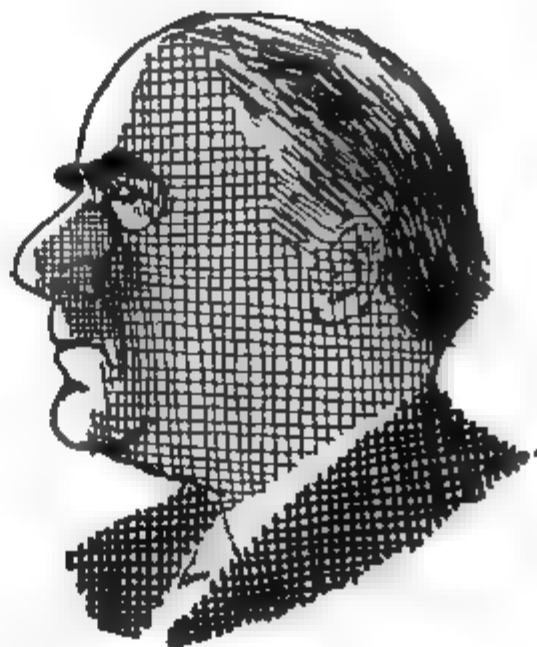
In "Kiki" she has a whole play to herself to display her varied talents. She has scarcely an idle moment during the evening, and everyone else in the theatre, on and off the stage, is breathless from trying to keep up with her.

when she finally defies him before his guests. Knowing the one way to punish her most severely he locks the piano before he leaves for the theatre so that she will be unable to amuse herself while he is gone. Her resentment which rises, through these cumulative irritations, to frenzy, is done with rare subtlety; we get a most detailed character portrait of her, which is transmitted with fine comprehension by Blanche Yurka.

"Boubouroche" which was presented to fill out the evening is the sort of French anecdote which, in English, keeps you wondering just how much funnier it was in French. "Boubouroche", no doubt, was much, much funnier.

There is nothing much to Mr. Belasco's adaptation of "Kiki" except Lenore Ulric. We see Miss Ulric as an elfish chorus girl in a bizarre costume including a short plaid skirt, a noisy blouse, and a vivid green turban with a tall curly feather. She looks for all the world like an illustration from "La Vie Parisienne". Later, after she has cooed her way into the home of her manager, we see her in a glittering evening gown. Then we see her take off the evening gown. In the last act we see her in pajamas. But through it all she remains a good girl. Toward the end Sam B. Hardy, as the manager, asks her how she has managed to live the sort of life she has lived and remain pure and unsullied. That was a question we had wanted to ask and we listened closely to her answer, but we have entirely forgotten it. Our impression is that it was evasive. It is another of those tantalizing plays from the French which, you are convinced, must have been pretty racy in the original; and, for that matter, "Kiki" was. But it is innocu-

ous now as a bill at Keith's, which it much resembles. We have a little of everything that the public likes. We have a little song, a little dance, a glimpse of the chorus of the "Follies



ARNOLD DALY

As the husband of the wife with a smile he is one of the meanest fireside tyrants who ever threatened to blow his brains out; and he gives one of the best portrayals of his long career.

Montplaisir", a sleepwalking act by Kiki, and so on. It is decidedly a stunt play; and perhaps Miss Ulric is no more saccharine than she needs to be.

"The Dream Maker" which brings again the perennial Mr. Gillette is not nearly so good as it might have been, and not nearly so bad as you think it is going to be after the first ten minutes of what is probably the stupidest opening a play ever had. It is a good crook story, however, and for most of the evening interest in the ingenious plot takes one's mind off the atrocious lines. It is one of those plays—which we always like—wherein you discover at the end of the first act that nobody is what he has seemed to be. It is a well oiled, smoothly running plot turning about a central idea which is novel and just plausible enough to escape

being preposterous. Marian Bruce has had a shocking experience during the night, and the wise Mr. Gillette, as Dr. Clement, conceives the idea of deluding her into thinking that it was all a dream. This quite impossible deception is carried out persuasively

THE DRAMA SHELF

"The Cockpit" by Israel Zangwill (Macmillan). Having written a play on the fusion of the races in this country, Mr. Zangwill now treats of the squabbling of the races in Europe. His belief is that politicians are a menace and he urges their suppression, believing that Europe herself will become a melting pot after this is accomplished.

"University of Washington Plays" edited by Glenn Hughes (University of Washington Press). Four examples of the work done by the students in the play writing course in this university.

"Three One-Act Plays" by Stark Young (Stewart Kidd). Rather tragic in tone, but concise and well constructed trifles.

enough to make it seem quite possible, which is what makes the play interesting. Suggesting a formula that rarely fails to prove effective. The play, in a number of other scenes, treads lightly the line between the thrilling and the absurd. There were titters when the four crooks were writhing in pain, after they had swallowed what we had been led to suppose was poison. With death staring them in the face they sign the papers. The audience gasped at the audacity of the scene; and just before the explanation that the drink is after all harmless, a loud and raucous laugh of derision was brewing. But the explanation comes in time, and the scene becomes quite suddenly a genuinely amusing one. Throughout it is a dexterously turned plot, the framework of a corking thriller; the only thing the play needs, as it stands, is rewriting.

We did not see "Alias Jimmy Valentine" when it was first produced, and we had always wanted to see it. It is an alluring title; and we had always supposed that the scene where Jimmy sandpapers the ends of his fingers so that he may open the safe was one of the delights of the theatre. Perhaps we expected too much; certainly we were disappointed in the play's revival. The most interesting thing about it, for us, is the way it falls to pieces when you examine it closely.

The first act is chiefly padding. It is rather picturesque padding to be sure, but plainly false and overdone. It leaves the impression that the prisoners in Sing Sing are either lunatics or victims of a perverted artistic temperament which leads them to forge checks and pick locks for the mere joy of practising an exacting art. Jimmy Valentine himself is splashed with this disconcerting sentimentality when, in the second act, his former pals, hoarsely, with many rigid gestures, and with blazing eyes, paint a picture of a bank at dawn, with the grey light just edging the silver knobs of the vaults, and remind the wavering Jimmy of the thrill he used to find in creeping through the window—and, to one's amazement, Jimmy falls for it, or is on the point of doing so when he remembers the girl who helped him to freedom. Well, we did not expect this sort of thing in Jimmy Valentine.

And what magic did Paul Armstrong—or O. Henry—put into this play to endow it with charm and longevity when its third act is simply bosh? This act is concerned almost entirely with the elaborate alibi which Valentine builds up to prove that he is not Valentine but Lee Randall. He has a scrap book with clippings about Randall, photographs of Randall, a group picture of a banquet where he,

as Lee Randall, is shown in full evening dress at the speaker's table, on the night when Jimmy Valentine was, as everyone knows, in Sing Sing. But what would all this amount to? Sing Sing has on file photographs of Jimmy, front and side, with head shaved; they have his finger prints, and no doubt a dozen other ways of identifying him. The detective has known Jimmy for years. Yet we are asked to believe that he could be deceived by these flimsy pretenses.

As a matter of fact the detective is not deceived at all—which knocks the stuffing out of the big scene of the play. When Jimmy with his bleeding fingers opens the safe to rescue the little tot who is locked inside, nothing really depends on his sacrifice. His identity is already known to the detective. His exhibition of skill might have shocked Rose Lane, and made her suspect him. But she is not even present!

But all this only makes the success of the play more interesting. What has kept alive a play perforated with such patent falsities? Perhaps the in-

fallible appeal of a man who comes back; perhaps the occasional flashes of the O. Henry glamour.

There was, it should be said, one revival of the month which has not aged in the least, and which will probably never age appreciably. That is "The Chocolate Soldier". It is amusing to note how much of Shaw remains in this "unauthorized parody of one of his plays", and it is amusing to note how adaptable Shaw is to the irresponsible foolery of comic opera. Perhaps one reason he resented this irreverent treatment of "Arms and the Man" is that it provides such a disconcerting measure of the philosophizing which sounded rather profound in the play. Another reason may have been that "The Chocolate Soldier" is a much better title than the one he thought of.

And speaking of titles, what would you expect a show called "Good Morning, Dearie" to be like? You would be entirely wrong. It is the best musical comedy of the year.

MOUNTAINS AT SUNSET

By Robert J. Roe

THESE drinkers lie
Sprawled,
Drunk on the sun
And blinking
In old, stained corduroys.

THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

A Radical of Other Days

THERE is in "A Daughter of the Middle Border" (Macmillan) a mixture of rare sentiment and carefully selected reminiscent detail that makes this second volume of Hamlin Garland's autobiography a book to be read leisurely and with much quiet delight. It is characterized, too, by the measured opinions of a full life. Mr. Garland, it seems, was once a literary radical; more than that, some of his views of life would now be considered by some far from conservative. Strange terms these:—radical, liberal, conservative. Nice tags. Convenient to fasten thoughtlessly. If this is not so strong a book as "A Son of the Middle Border" it is a mellow book, a book sweet in its handling of the closing days of that older generation, the noble mother and father, and of the romance and marriage of the son. Perhaps you will find the literary anecdotes not the least delightful moments: a glimpse of Mark Twain, a talk with Zangwill, wearing a dress suit for the first time among London literary lions. Early days in Chicago and later ones in New York. Perhaps the book loses as an autobiography because it is molded in the form of a novel; but to me, it gains rather as a novel, because of its autobiographical atmosphere. We have much for which to thank the Garlands of the Middle Border.

Papier Mâché Sex

AT last Mr. Hergesheimer has published a new novel. Surely I cannot imagine any woman, wife of a successful golf-playing husband who

is beginning to develop a paunch, not wanting to read "Cytherea" (Knopf) in order that she may be led to delightful vaporings as to what her spouse may be doing behind her back. What potentialities it has for upsetting matrimonial equilibrium! It is difficult not to be vulgar in reviewing this novel. We had thought that the shortness of skirts had done away with one sex fetish; but Mr. Hergesheimer not only still uses the traditional fascination of the chorus girl but sets up as his goddess of love, a wax (or was it porcelain?) doll, which typifies the sex unrest of his middle-aged hero. I confess that matrimonial discussion heightened by pungent odors and richly dark settings does not thrill me when it comes from the pen of the author of "The Three Black Pennys". But since it shows the hand of a good craftsman, since it certainly interested me as a curious combination of super-Robert W. Chambers and underdone Freud, I offer it to you for what it is. That it may be an accurate picture of the married set (showing the influence of war and Prohibition) in a certain Eastlake, no one will deny. If the married set in Eastlake is like that, let's not move to Eastlake, or let's not get married. At any rate, why should all this interest so expert a writer as Joseph Hergesheimer? Moreover, "Cytherea" bears all the marks of sincerity. I leave it to far wiser heads than mine to determine why he should have turned out what will be, undoubtedly, a popular novel, and in somewhat the manner of Mr. Galsworthy at his worst.

Quiet Beauty of Thought and Style

THERE is no one among the young American writers who has written so exquisite a book as this. "Autumn" (McBride) is quaint, thoughtful, wistful. Robert Nathan wrote an earlier novel which I'm told one does not need to read. That does not matter now; for in these pages of the life of old Mr. Jeminy, the philosopher school teacher of a small town, he reaches down into the roots of life and creates a picture that is at once tragic and oddly humorous. This is realism shot through with poetry. If you miss in this beautiful story the rush and tumult of much recent fiction, you will be amply repaid by the discovery of careful writing: well modulated sentences, rhythmic prose, brilliant characterization. A quiet book, a thoughtful one, more a sketch than a novel; but you should be eager to read it. If you read it once, you will reread it, and I shouldn't be surprised if this tale will be found on library tables when most of the year's fiction is forgotten.

Travel Books de Luxe

DH. LAWRENCE writes languorously and bewilderingly in "Sea and Sardinia" (Seltzer). Color, charm, and an amazing array of emotions flood this beautifully illustrated volume. It is Lawrence the dreamer and mystic brought in contact with the easeful climate and life of a melting civilization. Wonderful reading. And there is humor, too, together with those emotions along the gamut from nausea to terror of a volcano. Such writing as this:

Wonderful to go out on a frozen road, to see the grass in shadow bluish with hoar-frost, to see the grass in the yellow winter-sunrise beams melting and going cold-twinkly. Wonderful the bluish, cold air, and things standing up in cold distance. After two southern winters, with roses blooming all the time, this bleakness and this touch of frost in the ringing morning goes to my soul like an intoxication. I am so glad, on this lonely naked road, I don't know what to do with myself. I walk down in the shallow grassy ditches under the loose stone walls, I walk on the little ridge of grass, the little bank on which the wall is built, I cross the road across the frozen cow-droppings: and it is all so familiar to my feet, my very feet in contact, that I am wild as if I had made a discovery. And I realize that I hate lime-stone, to live on lime-stone or marble or any of those limey rocks. I hate them. They are dead rocks, they have no life—thrills for the feet. Even sandstone is much better. But granite! Granite is my favorite. It is so live under the feet, it has a deep sparkle of its own. I like its roundnesses—and I hate the jaggy dryness of lime-stone, that burns in the sun, and withers.

From this it is entertaining to turn to Julian Street's ably written and informative "Mysterious Japan" (Doubleday, Page). This is a volume which even goes so far as to possess an index; yet while it discusses the Japanese from the standpoint of the American nation, it still remains colorful in its tone, with accounts of the dainty geisha and eccentric bath tubs. It is well illustrated, too—by photographs. Mr. Street tells a story well, he analyzes convincingly, and he writes with a skill of dramatizing fact that is seldom equaled outside the ranks of American journalism.

Here are two books well above most travel volumes now in vogue; for both have the mark of sincerity and truth. Obviously, Lawrence is a poet-traveler and Street is a journalist-traveler. From both, the sentimental traveler to the South Seas and elsewhere could learn much.

—J. F.

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

MR. HOLLIDAY STROLLS ABOUT

By Simeon Strunsky

NOW and then it is given even to the blurb-artist to say the right thing. When the anonymous author of the salutatory on the jacket of Holliday's new book invites you to take a stroll with Holliday through "that deliciously human world which he has made peculiarly his own", he is telling you exactly what you will find inside the covers. But with this caution. Do not imagine that the world which Holliday has made his own is his by right of discovery and sole occupation. It is not one of these out-of-the-way and hole-in-the-corner worlds—South Sea, or lower Macdougall Street, or upper New England—which writers have a habit of clawing out of obscurity and cultivating and exploiting to the last bitter edge of the law of diminishing returns. Holliday's world is the very ordinary world of the daily routine and the morning newspaper; he has made it his own by the great affection he lavishes upon it and the wealth of laughter and wisdom he gets out of it.

This makes another caution necessary. The Holliday method is what I suppose one would call whimsical. But whimsy has come to mean distortion, or if you wish to be kind, transmutation. You take a solitary little fact and smother it in your fancy beyond recognition. You embroider, dilute, inflate, and to the extent of your powers get away with it. The world which you make is your own,

but after all it isn't nearly so satisfactory a world as the one that lies ready-made for you. Holliday walks whimsically over the cobblestones of this real world. Most of us who dabble in the essay take one peep through an undertaker's window or sink into a barber's chair and proceed to become absorbed with our own souls. Holliday gets his full objective values out of the undertaker's shop and out of the barber at the Brevoort. This only means that he finds the external life so rich that he does not have to pad out fifteen hundred words with big chunks from his own psychology. If I were to write a piece on taking care of one's self, I should take two or three items from the health ads and proceed to play about with them. Holliday, with that marvelous eye and memory of his, lets you have the much higher fun that abides in the whole story as a story:

I swear off smoking. I put away the home brew. I do not eat fresh bread. I procure myself overshoes against the rain. I rise with the lark. I (religiously eating an apple first) go to bed betimes. I walk so many miles a day—also skip a rope. I shun all delicacies of the table. I take those horrid extra cold baths for the circulation. I do "deep breathing". I "relax" for twelve minutes each day. I shun the death-dealing demon "worry". I "fix my mind on cheerful thoughts". I "take up a hobby", philately, or something like that. I eat the skins of potatoes. I watch the thermometer in the office and monkey continually with the steam radiator. Everything like that.

The smile allied to the seeing eye—that was the charm of the Holliday excursions in "The Fish Reporter" and "The Dessert of Life" of quickening memory, and it is the charm of the new volume. Years ago, in what I thought afterward might have been a

moment of recklessness, I spoke of Holliday's genius, but every time I come to test the verdict by a new book of his I find myself ready to stand pat. So I do with regard to "Turns About Town".

Turns About Town. By Robert Cortes Holliday. George H. Doran Company.

THE BRONZE TRUMPET OF FAIRYLAND

By Edmund Wilson, Jr.

ELINOR WYLIE'S "Nets to Catch the Wind" is the latest piece of evidence to the effect that, in America, the women as a rule are better poets than the men. This may sound like a wanton paradox, but consider our chief masculine reputations: the Oppenheims, the Vachel Lindsays, the Aikens, and the Frosts. We have in them a body of verse of remarkable variety and interest, an attempt to do all sorts of impressive things in all sorts of original ways; but when you sift it down for anything that holds its own as first-rate poetry—that is, anything both finely felt and successfully rendered—you are reduced to little more than a handful. These men were more valuable in resurrecting poetry from the grave where Mr. Stedman had left her and in giving her new clothes to wear and making her free of the world, than in actually supplying her with songs that she is likely long to remember.

But the women—the Teasdales and Millays, and their half-dozen lesser sisters (counting out Amy Lowell, who belongs rather to the masculine group)—in attempting a less pretentious thing, have succeeded a great deal better. Beside their sharp and lovely lyrics, the men seem hollow and inept.

The women have unforced emotions which say themselves naturally in poetry, and a taste which knows how to choose colors and make every word tell; the men, even when they feel, feel loosely and without distinction and produce monstrosities alike of both the florid and the dry.

Mrs. Wylie, strangely enough—though, as usual, beating the men—beats them this time without the woman's advantage of undisguisedly personal heartbreak. Mrs. Wylie has occupied herself largely with slight fanciful conceits—with velvet shoes and tortoises and fairy goldsmiths—or with quite objective things: one of the best poems in the book—"Bronze Trumpets and Sea Water"—is nothing more nor less than a piece of literary criticism. Did Mrs. Wylie deliberately exclude the more directly personal of her poems? Has she work which might dispute, if published, the laurels of Miss Teasdale and Miss Millay? In any case, she has chosen to challenge criticism, with a thin collection of thirty-three poems, on the sheer strength of craftsmanship and fancy, discarding the tears and protestations which have made the fame of her sisters. And she has succeeded to an extraordinary degree. She has cast the rather filmy fluid of her fancy into the mold of one of the strongest styles which has appeared in our poetry for some time.

It is a style which, unlike many others, never falls down or turns bad. Its accuracy never misses; its colors are always right—two qualities exceedingly rare in contemporary American verse. The "new poetry" has been, among other things, a carnival of literary bad taste. It is difficult to indicate in obvious terms exactly what is wrong with most of it, but one may say that, even when the technique is

good, there is something wrong with the tone: it is either too dingy or too flashy, or the colors are badly mixed: in fact, it resembles the aspect of the country in which it has come to birth. Now Mrs. Wylie's tone (it is a vague word, perhaps, but I can't think of anything better) is always certain and pure. Who else among us, for example, could have written a passage like this?

And you may gape for me in vain
In hollows under the mangrove root,
Or where, in apple-scented rain,
The silver wasp-nests hang like fruit.

Not John Gould Fletcher: he would have made it something like this:

Behind the long steel wires of the rain,
The twisted green-black trunks of the apple
trees
Are huddled in the purple light;
Red apples spot confused foliage
And the wasp-nests hang like great grey
lemons.

And where else can you find such combinations of fine tone with extreme technical proficiency as you get in the following passages?

When against earth a wooden heel
Clicks as loud as stone and steel,
When snow turns flour instead of flakes,
And frost bakes clay as fire bakes,
When the hard-bitten fields at last
Crack like iron flawed in the cast,
When the world is wicked and cross and old,
I long to be quit of the cruel cold.

and:

The trumpeters of Caesar's guard
Salute his rigorous bastions
With ordered bruit; the bronze is hard
Though there is silver in the bronze.

Think what Mr. Frost would have made of the first: how he would have flattened and enfeebled it. Think what Miss Lowell would have made of the second: how she would have piled up her lacquered hardware for paragraphs and paragraphs, with bugles and buccinæ and the quick-flicking hoofs of the horses and the sun nicking ochre stars from the bronze cuirasses of the knights.

Not, however, that Mrs. Wylie depends entirely upon tone and technique. Hers is a volume which, as I have said, avoids the specifically personal; but it is charged, nonetheless, with an emotion which gives its slight fancies great dignity. It is sometimes tender, sometimes bitter, but for the most part, it is a longing for escape, for withdrawal into silence and peace, "under the roots of the balsam tree", "into a little house I'll build", "in a carven cup, in a deep vault", etc., etc. One wonders about the obverse side of this elfin world of fancy and retreat which is almost all the poet will let us see. This is hardly the sound of the silver horn which her Madman would have us follow. This is hardly the Beauty of which she writes with such a troubling conviction:

O, she is neither good nor bad,
But innocent and wild!
Enshrine her and she dies, who had
The hard heart of a child.

Can Mrs. Wylie not sound herself the madness of the silver horn? Can she not tell us more of the goddess who rules with so hard a heart?

Nets to Catch the Wind. By Elinor Wylie.
Harcourt, Brace and Co.

ALEXANDRA AS PRINCESS AND QUEEN

By Julius Moritzen

CONSIDERING the important rôle played by Lady Paget in bringing about the marriage of Princess Alexandra to Prince Albert of Wales, her introduction to this book seems at first glance all too short. And yet, the few touches here anent Alexandra's personality make clear how the Danish princess, become queen, "scintillates like a pure jewel—lovely to the eyes,

but far dearer to the hearts, of a nation which had at once adopted her as its fairy Princess". Then on page 62 Mr. Trowbridge shows how the Countess Walburga von Hohenthal, who was engaged to be married to Sir Augustus Paget, the British Minister at Copenhagen, was the means of upsetting the German plans for establishing a new link between the royal families of Great Britain and the Hohenzollern.

It is an old story how the children of Prince Christian of Glucksburg, the heir to the throne of Denmark, contracted marriages that placed them high above their parent before Christian IX himself became a ruler. Also, how the strictest economy had to be practised in the home circle of Prince and Princess Christian in order to make ends meet. But it has been left for the author of "Queen Alexandra" to amplify to what an extent her parents relied upon each other, how Princess Christian, "as the presiding genius of the home, found time for everything. Keenly alive to her husband's welfare, she kept herself well posted in Danish politics, and by corresponding frequently with her numerous relations, to whom she paid yearly visits, she was well informed on current European affairs."

The inherent trait of domesticity that characterized Alexandra as Princess of Wales and Queen of England is directly traceable to the influence of her parents. The love of home never left her and now, as she looks back upon a career rich with memories of a glorious past, the Queen Mother cannot fail to recall how through all these years the British nation has revered her for herself as well as for the exalted position she occupied as the consort of Edward VII.

It is quite apparent that Mr. Trowbridge has not attempted so psycho-

logical a study as Lytton Strachey in his "Queen Victoria". Not that there was not sufficient material at hand for a minute picture of Alexandra. But just as Queen Victoria's career closed with her passing so, in the case of Alexandra, there is yet to be written *finis* to her life work. Quietly she is laboring for the betterment of mankind. England alone knows how her charities develop and broaden. In the evening of her life she must be happy in the knowledge that in the land that took her to itself as its own, as well as in that Danish home country, thousands upon thousands rise up and call Alexandra blessed.

If a German princess and not Alexandra of Denmark had become the bride of the Prince of Wales the history of the world would have been different than it is.

In 1860, shortly before the Prince's visit to Canada and America, there were rumors abroad that a matrimonial alliance between the heir to the British throne and a Princess of Prussia was in contemplation. The German newspapers, indeed, solemnly asserted that it had all along been determined—arranged, in fact,—at the time of the wedding of the Princess Royal with the young Prince Frederick William of Prussia.

In England, on the contrary, the idea of any German marriage was distinctly unpopular. It was generally believed that the object of these alliances, of which the Germans had always been fond, was to make the whole European Royalty one vast family, the stalk or root of which should be in Germany. From the sarcastic comments of the English press it was evident that the project, if really contemplated, would meet with bitter opposition.

Not the least interesting is that part of the book which describes how the future Lady Paget brought the Princess Alix, as she was affectionately called, to the notice of the Princess

Royal whose favorite maid of honor Countess Walburga was. The tour of the Princess Royal having proved unsuccessful with regard to finding a suitable partner for the Prince of Wales, Queen Victoria was told about the Danish Princess. The engagement and the wedding are part of history, but Mr. Trowbridge presents so fine a picture of the great event that it deserves to be quoted here in part:

It was such a picture as an artist of the Renaissance might have conceived. In this spectacle Queen Victoria, who gazed down upon it from a quaint pew in the wall above the channel on the level with the organ, was the most striking feature. Clad in black to her gloves, her sombre attire relieved only by the blue ribbon and star of the Garter, grief and care were stamped on every line of her face.... Till the arrival of the bride, however, the bridegroom was the centre of attraction.... The pleasure experienced by all in beholding him was deepened by the expectancy with which his beautiful bride was awaited.

The description of Alexandra's wedding gown and jewels is one of the most charming features of this book. Mr. Trowbridge lets Charles Dickens describe her further:

Her face was very pale and full of a sort of awe and wonder. It was the face of no ordinary bride, not simply a timid, shrinking girl, but one with a distinctive character of her own, prepared to act a part greatly.

It would take too long to treat of Alexandra's political influence on English politics, and as a matter of fact this was a negligible quantity with her. She did, however, do her best to uphold the cause of her little country, Denmark, when Prussian avarice finally led to the war between the Danes and the Germans. This is a chapter in international history that does not redound to the credit of the great powers of that day who had promised to aid Denmark against her southern bully.

It is easy enough to find fault with any book that attempts discussion of

great personalities. "Queen Alexandra" may not be the complete recital of this notable career, as indeed it could not be, but it is worth reading and being treasured as a contribution which affords pleasure and adds information about one of the most beloved characters among royalty today or in the past.

Queen Alexandra. By W. R. H. Trowbridge. With an introduction by Walburga, Lady Paget. D. Appleton and Co.

A THREE-DIMENSION NOVEL

By Alexander Woolcott

WRITING to his great brother from Leland Stanford University, the late William James, while expatiating honorably enough on that benign and pleasant seat of learning, went on to say: "The drawback is, of course, the great surrounding human vacuum—the historic silence fairly rings in your ears when you listen." He was thinking not only of his own tolerable Cambridge but of the Europe he had known since boyhood, the land where every bridge and sidewalk is a very hubbub of human echoes, where every stretch of road and patch of woods is populous with the ghosts of a thousand familiar comedies and tragedies.

There is a kindred difference between books. Most of the present output have that human vacuum, that historic silence; and they seem the more flat and cardboardy when they are challenged by the murmurous depth of such a rich three-dimension book as "The Girls". This is the wise, honest, teeming novel wherewith Edna Ferber moves visibly forward along the road she has been traveling for ten years.

It carries over into a man's size novel the humanity and the tingling dramatic force which have marked the best of her short stories. It constitutes a dazzling leap past such a fair-to-middling book as "Fanny Herself" which started off superbly and then, half way through, relapsed feebly into the commonplace, as if Miss Ferber had lost all interest in it and were thinking of something else while her pen jogged dutifully along. Perhaps she was thinking of "The Girls".

"The Girls" is a part of the most alert and shrewdest thought of its day—peculiarly so in its acute sense of time, its swing with the rhythm of history, its war-bequeathed consciousness of the tininess of human life and the tolerant perspective which that consciousness permits. Peculiarly so, too, in its understanding of (and respect for) the new generation which is so bewildering and scandalizing its remote and alien elders. We have had quite enough clucking and sniffing over these serene upstarts with their disconcerting manners and it is high time for novels like "The Girls" and plays like "A Bill of Divorcement" (both written by singularly perceptive women) to salute their sense and their honesty and their courage.

Charley Kemp, the third of the three girls of whom Edna Ferber tells the tale, does and says most of the things which invoke agitated, what-are-we-coming-to letters to "The Atlantic Monthly", but she is, nevertheless, the chief reason why you close this book with a feeling of high hope. Back of her, praying for her, stand her two spinster aunts, the other girls. Old Aunt Charlotte and youngish Aunt Lottie have, each in her day, been thwarted and beaten back and down. Indeed the whole force of "The Girls" is hurled against just such interfer-

ence and continuous management as they suffered. Listen:

Often and often, during these years, you might have heard Carrie Payson say, with bitterness, "I don't want my girls to have the life I've had. I'll see to it that they don't."

"How are you going to do it?" Charlotte would ask, with a curious smile.

"I'll stay young with them. And I'll watch for mistakes. I know the world. I ought to. For that matter, I'd as soon they never married."

Charlotte would flare into sudden and inexplicable protest. "You let them live their own lives, the way they want to, good or bad. How do you know the way it'll turn out! Nobody knows. Let them live their own lives."

"Nonsense," from Carrie, crisply. "A mother knows. One uses a little common sense in these things, that's all. Don't you think a mother knows?" a rhetorical question plainly, but:

"No," said Charlotte.

Carrie Payson is Lottie's mother—an extraordinary portrait of a bold, admirable, and destructive woman; and the gritty touch of her and the harsh sound of her are among the best achievements of the book. For sheer adroitness in execution, for an amazing aptitude in sketching an unforgettable picture with a few sharp strokes, consider those chapters which convene the scattered family for the obligatory weekly dinner at Mrs. Payson's ugly house in Prairie Avenue. It is after just such tours de force that you wonder the more at Miss Ferber's occasional recourse to the rubber stamps of lesser writers—as when she tries to circulate such depreciated currency as the word *grim* and actually—oh, horror of horrors!—lets that blessed Charley weep at the uselessness "of it all".

The Prairie Avenue house, with its once magnificent green carpet (a thing of sailing vessels and floral wreaths which reached from the front parlor into the back parlor) and its Ole Bull chair, ages visibly as the young people wither and give way to new young people in the procession of the story.

Its associations accumulate like the odds and ends of undiscarded finery and the boxes of undestroyed letters and photographs which are part of the sad and hidden things in every house that has been lived in. The dust has flown in the writing of "The Girls".

Prairie Avenue? That means Chicago, of course—for "The Girls" is Chicagoan through and through, quite defiantly Chicagoan, as though Miss Ferber were not only decently resentful of the old Frank Norris taunt, but personally a little tired of having all lowly love making staged on Central Park benches and all costly love making unfurled on Riverside Drive.

The Girls. By Edna Ferber. Doubleday, Page and Co.

TAHITI TO PARIS

By Percy N. Stone

A REPRESSED revolt against accepted civilization and an atavistic desire for aboriginal simplicity seem more responsible than any possible royalties for the deluge of tales of the South Seas. The avidity with which some of them are welcomed shows, too, a longing for a certain freedom on the part of the readers. The greater the output, of course, the smaller financial gains for the writers. But that selfsame production means a diminution of imaginative effort, and volumes that can be taken as fact. With everybody writing of the alluring islands, fiction will be too easily recognized.

"My line, I fear, is facts as I find them." So writes Ralph Stock as his beloved Dream Ship drifts about the Marquesas Islands. Somehow he need not have said it. There is created a feeling of confidence all through the

book. Brave indeed was that crew of three—two men and a girl—to pilot unaided their bit of a fishing vessel from England, through the Canal and into the abundance of the Pacific. In a most readable style Mr. Stock has told the experiences the Dream Ship brought. Each page throws off happy exhalations of enthusiasm.

James Norman Hall and Charles Nordhoff, who alternate chapters in telling of the Faery Land they found, leave to the reader's judgment the veracity of much of their book, for they specialize in repeating tales told them by "oldest settlers". It is not a bad idea, either, for in a way they are preserving mythology without trying to edit it. They had their experiences, and only admiration can go to their frankness in recording, along with the deliciousness of the islands, the cockroaches and other inconveniences which stay-at-homes might imagine had no existence. The illustrations by George A. Picken feed that imagination and prove a distinct advantage over the too-literal photograph. Until a lens can feel the romance that biases the human eye, it cannot be fair, no matter how truthful.

Sydney Greenbie sees the many islands as but a corner of "The Pacific Triangle". There is much haunting description of the natives and those proselytized from conventional labors, but the real purpose of the book seems to be to lead the unwary reader into a serious consideration of the political problems netted about the little pin dots on the largest map. The poly-

The Cruise of the Dream Ship. By Ralph Stock. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Faery Lands of the South Seas. By James Norman Hall and Charles Bernard Nordhoff. Harper and Bros.

The Pacific Triangle. By Sydney Greenbie. The Century Co.

In the Eyes of the East. By Marjorie Barstow Greenbie. Dodd, Mead and Co.

A Lotterer in Paris. By Helen W. Henderson. George H. Doran Company.

gonal situation is presented clearly by a student of the conditions, and the author's conclusions are so placed in the book that they may be skipped easily without detracting a whit from "the impression of loveliness which is the essence of the South Seas". But, alas, there is a suggestion of tragedy. Mr. Greenbie writes: "Within the next few generations there will be a South Seas, indistinguishable and without variety."

It is the Orient—China, Japan, and India—of which Marjorie Barstow Greenbie writes in anecdotal fashion. Keyed for romance, she found it around every corner. There were little incidents most travelers might have overlooked which she has used for many a pleasing page, and there was the greater experience which ended in her marriage to Sydney Greenbie. The glamour from that seems to have thrown a golden light over everything, but adds rather than detracts from the value of the book. Sometimes in this series of lightly connected experiences the alert-eyed traveler seems as naive as a child; again almost as wise as Confucius himself.

But there is another civilization, and Paris is its capital. One might get so fed up on copra smell and dark skins that more accustomed things would seem better, yet it is hard to shake off the soporific influence of the South Seas, where time seems not to matter, to consider seriously Helen W. Henderson's suggestions for "doing" Paris. She calls her book—which is admirably suited to its purpose—"A Loiterer in Paris". After vicariously drinking deep of more leisurely climes, one feels rushed from this architectural triumph to that artistic but, after all, artificial glory, until "loiterer" seems a jest. Yet for him who would know those things contained in

Paris which tourists are expected to find, Miss Henderson's effort is most suitable.

WHITMAN THE APPRENTICE

By Fillmore Hyde

PROFESSOR EMORY HOLLOWAY presents in two pleasing and scholarly volumes the fruit of some years of intelligently directed labor. He need have no fear that Messrs. Rodgers and Black have stolen any of his thunder in "The Gathering of the Forces", a title under which they recently published some of Whitman's writings in the Brooklyn "Eagle"; for the Professor's book is more comprehensive and in almost every way better than his rivals'. Mr. Holloway knew that there had long been needed some sort of collection in which the poet's reverent, but sometimes mystified, admirers could find specimens of their idol's preparatory writings; and he has aimed to satisfy this need. Certainly his book is an admirable exposition of the tremendous experience and thought which we know must have been precedent to the writing of "Leaves of Grass" and which, in the authorized "Complete Prose", we can find exposed only at second hand and autobiographically.

Superficially it is a curious fact that Walt Whitman can be greeted in one quarter with smiles, indulgence, condescension, and at times contempt, and in a second quarter—which, of the two, we hazard to be the more sensible—can be loaded with superlatives such as few save the founders of philosophies or religions have been privileged to enjoy. To a certain extent the depth of feeling he has been able to inspire in his friends has forwarded

his popular reputation even more than have his own words and the eulogies of his champions; and it is true that many people have studied Whitman's writing, as they might study Buddhism, in order to find out the reason for its exorbitant fascination. He is a man whom men admire with a strange irrational intensity; to himself he was a universe, and to his admirers he sometimes becomes a universe.

These strangenesses cannot be attributed altogether to his ecstatic and philosophic animalism. "Leaves of Grass" is not least remarkable as an illustration of how genius and character which, in their lifelong period of growth, undergo not even the smallest and most trivial experience without an ineradicable alteration, will represent the living individual in their blossoming. Given the sunlight, the water, and the soil, then the quality—even the form of the blossom is foreknown. From his earliest moment to his last Whitman, more clearly than is the case with other artists, can be seen to be a partner with his expression and an instrument by which fluent experience could be transformed into comprehensible and changeless language. He once wrote reflectively that his life had been an "ambition to articulate and faithfully express in literary or poetic form, and uncompromisingly, my own physical, emotional, moral, intellectual, and æsthetic Personality, in the midst of, and tallying, the momentous spirit and facts of its immediate days, and of current America". His book is his life; his life is the life of all the races: there is no enlightenment in knowing a few lines of a poet who deplored form as the artist's greatest handicap; it is not possible to know a little of him. This truth, together with the astounding fact that he suc-

ceeded in expressing that kinship of the universe and man which is realized suddenly and gloriously, but alas! inarticulately by most men and women at adolescence, will in part explain the devotion of those who really know Walt Whitman. The poet in expressing himself has made it possible for others to read what it is impossible for them to write.

Any memoranda of such a consistent thinker and writer cannot fail to fit in an instructive manner into the scheme of his character. Professor Holloway's collection, particularly that part of it which relates to the poet's early years, will be received respectfully by students; and gladly by those who wish to know more of Walt Whitman and the "Leaves of Grass" and who long to understand more fully how that extraordinary man came to write that extraordinary book.

The Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman. Edited by Emory Holloway. Two volumes. Doubleday, Page and Co.

RING W. LARDNER—SERIOUS ARTIST

By John V. A. Weaver

LAUGH with Lardner"—for years one has been accustomed to that slogan. It has found widespread response. I have been asking different sorts of persons recently what they thought of Lardner, and the answer was in all cases similar, although couched in varying terms. One high-brow said he was "most amusing, even in spite of a bit of vulgarity at times"; another serious thinker said he was the "most refreshing rib-tickler in the business"; a flapper said, "My dear, he's simply screaming", or words to that effect; a business man said, "Al-

ways amusing"; and even a horny-handed artisan, who sat next me in a smoker, remarked, glancing up from a Satevepost, "Say, that guy's a clown!"

Myself, for years, ever since I first saw those "Friend Al" squibs in the "Wake of the News" column which used to decorate the Chicago "Tribune", have been convulsed over his pictures of the native dumbbell; his characterizations, in American language which is flawless in its transcription, have made me laugh as no other humorous writings can. And the small essay, "Symptoms of Being 35", has had even more than its usual risible reaction. It certainly is conducive to guffaws.

Then I read "The Big Town", and saw the struggles of a South Bender to put on dog in the Metropolis, and incidentally to palm off his beautiful moron of a sister-in-law on one victim after another; meeting frustration in the latter effort until finally the fair idiot is disposed of to a "comic"; and defeated on every side in his social endeavors. And then I recalled some

half-dozen of his isolated short stories; and it occurred to me that more than once, in the midst of a loud laugh, I had caught my breath, and felt a small shock of sadness over the spectacle of ambition, hopes, emotions, in these boneheads; and something besides mirth over the spectacle of ludicrous humanity is always present, unmistakably, in the most furious of Lardner's burlesques.

And so I wish to suggest an amendment to the time-honored Lardner slogan. The thought is not so subtle, I know, and not so novel; but I do not believe it has been expressed before. Ring Lardner is not altogether the surefire wielder of the slapstick; he is, in point of fact, a serious artist, a realist of the first rank, and a master of pathos as well as of bathos (where exactly is the border line, to be sure?).

I suggest, "Laugh—and sigh—with Lardner."

Symptoms of Being 35. By Ring W. Lardner. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The Big Town. By Ring W. Lardner. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

THE BLACKBIRD

By Robert McAlmon

EVERY time I went out of the farm gate
 To the road, to look toward the city
 And think whether it would frighten me to be there,
 And be able to go out upon the edge of the earth
 Where the horizon cuts it short,
 So that perhaps I would fall off and never stop falling,
 The blackbird would look at me warningly.
 She had the same gentle reproving manner Aunt Bessie wore.
 Even though the blackbird had no chin at all
 She still gave quite the impression of having a double chin.
 There were many ways in which the blackbird resembled my aunt.

RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

WHEN Henry Arthur Jones dipped his pen in satire to write "My Dear Wells" (Dutton), he must have stabbed it so hard against the bottle's bottom as to endanger the nib. Whether or no one agrees with the author respecting H. G. Wells's vulnerability, the reader who loves a good scrapper will experience intense interest in seeing the author thwack Mr. Wells's head with his pen-shillalah. And, of course, the reader will register a humane hope that Mr. Wells's head may stand the forceful blow—and a sportsmanlike wish to see him land a wallop or two in return for his critic's courtesy.

In spite of having won a prize as the best undergraduate production from Columbia University in 1921, David Sentner's "Cobblestones" (Knopf) shows few signs of being undergraduate in character. It is not finished work, but this ex-student, ex-reporter, ex-doughboy has learned to express his rather grim fancies in terse, striking imagery. He has a bitter philosophy, a keen eye for exteriors, a ragged rhythm,—and a future.

The emphasis in Hugh Walpole's new book (Doran) is all upon the attitude of "The Young Enchanted" toward life, not at all upon the outcome of adventures. Henry Trenchard falls through a window upon an experience in which beauty has an ugly setting, while his sister Milly runs to seek romance in other unlikely places, only to meet such disaster as would have "crushed" an earlier heroine. But the English young people who have sur-

vived the war have a tremendous faith in the ultimate rightness of things; only one maintains a brave attitude, and Walpole's very real people have always something of the spirit of Sir Walter Raleigh. Incidentally, Walpole does hit out strongly at the faddism of the very new in literature. His theme in this most likeable of his books is that young and old have, after all, only been carrying the same torch with the likelihood of letting it be blown out by any wilful winds.

"Charles" of "You Know Charles" (Holt) is not an important person, but no one could write his memoirs, because his household revolves about him, and he keeps it spinning at a smart pace and usually in the wrong direction. His wife's view of him at close range, as interpreted by Margaret Breuninger, makes an interesting book full of new small hits, truthful and pertinent.

Three of his friends have given their "Reminiscences of Anton Chekhov" (Huebsch), each one emphasizing the traits which appealed most strongly to him. Gorky, characteristically, harps on the irony of Chekhov's fight against banality in a banal world. Alexander Kuprin writes of Chekhov's sensitive soul, and his great pity and sympathy. I. A. Bunin dwells on his hero's reserve, his simplicity, his gentle humor, and his objectivity; his life lived in the open, almost in the dust of the highway, and filled with the troubles of half the people in his province. Together, they present a very sympathetic picture of a great artist and of a man greater than his art.

A. A. Milne has many friends in the world; amused subscribers to "Punch", amused audiences at comedies, amused readers of "Not That It Matters"; and his latest book will add to the number. "If I May" (Dutton) is a very entertaining collection of whimsical essays which it is not extravagant to call excellent. From the literary and artistic point of view the book is a good one. It happens that the author's mind functions in so rich and so humorous a way that he has only to offer his arm in order to make his readers chuckle. Thoughts, whimsical and otherwise, not horseplay, not dialect, not altercation, are the tools with which Mr. Milne works.

The Russian Revolution emerges triumphant, is the claim of Albert Rhys Williams in "Through the Russian Revolution" (Boni and Live-right). He regards the ordeal of famine, pestilence, and bloodshed which came in the revolution's wake as an incident—important, but still an incident. The destruction of the State apparatus of Czarism is held by the author as the thing of supreme importance—the means and resulting chaos being secondary. The book abounds with personal incidents and illustrations.

Shaw Desmond's "Gods" (Scribner) is rich in thought,—almost too rich, like wedding cake. It is the story of a man seeking a satisfying religion. From the iron-bound comfort of the Catholic Church to the misty abstractions of the latest cult or the wild fanaticism of the tent-evangelist, he is sympathetic but unconvinced. We see men worshiping power, beauty, patriotism, and the author remains impartial. It is all the more irritating because it is so obviously sincere

—and non-committal. Finally we are given a hint that love is the divine attribute. We are left with the impression that this is rather a new idea, though it seems singularly like one set forth by the shores of Galilee. The book has fine qualities, it is even artistic in spots, with a musty-smelling picture of English middle class life, and a background of Ireland in the manner of Arthur Rackham.

Attempting to be free from academic restraint, James N. Wood, a serious American engineer, in "Democracy and the Will to Power" (Knopf) fervidly untangles his first six pages with a pseudo-scientific resume of all that could have happened—if nature were so inclined—a number of million years ago. For the rest, he makes a discovery which places him at his ease: that we have minority rule only by consent of the gross and ignorant majority. A discovery, by the way, discovered by innumerable economic-philosophic discoverers. He is an avowed disciple of Frederick Nietzsche, and therefore sees in the individual genius, all beauty, progress and the never-to-be-discontinued economic mastery of a dominantly greedy few. With unconstrained horror, he views the idea of a "Utopia of peaceful brothers". So long as men retain their virility, he sees war and brutality. "Men devoid of brutality are devoid of sex." As to woman, he is an unrepressed misogynist. He beholds her as a mere litter creature to bear and rear man's offspring. Democracy he believes has caused a "material deterioration of the will of the male", due to our political and industrial equality.

Archibald Marshall wrote "Peter Binney" (Dodd, Mead) twenty years

ago. It has recently enjoyed its first American printing. There is humor of almost delicate structure, and the bigger beams of near-burlesque in the tale of an English father who joined his son at Cambridge. It could probably stand condensation, but Mr. Marshall admits its faults as those of less experienced days. It is especially adapted to Marshall enthusiasts.

Sixteen slight, exquisite poems make up Laura Benét's "Fairy Bread" (Seltzer), a book composed surely for a child's delight. The verse forms are simple, the ideas handled with a charming, fanciful imagination, and with individuality. Only a very few of the poems ask questions of life which even grown ups cannot answer.

Pierre Loti uses the reciprocal love between a sensuous native girl of Africa and a French soldier stationed in the Senegal, to symbolize the hold with which Africa grasps this unwary itinerant. "The Sahara" (Brentano) may lose much in translation, as most foreign books do, but Marjorie Laurie has preserved enough to make the book vivid with the exotic and perhaps unclean charms of the setting. Tragedy follows the inability of the man to tear away the fetters with which this daughter of the Sahara has bound him—or is that weakness itself the tragedy?

"In One Man's Life" by Albert Bigelow Paine (Harper) is a biography that reads like fiction. Composed of "chapters from the career of Theodore N. Vail", it describes clearly and interestingly the life of the man whose efforts made possible the general development and extension of both the telephone and the telegraph. Theodore Vail is made to stand vividly

before us, both as a youth and as a mature man; we can watch him in every phase of his long career. Mr. Paine has mastered the art of portraiture, and accordingly his book would make entertaining reading even were it not intrinsically valuable for the facts it presents.

When Stephen Leacock, speaking of his many fond memories of great actors, says, "Forbes Robertson I shall never forget: he owes me fifty cents"; and when he tells of his amateur theatrical ventures in his inimitably funny way, we must admit that the essay of today "ain't what it used to be" in the time of Emerson and Spencer. When Hilaire Belloc croons a rustic lullaby with the faint odor of newmown hay permeating his "Mowing of a Field", it is hard to believe that the essay is anything but a delicate fabric of pleasant, far off day dreams. As we are about to decide that the essay is a much abused institution, we turn back to Christopher Morley's preface and reread his definition: "The essay is rather a mood than a form." That settles it. We waste no more time wondering whether or not some of the delightful "Modern Essays" selected by Mr. Morley (Harcourt, Brace) are true essays, but lean back in the chair and philosophize with William Osler, dream with H. M. Tomlinson, and abandon ourselves to the most undignified hilarity with A. P. Herbert, Stephen Leacock, and Don Marquis. There is satisfaction for the most fastidious reader in this volume—rich, lasting pleasure; for, without sacrificing one iota of literary quality, it has been compiled to suit many and varied tastes.

"The Romance of His Life and Other Romances" by Mary Cholmon-

deley (Dodd, Mead) is a confusing book. Here are short stories with a pastoral English setting, told in a quiet, humorous, slightly ironic way—the last quality due, perhaps, to the continuous use of the first person (a first person whose identity changes in every tale); yet there is an element of tragedy, for most of the stories are the romances of middle-aged people, and there is something so uncomfortably pathetic about middle-aged people carrying growing sentiments from the past into a future of decay.

Somebody said that in man curiosity reaches its most lofty (or was it morbid?) height. Especially is this true of the desire to know of the private lives of great people. "The George Sand—Gustave Flaubert Letters", translated by Aimee L. McKenzie (Boni and Liveright), give an insight into the lives of two great authors little read and less appreciated in this country. There is a naïveté about this Platonic love affair that is a decided relief from the usual run of material concerning the immorality of geniuses. Flaubert's lugubrious attempts at humor, and "Mr." Sand's spontaneous wit; the vain efforts of the vivacious woman to argue the old duffer into optimism, all in a spirit of cordial friendship, make satisfying and innocent reading. And there is just enough historical data in the introduction to render the perusal of these letters biographically illuminating. The book, typographically, and from the point of view of binding, is a masterpiece in itself.

There is a poetry in which the English excel, dependent not at all upon imagery, but on leisurely observation, clear vision, and such a love of earth as makes the chronicling of it joy. In

his "Poems: Second Series" (Doran), J. C. Squire follows the school of John Freeman and Edward Thomas a while, then reaches back to older classic forms and forward to an easy, swinging, individual rhythm of his own in embodying his sensitive, sincere, and romance-lit reactions to life.

Imbuing metaphysics with a force and popularity sufficient to induce the Governor of Arkansas to proclaim a State holiday for the purpose of putting his idea into practical application is the achievement of Arthur Somers Roche in "The Day of Faith" (Little, Brown). The protagonist of the story is the affirmation: "My neighbor is perfect." The book is a bold exposition of a fundamental truth, embellished with sufficient plot interest to hold the attention and with character delineation adequate for an effect of reality. The metaphysical aspect of the novel is superficial enough to avoid controversy and to rescue an entertaining story from the whirlpools of propaganda.

To those who relish thoroughness as applied to historiography, "The Dauphin (Louis XVII)" by George Lenôtre (Doubleday, Page) will have a strong appeal. The work is exhaustive to tediousness, even going so far as to tell what the unfortunate little prince had to eat the day his queen mother was executed—strawberry jam, if I remember correctly. As a reference book for students of aspects of the French Revolution the volume should prove invaluable. It will, however, scarcely appeal to the lay reader who has little time (and less ambition) to follow up authoritative but unending cross references and bibliographical allusions.

FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in December in the public libraries in the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. If Winter Comes	<i>A. S. M. Hutchinson</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
2. Her Father's Daughter	<i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i>	DOUBLEDAY
3. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
4. Helen of the Old House	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	APPLETON
5. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
6. The Pride of Palomar	<i>Peter B. Kyne</i>	COSMOPOLITAN

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. If Winter Comes	<i>A. S. M. Hutchinson</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
2. Her Father's Daughter	<i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i>	DOUBLEDAY
3. Helen of the Old House	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	APPLETON
4. The Obstacle Race	<i>Ethel M. Dell</i>	PUTNAM
5. The Sheik	<i>E. M. Hull</i>	SMALL, MAYNARD
6. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. If Winter Comes	<i>A. S. M. Hutchinson</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
2. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
3. Her Father's Daughter	<i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i>	DOUBLEDAY
4. Helen of the Old House	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	APPLETON
5. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
6. Alice Adams	<i>Booth Tarkington</i>	DOUBLEDAY

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. If Winter Comes	<i>A. S. M. Hutchinson</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
2. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
3. Her Father's Daughter	<i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i>	DOUBLEDAY
4. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
5. Helen of the Old House	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	APPLETON
6. Three Soldiers	<i>John Dos Passos</i>	DORAN

WESTERN STATES

1. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
2. The Pride of Palomar	<i>Peter B. Kyne</i>	COSMOPOLITAN
3. Helen of the Old House	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	APPLETON
4. Her Father's Daughter	<i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i>	DOUBLEDAY
5. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
6. If Winter Comes	<i>A. S. M. Hutchinson</i>	LITTLE, BROWN

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. If Winter Comes	<i>A. S. M. Hutchinson</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
2. Main Street	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>	HARCOURT
3. Her Father's Daughter	<i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i>	DOUBLEDAY
4. Helen of the Old House	<i>Harold Bell Wright</i>	APPLETON
5. The Brimming Cup	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	HARCOURT
6. The Pride of Palomar	<i>Peter B. Kyne</i>	COSMOPOLITAN

GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
2. The Mirrors of Washington	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
3. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
4. The Mirrors of Downing Street	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
5. The Americanization of Edward Bok	<i>Edward Bok</i>	SCRIBNER
6. The Glass of Fashion	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
2. The Mirrors of Washington	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
3. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
4. The Mirrors of Downing Street	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
5. The Americanization of Edward Bok	<i>Edward Bok</i>	SCRIBNER
6. The Glass of Fashion	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
2. The Mirrors of Washington	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
3. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
4. The Mirrors of Downing Street	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
5. The Americanization of Edward Bok	<i>Edward Bok</i>	SCRIBNER
6. Mystic Isles of the South Seas	<i>Frederick O'Brien</i>	CENTURY

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Mirrors of Washington	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
2. The Mirrors of Downing Street	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
3. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
4. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
5. The Glass of Fashion	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
6. The Americanization of Edward Bok	<i>Edward Bok</i>	SCRIBNER

WESTERN STATES

1. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
2. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
3. The Mirrors of Downing Street	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
4. The Mirrors of Washington	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
5. The Next War	<i>Will Irwin</i>	HARPER
6. Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	<i>Margot Asquith</i>	DORAN

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Outline of History	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
2. Queen Victoria	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	HARCOURT
3. The Mirrors of Washington	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
4. The Mirrors of Downing Street	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM
5. The Americanization of Edward Bok	<i>Edward Bok</i>	SCRIBNER
6. The Glass of Fashion	<i>Anonymous</i>	PUTNAM

FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

D'Annunzio's "Notturmo"

FOR some time past Italian public and literary circles have been quite unmoved by any event, but the latest work of Gabriele D'Annunzio, "Notturmo" (Milano, Treves), has caused a commotion in the literary field. Since 1914 the poet of the "Laudi" had abandoned literature, giving himself up entirely to the war and to political activity—which activity was greatly discussed because it brought Italy very near the verge of an abyss. This is not the time to discuss that activity, nor to illuminate the phenomenon which changed a man of letters into an active politician; here we are interested merely in D'Annunzio as a writer.

Let me hasten to say that, if not the general public—always ready to be dazzled by the tinsel of literary artifice—the Italian critic has been disappointed. We had expected to find in this work a positive renewal of D'Annunzio's literary art, whereas in "Notturmo" one found only very modest crumbs of what was the living and everlasting nucleus of that art. "Notturmo" was written by the poet during the war when he had to live for a time in utter darkness owing to an aeroplane accident which injured his sight and threatened him with blindness. He wrote on long strips of paper, his hand guided by a contrivance on a tablet, about everything which passed through his mind: his recollections of peace and war times, his aspirations, his impressions and so forth. One understands that this kind of book can neither be an organic book, nor a book easily described. How can one sum-

marize rapid sensations? One would be obliged to transcribe them entirely, overcoming D'Annunzio's extremely difficult style for translation into English of linguistic value. Let it suffice for one to say that the poet mentally sees Venice and describes it before and during the war in its ever-changing beauty; that he remembers his comrades who fell heroically on the battlefield; that he mentions May, 1915 in Rome when neutrality was agonizing in a popular tumult. He remembers the happy and unhappy days of his life, his last visit to his mother and his daughter who was his nurse.

But the whole "Notturmo" is a failure as a work of art. It should have been a book of recollections, of memories, and also of prayer, a work in fact, in which love for his fatherland would serve as a lyrical impetus, not result in a literary pose. The whole book is pervaded with an unmeasured, even at times odious egotism; it would appear that D'Annunzio used his country not as that which kindled his love and faith—but as an admirable tool to illuminate his own personal vanity. And what ought to become ardent invocations to a greater, to a stronger Italy, are only exhibitions, in bad taste, on the poet's part, of his conceited ego, and empty theoric and literary exercises. A remoteness from real life and a cold verbal artificiality are felt throughout the work.

Even the stylistic sense reveals a mean remnant of what D'Annunzio's work used to be in the "Canto Novo" or, for instance, in the "Laudi's" third book which will definitively be immor-

tal as a masterpiece in modern Italian literature. "Notturmo" is the result of a hopeless period of artistic decline, and as such, it reflects a striking moral and ethic insensibility: an unexpected poverty of creative power. I am far from denying the importance of D'Annunzio's personality and work in modern Italian literature, but as I said before, I would not judge him as a politician nor will I doubt for a moment the active and striking part he took—first in our going to war, then in the war itself. But, despite admiration of his uncommon endowments of physical courage and of sincerity, it is necessary to state in a loud voice that this "Notturmo" of his is a book which brings no new spirit, no new form to our literature; that instead of adding something to the poet's former work it rather detracts something from it. The book is a failure, and D'Annunzio's personality suffers from it in an artistic and civic sense because of his egotistic preference of himself to his country. Rather a severe and harsh judgment this, but such as "Notturmo" cannot but provoke.

GEROLAMO LAZZERI

When Novelty Breeds Distrust

GYLDENDAL, a strange name in cis-Atlantic territory a few years ago, but as familiar now as any, thanks to the importation of good things from Norway and Denmark, offered a prize last November of 100,000 kroner (about \$28,000) for the best novel written by a native and resident Dane or Norwegian before March 1, 1923. As to theme, no conditions of any kind were stipulated. The novel is to be judged solely on its merits as a work of art.

It is of course quite impossible for any publisher to do anything of this

kind without making the tongues of malice wag. His competitors accuse him of prostituting inspiration in the interests of circulation. His authors, particularly those who instinctively feel themselves ineligible to inclusion in the list of prizewinners, remark, oracularly, that literature is not advanced by the distant vision of specie coined by sovereign authority. Aspersive criticism of Gyldendal's plan has been so excessive that the venerable house has issued a long statement, the short of which is as follows: Since the beginning of the modern European novel, that is, since the appearance (1774) of Goethe's "Sufferings of Werther"—the firm of Gyldendal was founded in 1770—the Dano-Norwegian novel has been preeminently either propagandistic, or sociological, or psychological, or irreverent toward the muse in some other way. To receive the manuscript of a bit of narrative prose that was written solely for art's sake would be distinctly refreshing. We have consequently offered this prize.

Gyldendal's statement contains a pronounced element of exaggeration born of nagging and annoying criticism. The incident could be neglected entirely were it not for the fact that within the last two months, word has been passed around also in England, Holland, France, and Germany that the epic literatures of these countries are facing a crisis.

During the first week of December, E. K. Chambers lectured in Westminster on Sir Thomas Malory. In introducing him, Lord Ernle observed that it was a remarkable fact that the first book ever printed in the English language was, like Sir Thomas Malory's on the Arthurian Legends, a novel, and the oldest the people yet read was a novel. "It is", he said, "not to be

wondered at that today the English people are the most novel-ridden people in the world." Comment may be brief. England is merely suffering, in places, from too many novels. Her "crisis" is about on a par with the solicitude of the man who, attempting to cross Broadway, fears that the world is rapidly becoming overpopulated. But there is a shortage of people in Montana.

Augusta de Wit delivered a lecture recently in Rotterdam on the Dutch novel during which she took occasion to remark that the epic in the Netherlands is not all it should be. It never was, for perfection is not of this world. Her anxiety however we leave with her, confident that some excellent work is being done by the fellow fictionists of Louis Couperus.

In France it has become the custom to write under some such caption as "Le roman français d'hier et celui de demain", and to deplore the fact that the French novel is no longer being read, which is manifestly untrue, or to contend that it must undergo a change, which it will, or to point out the changes it has already undergone, which is merely a privilege of historical criticism. One writer says that the French novel of the future must have a soul, and more than this, it must have the atmosphere of a soul.

Well and good, if these be the prerequisites of the French novel of tomorrow, the writer of these lines, whose familiarity with modern French literature is *assez ténue*, takes pleasure in informing the French that they have two writers who should satisfy their demands: Georges Duhamel and Paul Claudel. They have, of course, others, but these will suffice for our purpose.

Claudel is fifty-four years old, has been in the consular service for thirty

years—he has just been transferred from Copenhagen to Tokio—, is a Catholic of the Catholics, and in writing seems neither able nor anxious to get away from the religious motif. Everything he writes has a soul and the atmosphere of the soul. He is as unlike Balzac as Keats is unlike Kipling. He believes that the war has created a revival of religion in France and writes in this faith. He may call his creations plays but they are stories, tales, romances. Of him Duhamel has written an appreciative life.

But this was some time ago. Duhamel's latest book is entitled "Les Hommes Abandonnés" and consists of eight *histoires*, each telling a tale of an "abandoned" or unfortunate human being somewhat after the fashion of that strange book Duhamel brought out while two million Americans were in France but which is known, unfortunately, only to a few of them, "Civilisation". The book is listed in this column because a sagacious French critic said of it when it appeared a short while ago that "if we were living in an age that was less preoccupied with other things, and if the magazine were not making such serious inroads on the novel, its appearance would be a literary event".

Comment may again be brief. The French people are restless, and their writers are striking out on new paths. No Frenchmen ever wrote such verses as those of Claudel. And what Frenchman ever wrote a series of short stories, bound them together, gave them a collective title, published the result as a novel, and then had his contemporaries speak of it as a potential literary event?

The situation is most interesting, however, in Germany, where there were published last year approximately 36,000 new books as contrasted with

our 5,000. There lie before me five articles assembled in the last few weeks from five German journals, each of which deals with the crisis in German literature. The one that merits unqualified respect is by Professor Oskar F. Walzel. He attributes the whole of the "crisis" to what is now known in Germany as *Expressionismus*, but claims that in time those who read will have become accustomed to it and will blush at the thought that they once found it so irrational if not quite proof of utter decadence.

An expressionist is nothing more baffling than the opposite of an impressionist. The latter cannot see the forest for the trees. The former cannot see the trees for the forest. The impressionist gave so many details that his picture as a whole became blurred, his moral vague. The expressionist gives so few details—so little life *à la* Balzac—and daubs his canvas with so much metaphysical symbolism, that you wonder why he does not have done with it all by designating his "characters" as the various vices and virtues of human nature, after the fashion of a mediæval Mystery; making no pretense at all at depicting men and women engaged in earthly occupations.

There is no crisis in European literature; the situation is not even critical. It is merely evolutionary. War does not to be sure create literary geniuses; but it does change the popular view of life. If out of war came poets, then poets are made and not born. But the familiar adage is as true as ever. If literature is an artistic visualization and faithful reflection of life, it cannot hope to remain the same when life itself has changed. And life has changed in Europe, particularly in those countries that recently fought each other to the death.

Samuel Pepys, that quaint sage, once exclaimed: "Lord! To see the absurd nature of Englishmen, that cannot forbear laughing and jeering at anything that looks strange." It is however not merely Englishmen who provoke such observations from those who stand apart and watch the passing show. All peoples do it. And they do it with especial consistency where and when literature is involved; for literature is first of all a personal matter. A new form is apt to offend, a new tone may disrupt old friendships. It is in literature that novelty breeds distrust, particularly when there is so much in life to make people distrustful.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

French Notes

SUZANNE et le Pacifique" is the title of Jean Giraudoux's latest volume. In France, too, the Pacific islands are in fashion. Should the fashion change, though, "Suzanne" and her maker are there to stay.

American readers know Giraudoux through his "Campaigns and Intervals", admirably translated by Elizabeth Sergeant. "Amica America" recorded the impressions of the young officer and diplomat who came over as a military instructor of the Harvard unit. Since then, "Adorable Clio" and the precious little book "Elpénor" added to Giraudoux's reputation. In "Suzanne et le Pacifique" he has given free play to his imagination, and thrown a young French girl of today on a desert island where she spends month after month in the familiar company of strange birds and stranger flowers, until one day, in the autumn of 1914, dead sailors from England and from Germany are washed up on

the shores of her domain after a naval battle, and she realizes that war has broken out in the world. But to sum up a tale like this, is nothing short of criminal. Its charm lies in the language, the perpetual surprises, the delicate, sensuous, sinuous, absurd construction of the story, and above all in that peculiar, sweetly ironical style which Giraudoux has created with "L'Ecole des Indifférents", and brought to perfection in the present book.

There is no taboo against good war books in Europe, and Jean Galtier-Boissière has added two volumes, "En Rase Campagne" and "Loin de la Riflette" to the valuable series that includes "Les Croix de Bois" by Dorcelès, "La Vie des Martyrs" by Duhamel, "Ma Pièce" by Paul Lintier, and a few others—not many others. Galtier-Boissière, chief editor of the free and lively magazine "Le Crapouillot", is one of those who "saw it through" from beginning to end, and his testimony has nothing of the amateur interpretation of war authors with small political conclusions. If the expression *real stuff* applies to anyone, he certainly deserves it.

In Paris, "the thing" is to talk about Gobineau. Many people used to quote him, but few had read his works, which were out of print. In fact, it is in Germany that he had found the widest following. There was a "Gobineau-Vereinigung", and there is a Gobineau collection in Strasbourg. It seems that the author of the "Essay on the Inequality of Human Races" is now coming into his own, as several new editions of his books have recently been published.

Arthur de Gobineau was essentially an aristocrat—by birth and by temperament. During his career as a diplomat, in Athens, in Stockholm, in

Teheran, in Rio de Janeiro, he leisurely composed his "Asiatic Studies", his "Religions and Philosophies of Central Asia", his "Pleiades", and actively corresponded with the most brilliant men of his time; Mérimée, Tocqueville, Wagner were his friends. After his death, the pan-Germanists made use of his theories and tried to "annex" him as a protagonist of German superiority. There was a misunderstanding about that. Let those who are interested in the controversy follow the advice of Emile Henriot, one of his recent commentators, and refer to Gobineau's famous "Essay" itself. Those who want a specimen of his qualities as a writer of fiction, will find a typical story, "Le Mouchoir Rouge", in the "Revue Hebdomadaire" of December 8, together with a good biographical study.

The Prix Goncourt for this year—the most important annual award in the world of French letters—has been given to a colored writer from Martinique, René Marin, for his novel "Batouala". The news seemed to overjoy M. Sarraut, French minister of Colonies and head of the French Delegation in Washington, who is the "white father" of all the negroes, Berbers, Annamites, Canaques, and other dark children of the French colonial empire.

PIERRE DE LANUX

Germany and the Censor

GERMANY has experienced her Comstock—and has routed him, root and branch. His name was Professor Brunner, publisher of the "Kunstwart", and he was the art expert attached to the Police Department. Under his brief reign there fell showers of confiscations upon publish-

ers and theatre directors. The Public Prosecutor, urged by Professor Brunner, some time ago brought charges against Gertrud Eysoldt, the famous Wedekind actress and manager of the Kleines Schauspielhaus, and all her principal actors and actresses, for presenting an immoral play—Schnitzler's "Reigen". The scenes of this play are undoubtedly daring, and could hardly be shown except on the Continent—they are, however, infinitely less immoral than every Viennese operetta, and the effect of the play is sombre and tragic, as Schnitzler intended it to be. The play had to fight for its life when it was first put on, many months ago, and scenes of rowdiness occurred, as I described at the time. But the management won, the public and the theatre attendants suppressed the disturbers, and the play has been running ever since. That "Reigen" is pure art was attested by the well-known dramatic critic Alfred Kerr, Bernhard Kellermann, author of "The Tunnel", "The Ninth of November", etc., and a number of equally brilliant public personalities. Against the "Reigen" performances there appeared as witnesses some small officials, country teachers, and heads of various moralistic societies—a pretty assembly of muckrakers whose naive ideas of art and the theatre occasioned much laughter in court. Brunner has lost the case, "Reigen" has been declared to be a work of art, and the book, which had also been confiscated, will now be once more set free. Meanwhile Brunner had secured the confiscation of a beautiful work of art issued by the well-known art publisher Fritz Gurlitt. This was a de luxe illustrated edition, limited to 750 copies at 2,000 marks, of Schiller's "Venus

Wagen". Lovis Corinth and other famous artists had made the pictures and the book, although belonging to "Erotica", had a high cultural significance, and could not on account of its limited appeal be considered as a "circulation of immoral pictures". Nevertheless Gurlitt was forced to pay a 1,000 mark fine and withdraw the book. Brunner did not rest. He secured the confiscation of the subscription copies of Verlaine's "Femmes" and "Hommes", and of Aubrey Beardsley's "Venus and Tannhäuser" published in a beautiful de luxe edition by Messrs. Steegemann of Hanover. Again the publisher must pay a fine. A daring, but brilliant novel by a rising young literary man, Curt Corrinth, the art value of which was vouched for by a number of prominent literary men, and a novel, treating of a medical subject connected with hysteria in a psychological manner and written by a specialist famous in Berlin medical circles, fell before Professor Brunner's lance. Then the literary world cried halt! The result of the "Reigen" case, popularly known as the "Brunner case", had shaken the position of the German Comstock. A mass meeting was called by the "Schutzverband Deutscher Schriftsteller", the league of German authors, to protest against the "danger threatening spiritual freedom and artistic creation in Germany". We now hear that Professor Brunner has retired from his post as art expert and his place is to be taken by a committee of real literary men who know the difference between the pornographic and the artistic erotic book, play, or picture. The German Comstock is down and out.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

THE GOSSIP SHOP

W L. GEORGE, that international authority on womankind, is again in America with a pleasant new Mrs. George. We found him one morning at the Ritz, being rapidly interviewed and nervously photographed. Mr. George tells us that in spite of many adverse reviews "Ursula Trent", his last work, sold more copies than any previous volume of his. Here's for unfavorable criticism! That same noon we met Rupert Hughes for the first time at a lunch given him by Mr. Goldwyn. Mr. Hughes is enthusiastic about the motion pictures. He was introduced by an excellent lunch and Irvin Cobb, as entertaining as ever, with a good foil in Roy McCardell sitting close by. Mr. Hughes made an excellent speech, in which he found it necessary to mention several times the name of Burton Rascoe as a critic of the motion pictures. We liked what he had to say, and we are convinced that he is fully as successful a motion picture producer as he is a novelist. Later in the day we met Gertrude Atherton for the first time. She, too, had but recently arrived in town from the coast. We have since met a charming lady, who as a little girl used to act in Mrs. Atherton's plays. It seems that when they were in school together in California as children the novelist's writing instincts were already developing, for she wrote diminutive dramas which the young people performed in their spare moments. Mrs. Atherton's new novel, "Sleeping Fires", will be published shortly. It deals with such contrasting elements as old San Francisco society and life in the old slum district of "Five

Points" here in New York City. We found much concerning our modern young people to discuss with Mrs. Atherton. As we were talking a hurly-burly hubbub without drew us to the window. Squirming black lines of men—pink fists waving—Johnny Dundee was to fight in Madison Square Garden! In the evening to a dinner given for a young man about to be married, a young man not literary, whose friends one by one rose to tell of him as hero in prep. school football games, as the hero of a great Yale-Harvard contest, as the hero of one of the most daring exploits of war aviation. This is what we call a heavy day.

New Year's Eve found literature in New York City flourishing its gayest cap and bells. Early in the evening (comparatively, at least—ten o'clock) we attended Watch Night at the Authors' Club where John Erskine, its president, presided with his usual tact. It was a joy to see Henry Holt, the veteran publisher, and to hear Major George Haven Putnam tell of the first time he saw and talked to Thackeray, on the same evening, too, when Eleazar Williams, considered by many to have been Louis XVII, the lost Dauphin of France, patted him on the head. Then there was the delightful gentleman who showed us a series of letters from John Addington Symonds which he keeps tenderly in his coat pocket in memory of the days when he and the English critic were correspondents. Perhaps the most interesting thing of the evening was to hear Mr. Putnam's opinion of "Erik Dorn"

and other novels by the younger men, and to hear Dr. Cross of "The Yale Review" explain how the younger Americans approached realism through the eighteenth century novelists—particularly interesting to us since our favorite novelist is Laurence Sterne. Then we dropped in at Webster Hall to see the revival of the Greenwich Village carnival. The first figure that attracted our attention was Violet Kemble Cooper, in the balcony. A magnificent vision in white crystal. Ridley Wills, in a high hat and side burns, informed us that we are not romantic. Whereupon we journeyed to Heywood Broun's, where Ruth Hale and Beatrice Kaufman were giving a literary affair, so to speak. Here one saw many lions—particularly those who roar through the pages of the New York "World". Incidentally, we think that since we ourselves were born (journalistically speaking) on that paper, we can say that it seems to us to be growing more splendid every day. H. G. Wells was there, looking very embarrassed, very happy, and a trifle bewildered by the skit which we believe to have been written by Alexander Woolcott (not of the New York "World"). Zimbalist we encountered, and Witter Bynner, Franklin P. Adams, and John Peter Toohey, whose first novel is announced for early publication. As the New Year approached John McCormack sang it in, with fittingly tender and familiar airs. So far as we were concerned, this was the end of the evening; but our Fashion Editor, who is younger and more ambitious than we are, tells us that a certain part of literary New York then adjourned to 59th Street Childs's, where it finished the night by eating cornflakes and drinking milk, and watching dawn break. Well, good luck, Literary New Year, say we.

The other evening at the National Arts Club, friends and admirers of Mary Austin gathered to do homage to her at a most entertaining banquet.

All the speeches (with one notable exception) were excellent. Mrs. Austin herself spoke with force and insight on American literary currents. Among those who paid high tribute to Mrs. Austin's work were Henry

Holt, Gilbert Seldes, Cosmo Hamilton, Carl Van Doren, Henry Canby, Maurice Francis Egan. Mary Shaw read one of Mrs. Austin's poems. To us, one of the most interesting things about the evening was the presence there among the guests of honor of three editors who have come into prominence during the past twelve months: Glenn Frank, of the new "Century" (and we may well call it new), Henry Canby of the "Literary Review" of the New York "Evening Post", and Gilbert Seldes, managing editor of "The Dial".

Mr. Canby, as a former Yale professor, has kept the academic note in his work; but he has succeeded, it seems to us, in giving to his careful weekly survey of the world of books, a human note that is unusually clever and often extremely provocative.

The change in "The Century" has been apparent to the most casual reader. Glenn Frank, an able writer himself, has been hospitable to new writers and to liberal



Glenn Frank



Henry S. Canby

ideas. He has changed not only the form of his magazine, but the direction. We have heard his plans for the future and know that it will take months to develop them; but, even in its first numbers, it was possible to feel the working of a vivid personality. It will be increasingly true. Gilbert Seldes is a forceful, direct young graduate of Harvard. He has the opportunity of doing far more for American literature than any of us at present realize. If we do not always agree with his uncompromising opinions and his ideas of art, we can yet say that he publishes much of the best writing that is done in these United States.

John Carter, the young gentleman who caused so much editorial comment when he replied to Katharine Fullerton Gerould's "Atlantic" essays on the young (by the way, her full-length novel "Lost Valley" has just appeared), has returned from a long sojourn in Europe. He tells us that he has now left the diplomatic corps and is about to renew his career as a writer which started so gaily with "These Wild Young People". He tells us the following of Rome's American literary centre:

Although those who come to Rome expecting inspiration to leap upon them from forum or church or from the exciting campagna are disappointed, and leave having written nothing save a few sonnets choked with classicism, writers who have work in hand and are seeking leisure and isolation have come to look upon Rome rather than Paris as the literary centre for Americans in Europe.

With Robert Underwood Johnson as the late and Richard Washburn Child as the present American ambassador, the atmosphere has shown itself particularly congenial to American writers. Such writers as Edgar Lee Masters, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Sinclair Lewis, Alfred Kreymborg, Stephen Vincent Benét, as well as lesser lights, have come to Rome in the last year and have there found the time for work that they would never have found in Paris.

Indeed, Alfred Kreymborg is actually pub-

lishing in Rome a new American magazine called the "Broom"—apparently an attempt to link American art to universal art, and of course, modernism to the ends of its paragraphs.

Sinclair Lewis is there for the winter, at work on a new novel called "Babbitt".

The home of Edgar Mourer, the correspondent of the Chicago "Daily News", and author of a book on the Italian situation, is as much a centre as is any place for the *circolo americano*, although the Caffè Greco on the Via Condotti is also a rendezvous.

With the opening of the opera season and the Augustio concerts there is better music available in Rome than in Paris, while to rival Bernhardt Rome can still point to Duse, playing again in Ibsen.

Rome boasts no Latin Quarter, no Café de la Rotonde, no Montmartre, and so, temptation removed, is more fitted for serious work than for hard drinking.

The Director of the American Library in Paris reports that the list of accessions of the municipal libraries of Paris for 1921 contains the title of one French book about the United States, the work of Professor Charles Cestre, entitled "Production Industrielle et Justice Sociale en Amérique", and two American books translated into French, ex-President Wilson's "History of the American People", and Francis Grierson's "Valley of Shadows".

Other translations of American books are: Theodore Wesley Koch's "Books in the War", Emerson's "Essays", stories of Edgar Allan Poe, Bret Harte, O. Henry, and Jack London, together with James Oliver Curwood's "Baree, the Wolf-dog" and Edith Wharton's "Age of Innocence"; a total of eleven books.

The only periodical in the list is "Munsey's". Goodness gracious!

"Vandemarck's Folly", a novel of the middle west by Herbert Quick, we have not yet read; but we have met the author, a gentle, elderly man with a broad background of wisdom and humor. He tells us that Iowa, which

is the scene of his novel, was first settled by colonists from the south, that the march of colonization changed and the hordes poured west from New England until finally the middle west became a great mixing ground for the peoples of those states whose lodestone was once Massachusetts. It is of this development that he has written, of horse thieves and of gentler folk whom he and his family knew and loved. (It is even possible to love thieves. We know. One of our dearest friends is an ex-bank robber.)

We liked, in the November magazines, the poems "Last Song" by Joseph Auslander (Measure); "Gargoyles of Notre Dame" by Henry Bellaman (Poetry); "Dead Calm" by Robert J. Roe (Voices); "Paul's Wife" by Robert Frost (Century); "Ghost" by J. V. A. Weaver (New Republic); "For a Shy Lover" by Genevieve Taggard (Nation); "Three Wishes" by Elinor Wylie (New Republic).

Dodd, Mead and Company announce that they have purchased the entire American rights and interest in the publication list of John Lane Company, including all stocks now in this country, all American copyrights, and a working alliance with the house of John Lane, Ltd., London. This purchase includes such literary property as the books of W. J. Locke, Anatole France, G. K. Chesterton, Walter Crane, Kenneth Grahame, Laurence Hope, Theodore Dreiser, Stephen Leacock, Rupert Brooke, Francis Thompson, Max Beerbohm, Ernest Dowson.

Elizabeth Cobb, daughter of the humorous Irvin, wrote the following playlet. We don't know whether she has given us permission to use it or not. At any rate, we stole a copy.

THE INFALLIBLE THREE or Finding America

A Pageant

Characters:—Mr. George Jean Nathan, Mr. H. L. Mencken—by special arrangement with the Good Lord.

Scene:—A Forest, dark and sombrely lit, crowded with well-known actors, writers, playwrights, and critics, all silent but looking fearfully behind the trees as if in search of something of which they are afraid.

The stage grows blacker and a fierce wind begins to blow. Under cover of the darkness enter Nathan and Mencken in heavy cloaks. They carry whips in their hands and, under their arms, their own books. A flash of light reveals them to the crowd on the stage. Registering horror and fear, crowd runs away.

Mencken and Nathan laugh sardonically and snapping their whips begin to sing:

The Infallible three

Are we! Are we!

Those who oppose,

We simply dispose.

With only a word

We chastise and curb.

The small and slight

Just tremble with fright.

They shiver and shake

at our nod—

We are Nathan

And Mencken

And God. (They point above.)

Yes, probably, possibly God.

They begin a dance of triumph and then sing again:

We are the Infallible three

Are we! Are we!

We clamor for Tolstoy and

Freud,

To others we're horribly rude.

We shudder with horror

At making a dollar

That is not truly artistic

We are so altruistic—

We are

Mencken

And Nathan

And God. (Pointing up again.)

Yes, possibly, probably

God.

They stop and listen. Cheers are heard in distance.

Chambers, Chambers

Down with you.

Rinehart, Hurst,

You go too—

Porter on a high chair—

Who put her up there?

Cabell! Cabell! Cabell!

Rah!

Mencken and Nathan step forward and say:
That is the echo from all the Main Streets in the country who are all nicely dissatisfied now—
We taught them how.

From Springfield, Churchill, North Bristol, England, F. Hadland Davis sends us the following tonsorial anecdote of Thomas Hardy:

During a recent visit to Dorchester I heard many delightful Hardy stories from one who has acted several of the cronies described with so much humor in the Wessex novels. It was one of life's little ironies that I was not permitted to make use of them.

Saddened by this pathetic reservation I visited a local barber. Barbers are communicative fellows. They not only absorb town and village gossip, but it is part of their business to impart it to others without the least hesitation.

I sat down before an old-fashioned cheval glass that somehow recalled Madame Mantalini and her dressmaking establishment. While the barber cut my hair I tried a subtle conversational opening. I mentioned Percombe in "The Woodlanders", and asked him if he had ever bought a Marty South's hair and sold it to a Mrs. Charmond. I watched the barber's face reflected in the mirror. It did not kindle with the glow of a bookman. His scissors made a semicircle behind my right ear that suggested a question mark. I tried again, wondering how "Penguin" of the "Observer" would have succeeded in extracting from Hardy's work references directly, or indirectly, bearing upon the hairdresser's art.

"Festus Derriman", I said, "used a razor at so early an age that at twenty-three 'a fine rust broke out upon his countenance on the first day, a golden lichen on the second, and a fiery stubble on the third to a degree which admitted of no further postponement'."

Finding that the hairdresser still remained silent, apart from the click of his scissors, I made a more direct attack, and asked him if he knew Thomas Hardy. The barber expressed the opinion that he considered the novelist sadly overrated. "Such a quiet little man," said he. "You'd never know it was Thomas Hardy. Such an old overcoat, and such a baggy umbrella!...He used to talk to me about London as it was years ago when cock-fighting was all the rage....Never read his books—and never want to...."

"Americans seem to think a lot of him. One came in here not long ago. Says he: 'Seen Thomas Hardy?'"

"'Oh, yes!' I says. 'He sat in the chair you're sitting in.'"

"'In *this* chair?' shouts the American, no end excited.

"'Yes,' I says. 'I cut Mr. Hardy's hair.'"

"'Did you keep the hair you cut off?' asks the customer, putting his hand in his pocket.

"'No', says I, 'I didn't.'"

"'Well, that's a pity,' replies the Yankee; 'because if you had I'd have bought it!'"

More enterprise in Chicago:

The Illinois Woman's Press Association is holding an Exhibition and Book Sale to boost Illinois authors and their publishers. They launched the idea last December with such success that the Chicago Historical Society regarded it as an historical event, and for this season offered the use of their building where the imposing foyer is reserved for the book display, the library for intimate talks by authors, and the auditorium for a Book Pageant and one-act plays.

Illinois presents a list of two hundred names, among them: Clara Louise Burnham, Mary Hastings Bradley, Emily Calvin Blake, Georgene Faulkner, Henry B. Fuller, James Wilford Garner, Elizabeth Gordon, William Rainey Harper, Robert Herrick, Emerson Hough, S. E. Kiser, E. K. Harriman, Edgar Lee Masters, Samuel Merwin, Randall Parrish, Elia W. Peattie, Ernest Poole, Opie Read, Earl H. Reed, Donald Robertson, Carl Sandburg, Lorado Taft, Maude Radford Warren, Stanley Waterloo, Henry Kitchell Webster, and Eugene Field, George Burman Foster, William Vaughn Moody, Myrtle Reed, and Bert Leston Taylor.

There's a new bookshop in New York City in which we are especially interested. Hector MacQuarrie's Bookshop, it is. Hector, whom you know as the author of "Tahiti Days", considers that he has graduated from the staff of THE BOOKMAN to this delightful shop of his next to the Hotel Lafayette. It has already become quite a community centre. Unfortunately Mr. MacQuarrie himself was called to Australia by a family illness; but if you drop in some afternoon to his shop you'll find Dorothy Stockbridge, the young author of "Paths of June", will-

ing to talk books to you, sell you books, or just talk. We hope she will make it quite a **BOOKMANLY** place.

The following extract from a letter of Mary Johnston whose novel "Silver Cross" is to appear shortly, seems to us to be extremely helpful to the young author, or any author for that matter:

More than a writer, I am student, perhaps scholar. I have my own lines of investigation, my own syntheses to make. I cannot scatter in my reading. If I gave my eyesight and my time to, for me, random lines—books that are true ladders for others but not ladders for me—it would be spendthriftness and hampering. Out of a general list sent me perhaps one or two, perhaps more, perhaps not any, would be my nutriment. Reading those others, talking of them, etcetera, would mean neglecting to read and to talk of some other book that is my nutriment.

I have had occasion five thousand times in life to wish that I had not "thought aloud". Thought to one's self is a fluid thing. Such and such a probable pattern or course of things is held in contemplation in the mental hand before the mental eyes. But it is subject to modification by tomorrow and the day after tomorrow. One knows it is so, and keeps it flowing, and so surprises are not surprises and changes are not changes. But think aloud to others, and you have put forth something that forthwith crystallises and stays rigid. And things have to bend to it, or at the best there must be explanations and explanations. The moral of all which is that I feel that during the past year or more I have thought aloud too much as to changes in all things, giving up and takings on, later manner, and what not. It would have been better to let each book as it comes take care of its own reaction. Better for the author not to have attempted explanations or predictions of her own course. It is hardly important enough for one thing, and for another she will surely be involved in all manner of inconsistencies between prediction and performance.

As to what "The Theatre of Tomorrow" will be, even Kenneth MacGowan, whose book of that title is as elaborate a book on stagecraft as has been published for some time, probably would rather prophecy than wager large sums. At any rate, when we recently attended together the first night of Cosmo Hamilton's "Danger"

we found it suddenly profitable to dwell very largely on the future. MacGowan, slender, enthusiastic, vivid in his manner and in his presentation of ideas, has many plans both for the theatre and for himself as related to



Kenneth MacGowan

the theatre. At present he is busy as critic of the New York "Globe", as editor of "The Theatre Arts Magazine", as a lecturer on the drama and, incidentally, he is planning and writing several more books. But some day he will turn *producer*. That is inevitable; for you have only to talk with him five minutes to discover that, together with a poetic feeling that is rare among dramatic critics, his first interest is in the practical theatre, in working with plays. He is not a contented bystander but is of the theatre itself. Meanwhile, until you can see his first production, you will be able to read his excellent book. Our first nights have been few and far between this month. The first performance of "S. S. Tenacity" thrilled us. It was an interesting audience, too, with Brock Pemberton sitting alongside Louis De Foe, and neither of them seeing the beauty of this extraordinarily beautiful piece, with Gertrude Ather-

ton, John V. A. Weaver, Margaret Mower, Sherwood Anderson, and many another. The later addition of "The Critics" as a curtain-raiser to this play of Charles Vildrac's was an entertaining piece of stage business; for Mr. Ervine has laid his one act in the lobby of a theatre where the first-night gentlemen tear down the play. With a nice sense of humor Mr. Duncan has inserted lines from the New York papers which limn his own production. There has been no other play but "Anna Christie" this year so sincere and so moving, and "S. S. Tenacity" is filled with humor, too. Andreyev's "He Who Gets Slapped" in the hands of the Theatre Guild is an amazing production. It is filled with beauty and color, its mood is most moving. That we think we understand it, does not mean that *you* will. Not the least exciting moment for us was when we discovered that Teresa Helburn, the executive genius of the Guild, was actually appearing as one of her own circus group! We've never seen an audience have such a good time as at "Bulldog Drummond". Alternately amused and thrilled. As for us, we felt as we did when the Nancy Boyer Stock Company used to play "The Third Degree" in our home town "Opera House". We saw Earl Carroll, the youthful producer, not long ago. His theatre, the Earl Carroll, opens on Washington's Birthday. He is determined to give repertoire next year and here's hoping that he succeeds. This young man has the bravery of Samson as he starts out on this new venture—and what a fine workshop he has in this splendid new theatre!

From the far west, Hugo Folliard sends us news of a local bard:

Every college nowadays has its campus poet—along with its campus hero, wit, and nul-

sance. Sometimes the poet sits among the mighty; often, however, he rebels with—or without—his undergraduate classmates. (We remember how hard Professor Robert Morris Lovett of the University of Chicago tried to induce the Powers That Be to create a chair, classes, a course in the writing and appreciation of poetry to be given by the gifted young man Howard Mumford Jones.) The college at this town—Pullman, Washington—oh yes, there's a school here, and a very important one, too, at least in football—is no exception.

Elliot C. Lincoln, associate professor of English—Abe Lincoln, familiarly—is the bard; his "Rhymes of a Homesteader" were issued last fall. Mr. Lincoln can be seen any morning stalking amiably to College Hall; or early Saturday, if you idle through the two main streets of this seven-hilled city, you may observe a tall slim figure, tanned of face, clear-eyed, breaking into smile, drawing after him a child's wagon wherein sits his son and heir. Indeed, this thinness of Mr. Lincoln is emphasized by his height; he was standing—sideways—next to a telephone pole, and we saw both sides of the pole distinctly. He seems to be all the same width all the way up—if, as Hermione suggests, you know what we mean.

His fellow sufferers, during intervals of classroom irritation, read his verse and like it. (Though some of the youngsters have been bitten by the tarantula and spout, contra, Remy de Gourmont's "Litanie de la Rose".) Harriet Monroe in "Poetry" gave the volume a decent sendoff with comparisons to folk ballads; the book stores tell us the "Rhymes" are having a steady sale. The verses, ranging from a Kiplingesque swing to Robert Frost's low-ebbed fusions, still have a unique flavor of their own, the tang of Montana; for it's to the mounting hills across the Panhandle that Mr. Lincoln's heart clings. (We believe that there, too, he found his wife.) Mr. Lincoln is inundated at present with such masterpieces as "College Traditions at W. S. C." (600 words: be concrete), or "Arnold vs. Huxley" (term paper: give references), and states that when he can take time from such important considerations he will again tempt the muse.

Once we had another poet here—a poet who wrote about and for children. But, as to this other, as Kipling did not remark, sufficient unto the day are the evils thereof....

The history of "Moby Dick", Melville's titanic dramatization of human fortitude and implacable resolve, has been the history of a book's laudation by literary artists who recognized in Melville an artist who transcended all that they themselves could do in words. The most interesting genealogy of "book recommending", the passing on

of a torch from one hand to another, was supplied one day recently by James Stephens, the wizard who wrote "The Crock of Gold", "Mary, Mary", and "The Demi-Gods". Reveling over "Moby Dick" with Samuel McCoy, who has just returned from Ireland, Stephens said:

"Did I ever tell you how I first heard of the book? George Meredith, who was about twenty years old when 'Moby Dick' was first published, read it, recognized a master in Melville, and passed the book on to his friend Watts-Dunton. Watts-Dunton, equally enthralled, urged Dante Gabriel Rossetti to read it. Rossetti ran with it to Swinburne, crying out that Swinburne must read it. Swinburne, finding in it the roar of the sea described as he himself could not, with all his music, silently passed it on to Oscar Wilde, then the most glittering star among the literary lights of London. Wilde, a Dubliner, handed the book on to another Irishman, young William Butler Yeats, making, as he did so, an epigram on Melville's greatness that would be worth repeating—if I could remember it. Yeats, coming back from London to Dublin, brought a copy of the book with him and presented it to George Russell, 'A. E.', essayist, poet, painter, and seer, commanding him by all the ancient gods of Eire to read it at once. And 'A. E.', chanting solemn rhapsodies through his beard, handed it on to us, his disciples. I pass it on to all I know, as the greatest prose work in the English tongue.

"Melville", added Stephens thoughtfully, "was the last of the school of bards. He was wider than Shakespeare."

Pronounced on the afternoon of August 7, 1921, in the dingy little dining room of the hotel in Galway town on the west coast of Ireland, where

bearded sailors from all the ports of the world once drank Spanish wine in the Galway inns....

Today the sleet is beating across our window mercilessly. We have a cold, we have been taking aspirin, and it is time to take the glass of raw milk which our able assistant holds for us. We are growing old. Alas! All this atmosphere reminds us of a trip that we took re-



Nora Bayes

cently to our native state. We had hoped to find Vermont covered with snow. Instead we found nothing but mud, and in Rutland, that delightful lady Margaret Warde, who writes the Betty Wales books. This year shows a singular unintelligence in women's clubs. Last year wherever we happened to be all the ladies had read the recent books. However, it's earlier in the year. We still like Vermont better than any other state. Returning to town we were dozing in our seat, watching dreamily a couple opposite us who were obviously bride and groom, when we were suddenly awakened to activity by the violent playing of the wedding march on an accordion. We were not so startled as the bride and groom. Then we found around and about us Nora Bayes and her vaudeville troupe. The rest of the afternoon she played the grande dame to the car—her tenor sang for us, and occasionally from the depths of her compartment the lady herself, effective in pink quilted wrapper, would emerge. What an entertaining life, this.

Edward Alden Jewell, the author of "The Charmed Circle", looks far too

young to have been through the helter-skelter experiences with which his publishers credit him. Amy Lowell tells us that she remembers very distinctly the time when he came to interview her in his reportorial days. She says that she interviewed him, and found that he was planning to write various things. His plans have now matured, for the first of the works he told her of was "The Charmed Circle". He told us the following anecdote not long ago:

In the days of my earliest twenties I couldn't quite make up my mind which it was I wanted: a career behind the footlights or a career behind the pen. Perhaps the real turning point came late one afternoon in an Iowa hotel writing room, where I'd established myself between rehearsal and performance to scribble. Donald Robertson came in—he was the star with whom I was learning the rudiments of the profession. I can see him now as he entered and found me there, thoughts miles away from the footlights, pen rushing eagerly across all the hotel stationery in sight.

"What are you doing?" he demanded.

"Just writing a little—"

"Writing! Buttering yourself all over the universe, when instead you ought to be up in your room before the mirror, studying your face—studying expression, gesture."

All in a flash it came upon me then. "What interest have I in a mirror? What is there for me in interpretive art anyhow?" And in simple defiance I turned back to the task of feverishly buttering myself over the universe.

James L. Ford's "Forty Odd Years in the Literary Shop" is likely to recall, to those of an earlier generation, literary conditions of two decades ago, when the first Literary Shop papers were printed. Those were the days when, for example, what was known as the "kail-yard" school was at its height, when the Barrie of the earlier style and Ian Maclaren and Crockett were at the full flood of their American popularity, and a glossary was needed for the understanding of a "best seller". Mr. Ford invented what he called the McClure Village of Syndicate, a model literary community,

situated on a convenient and healthful rise of ground overlooking the Hackensack River, and populated by nearly four thousand able bodied authors, poets, and syndicate hands, together with their wives and families. There was none of the traditional Grub Street hardship about the Village of Syndicate. The "hands" were comfortably housed and fed, drew steady wages, and had their hours of outdoor relaxation, when they indulged in such sports as "putting the twenty pound 'Harper's Bazar' joke" and "chasing the greased publisher".

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK CORNER

Are your own children interested in books? If they are, from now on we hope that they will find this Children's Book Corner of the Gossip Shop a place in which to develop this interest. We shall offer book prizes each month for the best contributions from boys or girls fifteen years old or under. Then, we want you to encourage the children to write to us about books, even when not trying for the prize. We'll recommend an occasional volume here, too; though at the present moment the only one that comes shooting into our mind is Hendrik Van Loon's "The Story of Mankind".

The essays for the February contest should be in the hands of the editors on or before February twentieth. They should be three hundred words in length, and on one of the following subjects: "What Poetry I Like Best, and Why" or "The Last Book I Read and What I Think of It". They should be written in ink on one side of the paper only, and addressed "Children's Book Corner", in care of THE BOOKMAN.

The first prize will be a copy of "The Book of Pirates", the second, of "The Old Tobacco Shop".

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE is off in the Catskill Mountains summering. He writes us in his careful, rather exquisitely formed handwriting; but to all requests for gossip of himself there comes nothing—just polite and entertaining notes about the beauties of "Bears' Wallow". Isn't that a nice name for the summer home of the author of "The Quest of the Golden Girl" (Lane)? He claims that it is as wild as it sounds, too. Mr. Le Gallienne is working on a new book—that much we know, and it seems to us that he once told us it was to be another adventure tale, of pirates and ships, of southern seas and sails blown full by winds of romance. However, as long as he continues to write ballades and other verses, we don't mind what else he may do. We have just been reading and rereading parts of his "The Junkman" (Doubleday), which was published last year. At his best, there is no one now writing who can catch the lyric note and hold it in the old manner, so perfectly as Mr. Le Gallienne. That the present generation of wild young people is only a faded leaf from "The Yellow Book", we don't believe. That some of them have gone a step beyond the license of the late 'nineties, we are sometimes inclined to admit. But Mr. Le Gallienne's thesis is an interesting one. He perhaps knew his Thompson, his Fiona McLeod, and his Ernest Dowson better than he knows us; but if that is true, it is also true that we would like to know Mr. Le Gallienne better. ZONA GALE has returned to Portage, Wisconsin, after her sojourn in the east. Not long ago she told us of what she considered her

nicest interview while she was here. A boy who was living and working on the East Side had written to her that he wanted her advice very much, so she told him that he could see her when she came on to New York. He came to the hotel. Sixteen, lame; he was yet supporting his family, and trying to study and to learn to write at night. There are many more like him. And, fortunately, there are some like Miss Gale who take an interest. Such things it is that make one most optimistic for the native literature of the country. When this boy does write (if his courage and strength last—and they probably will), he will write with that fine penetrating irony that is in direct contrast to the bathos which often comes from the East Side, when it has no background of grinding study, both of life and of letters.

HENRY GOODMAN is a graduate of the Pulitzer School of Journalism who once wrote headlines for the New York "Tribune", and was a reporter on the New York "World". After that, with a flair for romance, he took out a seaman's ticket and shipped on a freighter for ports unknown. The cares of a family caused him to think better of the life of the sailor, however; but he had been on board ship long enough to get atmosphere for a series of sea stories, of which "Faith and Jack London" is only one. Goodman tells us that he has taken a job in the textile business, and finds that he has much more time for writing than he ever did when he was working on a newspaper. He claims that life on a freighter does not afford the leisure

for turning out novels à la William Mc Fee. DR. MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN has been in Spring Lake, New Jersey, this summer. The former United States Ambassador to Denmark has been writing criticism, and is at work on his memoirs. We are never surprised but always intensely gratified when we find one of the older school of critics who yet has sympathy for and an understanding of the modern tendencies of American thought and writing. Dr. Egan is one of the kindest of mentors when he admonishes the young, nor does he hesitate to praise. STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT has finished his second novel, "Jean Huguenot", before the publication of his first, and is now ten thousand words along in a third. Perhaps this intense rush of literature from his youthful pen may be due partly to the fact that his engagement has recently been announced, to Rosemary Carr, of Chicago. They met last winter in Paris, where Miss Carr was on the staff of the Chicago "Tribune", and Mr. Benét was (ostensibly) studying at the Sorbonne. We understand that Stephen uses the Benét garage at Scarsdale for daytime writing, while W. R. Benét has the evening rights. We wonder where Miss Laura does her stint; for the Benét sister is also a poet.

FRANCES NOYES HART has been particularly successful with her short stories during the past year. She says that she is writing these instead of a novel, for the simple reason that there is more money to be had from them. Later, she admits, she will write the novel. Perhaps she will be best remembered for "My A.E.F." (Stokes), a letter which grew out of her canteen service abroad during the war. She is very young indeed, by the way; yet she won the second prize in the O. Henry Short Story contest this year for "Contact!" The war, she tells us, insists on cropping out in everything that she does. THOMAS L. MASSON has written, during his life, over fifty

thousand jokes. Think of it! When so many people, ourselves among them, can't write even one. And this is in addition to being a popular contributor to the leading magazines, the writer of many unsigned editorials, and the literary and managing editor of "Life" for the past twenty-seven years. Some of his books are "A Bachelor's Baby", "The Best Stories in the World", and "Well, Why Not?" (Doubleday).

DONALD OGDEN STEWART is an obliging chap. We told him that we were becoming very bored by the necessity of writing new material about him each month in our Contributors' Column. Yet we knew by the eager questions flung at us in Detroit, that the great public was curious about this genuinely humorous young person who suddenly found himself a writer. We said, "Why don't you write an account for us of your experiences in business." "I will," said he, and wrote quite promptly the following, which we recommend as an excellent course for any young business man to follow (speaking confidentially, and from the editorial standpoint, of course):

Mr. Stewart was graduated from Yale in 1916 and selected a certain large public service corporation as the scene of his future success. It was his desire to start at the bottom and work up. The first half of this wish was readily granted him. After a brief, inspiring interview with the head of the corporation Mr. Stewart was sent to the Birmingham, Alabama office which was about as far away as the head of the corporation could possibly send Mr. Stewart.

While in Birmingham, Mr. Stewart took a keen interest in his job, and read the complete works of Anatole France, George Moore, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, Henrik Ibsen, Gustave Flaubert, and many others. He also intended to read the Alexander Hamilton business course but did not quite get around to it before he was sent to the Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania office.

In Pittsburgh Mr. Stewart took a keen interest in his job and read the works of Leo Tolstoy, Frederick Nietzsche, G. B. Shaw, Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, and others. He also started to take piano lessons and got as far as "The Happy Farmer". He was just on the point of reading the Alexander Hamilton business course when he was sent to Chicago.

After two months in the Chicago office Mr.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Stewart joined the navy. Never having been on a ship or the ocean in his life, he was at once appointed an instructor in Practical Navigation, Seamanship, Naval Ordinance, and Signals. This experience was invaluable and Mr. Stewart came out of the Great War a deepened man.

His old position with the great corporation awaited him and Mr. Stewart went back to the work of the world in the spring of 1918. He was sent to the Minneapolis office, where he took a keen interest in his job and read the works of H. G. Wells, Havelock Ellis, H. L. Mencken, met F. Scott Fitzgerald, and led two cotillions. He was also preparing to take up the Alexander Hamilton business course when he accepted an offer of employment with a Dayton, Ohio financial organization.

Mr. Stewart spent a delightful year in Dayton, where he learned to play golf and read the works of Max Beerbohm, Sainte-Beuve, Casanova, Swift, James Branch Cabell, James Huneker, and William Congreve. He also renewed his piano lessons, getting as far as the Bach three-part inventions and "Easy Classics". On December 30, 1920, he read the first volume of the Alexander Hamilton business course, after which he decided that he wanted to go in for literature.

FLORENCE KILPATRICK MIXTER (Mrs. George W. Mixter) of Buffalo has been a frequent contributor to "Poetry", "Contemporary Verse", and others of the magazines. Her first volume of verse, "Out of Mist" (Boni and Liveright), is to appear presently. We think that her husband was during the war the very august personage, a colonel or a major or something, outside whose office in Washington we often waited in fear and trembling. He knew a great deal about motors, and we didn't, and we think that he was active in the development of the famous American airplane motor, the Liberty. MURRAY HILL has recently written "A Chat About Samuel Merwin" (Bobbs-Merrill). We are going to quote a bit from it, because his remarks about how Americans take their authors seem to us pertinent enough:

Only quite recently there has been manifest in the United States a tendency to possess our own authors more fully with our minds—to, so to say, take them apart and see what makes them tick. You haven't really come into the full, rich ownership of an automobile until you have tinkered with its innards. Same way with books. Just to ride in them (fancy way of saying just to read them) does not give you

anything like the intimate regard for books that you get by (in a manner of speaking) crawling in under them on your back and looking up at their works; possessing them and their creators more fully with our minds. Yes, that is what I want to say.

The English have had this "possession of their authors" for a long time; they know about their popular writers, they weigh them and appraise them, give thoughtful consideration to them and value them for what they are worth.

In this land of ours where everybody can read and few do, we dismiss the author as a man who has written a book, and let it go at that. We like to meet him, or at least we like to say we have met him; but when we do we don't know what to say to him. We feel we ought to talk about his books but we are afraid of getting in over our heads. If we knew the author as well as his books, we'd know better than to talk to him about them, and so would not suffer from literary stage fright at the mere thought of breaking bread with a best seller.

Then, there's a story we heard recently, on our own Murray, that has amused us. "Owd Bob", as Christopher Morley terms him, was traveling in the genial company of our friend Elliot Holt (Henry Holt and Company) the other day, when Elliot, for purposes which we do not here question, introduced him to a cockney waiter, one of those who leaves out the *h*'s where they should be, and puts them in where they shouldn't. He didn't get Murray's name, at first. "What is it," he asked; "Holland?" "Not Holland," said Murray; "Holliday, same as Christmas and New Year's." "Oh yes!" said the waiter complacently. "With two hells!" KENNETH ANDREWS is about to collaborate with the veteran Shakespearian actor, Louis Calvert, who is on his way back to this country now from England, with many plans for improving the drama. Mr. Andrews left for his vacation in Maine just in time so that we could take his place at the A. H. Woods production and Avery Hopwood farce which is amusing and less shocking than its name (which even we do not feel is proper to mention in the staid and dignified, not to say academic, pages of THE BOOKMAN).

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row of the top balcony. (That was almost like wearing ear pads at the opera.) CASSIUS J. KEYSER is the Adrain professor of mathematics in Columbia University, and there are few mathematicians in the country who can rank with him. He has written a number of philosophical works in which mathematical ideas played an important rôle. Among them are "The New Infinite and the Old Theology" (Yale), "The Human Worth of Rigorous Thinking" (Columbia). He expects to publish soon a new volume, "Mathematical Philosophy: A Study of Fate and Freedom". ARCHIE AUSTIN COATES, the author of "City Tides" (Doran), has buried himself somewhere for the summer months and, we hear, has just put the finishing touches on a psychological novel. CLEMENT WOOD writes us from his summer home at Silver Beach, that he has wired New York City for more blankets, that his wife has given up writing and is devoting herself to the preparation of clam chowder, that the children are busy adding eels to their aquarium, that he has just finished polishing off a series of twenty-two sonnets, to be called "The Searchlight", and is working on two novels. What a busy summer! Wish we lived in Silver Beach.

BEN MILLER is a delightful gentleman, the junior member of a lumber firm in Washington, who spends his week-ends playing golf on the Chevy Chase course, and his spare hours reading and being interested in modern poetry. He writes us that the National Open Tournament was a great sight, and that he likes the poetry of a new young poet, Mark Turbyfill, whom we met, by the way, in Miss Monroe's office in Chicago. Mr. Turbyfill's new volume of verse, "The Living Frieze", has just been published. Mr. Miller writes of the Chevy Chase course, where he insists that we shall

(Continued on Where to Buy Books page)

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The Sworn Brothers, A Tale of the Early Days of Iceland, by Gunnar Gunnarsson, trans. by C. Field and W. Emmé [Knopf].
The Dark Geraldine, by John Ferguson [Lane].
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The Car That Went Abroad, Motoring Through the Golden Age, by Albert Bigelow Paine [Harper].
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Just Huntin', Tales of the Forest, Field and Stream, by Ozark Ripley [Stewart Kidd].

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Poverty and Dependency, Their Relief and Prevention, by John Lewis Gillin [Century].

War and Reconstruction

A Journal of the Great War, by Charles G. Dawes, 2 vols. [Houghton].

Religion and Spiritualism

Standing Room Only, by Rev. William L. Stidger, D.D. [Doran].
Paul, the Interpreter of Christ, by Prof. A. T. Robertson [Doran].
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(Continued on Where to Buy Books page)

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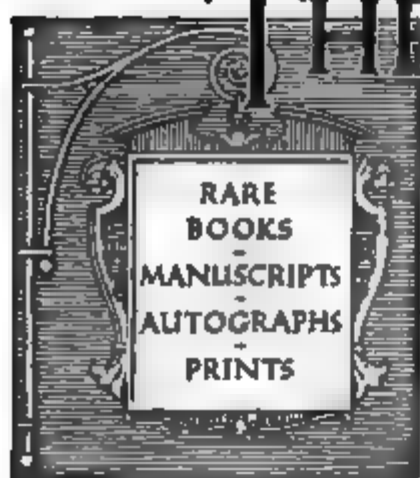
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THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE



In this section the readers of **THE BOOKMAN** will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

EACH year the number of American dealers in rare books who go abroad to pick up "stock" for their shelves seems to be increasing. The close of the London auction season last month brought to an end some notable battles in the auction room, in which Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach of New York and Philadelphia, Charles Sessler of Philadelphia, James F. Drake of New York, and other American representatives of some of our most noted private collectors contended with the leading book auction houses of London for treasures. It must be admitted that the Americans had rather the better of it in these engagements, and as a result some private libraries on this side of the water have been greatly enriched. Mr. Sessler's purchase of a copy of the Third Folio Shakespeare with several lines of writing laid in it which purport to be in the hand of the immortal dramatist, is attracting attention on both sides of the water, and is likely to be a source of controversy for some time to come. The London dealers visit this country in the winter season, and this interchange of visits has proved beneficial to both buyers and sellers. We are accustomed to think that the English dealers who come to this country are here merely for the purpose of showing their wares, but as an actual fact many of them are heavy buyers on this side of the water, and many of the order purchases made in the American auction rooms are for English account. Occasionally a book from a famous English library appears in the American auction room

and next is itemized as a bargain in some London dealer's catalogue.

If the proposed tariff bill becomes a law, however, there will be fewer pilgrimages of English books to this country. The energetic protests of collectors may be expected when they realize that with the exception of books imported directly by libraries, all books, whether or not twenty years old, are subject to American appraisal and a duty of twenty per cent or, in the case of leather-bound books, thirty per cent. The operation of such a law would prevent the importation into this country of a class of books which it is most desirable to have on this side of the water, either in public or private libraries where they will be accessible to scholars for study. The larger libraries which import old and rare books usually do not buy directly, but through an importer who gives them an opportunity to examine the book and return it if it is in any way unsatisfactory. The law would operate most heavily against the scholar and research worker, who is unable to pay the additional duty and who would be compelled to go abroad for study or go without the information to be derived from the perusal of a work. Thus the tax, the collection of which would require an expert appraisal force at a cost which might exceed the additional duties collected, is a tax on scholarship and education. If the book collectors of the country, who are unorganized, do not enlighten their representatives in Congress on the subject of rare book importations, the bill may become a law by default.

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Writing in 1854, Macaulay declared, in his memoir of Bunyan, that not a single copy of the first edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress" was in existence. The Holford copy, which was supposed to be unique, was declared to be worth fifty pounds. Later eight other copies turned up, more or less imperfect. In 1901 a copy which belonged to T. A. Nash was sold in London at Sotheby's for £1,475 and is now in the library of Henry E. Huntington. An imperfect copy which brought twenty-two pounds in the auction room in London in 1902 was sold last month at the same rooms in the collection of the late Reverend N. C. S. Poyntz. Curiously enough, in the same sale there was another imperfect copy which had the title-page and nine leaves missing in the first one, but which was otherwise imperfect. The two sold as one lot brought £2,500; so that now another "perfect" copy may soon be expected.

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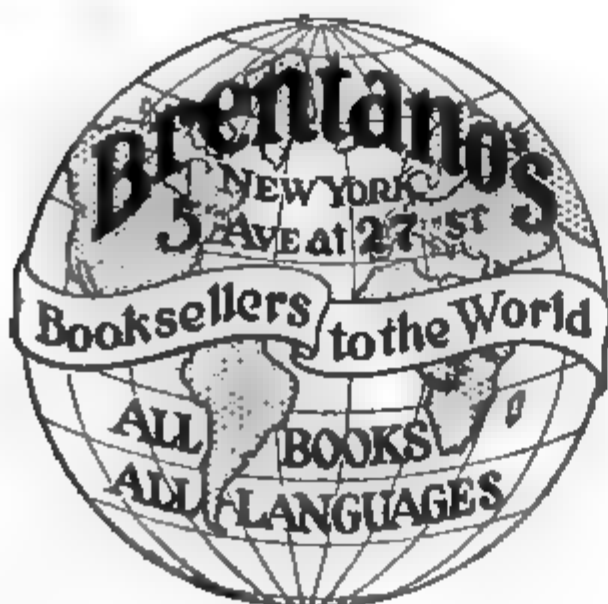
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Auction Bridge Standards, With a Complete Explanation of the Art of Bidding, by Wilbur C. Whitehead, ed. by Ralph J. Leihenderfer (Stokes).
Manhood of Humanity, The Science and Art of Human Engineering, by Alfred Korzybski (Dutton).
The Parent and the Child, by Henry Frederick Cope (Doran).
An Etymological Dictionary of Modern English, by Ernest Weekley (Dutton).
The Keren Ha-Yesod Book, Colonization Problems of the Eretz-Israel, (Palestine) Foundation Fund (London: Leonard Parsons).
Folk Songs of Many Peoples, With English Versions by American Poets, ed. by Florence Hudson Botaford, vol. 1 (Womans).

Juvenile

Father Time Stories, by J. O. Stevenson (London: Religious Tract Soc.).
The Star People, by Gaylord Johnson (Macmillan).
The Book of Birds for Young People, by F. Schuyler Mathews (Putnam).

some day show ourselves no student of the game:

Poetry written in other days springs to the mind, when one sees white flocks of clouds guard the deepest of blue spaces; when Frost's "Fragmentary Blue" expresses one's emotions; and lines from Shelley and Keats come as well.

Something more prosaic could be set down as to the men one sees and passes over the course. A McIntyre could write about it in his style of "New York Day by Day" and call it a golf game hole by hole on Chevy Chase course. He could name the President of the United States when he passes us on the 17th tee and walks off lighting a Fatima cigarette as he goes; or could point out the Cabinet members and the Senators who play.

CHARLES R. MURPHY has more addresses than any other man we know. We think that he belongs in Massachusetts—at least Louise Townsend Nicholl of "The Measure" tells us so; but at any rate, his poetry is well-known to the readers of the verse magazines, and his latest address was Philadelphia.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Once in a small Yale classroom, we read aloud to the class our first and last short story. The criticisms from both students and professor were crisp, devastating, and final. The professor was then an editor of "The Yale Review" as well, and the author of numerous books of essays and a novel. HENRY SEIDEL CANBY is now, assisted by William Rose Benét, editor of "The Literary Review" of the New York "Evening Post" which, in its present form, he has created along the lines of the Literary Supplement to the London "Times". It has already made a firm place for itself among the forces which are attempting to aid the cause of American letters. Mr. Canby is still a member of the Yale English department. His latest book was "Everyday Americans" (Century). ALINE KILMER (Mrs. Joyce Kilmer) still lives in Larchmont with her children, who are the most spiritually beautiful children we have ever seen. There is something almost magic about them, with their gold hair and their great eyes. For a while, there was also a police dog in the Kilmer family; but after Mrs. Kilmer had twice been hailed to court because of the complaints of neighbors that the gentle fellow frightened them or their cats, she gave up in despair, and presented the dog to the judge, who apparently is able to manage him. Her new book of poetry "Vigils" (Doran) is appearing this fall.

DONALD OGDEN STEWART has now succeeded in writing something that pleases George Jean Nathan and is, apparently, happier than when in his

previous condition of not having written something to please G. J. N. He has received letters from all of the authors parodied in the "Outline", with one exception. We take the liberty of printing one from Sinclair Lewis, who writes from "The Bell House", Bearsted, North Maidenstone, England.

August 3

DEAR MR. STEWART:

I wish you had seen us yesterday, in my room of a half-timbered cottage looking out on a village green with canonical geese, cricket game, and a small quite amiable goat, when my wife came in with the steamer mail, and read through, aloud, your "Main Street—Plymouth". It is one of the most amusing burlesques I have ever seen—even better than your Thornton Burgess-Cabell-Dreiser-Lewis skit in Vanity Fair. I howled in a completely undignified way.

Please give my regards to John Farrar, and tell him to keep you at work fourteen hours a day.

Sincerely yours,

SINCLAIR LEWIS.

ZONA GALE from the distance of Portage, Wisconsin, writes occasionally to tell us of some new enthusiasm for book, play, or person. Her "Miss Lulu Bett", the play, is to appear this fall as a volume (Appleton), and the poems, among them those that have appeared in THE BOOKMAN, are to be gathered into a book called "The Secret Way" (Macmillan). We hear that PADRAIC COLUM has been having a restful time writing at the MacDowell Colony at Peterboro. William Rose Benét, who has just returned from there, gives an amusing picture of the little man, who has always reminded us of some variety of leprechaun, hidden away in a cottage, writing for all he was worth. The article which we publish here is to introduce his "Anthology of Irish Poetry" (Boni).

THOMAS L. MASSON was traveling on a train from Chicago with Melville Stone, when Gus Thomas strolled up. He nodded to Masson and shook hands with Stone. "You must have known this man for a long time," said Stone to Thomas. "Something over a hundred years," said Thomas. As a matter of fact Mr. Masson has only been managing editor of "Life" for twenty-seven years: he says that the century before that he passed in reading up old jokes in order—if possible—to keep them out of "Life". The paper on George Ade which appears in this issue of THE BOOKMAN is to be included in Mr. Masson's forthcoming book on the American humorists of today. We met "H. D." (Mrs. Richard Aldington) last winter when she was in this country. Tall, dark, slender, nervous, she is a striking and delicate personality. Though she is the wife of an English poet, and lives in England, she is the daughter of Professor C. L. Doolittle, former astronomer of the University of Pennsylvania. Her father was of Puritan stock, her mother of Moravian family, early settlers in Pennsylvania. It has been said that "H. D.'s" poetry is concerned with a dead past rather than a living future. But although the names of the poems are Greek, it was the mountains and rivers of the Lehigh Valley, the sands and pine-scrubs of New Jersey, and the rocky islands of Maine that gave her the spiritual insight out of which this nature poetry has evolved. Last year, after ten years abroad, she returned to record here in the New World, impressions of a recent visit to Attica and the southern islands. Her new volume of poems is to be called "Hymen" (Holt). J. F.'s "Songs for Parents" has just been published (Yale).

Someone recently told us of a glimpse he had of CARL SANDBURG sitting under a tin roof on one of the hottest days in an extremely hot July, *writing—by the aid of cold towels and*

cold baths at frequent periods—fairy stories for his children. We understand that the tales are curious and colorful, as they must of necessity be, coming from that curious and colorful person. We hope to publish one of them before many months. STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT is still working at top speed so that he may the sooner enter the state of matrimony. "The Beginning of Wisdom" (Holt) will already have been published by the time we appear, and we do not hesitate to recommend that you read the rest of it, for the sketchy extracts we have used in THE BOOKMAN have not told the real story of young Philip Sellaby, which is pathetic and swift-moving, and told with a brilliance and charm that are peculiarly young Benét's. We took him to Sidney Howard's "Swords" not long ago, and his remark was, "It's the best thing of its kind since Christopher Marlowe." We think that nothing so well characterizes a man's soul as his opinion of that idealistic, splendidly conceived drama. It is impossible for the little cynic, puttering around in the mire of petty realism, to visualize a woman who "talks with God". Sidney Howard's play is like a clear light shining through the disillusionment of the younger generation. Clare Eames's interpretation of it was inspired. Only once before have we seen such acting, and the actress was Réjane!

ELINOR WYLIE has been in town through part of the summer; but has returned to her native Washington again. Her "Nets to Catch the Wind" (Harcourt) will appear presently. PERCY HAMMOND, now of the New York "Tribune", was jovial but a trifle overwhelmed when we saw him not long ago. The New York theatrical season was proving more than rushed to the former critic of the Chicago "Tribune". First nights do not come every night in the week in the city of Ben Hecht and Carl Sandburg. However, Mr. Hammond confessed that he

was enjoying himself, and that he expected to become as enthusiastic a first nighter in New York as the very oldest inhabitant. KENNETH ANDREWS is working on a translation of some Spanish play. JOSEPH FREEMAN is a young American poet at present living in England. OSCAR DAVISSON is a recent graduate of Yale who goes to Oxford this fall as a Rhodes scholar. During the summer he has been acting in Stuart Walker's Indianapolis company. HEYWOOD BROUN is now safely harbored on the New York "World", where he has a daily column, "It Seems to Me", in which he touches on books, the stage, and almost anything else that enters his head. His reports of the tennis matches were, we think, excellent. His story of the Lenglen "comeback" was as dramatic as most plays, more than some. Isn't it a pity that Mlle. Suzanne didn't seem to last? Ah well, perhaps when she finds tennis irksome, she will turn to literature. Who knows? MAXWELL BODENHEIM has just returned from Peterboro, where he has been writing steadily all summer. His conversation is as swift, as biting, and as exotic as his verse. He has, we think, red hair. His last book of verse was "Advice" (Knopf). ERNEST A. BOYD, formerly of the staff of the New York "Evening Post", is, or was, a politician in Ireland; but has sought solace in this country, where he revels in his knowledge of French literature, and his delight in American books. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE is still in the country, from which place he writes us numerous letters about everything in the world but himself. As a member of the 1890 group he is particularly well qualified to review the posthumous 'Wilde manuscript. BURTON RASCOE, the Chicago critic, now transplanted, is at present associate editor of "McCall's Magazine". We hear that one of his youngsters (the boy, we believe) is, at the age of three, a greater artist than Vincent Van Gogh, whom his father rates higher than

Cézanne or Gauguin. We speak simply from hearsay, not having seen these momentous drawings. At present the proud father is at work on a novel which he started on a ranch in Oklahoma last year. His book, "Fanfare", will probably appear this fall, though his publishers tell us that, so particular and ticklish is he about his work, that they never know at what moment he will withdraw a book, with the remark, "It's not good enough yet!"

NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR, poet and critic, is the author of four books, three of verse, one a poetic play, "The Fairy Bride", which has been frequently acted, this year by students at the Summer School of Columbia University. REX HUNTER spends most of his time explaining to his friends and others that he was born and grew up in New Zealand and not in Australia. He writes us, "I have drunk *kava* in the Fijis and have eaten *poi* in Hawaii. My chief aversion is the flapper who crowds you into a corner and tells you that 'she wants to write'. I like cats and curry. In Chicago I reviewed books for the page in the 'Post' conducted by Llewellyn Jones. I have published a book of one-act plays which I regard as experiments. Am now working on a novel and what an acquaintance of mine calls a 'full-length' play." CHARLES HANSON TOWNE has just returned from England, where he met everyone worth meeting, and is now ready to tell about them. While there, he wrote the following sonnet which appeared in the London "Morning Post", with editorial comment:

ON THE MURDER OF MRS. LINDSAY.

[We have received for publication the following sonnet by Mr. Charles Hanson Towne, the well-known American man of letters and Editor of "McClure's Magazine," who is now on a visit to this country. The verse is doubly welcome as affording evidence of the depth to which the best American sentiment has been stirred by a crime that leaves the British Government and the British Press so cold.]

England! Is there no word that you will say

To the assassins for their shameful deed?
Is this your new religion, your new creed?—
Silence—when all the world weeps in dismay.
What hope of Freedom can be built today
For the next generation's ultimate need,
If, when foul traitors act, you softly plead,
"There is a truce!" and blindly turn away?
A truce with whom? O surely not with those
Who thus make sport of Age, and Life, and
God!
England! Go back to that firm path you
trod
When, but a few brief years ago, you rose
And girded on your armour...England,
speak!
An old, old woman was strong—shall you
be weak?

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

GEROLAMO LAZZERI lives in Italy and does Italian letters for many of the most prominent of the continental literary journals. His name is a distinguished addition to our list of foreign contributors.

In commenting on Mrs. Hart's article in the September BOOKMAN, the New York "Tribune" claims editorially that the contest between Mr. Hergesheimer and Mrs. Hart as to who is responsible for the happy-ending novel—the tired business man or the feminine nuisance—is fairly equal; and it adds a new thought. We should be happy to receive comments from librarians and others who have a chance to observe the sweet girl undergraduate at her reading.

The balance of blame having been thus restored to equilibrium, it seems proper to offer the suggestion that perhaps both the Tired Business Man and the Feminine Nuisance are suffering for the sins of a third party—namely, the Voracious Teens. No adult, man or woman, can compete with the novel-hungry, library-hunting girl of eighteen. Romance after romance, classic and best seller and pure drivel, is sucked into her gluttonous young mind, and still each Friday night finds her at the public library eager for more. It would be interesting to turn the statisticians loose on her to find out how many dozens of star-eyed heroines and broad-shouldered gallants this young cannibal devours in the course of her reading period and to know just how long the spasm lasts. Some take five years, some ten. Only a few are born with that discrimination for both life and literature which enables them to discard the piffle after the first taste. Most of them simply grow up. And life itself takes care of the novel reading habit. The woman who is face to face with the problem of twentieth century married life seldom dwells long on the "My queen! My hero!" school of literature.

The approach of the voting season makes us painfully conscious of the fact that exaggerating a young lady's age is a dastardly deed. Wherefore we hasten to make amends by quoting a letter which Mrs. A. M. Williamson has written us from England:

Somebody tells me that the dear BOOKMAN has said something kind about me, but in doing so adds that "The Lightning Conductor" came out "twenty odd years ago".

Now, for Molly's sake (Molly was the heroine) we mustn't let that stand, please! She was twenty-one when Jack fell in love with her and drove her about France and Italy. So think how awful for her if that had been "twenty odd years ago". It's quite bad enough for her—to say nothing of me—that the book did appear eighteen years ago—"going on nineteen", as children say of their ages when they want to be as old as possible. So please do let THE BOOKMAN give Molly back the youth—comparative youth!—that he has robbed her of so inadvertently. I haven't yet seen a cutting, but I 'spect I shall some day. Anyhow, I'm coming over to your side about the end of October, and THE BOOKMAN doesn't want to be scolded, does he?

If all Mrs. Williamson's scoldings are as delightful as this one, we say "Yes" at once. Moreover, we believe that it is we who are entitled to a grievance, for we said merely that "The Lightning Conductor" was one of the first novels ever read by us.

We have been curious to know more about Owosso, Michigan, ever since we learned that it was the home town of James Oliver Curwood. Now comes a letter from Frances A. Jones, librarian of Owosso's Public Library, which confirms our opinion that it's a town worth watching.

Because you said that you liked "Main Street" and because Hoyt Holmes said that he liked honest thinking I am sending my first letter to THE BOOKMAN. I like "Main Street" and I like honest thinking. "Main Street" relieved my mind of some undigested thoughts and honest thinking is one of the faculties I hold most precious.

I have lived here all my life and I have no grouch against small towns in general or particular. My fellow citizens have treated me well. Owosso is, what its boosters claim, one of the best towns in the state and a desirable place to live in for all practical purposes. It has clean, well-shaded streets, well-cared-for buildings and manufacturing industries that furnish employment. Not only that but we have reasonable employers and employees who get together and agree how to meet a falling-

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off of business. We have a foreign population that is treated well. The president of the senior High School class this year was an Italian whose parents keep a fruit stand. Paul Salava, another son of a foreign born resident, is the youngest telegrapher in the state holding a responsible position. The young daughters from the wealthiest families of Owosso chum in the most democratic fashion with attractive Sicilian and Rumanian girls. There is all through the town an admirable spirit of friendliness. Permeating that is, of course, the strain of evil gossip as "Main Street" depicts it. The majority of the inhabitants should have nothing but praise for the development of themselves into well-meaning, law-abiding citizens. They have been moving upward rapidly into more prosperous surroundings and a higher social scale.

But the suggestion that such a thing as beauty should be sought for itself alone might be met with a careless and uncomprehending "Sure" but most certainly with a yawn. I heard one young lady say, "When I want something and I don't know what, I get a soda." Buying something is the common oplate for troublesome, newly awakened imagination. Just as Lewis concludes in "Main Street", the adult members of the town are, in the main, hopeless, but the children are not. They may prove to have creative imagination but if so, they will migrate to New York and leave us right where we were. Mr. Holmes's personal equation is, evidently, not mine for I can honestly say that "Main Street" is true, startlingly true to me. It is a challenge to the few people who know beauty and forget, and an epoch-making book in its plea for an artistic awakening in the small town. To me, it is a worthy successor to "The Turmoil".

From Teheran, Persia, came the following post card, written in green ink, on a salmon background, and addressed thusly: "Bookman Magazine, U. S. of America, to be obligently addressed by the American Post Office."

Gentlemen:

Your magazine's fame has reached the city where I live, but not the address. So I have written you an "address-less" post-card, and beg you to send me a sample copy of THE BOOKMAN, and also give me full informations on the following: for, being Educational Publishers yourselves, you can do this better than any other one. And please do it. It is an actual service to the "Department of Public Education of Persia", of which I am a member.

1—The address of the best book and magazine Companies which publish the best up-to-date books and periodicals for *all the school-years*, (from the first year of the Elementary School to the last years of the highest colleges and universities,) and on all subjects;

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—and, if possible, the complete programs, and names of books, of a series of these modern and up-to-date schools. (From the first year of the Elementary School to the last years of the highest Colleges and Universities.)

Waiting anxiously for your answer, I beg to remain,

faithfully Yours, A. B.
(Abbol-Fatth)

He has been answered.

Another interesting letter from the
Secretary of the New York Society
for the Suppression of Vice:

I write to thank you for your letter enclosing advance sheets of the July BOOKMAN in which the ideas of "Simon Pure" are opposed to some of my statements regarding legal action against books. His statement that "corruption comes more from suppression than from anything else" embodies the error usually made by writers on this subject. It is not the suppression which does damage, but the publication of the fact of suppression. Some day I assume that newspapers will adopt a sufficiently high ethical standard under which they will avoid such publication, however much they may feel that they are depriving their readers of something which is considered to have news value.

Regarding Mrs. Stopes's book, this prosecution was by the District Attorney of this County at the suggestion of Governor Smith. The book was submitted to us just about a year ago by Messrs. G. P. Putnam and Sons, who had published it in London, and we expressed the opinion at that time that while we were impressed by the sincerity of the writer, we believed that there were some things in the book which would make its publication here improper under the law. The trial court seems to have taken the same view of the matter.

I think you will agree that if there were no law against it, there would be a great quantity of pornographic matter placed upon the market, and also that the circulation of pornographic matter is harmful. That being the case, it is proper that there should be a law and that that law should be enforced. The public would know nothing about such enforcement were it not for the publication in the newspapers and otherwise of court proceedings which are necessary from time to time.

Very sincerely,
JOHN S. SUMNER.

Here is delightful Keats-Wilde gossip from Emma Speed Sampson:

Referring to an article in the June BOOKMAN on the Book Fair in Richmond, by Mary Newton Stanard, I wish to make a correction. Mrs. Stanard says: "The three volume edition de luxe of Keats, given by the poet to his brother, the great-grandfather of Emma Speed Sampson of the Richmond group of writers, to whom it has descended, received deserved attention." I am sorry to say this is a mistake but one that might easily have slipped in as the volume of Keats in question was labeled

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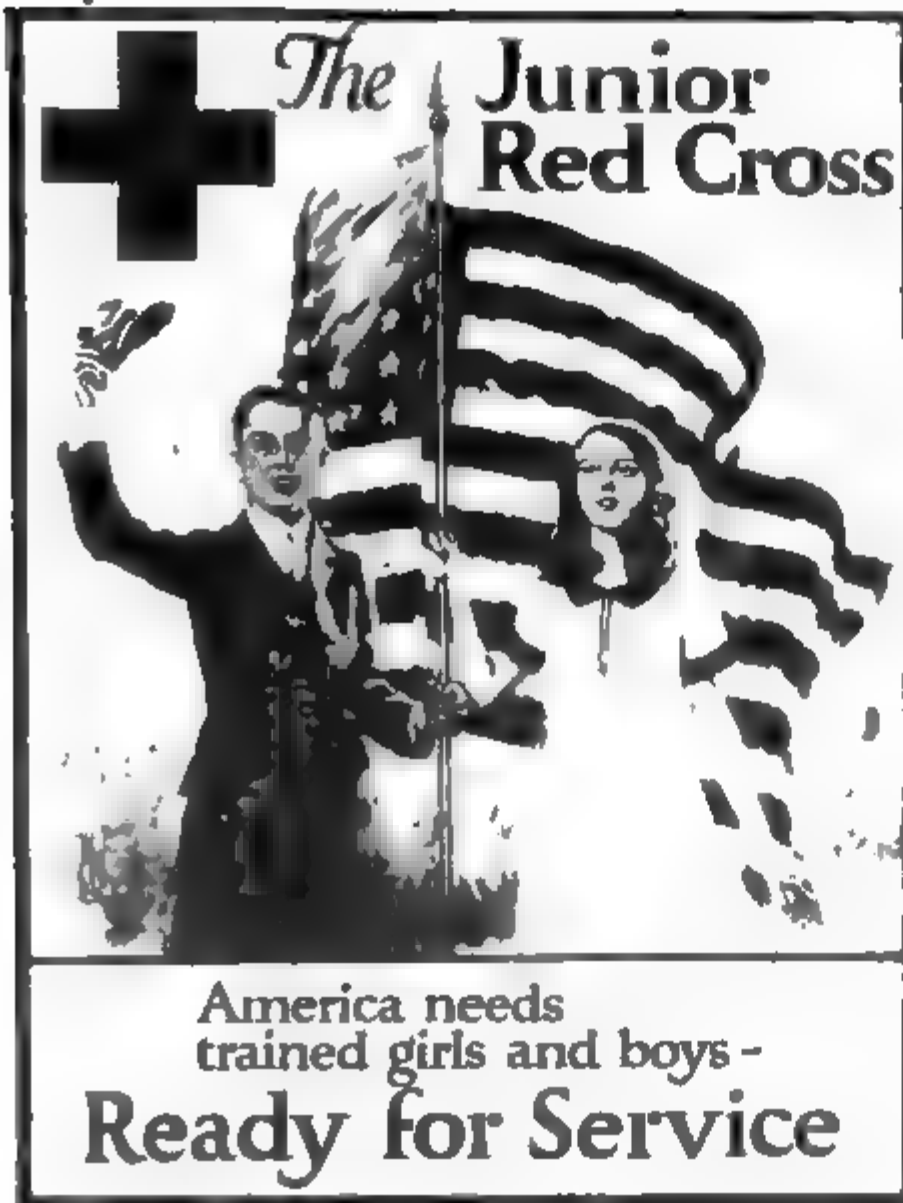
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spondence position for a big news agency. At the time of Italy's entrance into the war and the year following, she was correspondent and bureau manager for Italy, with headquarters at Rome, for the United Press Association. She has studied conditions in Italy, and her education varies from the University of Kansas to the University of Rome. **FILLMORE HYDE** is a graduate of Harvard University, who wears his clothes quite as well as most graduates of that university. He is, as a matter of fact, National Champion Squash Player of these United States. The gentleman who directs the financial operations of **THE BOOKMAN** tells us that squash is not a popular game. Be that as it may, it is a **BOOKMAN** game, for **Thomas R. Coward**, of our reviewing

staff, is one of the best players in New York City, and our own **Mr. Ivins** is modestly interested in the game for Brooklyn. We can challenge any other magazine in the country, then, for the squash title, and it is our purpose soon to have a Literary Squash Tournament. **JAMES GOULD** plays squash, too; but his claim to distinction in connection with this particular review is the fact that he was a member of the Yale football team in 1914. **Sydney Greenbie** writes from Greensboro, Vermont, where he is resting after oriental travels. His own book, "The Pacific Triangle" (Century), is about to be published, and his wife's book, "In the Eyes of the East", an account of her journey around the world, is on the fall lists, too (Dodd, Mead). **HECTOR MAC QUARRIE** tells us that he is

the offspring of a pair of Celts from the island of Ulva in the Western Highlands of Scotland. His first book was called "How to Live at the Front", which might be termed vaguely a triangular offspring, since it was written by two stenographers and himself in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where he was inspector of production of guns and howitzers on the British War Mission. His last book was "Tahiti Days" (Doran). He is working on a new volume called "Seven Kings", and several plays. **MAJOR RENÉ E. DE R. HOYLE**, Field Artillery, U. S. A., has recently been stationed at Yale University as Military Commandant. **JOHN DOS PASSOS**, the young author of "Three Soldiers", is



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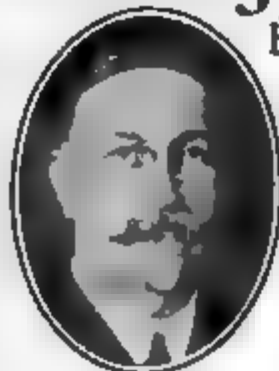
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THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE



In this section the readers of **THE BOOKMAN** will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

WAR'S heavy burdens have plunged many a family into financial difficulties in Europe, and owners of fine libraries are still looking to America to come to the rescue by the purchase of their books, the accumulation, in many cases, of several generations. The latest to be offered is the famous Saitschick library, the owner of which, Dr. Robert Saitschick of Zurich, formerly professor at the Federal Polytechnic School of Switzerland, is compelled to part with his treasures, the winnowings of the grain of more than four centuries of printing. Dr. Saitschick is a Russian by birth, a Swiss by naturalization, and by scholarship a teacher of German literature for many years in the University of Cologne. The Saitschick library consists of some twenty thousand volumes, selected with a view to preserving, in the best editions, the cream of the writings of the world's great thinkers in all the ages. The collector selected only the best and most valuable editions, which in many cases were the first, and to these he added later editions of the highest literary and bibliographical value. Where the books were not in contemporary bindings, he employed the finest binders of Europe to rebind them, with particular reference to harmony between the text and the binding. The individual items, winnowed many times, now form a unity which is to be found in few other private libraries abroad. The printed books begin with rare incunabula, and fall into several classes—the finest illustrated editions; rare first editions of the Renaissance and Restoration periods; original edi-

tions and translations of ancient literature; collected works and first editions of German, French, Italian, Russian, Polish, and English literature; proverbs, fairy tales, and folk lore of different countries; memoirs and letters; religions of all nations; philosophy and social science, general history, art and curiosa, varia and selected rarities. Many of the works have illustrious provenance, and the collection as a whole represents the aristocracy of letters. It is to be hoped that some American institution will secure it, and the price at which it will be sold if kept together would not now pay for the binding of the books.

A controversy has been raging in the bibliographical journals regarding the first issue of the first edition of Dickens's "A Christmas Carol", the principal point raised being whether this should have end papers of yellow or green. Eminent authorities have brought forward evidence to prove that each of these was the first. Yet the probability is that some copies of the first issue had yellow end papers, while others had green, according to the stock which the binder had on hand. After they had been used indiscriminately on the first few hundred copies it is likely that Dickens decided on the yellow end papers in which the second and later editions appeared. So long as a collector, however, has a copy bearing the "Stave 1" in roman type, he may well believe that he has the first issue, whatever the color the binder used for the end papers. The point is one for the meticulous collector or the dealer who

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has a copy with variations which he may be able to sell at a higher price than the ordinary market value of the first edition.

John Ruskin, whose works are now collected in first and other editions, was a collector of a type which would not be tolerated in collectors' society today. In the sale of the Yates Thompson illuminated manuscripts in London last season a late thirteenth-century Antiphonary from the Cistercian Abbey of Beaupré, near Grammont, fetched £1,510. In cataloguing it Yates Thompson called attention to the fact that the last owner of this magnificent manuscript (Ruskin) "had a habit, the generosity of which will, I am afraid, not be appreciated by most collectors, of giving or lending leaves of his MSS. to friends, schools, etc. Every book which I had from him had suffered in a way, and when this Antiphonary came into my possession it had been pulled to pieces by this reckless owner."

Among the recent literary birthday observances there is one which apparently has been overlooked. Now the suggestion is put forward seriously that we ought to celebrate the tercentenary of the birth of the First Folio of Shakespeare. For while there are those who stoutly contend that no such person as Shakespeare ever existed, no one has had the temerity to deny the existence of the First Folio (1623).

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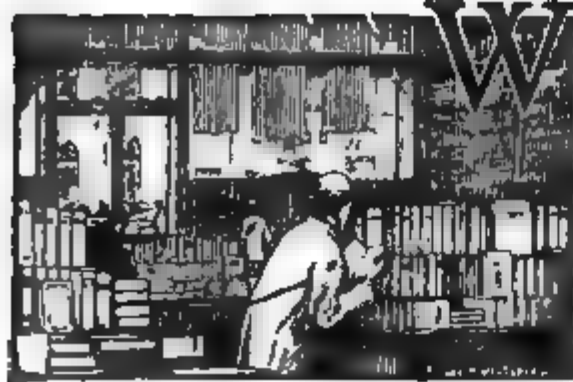
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A Day in a Colonial Home, by Della R. Prescott, edited by John Cotton Dana [Marshall Jones].
Teacher's Manual for Poco A Poco, an Elementary Direct Method for Learning Spanish, by Guillermo Hall [World Book].
Come Into the Garden, by Grace Tabor [Macmillan].
The Advertising Handbook, by S. Roland Hall [McGraw-Hill].
The Bookman's Manual, A Guide to Literature, by Bessie Graham [Bowker].
The Management of Men, A Handbook on the Systematic Development of Morale and the Control of Human Behavior, by Edward L. Munson [Holt].
A Dictionary of Slang and Colloquial English, by John S. Farmer and W. E. Henley [London: Routledge].
Bibliographies of Modern Authors, No 2, John Maschfeld, compiled by J. A. Williams [Brick Row Book Shop].
Opera Synopses, A Guide to the Plots and Characters of the Standard Operas, by J.

Walker McSpadden (Third Edition) [Crowell].
Fasting and Man's Correct Diet, by R. B. Pearson [pub. at Chicago].
The Enjoyment of Architecture, by Talbot Faulkner Hamlin [Scribner].

Juvenile

The Royal Book of Oz, by L. Frank Baum [Reilly & Lee].
Down the River with the Teenie Weenies, by William Donahay [Reilly & Lee].
The Teenie Weenie Man's Mother Goose, illus. by William Donahay [Reilly & Lee].
Sunny Sam, by Frank Farrington [Reilly & Lee].
Peter and the Princess, by Carl H. Grabo [Reilly & Lee].
The Queer Little Man, by Marion Ames Taggart [Doran].
At Greenacres, by Marion Ames Taggart [Doran].
High Benton, Worker, by William Heyliger [Appleton].
The Strange Adventures of a Pebble, by Hallam Hawksworth [Scribner].
Peeps at Many Lands: Norway, by Lieut.-Col. A. F. Mockler-Perryman and Denmark, by M. Pearson Thomson; *Italy*, by John Finnemore and *Greece*, by Edith A. Browne; *China*, by Lena E. Johnston and *Japan*, by John Finnemore; *Australia*, by Frank Fox and *New Zealand*, by P. A. Valle [Macmillan].
The Children's Garland of Verse, ed. by Grace Rhys [Dutton].
The Dragon's Secret, by Augusta Hulell Seaman [Century].
The Happy Venture, by Edith Ballinger Price [Century].
Our Dog Friends, Retold from St. Nicholas [Century].
"Driftwood", by Raymond S. Spears [Century].
Little Friends in Feathers, by Inez N. McFee [Barnes & Hopkins].
The Boy Scouts Book of Campfire Stories, ed. by Franklin K. Mathlews [Appleton].

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Houghton's book the word 'blue' is struck out. In Severn's portraits of Keats also the eyes are given as brown.

"The exquisite sense of colour expressed in the ninth and tenth lines may be paralleled by

"The Ocean with its vastness, its blue green, of the sonnet to George Keats."

The Mrs. Speed referred to, was my grandmother Emma Keats Speed. I can remember very well when Oscar Wilde came to Louisville to lecture and the interest felt by the whole family in the fact that he was to have luncheon with Grandmother Speed.

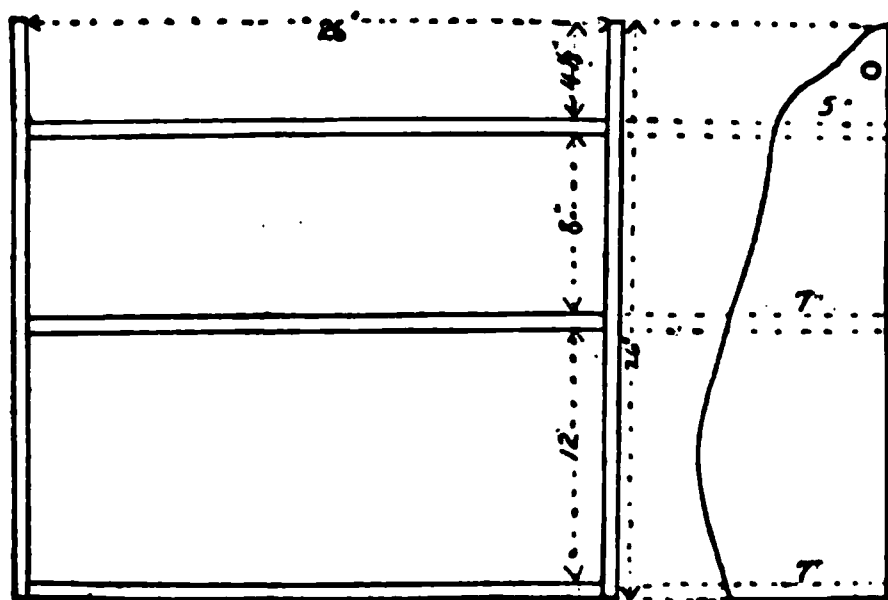
We lived in the country just outside of Louisville in a place named "Chatsworth". To us fell the task of furnishing flowers for the luncheon table. With great care my mother gathered the blue flowers mentioned in the Blue Sonnet from the lovely old Chatsworth gardens: "Forget-me-not,—the blue-bell,—and that queen of secrecy, the violet."

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THE BOOKMAN LITERARY WEEK commences in New York City at John Wanamaker's auditorium on November 7th. Naturally we heartily recommend that our metropolitan readers attend and applaud. (Hisses will also be welcome. There is nothing so BOOKMANISH as a controversy.) For every day we have planned a dramatic event. (In which our friends of the theatre have promised to assist.) This is to enliven the appearance of famous authors, five of whom will speak every afternoon. Performances start promptly at 2:30 each day (watch the da-a-a-aily pa-a-a-apers!) and we shall try to give maximum information with minimum pain. One day will be devoted to fiction, one to drama, one to travel, one to young authors, and one to children's books. Poetry day, falling on Armistice Day, will be fittingly celebrated. This is to be, we hope, a traveling show, and it is our ambition that other towns shall know the real joys of a BOOKMAN circus. On application to this office special sections will be reserved for the members of suburban literary clubs.

CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK (from November 13th to November 19th) is to be celebrated this year with more than usual zest. Schools, libraries, bookshops and community centres are entering into the spirit of the effort to encourage the buying and the reading of books by children and their parents. "The Children's Book Week Committee" have prepared various posters and other material which may be obtained from their offices at 334 Fifth Avenue. One of their schemes

which has particularly interested us is the plan for a "Thomas Bailey Aldrich Bookcase", which they are sending out for distribution to boys who may care to turn carpenter long enough to make such a case for their own rooms. Aldrich, as told in his "The Story of a Bad Boy", had such a bookcase over his bed at the old house in Portsmouth. There he kept his personal books. We publish here a reprint of a working drawing of the case. As



our part in CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK, we offer the following:

Children's Book Week Essay Contest

For the ten best essays written by boys or girls fifteen years or under on "The Books I Like to Read", THE BOOKMAN offers ten prizes: first, \$25 in cash; second, \$10 worth of books; and one book for each of the other eight. Two of the best essays received before November first will be published in the Christmas number. The announcement of prize awards and the first and second prize-winning essays themselves will be printed in the January number. Contributions must be in the hands of the judges on or before November 20th, and must be not less than three hundred or more than

eight hundred words in length, must be written in ink on one side of the paper only, must have name, age, and address of the contestant in the upper right hand corner, and be addressed to "Children's Book Week Essay Contest", care THE BOOKMAN.

And so, to our contributors.

We recently introduced BURTON RASCOE to the Lower East Side. This transplanted Chicago critic, together with Harry Hansen of the Chicago "Daily News", seemed to find the café run by a district political boss slightly different from the hotels along the Boul' Mich'. We tried vainly, while Mr. Rascoe was watching the intrepid fingers of a saxophone player, to discover the publication date of his book of essays, "Fanfare". But we were unsuccessful. However, we've seen at least the cover design and we like that much anyway! We understand that Mr. Rascoe's opinions on the motion pictures are considered a trifle extreme. For this reason we have asked Sir Gilbert Parker, whose intimate association with the Industry or Art (choose as you will) makes him particularly well qualified, to do a reply for the December number. DONALD OGDEN STEWART, whose parodies will soon be issued in book form, is now working on a novel. He wishes us to make it plain that it is a serious and not a humorous effort. It seems quite unnecessary to introduce THEODORE DREISER to BOOKMAN readers. His writings have been among the most discussed of modern authors, his novels are widely read on the continent. You will find his autobiography, of which we are publishing a small part, filled with entertaining incident. Mr. Dreiser is at present in Los Angeles, where he is, we hear, working on two novels. One of them is to be

called "The Bulwark". He is also writing a play.

HAZEL HALL, of Portland, Oregon, author of "Curtains" (Lane), is an invalid. She writes us:

I have noted that your contributors are always just starting or returning from far places, or that they are being variously interesting at home. As for me, what I did yesterday I am doing today, and tomorrow I shall be as moderately occupied as I was yesterday. All of which goes to say that the adventures which are mine lose something of their glamour when listed.

KENNETH ANDREWS, the last we heard of him, was busily working over a manuscript for Doubleday, Page and Company. We wish that he would finish a play. ROBERT HILLYER once entered this office shortly after his return from Denmark, where he went on a traveling scholarship. He is much younger, and rather larger than we had suspected from his pictures. His last book of poems was "Alchemy" (Brentano), and we hear that he is instructing in English at Harvard University this year. MURRAY HILL'S "Turns about Town" (Doran) seems about to rival the popularity of his "Walking-Stick Papers", from all signs. Personally we have always liked "Peeps at People" best. However, there's no accounting for tastes.

HARRISON RHODES, novelist, playwright, essayist, and delightful gentleman, has now turned, he tells us, to writing short stories again. "High Life" (McBride) is his latest novel. To sit with Mr. Rhodes and hear him tell of his acquaintance with the French poets of some years past, is one of the rarest treats we know. It does not happen often, however, for he is that rare person, seldom encountered in this age of publicity, who is a genius at listening to gossip and refuses to spread it. Of course, his



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"Life" discovered him several years ago, he was struggling against illness. By means of his writing, he has been able to make of a most difficult life, a happy and a useful one. Living now with his sister in Oregon, he writes when he is strong enough. We think that he would deeply appreciate letters from BOOKMAN readers. Of his present home he says: "My porch has six huge windows, open all of the time. Before me are the eternal hills and the forests of pine and fir. Nothing in the world is as sweet as the air here after rain! A most glorious place to watch the light go out." RAYMOND M. WEAVER, English professor at Columbia University, is an exceedingly happy man at the moment, for he has finished "Herman Melville: Mariner and Mystic" (Doran) on which he has been working so long. After writing so fascinating a biography, we do not believe that he has yet had time to make plans for new works. It is clear, however, that at some future date there will be a collection of his critical essays, which are fine indeed.

JOHAN BOJER, the Norwegian, author of "The Great Hunger", "The Power of a Lie" (Moffat, Yard), etc., etc., is one of those writers about whom it is really impossible for us to gossip. However, Allen Wilson Porterfield has written us an article on his work and his person, which we are publishing shortly, and Ivan Opffer, who is now in Scandinavia, has promised to do us a sketch from life. The making of anthologies we have always thought to be a delightful task; but the other morning when we telephoned SARA TEASDALE FILSINGER, and found that she was busy going over verses from Chaucer to Hilda Conkling, in order to find a comparatively tiny sheaf of poems that would be amusing for children, we decided that, after all, perhaps anthologists really do earn their royalties. This volume should fill an extremely vacant place

on the shelves of the children's library; for we know of no compact volume of the best verse for children.

JOHN V. A. WEAVER is busy writing his novel. We want to say here, quite simply, that we think Mr. Weaver has written one or two really great poems, and to express the hope that, whatever may happen to him in the course of his literary career, he will ~~not~~ allow himself to be turned from writing the particular type of poignant lyric for which he has a great gift. Only the other day we read "In American" through again from cover to cover, and profited thereby. Surely we cannot speak of JOHN FARRAR. Perhaps though we can mention his "Songs for Parents" (Yale) again, which is said by some to be a book for children, by others, a book for grownups, and which he has a sneaking hope is for both. KARLE WILSON BAKER, author of "Blue Smoke" (Yale), writes us from Texas that she is spending a month in a camp in the woods, "reading large slow books and airing my mind—occasionally fishing for the poems reflected in the lake, or trying to catch the ones that go up like incense-smoke from the cool tree-fires in the woods". Her next volume of verse, to be published during the new year, is called "Burning Bush". MARY AUSTIN has returned to New York from Europe. It is fine to see her once more, and to hear her fascinating anecdotes of days with Shaw, Conrad, Hardy, and others of the English writers. Perhaps the nicest story she told us was that of Joseph Conrad's youngster, who, in the days when Mr. Conrad was still a struggling writer, came woefully to his mother with the following: "Why doesn't Father write a popular book, one that sells; why doesn't he write another Bible?" LAURA BENÉT, the sister of the Benét family, has just published her first book of poems, "Fairy Bread" (Seltzer). Unfortunately, we ourselves did



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The Travels of Honk a Tonk By Allen Chaffee
Illustrated by Peter Da Ru. Price \$1.00

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not meet ST. JOHN ERVINE when he was in this country; but a gentleman who did talk with the author of "John Ferguson" (Macmillan) tells us:

I met him once when he was in this country two years ago; I had about twenty minutes' conversation with him and his charming wife. He is a dark-skinned Irishman, a Presbyterian in faith, but not an Ulsterman in politics. He lost a leg in the war, having served in the Dublin Fusiliers. When I saw him he was in great indignation, for he had attended a luncheon at which De Valera was present. Both had made speeches, and De Valera had implied that the Sinn Feiners were wishing to drive men like Ervine out of the country. This had incensed Ervine, for his family have for many generations been identified with County Down, and of course De Valera was born in New York of a Portuguese father and an Irish mother. He is the most delightful Irishman who has visited this country and one of the most clear-sighted.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON is at work again at Palos Park, Illinois, after his summer's trip to Europe. His "The Triumph of the Egg" (Huebsch) has just appeared. We hear rumors that he is working on a play, and hope strenuously that it is true. WILLIAM MCFEE, whose "Harbours of Memory" (Doubleday, Page) has given us such great joy, writes us from the steamship "Manaquí" a gay account of his first visit to rural New England:

I went down and spent the night at the home of Charles Boardman Hawes who wrote "The Great Quest" and "The Mutineers". He is an editor, too, of "The Open Road". We spent an interminable time in a Boston and Maine train and then arriving at long last, had to embark in what we call in Jersey a jitney but these honest New Englanders plain 'bus. So. We arrive. A nice old house, on a slope with huge boulders (English spelling please) in the yard and sheltered from the gales by a high headland. An open fireplace with large logs crackling. A charming chatelaine, very English indeed. I felt at home. Upstairs in shining brass cots, two small boys with apple cheeks and snowballish heads of hair. We fraternize at once shrieking with glee over a noble ballad of the sea which we all seem to know: it goes this way, perhaps you know it—

A duck of a ship for an ocean trip

Is the maddening Manaquí

No gale that blew upset the crew

Or humed the Captain's tea.

The man at the wheel was taught to feel

Contempt for the hardest blow

And it often appeared when the weather cleared

He'd been in his bunk below.

(Adapted from Carroll.)

Agreeing to go out pirate shooting in the morning, we parted and I descended to supper.

Fine house. Painting of sailing ships, in full sail, square rigged, tryalls, and even a jimmy green, just like when I was a kid. I felt at home. Noble sea library, also collections of ancient whaling logs, whereby friend Hawes aims to make a book, embalming the austere courage and patience of those inarticulate souls. Told him of a remarkable piece in last month's "Mercury", J. C. Squire's magazine, written by a mate. Promised to send it to him but shall very like forget, that being my way and it's a mystery people do not get mad at me for that same. Talked of books before the log fire and passed a noble evening. The night cold, and still, and starlit. The village wrapt in slumber. I felt at home.

Next morning, broaching question of a house where novels might be written, was introduced to a nice woman who was agent for some. Here now at the junction of two roads, opposite the M. E. Church and looking very tempting, is a bargain. A nice house. Furnished too, with amazing crazy-quilts on the beds, piles of the "Young Companion" of fifty years ago, published I saw at Ticknor & Fields; texts in oxford frames—those oxford frames that have a sort of fig leaf of carved wood over the intersections as though even a joint in a piece of wood were indelicate....No plumbing however and coal 16 dollars a ton. H'm. Still, I looked at the antimacassars and the bedroom sofas, and felt 'at home. Said I'd look at some others. We did. Then had to go back to Boston. Had an argument with the rising generation over "Toot, toot to Boston, to buy a penny bun", and the modern game called "Bringing up Father". Question unsettled when had to run for 'bus. Caught 'bus. Caught train. Failed to catch connection in Boston for Bunker Hill. However that was ever a failing of the English.

A delightful trip for a shell-back. How infernally hospitable these Americans are. It's a fact, but I felt positively at home.

ZONA GALE was in New York City recently, where she gave several lectures at the Town Hall, one of them on "Peace", and one on "Friendship Village". Her book of verse, "The Secret Way" (Macmillan), has just been published. ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE, a former editor of THE BOOKMAN, has the most remarkable memory of any man we have ever known. There is not a literary allusion to which one can refer, which does not kindle sparks in his mind. His last book was "The London of the Novelists" (Doubleday, Page). HELEN SANTMYER, who was for a time secretary to the editor of "Scribner's", is now teaching school in her home town of Xenia, Ohio. STIRLING BOWEN is a Detroit poet. We met him last sum-

THE BOOKMAN ADVERTISER

A. EARL KAUFFMAN, Secretary to the Mayor of York, Penna., whose photoplay "The Leopard Lily" won Second Prize of \$1,500. Mr. Kauffman writes:

"I didn't win the \$1,500 prize. The Palmer Plan won it. But I'm going to spend it."

FRANCIS WHITE ELIJAH, Chicago War Worker, whose photoplay "The One Man Woman" won First Prize of \$2,500. Mrs. Kilgus writes:

"You can understand how grateful I feel to Mr. Read for giving me an opportunity to succeed and how thankful I am to the Palmer Institution for having given me a training which made the success possible."

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ANNA B. MEZQUIDA, of San Francisco, short story writer and poet, whose photoplay, "The Churn Trader," won Third Prize of \$1,000. Mrs. Mezquida writes:

"I should not have known how to go about preparing an acceptable scenario without the Palmer Plan to point the way. Screen technique is so different from that of the short story that they must be learned separately."

ALL three prizes in the J. Parker Read, Jr., scenario contest have been awarded to writers who, until a few months ago, had written nothing for the screen.

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mer when we visited the grand offices of the "Daily News". A literary critic, and a very good fellow, he is thought by Carl Sandburg and others to be among the best of the younger men. KENNETH ANDREWS is now migrating daily to Garden City, Long Island, where he aids in publishing the list of Messrs. Doubleday and Page. JEANNETTE MARKS, the author of "Willow Pollen" (Four Seas), is a writer of plays, essays, and stories. One of her best-known one-act plays is called "The Deacon's Hat". Her essays, which have appeared in various of the critical reviews, will soon be gathered in a volume called "Drugs and Genius". JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE has returned to town after a very late stay in her new country home, an old colonial house on the Housatonic River, near Schaghticoke Mountain, one of the last of the Berkshire range. Her new volume of verse, "The Lifted Cup" (Houghton Mifflin), has just been published; but her first volume, "The Door of Dreams", still goes merrily on through edition after edition. She will lecture this winter on all phases of modern poetry. We suppose that no one in the country has done so much toward spreading an interest in organization for the appreciation of poetry.

CARL VAN DOREN was born and brought up in the Spoon River belt, went to the University of Illinois, and like a true son of that literary soil came to New York instead of going to Chicago. Here he has lived since, except for one year in Europe and summer intervals in Cornwall, Connecticut which he wishes could be twice as long as they ever have been. Part of him is a professor, to the extent that he lectures every Friday afternoon to students of American literature at Columbia University; part of him is a journalist, to the extent that he is literary editor of "The Nation" and tries to make its learning as liberal

and its liberalism as learned as possible; part of him is a critic, to the extent that, beside a great deal of heavy scholarship, he has recently published a lighter book on "The American Novel" (Macmillan) and is engaged on another—nearly completed—on contemporary American novelists; and part of him is—but the evidences as to his secret designs are to be withheld till next year or the year after. At the moment he is shocking Archibald Stephenson by lecturing on Lincoln, Whitman, Mark Twain, and other dangerous Americans at the Labor Temple evening classes. MARGUERITE WILKINSON, whose "New Voices" (Macmillan) has a fresh edition this fall, will publish in the spring "The Dingbat in Arcady", episodic essays recounting the author's adventures as a runaway poet. These odd travel skits have been appearing in "Scribner's". PAUL ROSENFELD still lives and writes very close to his piano. We do not see him often enough. Now he writes us:

I am thinking seriously of building myself a little shack in Westport, Conn., in the belief that future ages will discover that there were three small burghs in which it was supremely good to live: Athens in the time of Pericles; Florence in the time of Lorenzo; and Westport in the time of Van Wyck Brooks. For, besides great Brooks himself, the community on the banks of the Saugatuck includes in its membership Arthur G. Dove, Clive Weed, Carl Anderson, to say nothing of the Westport illustrators who each year create the type of the American man; and I hear that Daniel Gregory Mason and Edna Claire Bryner are about to buy or build.

FREDERICK O'BRIEN who has recently returned from a six months' stay in the South Seas, will publish his third volume on his life in those exotic regions next spring. It will be called "Atolls of the Sun" and will deal with the people of the Paumotu isles and the Marquesas. O'Brien is at present in New York writing a play, "White Shadows in the South Seas", the material of which is taken from his book of that title (Century). His yacht, "Wisdom II", is now in Java after

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having made moving pictures in the Marquesas, Tahiti, Samoa, Fiji, the Solomons, and New Guinea. These pictures will be shown next spring as the Frederick O'Brien South Seas Pictures. O'Brien has not written anything since his "Mystic Isles of the South Seas" which appeared last April (Century). He says that he works slowly in gathering impressions for his books, and writes in three months what he has been a year in thinking over and making notes of. His home is at Sausalito, California, but he goes freely about the world, having traveled 25,000 miles the past year. He likes best the sea and the seashore, and his Sausalito house is on a cliff overlooking the bay of San Francisco, so that he sees all the ships that come and go through the Golden Gate. We saw ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT and HEYWOOD BROWN not long ago, at the house warming given the latter in his

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NOTES TO "CHINESE LYRICS"

PAGE 309

¹Literally, Pleasure-Walk Cemetery (see Li Shang-yin's *Look-Out Cemetery*).

²In what is now Hu-peh Province, this cliff on the Yang-tze east of Han-kow was the scene of a famous historical event in the time of the Three Kingdoms. A fleet from the Wei Kingdom had come down the river to attack the Wu and Shu Kingdoms. The two generals, Chu-ké Liang of the Shu Kingdom (see Tu Fu's *The Eight-Sided Fortress*) and Chou Yü of the Wu Kingdom (see Li Tuan's *On Hearing Her Play the Harp*) combined forces and destroyed this fleet by setting it afire. The King of Wei, if he had won this battle, would have been able to bear captive to his Copper-Bird Palace the two famously beautiful girls of Ch'iao, one of them the wife of the King of Wu and the other the wife of General Chou Yü. These girls are celebrated in Chinese poetry, like Helen of Troy in European poetry, as a romantic source of war. In Tu Fu's poem, *The Eight-Sided Fortress*, is sung Chu-ké Liang's grief that he had not conquered the Wu Kingdom; yet here are seen the Wu and Shu Kingdoms allied against the Wei Kingdom. Changes in the political and military alignment of nations have always been rapid.

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¹Along this river at Nan-king, girls are still singing in the flower-boats and taverns.

²Composed, for a favorite, by the Later King of the Ch'en Dynasty, who was afterward overthrown on account of his love of wine, women, and song (see Li Shang-yin's *The Palace of the Sui Emperor* and Ch'eng Tien's *On the Ma-huai Slope*).

³There is still a place in Yang-chou called Twenty-Four Bridges. It may have meant arches.

⁴The harlots' quarter.

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¹In the original the two stars are named—the Cowherd and the Spinning-girl (Ch'ien-nü and Chih-nü): the reference being to a well-known story, the conclusion of which is that two sweethearts, having been changed into stars, are able to see each other across the Milky Way but are allowed to meet only once a year, on the seventh night of the Seventh-Month. Lafcadio Hearn has translated from the Japanese a long poem on this subject.

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¹The man who owned this garden, Shih Ch'ung of the Chin Dynasty, was the richest man of his time. The last line of this poem alludes to one of many stories about him. A certain general coveted a favorite of his, a girl named Lu-chu, whom Shih Ch'ung refused to surrender. Presently the general, charging him with treason, sent troops to seize the girl. But she would not come down from her high chamber; and, when they took Shih Ch'ung, she threw herself from the window to her death.

²It was a poetical belief that the cry of the wild-goose came never from pairs but only from the solitary.

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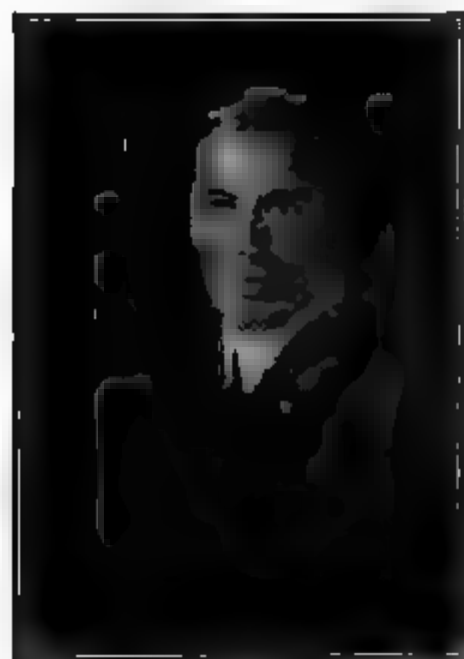
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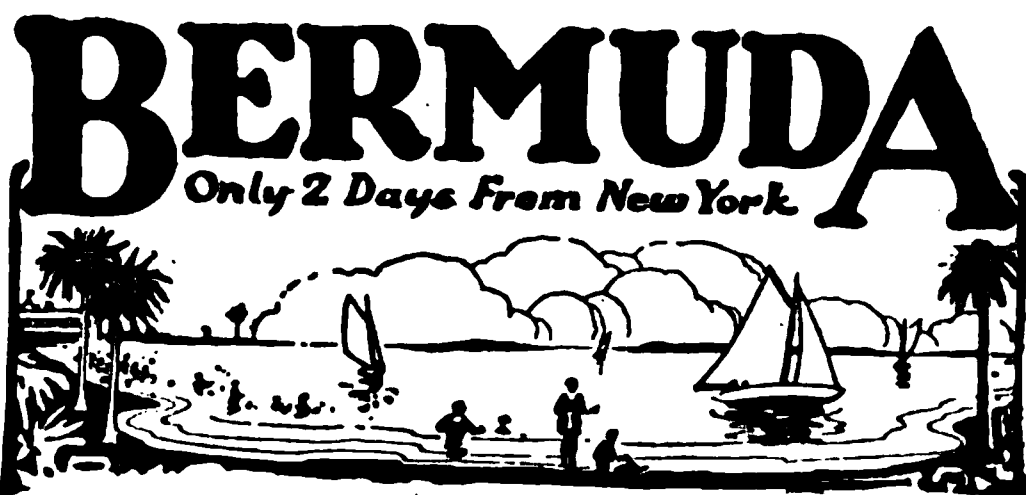
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State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a notary public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H. Doran, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the president of George H. Doran Company, publishers of The Bookman, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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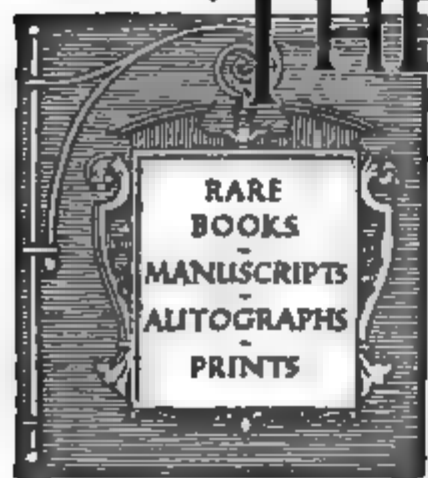
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In this section the readers of **THE BOOKMAN** will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

THE three manuscripts of Robert Burns which were found recently among the effects of a baker in Dumferline, who has been dead for some thirty years, have been pronounced genuine, although their history is unknown. The manuscripts were of poems, one contained in a letter addressed to Mrs. McLachlan, another a song "for Mr. Thomas Johnson, Edinburgh, entitled 'Polwart on the Green'", and the third a variant of the poem, "An Elegy on Stella", in which the name "Mary" is substituted for that of Stella. The last-named poem giving evidence of Burns's inconstancy might be considered also as evidence of the genuineness of the manuscripts.

The numerous commemorations of the six hundredth anniversary of the death of the poet Dante have stimulated the interest of collectors of the famous poet's writings, but rather in the modern editions than in the earlier. The earliest editions of Dante are practically unprocurable, but there are many limited editions de luxe, a field in which the British have been especially active and successful, which now bring appreciated prices. The first edition of the "Divina Commedia" published at Foligno in 1472 was in two issues, the type being reset, but it is not known which of the two copies in the British Museum—the King's library and the Grenville—is the earlier. The Huth copy, which was like the King's library copy, brought £475, but the Florentine edition of 1481 with Baldini's engravings after the designs of Sandro Botticelli brought £1,800 at this sale. At these

prices it is little wonder that most collectors are satisfied with some of the more sumptuous modern editions.

Members of the Bibliographical Society are promised a literary treat on February twentieth of next year when Professor H. B. Lathrop will read a paper on "The Choice of Books for Printing, by Caxton and his Successors". It is a constant matter for wonder why some publishers publish the books they do, but the question is doubly interesting in the case of the first English printer.

We talk a great deal about the English books which come to this country for sale, but little stress is placed on the fact that English dealers and collectors are constant buyers in the New York auction rooms. A Mr. Schwert of Longwood, near Winchester, England, recently bought for his fine sporting library, copies of Turberville's "Noble Arte of Venerie or Hunting" and his "Books of Faulconrie or Hauking", both printed in 1575. These were the Earl of Ashburnham copies which at the sale of his library went for £50 and £51 respectively, to Quaritch, who sold them to Robert Hoe of New York. At the Hoe sale in 1912, Quaritch bought them again for \$900. In 1913 he sold them to a Vienna dealer, from whom they were bought for Mr. Schwert a short time ago.

The interest of first edition collectors at present seems to be centred on the modern English authors. At Anderson's at the opening sale of the

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THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE (Continued)

season a copy of George Meredith's "Poems", 1851, brought \$152.50. The H. V. Jones copy brought the record price of \$200 for a copy with the rare errata leaf. The favorite authors seem to be Stevenson and Kipling, for whose rare first editions remarkable prices are now paid. Of the living authors Joseph Conrad is in the first rank of those whose works are collected, but only those who have expert guidance, such as is found in Henry Danielson's or Thomas J. Wise's limited bibliographies, should attempt to secure complete collections. Many dealers sell Conrad's "Victory" in the London edition of 1915 although the genuine first edition is that published by Doubleday, Page and Company in New York over the same date. The New York edition was several months earlier than the London one, but the latter may be collected in a set of Conrads, as it has an author's note added, which was not in the first edition. Similar conditions obtain regarding "The Arrow of Gold", 1919, the first edition of which has the New York imprint.

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Zodiac Town, by Nancy Byrd Turner [Atlantic].
Boys' Home Book of Science and Construction, by Alfred P. Morgan [Lothrop].
The Boy with the U. S. Secret Service, by Francis Holt-Wheeler [Lothrop].
Boone of the Wilderness, by Daniel Henderson [Dutton].

Sandman's Goodnight Stories, by Abbie Phillips Walker [Harper].
The Boy Explorers in Darkest New Guinea, by Warren H. Miller [Harper].
The Kidnapped Campers on the Road, by Flavia Camp Canfield [Harper].
A Treasury of Plays for Children, ed. by Montrose J. Moses [Little].
The Young Arctic Traders, by Dillon Wallace [McClurg].
The Good Samaritan, by Edna Earle Cole Spencer [Doran].
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new brownstone home on the upper west side, New York City. Mr. Broun attempted very hard to be surprised at what was intended to be a surprise party. The entire world arrived to warm the house. There was Peggy Wood, and there was Frank Crowninshield, there was Laurette Taylor, and there was Marc Connelly, there was Father Duffy, and there was Mrs. John Barrymore. Such a crowd never was assembled, and a good time was had by all, including Ruth Hale herself, and the most unobtrusive member of that assemblage, the author of "Seeing Things at Night" (Harcourt), Heywood Broun himself. Where was H 3d? SYDNEY GREENBIE writes us from his new home in Connecticut, most appropriately named Twin-scribes:

I am now suffering from a certain sense of inner expansion and self-conceit because I feel that I may at last figure in the councils of nations. After several years of shouting to a deaf world about the importance of the Pacific, it seems that the Disarmament Conference is taking my view of the peace of the world, and "The Pacific Triangle" (Century) is booming in consequence. Otherwise, the most important incident in my life is an abandoned farm which I am going to use as literary material for my next book and as a club over the landlord. Watch for it in "Century Magazine". After that my book on New Zealand, Australia, etc. etc. etc.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

TO leave one's comfortable bed and board in order to go to work for two years in the steel mills is a task that **CHARLES R. WALKER, JR.** found not only palatable but entertaining. Walker is the sort of person who can chant Swinburne to you under a green-shaded lamp, and can also get at the spirit of a foreign working man, and in his own language. It's a rare gift. **GRENVILLE VERNON** has been for twelve years a musical critic and newspaper man. He was assistant to Mr. Aldrich on the New York "Times", then to Mr. Krehbiel on the "Tribune". Later he was staff correspondent for the New York "World" in Paris. Now he has returned to New York City to write a novel, which, we hear, has for its heroine an opera singer. As a member of the "Press Gang" at the Metropolitan Opera House, Vernon came to know Caruso well. The cartoon here published appeared several years ago in "La Folie". Shall we be doing **HAROLD VINAL** a good turn by telling you (for all good contributors to **THE BOOKMAN** do write verses, don't they?) to send him your efforts for his magazine "Voices", Room 18, Steinert Hall, Boston? If you can't send him a verse, you can at least subscribe. Vinal's first volume of verse is to be published in the Yale Series of Younger Poets, in the spring.

THEODORE DREISER's play "The Hand of the Potter" is being given in Macdougall Street, New York City, by the Provincetown Players. We haven't yet seen it; but we have heard it characterized as an adventure in morbid-

ity. We have been much impressed by some of the poetry of **ROBERT J. ROE** which has been appearing in various magazines. He is a tall, lean gentleman, who sailed before the mast and has captured, in his sea poetry, a note that is neither Masefield nor anyone else. It is distinctly new. We hope to have some of his sea poems later. **ANONYMOUS** is being much discussed. We wish to assure you that he is not the same person each month, an im-



M. J. KINOLY.

TRIGUNA

Sketched by Caruso

pression which seems to be current. SARA HAARDT is a young lady from the south. She is now teaching at the Margaret Booth School in Montgomery, Alabama, and writing in spare moments, like many another school teacher. MURRAY HILL'S "Turns About Town" seems to us a very charming book. We shall soon announce a series by our eminent contributing editor, which we hope is going to please you as much as it pleases us. We are confident that the one feature should at least double our circulation. (Perhaps *hopeful* is a better word than *confident*. We hate to cross out a line when we once get it written on the typewriter.) S. FOSTER DAMON graduated in 1914 from Harvard, where he had specialized in music. During his senior year there he became suddenly interested in poetry—an interest which he has never lost. Various lyrics and prose sketches have appeared in the leading magazines at leisurely intervals. The academic year 1920-21 was passed in Copenhagen as a fellow of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, during which time he and Robert Hillyer (another fellow) translated a volume of modern Danish lyrics, to be published shortly by the Foundation. He is now lecturing at Harvard. His "Philosophy and Symbols of William Blake" will soon be issued by Houghton Mifflin. A few poems of his appeared in "Eight Harvard Poets" (Gomme, 1917).

EDNA CLARE BRYNER has been spending a couple of months on the Pacific coast, a couple more in the Peekskills, and is now back at work in New York City. Her short stories have appeared in several periodicals, and we are sure that she will some day soon publish a book. KENNETH ANDREWS is annoyingly busy these days. We hope that the reason we don't see more of him is that he is writing a play, and not what we suspect. We are forever mixing Lew Sarett, the

bard of Chicago, with VINCENT STARRETT, also of that illustrious city. Mr. Starrett has just edited Stephen Crane's "Men, Women and Boats" (Boni and Liveright). ANNIE CARROLL MOORE, of the New York Public Library, gave a most delightful afternoon when she opened the exhibition for Children's Book Week, at the Children's Room of the library. This is a piece of scandal, and we shouldn't publish it in THE BOOKMAN; but perhaps the editor will forgive us. He's traveling in Vermont, and maybe he won't see the copy. Miss Moore's little niece was discovered the other day reading one of—what do you suppose?—the Elsie books! We're ashamed to say that we read them ourselves. HERBERT S. GORMAN, the assistant literary editor of the New York "Times" Book Review, is rapidly becoming known as a critic of poetry. His own volume of poems is in the process of being collected. He, like so many of us, is also working on a novel.

We once called SIDNEY WILLIAMS the literary editor of something that he wasn't, when we knew perfectly well that he was with the "North American", a justly famous paper published in the town of Philadelphia. His new detective story, "The Body in the Blue Room", is to be published soon. Incidentally, the anonymous author of "Hoax", a novel to be published in the spring, took us to "The Music Box Revue" the other night. We were most grateful. We haven't yet read his novel; but we liked the show. BURTON RASCOE is writing hard, and editing with enthusiasm. We don't entirely agree with the viewpoint which he expresses in his review in this BOOKMAN, and we see no reason why it is a betrayal of confidence put in our critics to say so. It has always seemed to us absurd to pick reviewers who like the books that we like. On the other hand, we feel a certain ethical urge to say that we like 'em. Now, Rascoe mentions "Messer

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Marco Polo". Apparently he doesn't consider it so fine a book, and so sincere a book, as we do. We think it contains some of the finest prose we have seen in many moons, and we believe it to be far better than most of the so-called realism that is coming from the middle west and other such places. In this connection we're publishing a letter to the editor of **THE BOOKMAN** from Maxwell Aley, the managing editor of "The Century", in which Donn Byrne's delightful romantic tale first appeared.

DEAR JOHN FARRAR:

Knowing that you are enthusiastic about Donn Byrne's "Messer Marco Polo" from what you said about it in your November issue, I am sure that you will be interested in the story back of it. Now I have seen "Marco Polo" develop over a period of nearly three years and I know its history prior to that very fully.

Those who have followed Donn Byrne know that he is a romanticist rather than a realist. When he came over here from Ireland in 1912, the first things which he sold to American magazines were stories and poems of a romantic character. His "Fountain of Youth", the story of Ponce de Leon, came out in 1916; "The Ballade of Old Time Captains" appeared about the same time. Then Mr. Byrne turned quite sincerely to the American type of story—the realistic and rather long short story. He was so successful at this that when he wanted to do the romantic type of thing the editors all refused to give him a hearing. In August of 1919, Mr. Byrne proposed to his then publishers the story of Marco Polo as a magazine serial and a book. His novel "The Foolish Matrons" had just been accepted and was to be published in the fall. His publishers wanted something like it and would not hear of a romantic story. He made the same proposal to the magazine which had him under exclusive contract, and they also refused to consider it. I can vouch for all of this, having talked with Mr. Byrne about the matter at that time.

In March of 1921, when I came to "The Century Magazine", I saw the chance at last for "Messer Marco Polo" to appear. Mr. Frank and myself believed so implicitly in Mr. Byrne that we took the story sight unseen—and before it had been put on paper.

Now to go back still further: when I first talked with Mr. Byrne about "Marco Polo", he told me how the idea had come to him and the changes through which it had then gone. When he was working for his degree in romance languages and literature at the University of Dublin, twelve years ago, he came across a manuscript copy of the story of Marco Polo set down by a contemporary Genoese friar. The story made a strong appeal to him and he wanted then to put it into a narrative poem. Later he came across an Irish manuscript of the same chronicle in the "Book of

Fermoy", which is now in the possession of the Duke of Linster. The third source was an Irish folk tale which he heard from North of Ireland peasants, a tale called "Turus Marc O'Polo". In this Marco Polo is confounded with St. Brandon, and is made an Irishman. Finally, from Coleridge, came the idea of the great Khan, and from other sources that of Golden Bells.

His first plan was to make "Messer Marco Polo" a poem, as I have said; but he became convinced that prose—not poetry—was a better medium of expression. Then he thought of it as a play, and talked the matter over at length with George Hazelton, the author of "The Yellow Jacket", and with other friends. But he gave up the play as an unsatisfactory medium for his story and decided to write "Marco Polo" as a narrative when he had completed his exclusive magazine contract.

The rest I have told you, except one or two interesting details. He wanted the poet Li Po as one of his characters; but Li Po, unfortunately, belonged to another dynasty. So he made "Marco Polo" a folk tale (and Malachi of the Long Glen the teller) in order that what would otherwise be an anachronism might be possible because of the teller's romantic license.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER is at the moment finishing a series of critical parodies which he describes as "a mad mélange of prose, poetry, and a queer idiom which is neither". It is to be called "Heavens", since it represents the various Nirvanas of a dissatisfied reviewer who has died of envy. Also a new volume of original poems is in the offing, which will probably appear under the name of "Waters of Babylon". ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE declares that we consistently malign him in these pages, yet to our requests that he defend himself he smiles—and remains silent. What, therefore, are we to do? RUTH HALE is the charming wife of Heywood Broun. She is about to answer the article by St. John Ervine in last month's **BOOKMAN**, called "Taking Your Husband's Name in Vain". She is far more prompt than Mr. Broun in turning out copy. We are particularly happy that she's consented to do some reviews for us. MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN's new book, which was first intended to be called "My Book Autobiography", is finally decided to be "My Book on Books" (Doubleday, Page), and it will appear in the spring. In spite of the amiabil-

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ity and kindness of President Harding, Mr. Egan will remain in this country as a simple mortal, though he evidently finds it difficult to settle down in that capacity after having been for many years dean of the American Diplomatic Corps in Europe. The rumor that he was to occupy a diplomatic position under a fourth President of the United States recalls his much quoted note to President Taft: "Of course, I resign, Mr. President, according to the custom when a new administration comes in, but I feel very much like the reduced English gentlewoman who years ago found herself obliged to sell oranges in a London theatre. This was a great blow to her pride, and she called out in rather a weak voice, 'Oranges, oranges, I hope to Heaven nobody will hear me!'"

EDGAR HOLGER CAHILL is of Icelandic and Irish descent. He was brought up on our western prairies, where, he confesses, he spent most of his time playing hookey from school in order to read the sagas. Since then he has lived in almost every state of the union, reported for newspapers in several cities, attended two universities, herded cattle, pitched bundles on the harvest fields of Dakota and Kansas, sailed as a deck hand and coal passer, and edited a country newspaper. At present he is living in New York City and writing articles for the newspapers and magazines. PIERRE DE LANUX has forsaken New York for Washington where, we hear, he is eating bad food with important people, and having a most enlightening time with unknown but intelligent bystanders. He admits knowing all about the "inside stuff" of the Conference but refuses to divulge the facts, lest empires totter.

Howard Irving Young has something to say on both sides of the movie question, and we gladly grant him the floor.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MOVIES

As one of the "illiterate continuity writers" to whom Mr. Burton Rascoe referred in his article on the motion pictures in the November BOOKMAN, I feel impelled to assure him, and your readers, that there is a small minority within the industry itself who share, to a large extent, his "pessimistic" views and who look with disfavor upon the attempt of Sir Gilbert Parker, in the December BOOKMAN, to act as spokesman for the entire cinematic craft. But we, members of this irreconcilable minority who habitually speak of our profession as a "craft" and not as an "art", are, for the most part, inarticulate, perhaps because our voices have dwindled to whispers in that shadowland of mute gestures and tongueless subtitles, perhaps because it is hardly expedient to snap at the hand that spreads jam on our bread. How much more sensible and gracious it is to assure the great American public that Cinema, the cute little goddess of the golden curls, is not only a darling child, beautiful to gaze upon, but is also a fit companion for Thalia, Euterpe, et al. upon Olympus.

As Sir Gilbert has so aptly put it: "It (the film industry) dates back not more than twenty years, and what is expected in that time?" That statement must serve to silence the traducers who claim that the motion picture business should have passed out of its nonage some time ago. It still has a year of grace, according to the strictly legal definition of *infancy*. Does anyone hope that it will then behave like a mature person? Perhaps like a mature American, if one considers the psychiatric statistics quoted by Mr. Rascoe to prove that in this country maturity means the possession of a fourteen year old mind! For it is the public that must be held primarily responsible for the level of intelligence at which the flood of American-made movies has halted. There are some producers who have earnest-

ly striven to raise that level by such productions as Sir James Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" and "What Every Woman Knows". Admitted that it requires no higher rate of intelligence to appreciate these works than it does to appraise correctly the novels of Sir Gilbert himself, yet the facts are that both these pictures were costly failures, not only because of the financial loss involved but because the producers were convinced that the standard which they had attempted to set was too high for the public. Of course, being business men first, in which they show consanguinity with book publishers, art dealers, operatic impresarios, and theatrical managers, these producers then gave the public the type of production it had unmistakably demanded by its boycott of "better pictures". "Peter Pan", upon which work had been started before the accountants made their final report, will not be seen upon the screen until all the works of Elinor Glyn,

Phillips Oppenheim, and Sir Gilbert Parker himself have been filmed.

Eighty thousand dollars may be quoted as an average cost of a five-reel picture in those studios that spare no expense to insure technical perfection and verisimilitude of locale and era. It must be exhibited in hundreds of theatres to thousands of paid admissions before any return is made on the initial investment. It has become almost axiomatic in the business that the picture which most pleases the Broadway public will be most liable to failure in the provinces. Barrie's pictures drew crowds to the Criterion Theatre. Exhibitors in the hinterland reported that their public preferred Bill Hart to Sir James.

The widely discussed German pictures, "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "Deception", produced in Central Europe at very low cost and for a public with twice the artistic appreciation of the American motion picture "fans", evoked no enthusiasm outside

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of the large cities in this country. Nevertheless, as the American releasing firms had secured these films at prices far below the cost of producing a two-reel comedy on this side of the Atlantic, the limited audiences that filled the few theatres in which they were exhibited in New York City, made the enterprise a financially successful one for the Americans. It effectually discouraged them, however, from trying similar artistic experiments on their native heath. Wise producers pay heed to their box office reports, and when they note that Miss Mae Murray in "The Gilded Lily" is leading Mr. George Arliss in "Disraeli" by a comfortable margin, they form certain conclusions which cannot but affect the nature of their future productions.

Mr. Rascoe is, of course, not to be blamed for believing that no one but morons and mountebanks is engaged in the producing of motion pictures, for his judgment has been formed by

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the pictures themselves and not, I hope, by personal contact with the craftsmen who are constructing them. It is inevitable that any medium of expression that depends for its very existence upon the favor of a public running into millions, should suffer a deterioration in standards. The level of intelligence of such vast numbers being, at best, no higher than that of a political convention, is it to be wondered at that the business man, risking every penny of his capital in a hazardous enterprise, should pander to his public's tastes and coddle its predilections?

The business of making films is, like every other trade, insincere to a large extent when it makes profession of artistic aspirations and altruistic motivation. Personal contact with most of the men who control the industry has convinced me that they would be happier if they could make as much out of "better pictures" as they do out of the rubbish that clutters the screens in most of our picture theatres.

Those eminent literary craftsmen who, having joined our ranks, dilate upon the "future of this great art which is still in its infancy", need not necessarily be suspected of insincerity, though their praise be as fulsome as a campaign orator's or a patent medicine advertiser's. Perhaps they have in common with the object of their adulation the guileless, joyous mind of the infant. It would be too much to credit the impresarios who sign their contracts with the same juvenile ideals and enthusiasms. Wall Street, that saw in the movies a fabulous gold mine which needed its fine Italian hand to extract the rich ore, can scarcely be accused of having the faith of a little child. As Sir Gilbert observes: "*The film producers are not fools. They will give the public what it demands and in the end the public is always right.*" (The italics are mine.) The movies must indeed be inspiring and intellectually stimulating to one who

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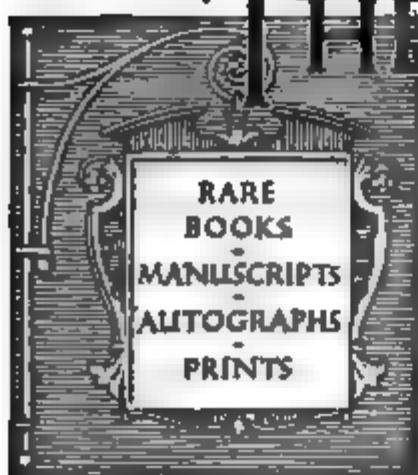
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In this section the readers of **THE BOOKMAN** find the latest announcements of reliable dealers. Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

It is interesting to note that book sales in Europe are resulting in good prices, and that there are still collectors in European countries who can afford the luxury of rare books. The sale of the library of M. Eugene Wassermann in Brussels, Belgium, in October and November last, dispersed a magnificent collection of illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, and especially the finely illustrated books of the fifteenth to nineteenth centuries. A Book of Hours of the use of Cambray, more especially of Mons, illuminated in the early part of the fifteenth century, brought 55,000 Belgian francs—at the current rates of interest \$3,850. To this must be added twelve and one-half per cent, the auction commission being paid in Belgian auctions by the purchaser. The French illustrated books went for high prices, Querelles's "Hero et Leander", Paris, 1801, fetching 29,000 francs (\$2,080). A few English books illustrated by Alken and others brought about the same prices as those in London and New York auctions.

There seems to be a common impression that the Japanese do not appreciate their own color prints as much as do a few American and European collectors, but an examination of prices paid at Tokyo in 1919 with those paid in New York at the recent sale of duplicates from the world-famous collection of William S. and John T. Spaulding of Boston, removes this impression. At the Spaulding sale a print by Harunobu of "Izutsu-hime at the Window", a fine impression in fine condition, from the Gookin

collection, brought \$290. At Tokyo a similar print by Harunobu of a girl holding a lantern under cherry trees, brought 3,010 yen, equivalent about \$1,200. There have been many Japanese print sales in this country since 1919, but a large number of offerings have been of inferior impressions. For good prints the prices seem exceedingly low.

The definite announcement that Henry Sayre Van Duzer will sell his unsurpassed collection of Thackeray first editions and Thackerayana at Anderson Galleries in New York in February, has caused something of a sensation among Thackeray collectors in this country and England. Mr. Van Duzer's collection is noted as the finest in existence, and contains so many unique items that the opportunity for collectors is one that may never come again to the present generation. Predictions are made that some of the most important items will go to England, as an offset to the large number of unique works in early English literature which have come over here in recent years.

The manuscript of a portion of a chapter of Stevenson's uncompleted satire, "Diogenes in London", entitled "Diogenes at the Savile Club", is now a Stevenson first edition. The manuscript is owned by David G. Joy who has had printed for private circulation, through Frank M. Morris in Chicago, 155 copies of this highly interesting satire on Stevenson's contemporaries. One wishes that Stevenson had completed the work, of which it

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THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE (Continued)

fragments exist in this country, the remainder presumably being in the possession of Sir Sidney Colvin. It abounds in deft touches and playful characterizations and gives us a new view of the many-sided Stevenson. Mr. Joyce is the owner of other unpublished Stevenson manuscripts, some of which may be similarly shared later with Stevenson collectors.

Henri Harrisse's "Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima", originally printed in 1866, is a work indispensable to collectors of early Americana, but it has long been out of print. By a newly invented process, an exact facsimile, which cannot be told from the original except by an expert, has been made by Otto Lange, of Florence, Italy, and appears as the first of a series of reprints of rare Americana which it is proposed to publish, the second work being Maximilan of Wied's "Travels".

Professor Richard Ladegast writes to ask THE BOOKMAN whether there is a market, among private collectors, for his copy of the third edition (1776) of the Christopher Sauer, Germantown, Bible. BOOKMAN readers who are interested may communicate with Professor Ladegast at Bydgoska 90 I, Torun, Poland.

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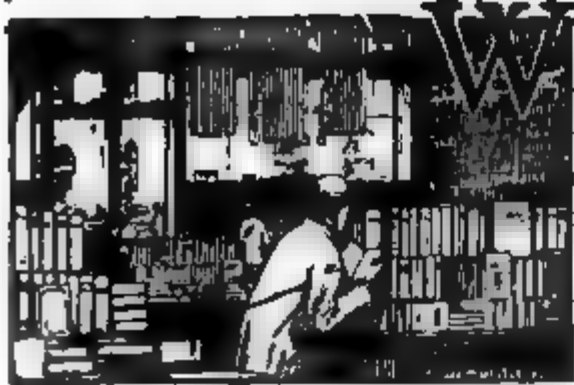
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believes that the public can always be trusted to think straight in matters artistic. Let us not stop to imagine the state that the seven arts would now be in, had their ablest practitioners held the same brief for the public's taste.

We who cater to the childish impulses of the people, who avoid their religious and social taboos, and who help them to worship their silly little fetishes, whether we labor in literary shop, theatre, or movie atelier, can only trust that through us or in spite of us the taste and intelligence of our public may at last be raised to a level where artistic integrity is recognized and, most important of all, substantially rewarded.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

It was while KENDALL BANNING was a major on duty in the Historical Branch, War Plans Division, of the General Staff, that he secured the material for the article on Lincoln's letter. Mr. Banning has been the managing editor of "Hearst's Magazine" and of "The Cosmopolitan", and is the author of several books, the last being "The Phantom Caravan" (Bookfellows). At present he is hard at work aiding Henry W. Lanier in the compilation of a book to be called "A Century of Banking in New York". We shall never forget the first time we met GENEVIEVE TAGGARD. That's because she's fair to look upon; and now that she is married, we can say so without running the risk of flooding her with letters from all the youthful subscribers to THE BOOKMAN. Nor shall we forget reading the finest of her many poems, called "Ice Age", which appeared in "The Measure", of which she is one of the editors.

We have not published a review of DONALD OGDEN STEWART'S "Parody Outline of History". That's partly because we did not think it necessary, since any reader of the magazine during the past year must know just how highly we admire Mr. Stewart. He has, by the way, recently returned to New York City after a visit to his home town of Columbus. At the present moment he is working on a novel, his new series for us, and several other projects. We hesitate to say that Mr. Stewart's first book is one of the most amusing we have read in years. It's true, but we hesitate to say it because the American public has

a habit of tagging people (more particularly writers), and Mr. Stewart does not want to be tagged as a humorist. However, in secret, we may say that he still writes with a certain touch of humor. The other day he pounced upon us in the middle of a busy afternoon and, with a long face, launched into a discussion of artistic principles. Of course he was all wrong, as we soon proved; but after three hours of debate we decided that, after all, perhaps this intensely serious young man did not possess the sense of the ridiculous with which he is credited. That particular discussion, we hear, will *not* be included in any of his forthcoming works. We trust not.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES likes best of all things, she tells us, to "ride a bronco before it's broken, and to dance all night at a Greenwich Village ball in costume". She writes, however, novels, poems, and verses for children. A new book of the last is about to appear, and her latest novel is "The Husband Test" (Penn). She was born in Washington, brought up in a little gold-mining town in British Columbia, and attended the University of California and New York University. She sends us the following interesting confession:

"I think free verse better than rhymed, except for the eight-line rhymed lyric. Free verse is the only thing flexible enough and true enough and impulsive enough for our generation. I like to work with free verse and child verse, but my real ambition is to write the best eight-line lyrics in America.

"Watch for the eight magic lines! MURRAY HILL is rambling about town much as usual. His latest book is re-

viewed in this number. ALEXANDER BLACK, author of "The Great Desire" and "The Seventh Angel" (Harper), who asks "What's in a Place?", claims to have learned much about New York by studying other towns. His travels up and down the United States began in the days when he produced the first screen dramas, before the advent of film movies—he was known everywhere as "the picture play man", when he was the only scenarist, director, or producer. His "slow movies", put on the screen with a specially devised stereopticon, were a lyceum rather than a "popular" feature, an artistic and literary adventure in putting a novelette on a white sheet (the producer spoke for all the characters) rather than a theatrical entertainment. Oddly, the "grandfather of the picture play" has never written for motion pictures and has always believed that his novels can't be movie-ized. His new volume of essays, "The Latest Thing, and Other Things", is to be published shortly.

MILTON RAISON, eighteen, has already written half a novel, and a volume of poems which will be published within the year. Nor does he strike you as being precocious; but rather as an exceedingly well balanced young person, who has fought prizefights at sea, been cast adrift as a beachcomber in South America, and, through the tear and the drift of sailor life, has preserved a strong feeling for the romantic ideal. This is a rare heritage for a young writer. It is to be hoped that the silly backbiting of literary New York will not prove more tempting than the vices to be found on the high seas. Of THEODORE DREISER's account of his reporter days in St. Louis in the January BOOKMAN, the New York "Times" says:

Quite the most vivid picture of a reporter's life that has appeared in print. Dreiser tells, in his objective, cold, yet gripping fashion, the story of an evening during which he covered a great public ball in ill-fitting evening clothes

during the early hours and spent the latter portion of the night, still in his dress suit, in a shanty where a maddened man had just killed his wife and two children. It is a terrible contrast, and as Dreiser outlines it one may almost accept it as a picture of life.

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK has been heard at a large number of readings this fall, and is now at work on a new volume of poems, which will probably be entitled "Black Panther", after the opening poem, so widely quoted since its recent appearance in "Scribner's". A new edition of his latest book, "Dust and Light" (Scribner), has just been issued. GENE MARKEY writes us as follows:

Like all struggling scribes I leap at your offer to say something about myself in the February Contributors' Column: How would it be to say that I am a middle-aged Presbyterian minister, who because his churchly salary was not enough took up writing for THE BOOKMAN? Or how would it be to say that I am a young Czecho-Slovakian, who speaks English poorly, but has taken a course in the short story? Or an adolescent farmer boy from Indiana who... etc., etc. Anyway, I must be someone picturesque!

And so you are, Mr. Markey, a rare thing, a picturesque inhabitant of Evanston, Illinois. RUTH HALE, who so ably defends the right of a woman to her own name, is the author of several books, at least one of them written in collaboration with Heywood Broun. Since she feels so strongly on this subject of not using the title *Mrs.*, we do not dare say again who her husband is. His latest book, however, was "Seeing Things at Night" (Harcourt).

HERBERT S. GORMAN, of the New York "Times" Book Review, is still working on his novel which is concerned with the physical and spiritual degeneration of a poet in New York City. It is called, tentatively, "The Flying Horse". His book of poems, to appear shortly, will be called "The Barcarole of James Smith". At present he is working hard to raise funds for the MacDowell Colony at Peterboro, New Hampshire. We know of no more worthy effort than doing

something to support this colony which has made it possible for so many of our poets, novelists, writers, and artists to work in healthful surroundings, and in many cases to take a sadly needed rest to regain lost health. Mr. Gorman, Amy Lowell, Margaret Severn, and others will appear at a benefit which has been arranged by Jean Wright Gorman and Mary M. Colum for the evening of January twenty-third at the MacDowell Club, New York City. KENNETH ANDREWS is busy adapting a farce which originated in the Argentine and, he tells us with a note of wistfulness in his tones, will probably be quite meaningless in English. ROBERT J. ROE writes us from Ho-Ho-Kus (which is actually no farther away than New Jersey):

I walk a lot, talk as little as may be, and waste a great many hours writing that I think Ho-Ho-Kus is an Indian name but I don't know the meaning of it, and I wish when people ask

questions like that to please send stamps for a reply.

SIMEON STRUNSKY, able editorial writer, genial essayist, and excellent newspaper man, is the author of many books, among them the recently published "Sinbad and His Friends" (Holt). EDMUND WILSON, JR., a more or less recent graduate of Princeton University, has been on the editorial staffs of "Vanity Fair" and "The New Republic". He has recently returned from Europe, and will soon publish, in collaboration with John Bishop, "The Undertakers' Garland" (Knopf). JULIUS MORITZEN is a specialist in Scandinavian literature. "The North American Review" is publishing an article by him in its February issue on Georg Brandes, whose eightieth birthday falls on February fourth. ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, the more than able critic of the New York "Times" (he criticizes the drama), is still ob-

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durate when urged to publish a book. We consider this little short of evangelic, when one considers his brilliant style, and the deftness with which he poisons his ready tongue and his reader pen (or vice versa). As a matter of fact, his occasional pieces are far better than many of those which less skilful journalists than he are collecting into helter-skelter volumes these days. When he does publish, we may expect a volume that will amaze the critics, and call down the highest praise of the Olympians. PERCY N. STONE is a free-lance writer of ability, and we trust his judgment in books. That's saying a good deal. He has written many of our Brief Reviews, for that reason. FILLMORE HYDE may not care to be known in literary circles as the national squash tennis champion. Nevertheless, he is just that. We discovered not long ago that among our contributors were two of the best squash players in the country. Therefore we arranged a match between them recently, at which various of the literary folk were able to see one of the best games that was ever played hereabouts, between Thomas R. Coward, one of our reviewers, of Yale, and Mr. Hyde, who hails from Harvard. The match was refereed by our own Mr. Ivins; it was won by Mr. Hyde, with the following score: 14-17, 15-11, 15-12. THE BOOKMAN has now purchased two squash rackets, and it is the duty of all real contributors to play at least one game with the members of the editorial staff. We believe that it is impossible to write effectively without proper exercise. JOHN V. A. WEAVER is now the official literary editor of the Brooklyn "Daily Eagle". His satirical novelette of Chicago society, called "Margey Wins the Game" (Knopf), will be an early spring book, and his new volume of poetry will be published in the fall. He is having a difficult time choosing a name for the latter, and suggestions will be gratefully received. So far, the most un-

likely titles seem to be: "Wild Flowers and City Dust", "The Hundred Million", "In the Lingo", and "Like They Say". ROBERT MCALMON, a young American who has moved to England, has just published "A Hasty Bunch" (the copy received in the office contained a note that certain printers refused to set the book because they considered it unmoral). Mr. McAlmon's wife is W. Bryher, the author of "Development".

Whitman students and enthusiasts will be interested in the following tribute paid by Cleveland Rodgers, one of the editors of "The Gathering of the Forces", to Emory Holloway, editor of "The Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman":

Walt Whitman's contagious indolence affected most of his biographers. With few exceptions they have taken from each other, copied one another's errors, and resorted to every known method of compiling biography that excluded hard work. Most of the knowledge of Whitman as a man and as a poet now available came originally from the works of his personal friends, beginning with John Burroughs and including Dr. R. M. Bucke and Horace Traubel.

These men learned most of what they wrote from Whitman himself. Of all possible sources this was the least satisfactory. Whitman was notoriously inaccurate in dealing with facts concerning himself, and he purposely or otherwise withheld data essential in estimating the man as distinguished from the popular figure of the poet. Scholarly, conscientious research in this field has been meagre indeed, with the result that the Whitman legend bears but slight relation to the man as revealed in his early life and work.

Professor Emory Holloway, of Adelphi College, Brooklyn, seriously undertook, some ten years ago, the task that had so long been neglected. After much unavoidable delay he has finally completed it. The bulk of his two volumes is given over to Whitman's uncollected poetry and prose, but the editor's biographical and critical introductions, based upon his study and supported by the accompanying data, constitute the first authentic record of Whitman's early life that has appeared.

The amount of new material turned up by Professor Holloway is simply amazing, and most of it is from Whitman's own pen. In volume it more than doubles the known output of the poet and covers thirty years of his life. It runs all the way from a collection of poems and essays, dated 1838, through ten voluminous manuscript notebooks, the last dated 1868-70. There are articles and poems taken from some thirty newspapers and magazines ranging from brief editorial paragraphs to a sizeable, though

fragmentary, history of Brooklyn in thirty-nine instalments.

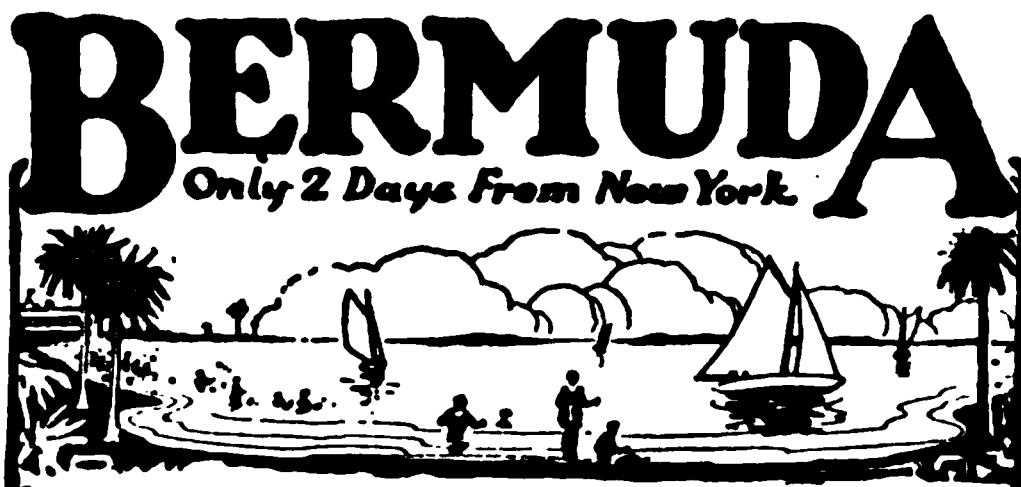
This does not mean that Professor Holloway has discovered a literary gold mine, or that he has made a new contribution to Whitman's fame as a writer. Most of the material is without literary distinction. It is rather a revelation of the pitiful beginnings of the author of "Leaves of Grass". The early verse is hopelessly crude and almost unbelievably conventional and sentimental. The first known prose is equally bad, but it is Whitman, the man, and gives for the first time a picture that Whitman himself carefully hid from the world after he became more or less famous.

Whitman's best work, before "Leaves of Grass", is found in his newspaper editorials, essays, and literary and dramatic reviews, notably in the Brooklyn "Eagle" during 1846-48, many of which were published in "The Gathering of the Forces", reviewed in THE BOOKMAN for March, 1921. Professor Holloway's two volumes, however, cover a much wider field, while his biographical and critical introductions are crammed with data which render most of the Whitman biographies obsolete and seem destined to bring about a complete revaluation of the "Good Gray Poet".

The new points to be emphasized in all this are too numerous to be dwelt upon in detail. There are the morose, though illuminating, poetic effusions of the youthful dreamer; the pretentious and prophetic "Sun-Down Papers",—wholly new, written in 1840; a wealth of miscellaneous stuff stamped with the curious sentimentality and religious fervor that characterized the poet at that time. Further along there are the editorials, reflecting the maturer intellect of a man now firmly at grips with the realities of life and keenly interested in the problems of the day. It is here, by the way, that a new side of Whitman emerges. It is that of Whitman the politician, the idealist in politics.

For fifteen years Whitman was absorbed in and by politics. He was not a mere theorist, but an active party man, a member of Tammany Hall, an ambitious political speaker, and for a time secretary of the Democratic-Republican Committee of King's County. It was during this period that Whitman the Democrat developed, under the inspiration of dead statesmen like Jefferson and contemporary exponents of Democratic doctrine like William Leggett of the New York "Evening Post". It was not until Whitman found himself unable to square his principles with the exigencies of party politics, when slavery first became a live issue following the Mexican War, that he lost his job as editor of the "Eagle" and began to stray from beaten paths and keep notebooks.

The ten notebooks included in Professor Holloway's findings contain the most important revelations regarding Whitman that have so far come to light. The first of these, dated 1847, records the beginnings of "Leaves of Grass", and the subsequent germination of various poems; also the evolution of the poet. But they reveal much more. Bliss Perry, one of Whitman's ablest biographers, in a recent review of Professor Holloway's book, suggests that there is something in these notebooks for



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the pathologist as well as for the critic and
lover of poetry. The psychoanalyst will also
find much of interest, and when these two sub-
mit reports we will be much nearer a solution
of the Whitman mystery.

Professor Holloway's revelations raise new
questions, not alone about Whitman, but con-
cerning the nature of genius itself. In Whit-
man we see clearly a mediocrity raised to the
heights by nothing more tangible than the ap-
parent lack of self-censorship. We see the ap-
parently normal developed by unusual freedom
until marked individuality produces a unique
and transcendent poet. Genius has frequently
been developed by repression leading to concen-
trated effort along a given line, but Whitman
reversed the process. He first learned to con-
form to all the laws of God and man, to say
nothing of the literary censors of his day. He
wrote conventional poems, conventional edi-
torials and homilies on this and that, incident-
ally developing an ingrowing sense of humor.
He even tried to live conventionally, and suc-
ceeded, until nature and other powerful forces
intervened.

The great mystery of how Whitman, the
mediocre writer and conventional person, be-
came the author of "Leaves of Grass", is not
yet entirely cleared up, but Professor Holloway
has partly lifted the curtain. The process of
Whitman's disillusionment that is shown is
vital to a comprehension of the "Leaves". The
idealism of the politician becomes a compound
of faith and assurance, based upon abstractions,
rather than upon actualities. The sentimental-
ity and religious ardor become sublimated in a
faith in a godless religion of democracy that
expands and overflows the levees, in the main
undirected—for Whitman from first to last
lacked constructive sense.

There is abundant evidence of sensuality—
of poorly controlled emotionalism—which un-
doubtedly quickened the mentality and came at
last to serve as an antidote and outlet for the
imagination and the creative powers that could
not be continuously employed in making poetry.
If "Leaves of Grass" were less of a personal
matter,—

"This is no book,
Who touches this, touches a man,"—

all this would be of less moment. But it hap-
pens that the "Leaves" are but a partial por-
trait—part of the man. The whole must be
brought in the complete record, now for the first
time available.

As for Professor Holloway's work, it cannot
be too highly praised. He has proved that hard
work counts and that scholarship is not a mere
byword in literary America. The thoroughness
of his research is apparent on every page. He
has made himself easily the leading authority
on Whitman and has provided the missing ma-
terial for a real biography of the poet. It is
to be hoped that he will write the biography
himself.

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Report of the Librarian of Congress and Report of the Superintendent of the Library Building and Grounds, for the Fiscal Year ending June 30, 1921 [Gov. Print. Office].

The World Almanac and Encyclopedia, 1923 [N. Y. World].

A Book of Drawings by H. M. Bateman, with an introduction by G. K. Chesterton [Holt].

Juvenile

Tanglewood Tales, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, illus. by Virginia Frances Sterrett [Penn].

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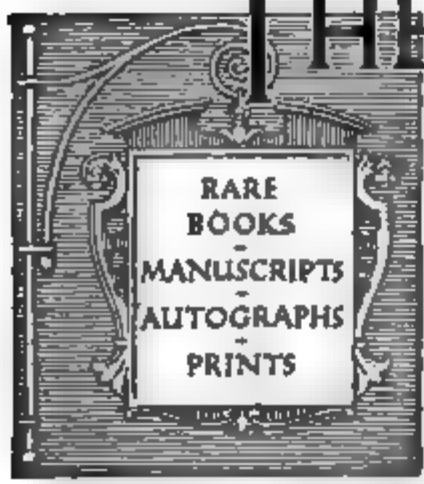
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THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE

In this section the readers of **THE BOOKMAN** will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

GABRIEL WELLS, the New York dealer who bought an imperfect Gutenberg Bible while abroad last summer, and who has been disposing of it piecemeal to American and foreign collectors, has had no occasion to regret his purchase. The work has been disposed of in parts varying from whole chapters to single leaves, each portion being mounted and with an introduction entitled "A Noble Fragment", by A. Edward Newton. Any qualms which one might have had over breaking up a copy of the first book ever printed from movable types have been overcome by the enthusiastic approval of collectors who have been able, unexpectedly, to secure at least a specimen page of the world's most precious book. In disposing of the parts the rule was to fill orders according to priority, and the fortunate possessor of the most valuable portion, the entire Book of Genesis, was Dr. Terry, while a Boston collector got the whole Gospel of St. John and I. N. Phelps Stokes secured the portion containing the Ten Commandments, for which he has since had many fruitless offers. The portion containing the Twenty-third Psalm was also in great demand, but it was disposed of to a New York collector.

One of the most important things which Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach of New York and Philadelphia did before sailing for London to attend the Britwell sale was to appear before the Finance Committee of the United States Senate and present an amendment to the Fordney tariff bill, admitting free of duty foreign books more than twenty

years old. Dr. Rosenbach, who is a trustee of the Free Public Library of Philadelphia, showed that the bill in its present form, calling for a duty on all imported books, constitutes a tax on scholarship and would result in stopping importation of such unique treasures as have come to this country from the Huth, Lord Mostyn, Amherst, Brooke, and Britwell Court sales. As a revenue measure it would fail because it would not produce enough to pay the cost of collecting the duties, which in the aggregate probably would not exceed a million dollars.

The Massachusetts Society of Mayflower Descendants will soon publish an account of the Brewster Press at Leyden, as a memorial to Elder William Brewster, the spiritual guide of the Pilgrims in England, Holland, and America. The work is being prepared by George Ernest Bowman, editor of the society's publications, who has long been an ardent collector of Brewster imprints, of which his list now includes nineteen titles. A similar work has been undertaken by Dr. J. Rendel Harris of the John Rylands Library of Manchester, England, and the inevitable comparison of the two Brewster bibliographies will be of interest.

A new Henry James first edition has made its appearance, privately printed in a very limited edition, and entitled "A Letter from Henry James to Mrs. Linton". It was written while "The Portrait of a Lady" was under fire of the reviewers, and is important be-

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THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE (Continued)

cause it fills a gap in the published correspondence of Henry James, and because in it he states his attitude toward his art. The original letter is now in the Treasure Room of the Harvard College Library. In it James writes:

One intends so much more than one achieves that it is a blessing to think there are a few acute spirits who have guessed the secret of what one would have done.

One writes *for* the public, perhaps—but one writes *to* those few. I shall always write to you in future—most intelligent and liberal of readers, most positive of friends.

In this distracting and bewildering world, I find there is a certain ideal of form, of art, of execution, of beauty, that one can hold on to—but I shall always have another hand free to shake yours.

A recent "find" of more than local interest was the discovery, in an old house in Suffield, Massachusetts, of a complete file of "The Impartial Herald", a newspaper published in that town from June, 1777, to June, 1779. The existence of such a paper was not known to Clarence S. Brigham of the American Antiquarian Society when preparing the bibliography of Massachusetts newspapers, and there is no copy in the Library of Congress. The owner has presented the file to the Kent Memorial Library of Suffield, Massachusetts, although either of the other institutions named would be glad to pay a handsome price for it.

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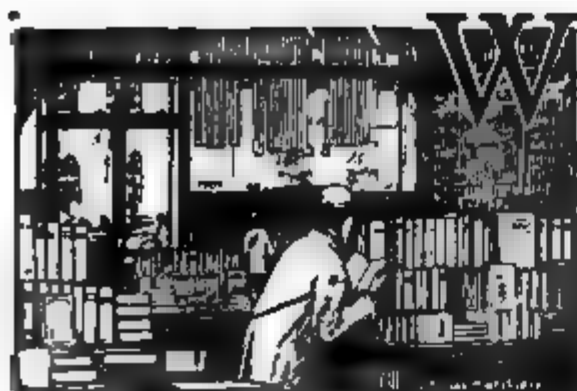
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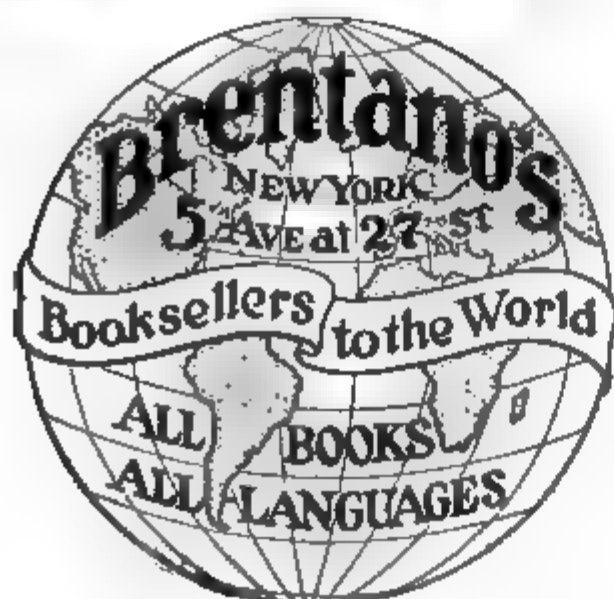
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"A Marine, Sir!", by Edward Champe Carter [Cornhill].

(Continued from Contributors' Column)

maker's (where I am sorry to say I could spend but a very little time as I am Somebody's Stenog and my Luncheon Hour is only sixty minutes) I stopped in front of a rather weather-beaten middle-aged gentleman of rather large proportions who was seated in the midst of several packages. As I can balance myself very nicely in the subway, due to an enforced practise, I opened the November **BOOKMAN** that I had just bought. Soon I noticed the kindly old man picking up his bundles, placards, etc., and before I realized what he was preparing to do he had offered me his seat. Now, I am quite averse to depriving anybody of a seat but it is less embarrassing to just say "Thank you" and sit down.

Then the thought suddenly smote me in the place where a brain should be: "Has this man given up his seat to my fur coat?" (I am rather conscious of this coat as it is very new to me—a hand-me-down from a more prosperous relative.) It was a tribute, not to me nor to my fur coat, but to—but listen—

The tall old man leaned over and said to me: "Do you know, if you had carried any other book I would not have offered you my seat. It is such an unusual thing and such a pleasant surprise to see a person reading good stuff, that I could not help offering my tribute."

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'Nuff said.

The literary department of the Houston "Post" runs a free subscribers' library from which all books reviewed in its columns are sent out on application. One aspirant wrote in this request:

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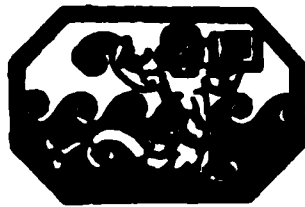
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Harold MacGrath

"IT is none of my affair," said Harold MacGrath in an interview recently, "if my people begin to shy the dishes at each other after they are married. My job is to bring them happily through paths of romance to the altar."

And through what paths! For to him "humdrum isn't where you are; it's where you live." MacGrath lives in the realms of that Blind Madonna of the Pagan—Chance, who with one negligent cast of her hand sends a set of characters off on a desperate chase halfway across the world through strange isles of the South Seas, or through the mysteries of the East.

Only once the Goddess of Chance has set her characters in the path of adventure, the rest is for the stern hand of the master craftsman who is her agent in carrying on the machinations of the plot. Because as a spinner of breathless and atmospheric yarns, MacGrath has no peer. All from his brain, yes, but based on his far-flung travels and experiences, many of which are stronger than his published tales.

Of all the places that he has visited the Far East holds the greatest fascination for him. His new novel, "The Ragged Edge," is staged on that fringe of civilization which lies out several thousand miles east of Suez. Like all of his other stories this one has action that races along through an absorbing plot, but here is perhaps more evidence of atmosphere and more vivid characterization than in some.

Mr. MacGrath's mind is a veritable maze of plots; his greatest trouble is not in finding something to say, but in making a decision on the quantities of his material. Once he has made his selection however, and has started his story, everything else is forgotten until he has completely unfolded his tale.

He has many friends and loves them dearly but when well into a story cannot be happy long away from it. He is not a very fast worker—the technique of the mystery and romance story is a hard taskmaster to one who builds so carefully. His favorite amusement aside from foreign travel is bass fishing. He works in the winter, he says, so he can fish in the summer and, he doesn't go for fish; he goes a-fishing, which is something different. He is a great movie fan and loves dogs. As for his work, "I've had a lot of fun writing those tales," he says, "it has kept me young."

These of Mr. MacGrath's books are published at the Country Life Press: "THE DRUMS OF JEOPARDY," "THE MAN WITH THREE NAMES," "THE PAGAN MADONNA," "THE RAGGED EDGE."

*This is the eleventh
of the informal
sketches of authors
whose works are
published at The
Country Life Press.
Others will appear
each month on this
page.*

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